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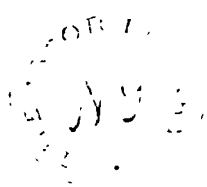
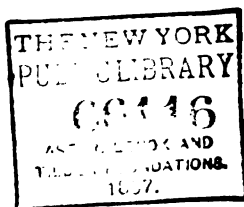
DEVOTED TO

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VOL. IV.

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THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. IV.—JULY, 1863.—No. I.

EMANCIPATION IN JAMAICA.

THE luminous summary of statistical facts published in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1862, has, in a few pages, conclusively settled the question whether emancipation in the smaller islands of the British West Indies has been a success or a failure. It applies the standard of financial results, which, though the lowest, is undoubtedly the best; for the defenders of slavery would hardly choose its moral advantages as their strong position, and if its alleged economical advantages turn out also an illusion, there is not much to be said for it. Indeed, of late they have been growing shy of the smaller islands, which furnish too many weapons for the other side, and too few for their own; and have chosen rather to divert attention from these by triumphant clamors about the forlorn condition of Jamaica. This magnificent island, once the fairest possession of the British crown, now almost a wilderness, has been the burden of their lamentations over the fatal workings of emancipation. And truly if emancipation has really done so much mischief in Jamaica as they claim, it is a most damaging fact. Testimony of opposite results in the smaller islands would hardly countervail it. Such

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testimony would be good to prove that the freedom of the negro works well in densely peopled insular communities, where the pressure of population compels industry. The opponents of emancipation are willing sometimes to acknowledge that where the laboring population are, as they say, in virtual slavery to the planters, by the impossibility of obtaining land of their own, their release from the degradation of being personally owned may act favorably upon them. But they maintain that where the negro can easily escape from the control of the planter, as in Jamaica, where plenty of land is obtainable at low rates, his innate laziness is there invincible. This very representation I remember to have seen a few years ago in a Jamaica journal in the planting interest, which maintained that unless the negroes of that island were also reduced to 'virtual slavery'—using those very words—by an immense importation of foreign laborers, it would be impossible to bring them to reasonable terms.

Now the condition of the South is like that of Jamaica, not like that of the smaller islands. Were the Southern negroes emancipated, and should they desert the plantations in a body, it is

not likely that they would starve. They could at least support themselves as well as the white sandhillers, and probably better, considering their previous habits of work. Besides, as in Jamaica, there would of course be many small proprietors, who would be ruined by emancipation or before it, and from whom the negroes could easily procure the few acres apiece that would be required by the wants of their rude existence. Jamaica, then, is far nearer a parallel to the South than most of the smaller islands, and for this reason an inquiry into the true workings of emancipation there is of prime interest and importance.

The writer is very far indeed from pretending to have carried through such an inquiry. His personal acquaintance extends to but seven of the twenty-two parishes of the island, and he is intimately acquainted with not more than three of those seven. He has but a meagre knowledge of statistical facts, bearing on the workings of emancipation in the island, and indeed the statistics themselves, as Mr. Sewell complains, are very meagre and very hard to get. Still the writer has been able to gather some facts which will speak for themselves, and he claims for his personal impressions on points concerning which he cannot give particular facts the degree of confidence deserved by one who has resided five years and a half in a rural district, who has lived familiarly conversant with negroes and with whites of all classes, who has heard all sides of the question from valued personal friends, and who neither carried to Jamaica nor brought away from it any peculiar disposition to an apotheosis of the negro character.

There is, however, an excess of candor affected by some writers on this question, which is neither honorable to them nor wholesome to their readers. They would have us believe that they began their inquiries entirely undecided whether slavery or freedom is the normal condition of the African race, and that their conclusions, whatever

they are, have been purely deduced from the facts that they have gathered. The writer lays claim to no such comprehensive indifference. He would as soon think of suspending his faith in Christ until he could resolve all the difficulties of the first of Genesis, as of suspending his moral judgment respecting the system which makes one man the brute instrument of another's gain, till he knew just how the statistics of sugar and coffee stand. Woe unto us if the fundamental principles which govern human relations have themselves no better foundation than the fluctuating figures of blue-books!

But if freedom is better than slavery, she will be sure to vindicate her superiority in due time, and is little beholden to overzealous friends who cannot be content meanwhile that present facts shall tell their own story, whatever it be. There is much, very much, in the present condition of Jamaica, to cause an honest man to think twice before setting it down as testifying favorably for emancipation, or before dismissing it as not testifying unfavorably against it.

And first, all rose-colored accounts of the Jamaica negro may be summarily dismissed. He is not a proficient in industry, economy, intelligence, morality, or religion, but, though rising, is yet far down on the scale in all these respects. Nor is it true that all his peculiar vices are to be referred to slavery. The sensuality, avarice, cunning, and litigiousness of the Creole* negro correspond exactly with Du Chaillu's and Livingstone's descriptions of the native African.† But on the other hand, the accounts of these travellers bear witness to a freshness and independence of spirit in the native African, which has been crushed out of the enslaved negro. Several missionaries have gone from

* Negro of West Indian birth. Creole, used alone, signifies a West Indian white.

† However, I should say that there are portions of Western Africa where trustworthy accounts give to the negroes a widely different and far more favorable character.

Jamaica to Africa, and they speak with delight of the manliness and vigor of character which they find among the blacks there, as contrasted with the abjectness of those who have been oppressed by slavery and infected with its sly and cringing vices. Although the faults of the negro, except this servile abjectness, may not have been created by slavery, yet slavery and heathenism are so identical in character and tendency that there is scarcely a heathen vice, and, as we have found of late to our sorrow, scarcely a heathen cruelty, which slavery would not create if it did not exist, and of course scarcely one already existing which it does not foster and intensify. The unsocial selfishness of the emancipated black man, his untrustworthiness and want of confidence in others, are traits that his race may have brought with it from Africa, but they have been nourished by slavery, until it seems almost impossible to eradicate them. I am happy to say, however, that the young people who have been subjected to the best influences, exhibit already the virtues of public spirit and faithfulness to a very gratifying degree. The trouble is that they are a minority of the whole. And until the character of the negroes can be so elevated as to bring them to put some confidence in one another, they may improve in individual industry, as they manifestly are improving, but the benefits resulting from combined action can be enjoyed only in a very limited measure. Even now two black men can hardly own so much as a small sugar mill in common. They are almost sure to quarrel over the division of the profits. The consequence is, that, whereas they might have neighborhood mills and sugar works of the best quality at much less expense, now, where the small settlers raise the cane, each man must have his little mill and boilers to himself, at all the extra cost of money and labor that it occasions. And so of savings banks and associations for procuring medical aid, and a

thousand other objects of public utility, without which a people must remain in the rudest state. Fortunately, however, the negro is strongly disposed to worship, and the church, that society out of which a thousand other societies have sprung, has a strong hold upon him. Under the shelter of that, many other beneficent associations will doubtless grow up.

But if rose-colored accounts of the freed negro are to be dismissed uncere- moniously, on the other hand, the malignant representations which Mr. Carlyle seems to find such a relish in believing deserve to be branded as both false and wicked. His mythical negro, up to the ears in 'pumpkin,' working half an hour a day, and not to be tempted by love or money to work more, would have been, during my whole residence in the island, as great a curiosity to me as an ornithorhynchus. Doubtless something approaching to the phenomenon can be found; for a young Scotchman, a friend of mine, who was appointed to take the census of a secluded district, came to me after visiting it, and gave me an account of the people he had found in the bush, answering pretty nearly to Mr. Carlyle's description. But though he had been in the island from a boy, he spoke of it with something of the surprise attending a new discovery. I should state, however, that my residence was in a district mostly occupied by small freeholders, and containing but few estates. In planting districts the number of worthless, idle negroes is much larger. I have been assured that the negroes of the parish of Vere are peculiarly so. The men, I have been told, do scarcely any work, except in crop time; the women do none at all, not even to keep their houses neat. There is scarcely a cottage in the parish that has a bread-fruit or a cocoanut tree on its ground.* Everything is dirty and forlorn. On the other

* Mr. Underhill's account, so far as it goes, corroborates this description.

hand, in Metcalfe and the adjoining parts of St. Andrew, and St. Thomas in the Vale, although the mass of the working people have certainly not learned much about comfort yet, still the number of neat, floored, and glazed houses, the fruit trees on almost every negro plot, the neat hibiscus hedges, with their gay red flowers, surrounding even the poorer huts, the small cane fields and coffee pieces noticeable at every turn, and the absence of loungers about the cottages, go to make up a very different picture from what has been drawn of Vere. It is plain, then, that the impressions which travellers bring away with them from Jamaica will vary almost to entire opposition, according to the quarters they have visited. Now what is the cause of these glaring contrasts? The negro character is remarkably uniform. If there are great differences among them, every one that knows them will ascribe it to a difference in circumstances. What is the difference then between Metcalfe and Vere? Simply this: Metcalfe is the home of small freeholders; Vere is a sugar parish, where the estates are in prosperous activity. It has been less affected by emancipation than any other parish. In Metcalfe the negroes are independent; in Vere they are completely subject to the planters. It is said that not even an ounce of sugar is permitted to be sold in the parish. All is for exportation. If the writer then attempts to vindicate the character of the blacks from the reproaches of incurable laziness and unthriftiness that have been cast upon it, he wishes it to be understood that he speaks only for the freeholders, who have homes of their own, which they have an inducement to improve and beautify, and who have land of their own which no dishonest motive prompts them to neglect, and for the estate laborers whose condition most nearly resembles theirs. If the blacks on many plantations are little disposed to adorn homes from which they may be ejected

at any time; if they are discouraged from the minor industries essential to comfort, lest these should interfere with the grosser labor required of them; if they are kept idle out of crop time for fear they should not be available in crop time; if their mental improvement is discouraged by the planter instinct, unchanged in nature though circumscribed in scope; if on many estates they are herded in barracks whose promiscuous life debases still lower their already low morality; if their labors are directed for absentee masters by hired overseers, whose interest is not to create a wholesome confidence between laborers and proprietors, but to get the most they can out of them during their own term of employment; if they are treated with the old slaveholding arrogance, embittered by the consciousness of a check; and if thereby the more self-respecting are driven off, and the more abject-spirited who remain are rendered still more abject: I submit it is not fair to argue from this class of semi-slaves to the character of those who are really free, who call no man master, who have a chance to be men if they will, unhampered except by the general depressing influences that will always work in a country where slavery has lately existed, and where the slaveholding class have still a predominant social and political influence. And it is to be noted that Carlyle's picture is drawn from the neighborhood of a plantation, and so are Trollope's. Mr. Trollope, it is true, takes all imaginable pains to write himself down an ass. By his own ostentatious confessions, the only intellectual comprehensiveness to which he can lay claim is an astonishingly comprehensive ignorance. In view of this, his sage discourses upon grave questions of political and social economy have about as comical an effect as the moralizings of a harlequin. But he is a lively describer of what passes under his eyes, and his sketches of what he heard and saw among the planters and on the

plantations are doubtless authentic. However, he did not visit the small settlers; and to take pains to inform himself of the condition of a class of the population which he was not among, except by catching up the dinner-table maledictions of his planting friends against the class which they hate most, as being least dependent on them, would be of course entirely contrary to his professed superficiality.

There are but two recent works of much value on emancipation in Jamaica—Underhill's and Sewell's. The work of Mr. Underhill, although, as a delegate of a missionary society which had much to do in bringing about emancipation, he might be supposed to have a strong party interest, is marked by an impartial caution which entitles it to great respect and confidence.*

As to Mr. Sewell's book, it is marvellous how he could obtain so clear an insight in so short a time into the true condition of things. The paucity of statistical facts, however, plagued him, as it does every writer on Jamaica; and while the delinquencies of the planters are patent and palpable, he could not appreciate so well as a resident the difficulties arising from the provoking treacherousness of the negro character.

It is known by most, who do not choose to remain conveniently ignorant, that though the ruin of Jamaican planting prosperity has been accelerated by emancipation, it had been steadily going on for more than a generation previous. In 1792 the Jamaica Assembly represented to Parliament that in the twenty years previous one hundred and seventy-seven estates had been sold for debt. In 1800, it is stated in the Hon. Richard Hill's interesting little book, '*Lights and Shadows of Jamaica History*,' judgments had been recorded against estates in the island to the enormous amount of £33,000,000. In the five years before the slave trade

was abolished in 1807, sixty-five estates had been given up. Against the abolition of the slave trade the Assembly made the most urgent remonstrances, representing that it would be impossible to keep up the supply of labor without it. In other words, the slaves were worked to death so rapidly that natural increase alone would not maintain their number. The result justified their prediction.* In 1804, it appears that there were eight hundred and fifty-nine sugar estates in operation in the island. In 1834 there were six hundred and forty-six. In 1854 there were three hundred and thirty. Thus it appears that in the thirty years previous to the abolition of slavery, one quarter of the estates in operation at the beginning of that term had been abandoned, and in the twenty years succeeding abolition one half of those remaining had been given up. It is certainly no wonder that so great a social shock as emancipation, coming upon a tottering fabric, hastened its fall. But the foregoing facts show that, in the language of Mr. Underhill, 'ruin has been the chronic condition of Jamaica ever since the beginning of the century.'

The distinguished historian of the island, Bryan Edwards, himself a planter, and opposed to the abolition of the slave trade, describes the sugar cultivation, even before the supply of labor from Africa was cut off, as precarious in the highest degree, a mere lottery, and often, he says, 'a millstone around the neck of the unfortunate proprietor.' That this was from no invincible necessity, the uniform prosperity of numerous estates shows. But these estates are all conducted economically, while, on the other hand, reckless extravagance was the rule in the palmy days of the olden time, and has remained, even in humbler circumstances, an inborn trait of the Creole gentleman.

* It will be understood that I speak only of his remarks upon the economical aspect of emancipation.

* Different estimates conflict as to numbers, though all agreeing in the fact of an extensive and steady decline. I have used a statement which appeared trustworthy.

If this was so during the continuance of the slave trade, what could have been looked for when this means of obtaining labor was suddenly cut off? Sewell states the estimated supply of negroes from Africa necessary to make up the annual waste at ten thousand. When this ceased it was obvious that only such a complete revolution in the system of labor as should save the horrible waste of life could preserve the plantations from ruin and the island from depopulation. But though the waste of life was diminished, it still went on. Estate after estate had to be given up for want of hands, at the same time that a constant decrease in the price of sugar in London, amounting to fifty per cent. between 1815 and 1835, made it less and less profitable to work the remaining ones, and thus the planters were going steadily to ruin and the negro population steadily to extinction, for almost a generation before emancipation. In a memorial of the planters to Parliament in 1831, three years before abolition, they declare that without Parliamentary aid they are doomed to hopeless ruin. Already, they say, hundreds of respectable persons had been reduced almost to beggary by the precarious condition of the planting interest. In this memorial they make no allusion to the anti-slavery agitations, which produced no serious effect in the colony till 1832. Indeed the West Indian interest had been a notorious mendicant of old, and as in time a large part of West Indian estates had come to be owned by the British aristocracy, this begging was not apt to be in vain. Could Creole thriftlessness have been abolished and the slave trade retained, the ruin of the estates might have been averted. But as human power was not adequate to the first, nor Christian conscience capable of the second, no course was left but to let planting prosperity go its own way to destruction, and endeavor at least to save the population of the island from extermination. This emancipation effected, and this was its

work. If it hastened the ruin of an interest which not even Parliamentary subsidies and high protective duties could prop up without the horrors of the middle passage, its trespass was certainly a very venial one compared with its work of salvation. Undoubtedly the great transition from slavery to freedom might have been better managed had the planters, recognizing it as inevitable, concurred heartily in efforts to smoothe the passage. The emancipationists in Parliament had at first no thought of immediate or even of speedy abolition. They did not suppose it wise or humane. Their first efforts merely contemplated such ameliorations of the condition of the slaves as common decency and humanity would prompt. They brought the Imperial Government to propose to the slaveholding colonies the enactment of laws abolishing the flogging of females, mitigating punishments, allowing the slaves to testify in court in cases to which whites were parties, providing for their religious instruction, appointing guardians of their scanty rights, giving them one week day for themselves, and restricting arbitrary sales of slaves. Not one of the colonies would agree to a single one of these measures. That peculiar obstinacy which slaveholding dominion seems to engender, made them, as with us, bent on having all or nothing. All hopes of instituting a gradual preparation for freedom being thus defeated by the stubborn refusal of the slaveholders to concur, speedy emancipation became a necessity. But even yet the abolitionists had not learned that if slaves are to be set free from their masters, the more quickly they are put out of their hands the better. A muzzled wolf, appointed to keep sheep he would much rather eat, would make about as amiable a custodian as masters allowed to exercise a limited authority over bondmen whom they have hitherto always had at their own will, and know they are about to lose altogether. I think

it is generally agreed that the few years of apprenticeship were more plague than profit to all parties, and made the alienation between proprietors and laborers still more complete. At the same time, as the hours of labor were limited to eight, and Saturday was secured to the apprentices for themselves, the negroes fell into a way of thinking that they could only work those eight hours anyhow, and must have an idle time on the Saturday; and this notion continued to foster indolence for a good while after they were their own masters. The short time, too, which the planters knew they should have them at their control, naturally stimulated them to make the most of them meanwhile. One gentleman in Metcalfe, for instance, laid out a thousand acres of coffee on a newly enlarged property, and gave orders to transfer a gang of negroes from an estate of his some twelve miles distant. The negroes cling like oysters to their birthplace, and they flatly refused to leave their grounds and their friends. The master summoned policemen, and had them cruelly flogged till they consented to go. Apprenticeship was abolished two years earlier than he had reckoned on, and the laborers thus forcibly transferred left him then in a body, and the thousand acres of coffee went to ruin. Had some Trollope chanced then to be travelling through that quarter, and been entertained by the disappointed proprietor with all the noble bounteousness which distinguished him, we can easily imagine how this fact would have figured in his book, as a proof of unconquerable negro laziness.

It was peculiarly unfortunate for Jamaica at this juncture, that the estates were mostly managed by attorneys and overseers for absentee landlords. Middlemen, it is said, ruined Ireland, and it is certain that they have helped mightily to ruin Jamaica. If attorneys had been ever so honest, how could they be efficient, when one attorney had very commonly the charge of

four, six, ten, or even fourteen estates? If he paid a hasty visit to each one once in two years he did well. And as to overseers, how could honesty be expected when common morality was not permitted? It was a rule, having almost the force of law, that an overseer, if he married, was at once dismissed.* Loose licentiousness and loose dishonesty are very apt to go hand in hand, and it is certain that they did in Jamaica. A saying still in use among the whites of the island illustrates the standard of integrity: 'Make me your executor, and I do not ask you to make me your heir.' No wonder that estates went down like a row of bricks, one after another, when they had such managers. Had Jamaica been occupied at the time of emancipation by a resident proprietary, it is not likely that even they could have so far overcome their despotic habits and contempt for the negro as to treat the laboring population with fairness, and what they value still more, with decent respect. But still less could it be expected of the overseers that they would exercise foresight and self-control enough to retain the good will of the blacks. They had all the feelings of slaveholders, aggravated by more direct contact with the slaves, while their interest only bound them to make the most out of the estates during their own term of employment, no matter if they took a course that would ruin them eventually. Besides, an overseer must have been often tempted to work on the fears of a proprietor, just after emancipation, to persuade him to sell the estate to him; and many a one would not hesitate to ruin the property to bring down its price to his own means, knowing that the sale of the land or its conversion to pasturage would reimburse him.

The various means by which the planters endeavored to keep the negroes on the estates are too well known to require detail. Summary ejectments

* This was an absurd and wicked expedient for keeping him free from family interests.

of the refractory from their dwellings, destruction of their provision grounds, refusal to sell them land except at exorbitant prices, were all tried. But there is too much land in Jamaica, and too few people, to make this game successful. There were abundance of thrown-up estates, and especially of coffee properties in the mountains, whose owners were only too glad to sell land at reasonable rates, and so this policy of coercion simply wrought out an incurable alienation between a large part of the proprietors and a large part of the peasantry. It must not be supposed, however, that the tyranny was all on one side. If at emancipation there was an unprincipled strife on the part of the planters to get the better of the negroes, there was an equally unprincipled and far more adroitly managed strife on the part of the negroes to get the better of the planters. Long and close observation of the emancipated black has satisfied the writer beyond all doubt that laziness is not one of his prominent faults. Negligent, unthrifty, careless of time, and sufficiently disposed to take his ease, he undoubtedly is. But every year of freedom has shown an advance, and the five years and a half of the writer's residence showed so unmistakable an advance in regular industry, carefulness of time, skill in laying out labor, and in the increase of the wants that stimulate industry, that his early misgivings as to the capacity and disposition of the freed negro to take care of himself were finally put to rest. But a disposition to take care of himself and a disposition to be faithful to the interests of others are two very different things. At emancipation, the negroes' stimulants to making money were very strong. In the first impulse of their zeal they were everywhere erecting chapels and schools, raising large sums for the support of their ministers and schoolmasters; they were everywhere building houses, buying land, and laying the foundation of that settled well-

being which time has continually made firmer. Then, too, money was plentiful, sugar bore a high price, and, notwithstanding the churlishness of many planters, more, perhaps, were eager to retain their hands by offering the highest possible wages, and even higher in many cases than the estates would bear. Nor were the blacks at all averse to making money. But though the Jamaica negro does not object to work, he dearly loves to cheat. The keenest Yankee that ever skinned a flint, cannot approach him in trickiness. This native trait has been sharpened to the utmost by the experience of slavery, which left him with the profound conviction that 'Buckra'* was fair plunder. The poor fellow could not be very severely blamed for thinking thus, for certainly he had been fair plunder for Buckra from time immemorial. Accordingly, the first few years after emancipation appear on many estates to have been passed in a continual struggle on the part of the negroes to see how much they could get out of the planters and how little they could give in return. They knew they had the whip hand of massa, and they were not slow to profit by the knowledge. They would saunter to their work at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, dawdle through it with intensely provoking unfaithfulness till three or four in the afternoon, and then would raise a prodigious uproar if they were not paid as liberally as if they had done an honest day's work. The poor planter meanwhile was at his wits' end. It was of no use to turn them off and hire another set, for, like the fox in the fable, he knew he should only fare the worse. If the estate was large enough to stand the strain for two or three years, and the manager was a man of self-control enough to keep his temper, and firmness enough to persevere in a winnowing of the whole region round about,

* This African epithet for the whites is said, in the original, to bear the complimentary signification of 'devil.'

treating them meanwhile with decency, and paying them honestly and promptly, he would at last be able to get a set of trusty hands, and give all the negroes of the neighborhood such an understanding of him that they would be ready, if they went to work for him, to leave off cheating, and honestly earn their wages. A friend of mine took an abandoned estate in 1854, and though for two or three years he was tortured like a bear at a stake, he succeeded at last, by the most scrupulous fairness on his own part, and by not tolerating the least dishonesty in a hand, in creating such a public sentiment among his laborers, that for their own credit they would themselves expose the dishonesty of a comrade. Now, he has as many laborers, and profitable ones, as he needs. But how many planters could be expected to have the principle or patience to carry out such a course of discipline? The ruin of the estates, or rather the acceleration of their inevitable ruin, is justly attributed, in large measure, to the planters, to their imperious bearing toward the enfranchised blacks, to their harsh expedients for keeping in dependence the large and much the best class of blacks, who wanted to become freeholders, to the slackness and unfaithfulness with which the wages of the people were often paid, to the debasing influences of the plantation, which drove off the more self-respecting, and to the waste, dishonesty, and shortsightedness inevitable in the management of several hundred estates mainly by middlemen. But on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the African barbarian, brought a heathen from home, and plunged into the deeper darkness of a compulsory heathenism, rigorously secluded by jealous cupidity from every ray of intellectual, and, so far as possible, of spiritual light, liable to cruel punishment if he snatched a few hours from his rest or his leisure to listen to the missionary, from whom alone he heard words of heavenly comfort or of human

sympathy, condemned to a lifetime of unrequited labor—it must not be forgotten that he could not fail to come out from this school of supreme dishonesty with its lessons so deeply imprinted on his mind that not one generation or two would eradicate them, and that of all others he would be most inclined to practise them upon the white man, whom, having always known as a plunderer, he was only too glad to have an opportunity to plunder in return. Had Jamaica been occupied by a resident proprietary, attached by hereditary affection and pride to the soil, elevated by family sanctities, connected by something like kindly ties with their bondmen, and regarded by these in turn with something of affectionate fealty, in that case, although it is not likely that the ruin of the plantations could have been averted, it might have been delayed and mitigated. Mr. Underhill indeed goes further, and quotes the testimony of an overseer in the west of the island, that he knew of no estate managed, since emancipation, by a resident owner, which had not continued profitable. But a class of hirelings, debased in morals by the cruel selfishness of their employers, tempted almost irresistibly to unfaithfulness by the five thousand miles of ocean between them and their principals, and to recklessness and tyranny by the uncertain tenure of their places, and connected with the slaves by none but the grossest and most sordid ties—such management, in such a crisis, when the ties of old subjection were suddenly dissolved, and the negro stood independent, and knowing his independence, before his masters, would have ruined any country under the sun.

As to the present condition of the emancipated blacks, it is certain that the 7,840 freeholds which had been acquired in 1840, two years after emancipation, have considerably increased in number. I never heard of a negro freehold being given up,* while I did

* This is partly owing to the unwillingness of

know of continual purchases of land by the blacks, either to make new holdings or to extend old ones.

The parish of Hanover is one in which happily the various classes are in a good degree united in feeling. The Hanover Society of Industry prepared a report about three years ago, quoted by Mr. Underhill, which shows that in that parish about seven eighths of the people are on holdings of their own, of which 891 consist of 1 acre, 481 of 2 acres, and 802 average $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres each. Each family on an average consists of $4\frac{1}{2}$ persons, and cultivates something over an acre, securing an income of about £28. Those who own land are five times as numerous as those who only hire it. The annual value of produce from the small holdings, estimated at £28 for each (£2 less than the society's estimate), is about £60,000. There are, besides, 29 estates having 8,675 acres under cultivation, and employing 2,760 laborers, of whom two thirds are females.* About one eighth of the population is at work upon them. These estates average 2,608 hogsheads of sugar, and 1,435 puncheons of rum. Of the whole area of the estates, 8,555 acres are in pasturage, and 28,552 acres inaccessible or ruinant. There are, besides, 151 small properties of 20 acres and upward. In six districts, comprising about one fourth of the parish, there were found 143 small cane mills, valued at £10 apiece, which turned out, in 1859, 455 barrels of sugar, worth about £900, to say nothing of the pork fattened on the refuse molasses. One district of the six, constituting the quarter of the parish examined, produced, in 1857, 146 barrels; in 1858, 227 barrels; in 1859, 261 barrels.

the negroes to remove to an unaccustomed place; but also, I think, to their rooted conviction that the only security for their independence is in having possession of the soil.

* Hanover has about one nineteenth of the whole population of the island. But the economical condition of the parishes varies too widely to make that of any one a basis for a general estimate.

This is a pretty fair picture of what may be expected in parishes where the whites show some regard for the blacks; not very magnificent results, it is true, but showing the disposition of the people to procure land of their own, and their increasing disposition to add to the raising of provisions the cultivation of the great staple of the soil. The report of the Society of Industry bears the following testimony to their character: 'The peasantry are, generally speaking, industrious and well behaved, and are gradually becoming more comfortable in their worldly circumstances. In the town of Lucea there has been a decided increase in the amount of business within the last three years as compared with a number of years previously.' In Hanover, in 1845, there were 70 estates in operation. In 1860 there were only 29. The planters of this parish, however, do not lay the blame on the negroes, but attribute the decline to the mountainous character of the parish, which made it unprofitable to continue the estates after the great fall in the price of sugar.

Now the blacks of Hanover are just the same race as the rest of the negro population of the island. The only difference is that the whites of that parish, instead of treating them with contempt and neglect, have shown something of courtesy and care toward them. The numerous conversations which Mr. Underhill reports with the owners and managers of successful estates show how simple are the rules by which they secure success. To manifest a decent respect for the blacks, to be firm, but temperate and fair in dealing with them, to use the best improvements in machinery, and to exercise a strict economy of management—this appears to be the sum of the difference between prosperous and unprosperous plantations, provided of course that both are equally well situated for success.

Metcalfe, the writer's residence during most of his stay in Jamaica, is, like

Hanover, a parish of small freeholders, but unlike Hanover, the blacks and the few whites are not on good terms. Excepting what has been done by missionaries, which is not a little, they are little indebted to any but themselves for their prosperity. And as one charged with their religious instruction, the writer can bear witness that for several years they have needed to be restrained from avarice more than to be stimulated to industry. A clergyman, a friend of mine, humorously complained that he had lost by stirring up his people to work, for that now they were so diligently employed upon their own places, that he could get scarcely anybody to work for him. The average number of acres owned by forty families, of which I made lists, is seven—a pretty fair estimate, I should judge, of the whole; and seven acres in Jamaica is equivalent in productiveness to a much larger amount here. One fourth had floored houses, and as large a proportion had sugar mills. Many of the families have one or two horses, worth commonly from £5 to £12 apiece. Not a few have mules, which are much more valuable; and nearly all the rest have donkeys. The proportion of floored and glazed houses, some of them shingled, is steadily though not very rapidly increasing; and I need not say that in that climate, and with their yet rudimentary ideas of comfort, a floor of earth is no indication of indigence.

The holdings vary from one to forty acres, but are more commonly from three to six. Almost every freeholder hires land besides, and a great deal of time is lost in going to distant pieces of ground. The wants of the people have increased faster than they reckoned on, and the land was bought up so rapidly around them that now they are subject to this disadvantage in making new purchases. In St. Ann, the Baptist congregations alone spent £10,000 in a few years in buying land.

The furniture of the poorer houses is miserably scanty; £3 would more than

cover it. But the better houses, now multiplying year by year, boast their four-post bedsteads, often of the native mahogany, sometimes mahogany chairs, and corresponding articles. If a white family, on removing, expose their furniture to sale, it is caught up by the people with eagerness at almost any price asked. The very improvidence of the negroes stimulates their industry. They are exceedingly litigious, and exceedingly ostentatious on the few grand occasions they enjoy.* These luxuries, especially the former, cost them dear, but their very expense makes it the more necessary to work to find the means of indulging in them. Remunerative labor is eagerly sought after. The magnificent road now building through the island and traversing the parish of Metcalfe, has a superfluity of workmen, notwithstanding the shameful unfairness with which they have often been treated by the superintendents. I have known the people go in numbers to an estate ten miles distant, and remain there for weeks, except on the Saturdays and Sundays, away from their homes, working hard at digging and embanking, because they could secure one and sixpence sterling a day. I have often had occasion to employ men on short jobs, and though not unfrequently obliged to wait some time before securing a workman, I never suffered delay because they were too idle, but because they were too busy to attend to me. During my residence among them their progress in industry became too marked to be overlooked. However negligent our observations, we could not fail to notice the increasing patches of cane in some quarters, the extending provision grounds in others, the multiplying houses of the better sort, the earlier hours of going to the field, and the later hours coming from it at night. A firm in Kingston, accustomed to sell the implements of

* In common, they are by no means either so tawdry or so ostentatious as they have the credit of being.

negro labor, found the demand for tools increasing faster than they could supply it. And we were glad to find that they were becoming not merely mere industrious, but more skilful in their industry. A friend, who had much to do with them, assured me that the young men greatly surpass their parents in forecast in the laying out of labor, and had got over the miserliness shown by the old people in providing means for carrying it on. He said a few years before he could not have sold a good tool, and now he could not sell a bad one. An old negro, he remarked, would groan over a sixpence extra in buying a tool; the young man would say: 'Come, let us have things in good style at the start, and our profits will soon pay for them.' Not that habits of industry are so confirmed that there are not a good many local and temporary relapses into the old careless ways. But the relapses are fitful, the advance is steady. Of course, with growing means their wants rise, and increasing wants in turn react happily upon their industry. The friend to whom I have several times referred, and who, being both a missionary and a proprietor, is placed in a pretty impartial equipoise of judgment, remarks that if some of those at home who imagine the Jamaica negro as lying lazily in the sun, eating bananas, could see the bill of fare of a good many black men, and compare it with what they were used to eat in time of slavery, they would probably be rather astonished. His estate is not large, but I remember that he has been unable for several weeks in the height of the sugar season to put up a barrel of sugar, on account of the people's buying it off in small quantities as fast as it was made. The many families that have small mills, of course, supply their own wants fully before they sell, and they commonly prefer selling the surplus among their neighbors to taking it down to the exporters. Thus it appears that the diminution in the exports of Jamaica is not wholly

owing to the decrease of production. Mr. Underhill says he was assured by an overseer that the present consumption of sugar by the people of Jamaica was much greater proportionately than its use by the English, and there can be no doubt of this. It was very different in slavery. Undoubtedly there is less produced, much less, for production is diminished by the want of the ten thousand men a year that were used up to keep it at its highest point. Naturally, freemen prefer their own lives to the extra hogsheads of sugar that can be turned out by sacrificing them. It is also diminished by the steady fall in the price of sugar, which has made a difference between 1815 and 1850 of seventy-five per cent., rendering the inveterate extravagance of old management ruinous. It is diminished because slavery ruined confidence and good will between owners and laborers. It is diminished because an immense amount of labor has been diverted to the establishment of the homes, churches, and schools of a prosperous yeomanry. It is diminished because the growth of family life, though feeble and struggling, has withdrawn from the field wholly, or in part, thousands of women and children. It is diminished because higher than bodily necessities now consume time that was once rigorously denied to them. And lastly, it is diminished because the alienation caused by slavery has thrown upon themselves thousands of the emancipated bondmen, formerly accustomed to labor only as mechanical implements, to acquire skill, economy, and thrift by a long course of untutored experiments. On the other hand, much that is now produced makes no figure in the markets of the world, because it is consumed by the people themselves, no longer kept, for the profit of masters, at the lowest point at which they could maintain an animal existence. And not only do they consume so much, but they have enough left to buy from abroad whatever their increased necessities cannot

find at home. It was not so in the good old times. Then the money that was made was sent to England to be spent by noble and gentle landlords there, and little good did Jamaica get of it. So little indeed was the island thought of even by the residents as a place to spend money on, so much as a place to get money in that was to be spent in England, that, as Mr. Sewell remarks, good roads have begun to be built, to any considerable extent, only since freedom. Forlorn as Kingston is, it was always forlorn; and not till slavery was abolished did they think to introduce the water which is now supplied in such abundance to the city. A rude profusion of luxury was all the planters aimed at till they could get home to the refinements of the mother country. In a word, in time of slavery, Jamaica was simply an aggregation of sugar and coffee mills, kept running by a stream of human blood. Now it is a land whose inhabitants are free to live for themselves and for God, to enjoy the gifts of His hand, and to send into the markets of the world, not a surplus which has cost one hundred hecatombs of men each year, but a surplus which has cost no life, but whose rich fruits come back to cheer and adorn thousands of lives. Commerce may have lost by the change, and there may be some jewels the less in the coronets of English nobility, but we may be permitted to believe that Christ and humanity have no reason to grieve.

It must not be thought, however, that estates are going down as rapidly now as formerly. Indeed, for a few years, I question whether more have not been resumed than abandoned. In 1855 the value of exports of the four staples, coffee, pimento, rum, and sugar, was £786,429; in 1856, £814,659; in 1857, £1,141,472. I have not the statistics of the years following. This check to the ruin of the estates is a matter of rejoicing, for the entire abandonment of the island by the whites would be a great disaster. As Mr.

Underhill well observes, the ascendancy of the white man is needed to temper the enmity between the browns and the blacks. The former, who constitute about one fifth of the population, although sharing the wealth and intelligence of the whites, are regarded with strong dislike by the blacks. Hayti shows how dangerous it is to leave these two elements in a society without a moderating force. I cannot share the pleasure with which some anticipate the complete Africanization of the West Indies. European intelligence, European conscience, and European firmness of will are necessary to insure to the blacks the permanence of those rich blessings which emancipation has bestowed. The black man has the industry and is daily improving in the skill necessary to secure his material well-being; but for very many years to come, it would be a most disastrous thing for him, hazarding the loss of all that he has gained, to be deprived of either the religious or the political oversight of the white race. The planters of Jamaica are not distinguished by a very rigid morality or a very severe integrity, but their withdrawal would inflict incurable harm on intelligence, order, industry, and civilization. They may be contemptuously indifferent to the moral and intellectual improvement of the blacks, but they have no longer a lively interest in opposing it. By this time they are gradually becoming convinced that the spirit of slavery cannot be maintained when its power is gone, and are growing disposed, so far as they have dealings with the blacks, to deal with them on more equal terms. Bare justice may be the most they are willing to accord, but even that is a great gain. The journals in their interest no longer lavish on the freeholding blacks the abuse with which they once teemed, even after the writer went to the island. The planters are willing to admit, like those of Westmoreland in an appeal to the Assembly in behalf of immigration, 'that they do not find fault with the

difficulty of getting labor, which is a necessary result of the easy acquisition of land.' The more candid are willing to say, as I heard a gentleman of their class observe: 'We do not complain of the negroes; they have done as well for themselves perhaps as any people would. But just because they are doing so well for themselves, they cannot be depended on to do well for us.' Hence the call for immigrant laborers; a just and reasonable call, if only the immigration is conducted with that rigid and conscientious care for the comfort of the immigrants for which Mr. Sewell gives the government of Trinidad credit, and if it is really voluntary. The fear that it will injure the negro, or that he dreads it, is wholly baseless. The negroes have remained utterly indifferent to the whole agitation of the subject, and are on perfectly amiable terms with the few coolies already introduced. Indeed it will be rather for their interest, as a negro remarked to Mr. Underhill, by giving them a better sale for their produce. The coolies now in the island appear to have done well. And the danger of overcrowding the population on a land teeming with tropical plenty, whose area of 8,400 square miles is occupied by but 441,000 inhabitants, is not a very imminent one, from any number within the means of the colony to introduce. And on the ability to procure foreign labor very much depends the hope of reviving the planting prosperity of Jamaica on a sounder basis, and in such a degree as is compatible with the substantial good of the whole population. It is true the population, relieved from the dreadful waste of slavery, is increasing. The census of 1844 showed a population of 377,483. That of 1861 showed one of 441,264, an increase of 63,881 in seventeen years. The immigration of coolies during that time has been between 18,000 and 20,000; the decrease of the whites, 3,000. The net increase by immigration then has been at the most 17,000, leaving 47,000

as the natural increase, or 12 per cent., in seventeen years. This is what remains after two terrible visitations of cholera, and one of small pox, all within eleven years, which together are computed to have swept off 40,000 persons. The increase would doubtless be much greater but for the loose living and careless habits of the negroes, and their almost entire destitution of medical attendance. There are now, it appears, but fifty qualified practitioners in the island, with no hopes of reinforcement.

The results of this census were very gratifying, and very unexpected. Such scanty means are there, ordinarily, of knowing the true condition of the country, that it was a prevailing impression that the population was decreasing. Had slavery continued, the present population would probably have been about 275,000. The difference of 165,000 in favor of freedom tells its own story. But the present necessities of the estates call for a more speedy augmentation of the laboring force than is furnished by natural increase alone.

I have omitted to mention in its proper place one gratifying sign that those minor industries which make so large a part of the prosperity of the wealthiest free communities, but which are neglected by the coarse labor of slaves, and have been particularly despised by the Jamaica planters, are now coming up in the island. Hitherto, sugar, rum, and coffee have been the all in all of prosperity to Jamaicans. But in 1838, the pimento export was 2,708,640 pounds; in 1858, 9,465,261 pounds. In 1838 the export of logwood was 8,432 cwt.; of fustic, 2,126 cwt.; of mahogany, 1,936 feet; of cocoanuts, 0; of honey, 0. In 1859, the export of logwood was 14,006 cwt.; of fustic, 2,829 cwt.; of mahogany, 35,000 feet; of cocoanuts, 712,913; of honey, 6,954 pounds. The ginger export has diminished from 1,834,120 pounds in 1841, to 709,620 pounds in 1858. This increase in the lesser articles of trade

shows a brisker circulation in the capillaries of the social system, a sure token of reviving health. Indeed, before the writer left the island, that dreary uncertainty how affairs were turning, which prevailed for the first half of his stay, had given way to the returning cheerfulness arising from the feeling that Jamaica had touched bottom, and that henceforward, however slowly, her prospects were brightening. This cheerful feeling displays itself in a late report of Governor Darling to the Home Government, some paragraphs of which follow, quoted from Mr. Underhill's book, from which the writer has derived so large a part of the facts that he has had to take at second hand, and which he is glad again to commend as kindly, impartial, and full of carefully gathered and exactly appreciated information. His conjectural estimates of property, however, are exceptionable, as decidedly too high.

Governor Darling, himself a planter, says :

'The proportion of those who are settling themselves industriously on their holdings, and rapidly rising in the social scale, while commanding the respect of all classes of the community, and some of whom are, to a limited extent, themselves the employers of hired labor, paid for either in money or in kind, is, I am happy to think, not only steadily increasing, but at the present moment is far more extensive than was anticipated by those who are cognizant of all that took place in the colony in the earlier days of negro freedom.

'There can be no doubt, in fact, that an independent, respectable, and, I believe, trustworthy middle class is rapidly forming. . . . If the real object of emancipation was to place the freedman in such a position that he might work out his own advancement in the social scale, and prove his capacity for the full and rational enjoyment of personal independence, secured by constitutional liberty, Jamaica will afford more instances, even in proportion to its large population, of such gratifying results, than any land in which African slavery once existed.

'Jamaica, at this moment, presents, I believe, at once the strongest proof of the complete success of the great measure of emancipation, as relates to the capacity of the emancipated race for freedom, and the most unfortunate instance of a descent in the scale of agricultural and commercial importance as a colonial community.'

Governor Darling's words suggest the exact reason why Jamaica may be looked upon either as the most fortunate or the most unfortunate of the emancipated colonies. All depends upon the point of view. If the largest amount of individual well-being and the most favorable conditions of gaining independence and self-respect constitute a community fortunate, then Jamaica stands at the head of her island sisters. If immense wealth, centred in a few, constitutes a community fortunate, then Barbados is at the head. In Barbados the wealth of the planters is greater, in Jamaica the condition of the laborers is better. The late Mr. Sewell remarked to the writer that the common people in Jamaica had a more manly and self-respecting look than in any of the smaller islands which he had visited. It is much to be lamented that the divorce between the proprietary and the laboring interest was so complete in this island, and the consequent industrial anarchy so great. But even this was better than the depressed condition in which the peasantry of the smaller islands are kept by the hold that the planters have upon them. Manhood is a better crop than either sugar or coffee, and in the long run brings all other things with it. The article in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1862, shows, in brief compass, what inestimable benefits have followed in the smaller islands from conferring the boon of personal freedom, even with so stringent a social dependence remaining. In Jamaica, freedom has been more complete, and the recoil of the social elements from each other more violent. The disaffection of the governing class

has also been greater, and Freedom has been left to take care of herself.* But though thwarted and frowned upon, she is at the last justified of her children. Mr. Sewell has most happily hit the whole truth in a few lines: 'The crop' (of freedom), he says, 'appears in patches, even as it was sown,

forcing itself here and there through the ruins of the fabric which disfigures still the political complexion of the island, and sorely cramps the energies of its people.' Governor Darling's words show how rapidly the crop, thus negligently sown, is forcing itself into prosperous and prevailing growth.

ABIJAH WITHERPEE'S RETREAT.

FOR many years Abijah Witherpee had kept, in East Hampton, the largest country store for miles around, and by more than ordinary shrewdness had accumulated a snug little fortune, and with it the reputation among the country folk of being an immensely rich man. It is no trifle, as every one knows, in a small village, to be accounted its richest man, but that was the least of Abijah's honors. It appears by record that Abijah maintained the responsible—and, since Squire Adams has been gathered to his fathers, the solitary—dignity of justice of the peace in and for the county of which East Hampton formed a highly respectable portion. It was not the mere flourish of 'Esq.' at the end of the great man's name—it was the essence of the great man himself. It found him, as he was proud to think, an ordinary, commonplace individual. The good people of East Hampton saw what it had made him, and trembled. And well they might, where justice herself, in the person of the magistrate, stood in awe of her own responsibility and power.

We have been told that, at the outset of Squire Witherpee's administration, he held his breath at the thought of venturing upon judicial grounds with

much the same uneasiness that the tyro in science exhibits in some new and hazardous experiment. The honors of office had grown scarcely a week old upon him, when opportunity offered for a full display of the 'feeling and perspiration' (to borrow the words of our informant) 'with which he dispensed justice at the lowest cash price.'

It was bright and early one winter morning that two tall, raw old farmers drove up to the 'West India Goods and General Emporium' establishment, and emerging from an avalanche of buffalo robes, made good their way into the back part of the store, where the customary knot of hangers-on was gathered around the stove, to drag through the day, doing nothing and talking politics. A single look convinced the proprietor that he was wanted 'professionally'; he was informed that they wished to have a deed executed. With great presence of mind, Abijah concealed every symptom of growing palpitation, and led the way out of the store into the kitchen of his house near by, where Mrs. Witherpee was busy ironing, and several little Witherpees at 'sixes and sevens' about the floor.

Like all justices, he thought it of prime importance to be assured that the instrument had been drawn up in proper shape, though he consumed about five times the time ordinarily

* A gradual change is, indeed, observable, but as yet, it is only an incipient one.

devoted to such preliminaries. His protracted scrutiny would have alarmed the parties in waiting, less gifted as they were in the mysteries of legal lore, had it not been for a generous approval that he gave at intervals, of 'Wells' and 'Ahems', in a tone that was intended to let them know he was doing them a special favor to think so well of what they had submitted.

'Well, my friends,' he remarked, laying down the sacred document, 'it seems that at this stage of proceedings, the statute requires that—' and then a pause which was solemn enough.

'Squire, hadn't I ought to sign that 'ar now?' timidly suggested one of the party. The 'Squire was taking a hasty run over the pages of the 'Town Justice' for instruction in such emergencies, but finding none, he kept on at a venture, and replied with native dignity: 'I decide you'd ought to.'

While the 'grantor' was 'putting his hand and seal' to the deed, in the largest-sized penmanship that can conveniently be displayed on half a foot of paper with all the advantages of a slant up hill, the magistrate had arrived at the place desired, and was now 'in his element.' Kindly, and yet with no lack of firmness, he is said to have turned to Mrs. Witherpee and observed:

'Wife, I think you'd better go into the next room and take the children with you!'

After this fraction of the family had been removed to a place of safety, the prudent husband and father continued:

'Hold up your hands! You severally and solemnly swear that this is all right, true, and legal, according to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and regulations of the State of —. So help you God, gentlemen, and me, Abijah Witherpee, Justice of the Peace, fee two shillings.' There is reason to believe that both parties experienced a sense of relief when the crisis was over,

and the requirements of the law had been satisfied.

Rich and varied as Abijah's legal experiences may have been, it was not on their account that he has been introduced, but rather for the contemplation of his 'fine points' as a citizen. He was never classed among those men who exaggerate to the assessors the value of their worldly possessions; in fact, it was always difficult to discover where 'what little money he had' was invested. There was one piece of property, however, of which he not only acknowledged himself the owner, but publicly declared he never would dispose of, a threat that seemed harmless enough, there not being the slightest possibility that any one else would be willing to hold such a miserable waste on any pretext whatever:—a half acre down by the railroad, slabsided, full of gnarled stumps and brake, and about equally distributed into rock, black mud, and water. Had the original trees been standing, it must have approached quite as near the correct type of the 'howling wilderness,' the *horrida inculta*, as could be exhibited this side of 'Turkey Buzzard's Land, Arkansas.' Few strangers were suffered to pass by the locality in company with any of the East Hampton folk, without having their attention directed to 'Abijah Witherpee's Retreat;' and the opinion was apt to be freely ventured that at some period of his life, that gentleman had come into what is popularly termed 'a tight fix.'

The place had originally belonged to nobody in particular, and one day fell into the hands of a Mr. Jones, at a merely nominal price, in connection with a large tract through which it was thought the railroad, then contemplated, would be likely to run. The railroad changed its mind, as all railroads do, and Mr. Jones's speculation was not so profitable as he had anticipated. It happened that among his friends was a wild, freakish fellow, Charley Davis, who undertook to be on

the best of terms with everybody, and had succeeded admirably, with the exception of Justice Witherpee, who, he swore, had swindled him outrageously in a business transaction they had together in getting out lumber. What made it all the worse, the aggrieved party used to say, was the shameful manner in which the 'old reprobate' would publicly boast of it.

'I say, Jones,' exclaimed the Major (as he was called) one day as he sat smoothing off a new ramrod for his fowling piece, 'what would you say to a chance of getting that old stick-in-the-mud, Witherpee, on the hip? I rather flatter myself that I can do it.'

'Go ahead, my son,' said Jones, pleasantly, by way of encouragement.

'You own that infernal piece of swamp down by the railroad crossing, don't you? That air's a valuable piece of real estate!'

'Well, yes. It's never been spoilt by too much cultivation that I know of.'

'I reckon I can just get a heap of money for that air; and what's more, I can have the satisfaction of selling it to a gentleman who can appreciate it.'

'It does you credit, Major. That's what I call a genuine love of nature. It ain't every man that sees the beauties of a first-class rural retreat like that,' and the speaker's countenance was radiant with benignity—whether at the high-toned sentiment of his friend, or at the prospect of getting the better of the 'Squire, it was difficult to determine. He thought it well, however, to add: 'But I'd advise you to be mighty careful if you're calculating to run a saw on old Bijh. What's your programme?'

'You see this here interesting and valuable collection of gold dust,' said the Major, producing a vial which contained particles of the ore in unusual abundance, and flourishing it in his hand in a manner intensely theatrical. 'Belonging to a friend of mine, he donates it for this occasion only, so to speak. It will appear, of course, to

have been dug out of a piece of ground belonging to that highly respectable and public spirited citizen, Mr. G. G. Jones. With a cupidity not at all to be wondered at, I shall attempt to keep the matter secret and immediately to make a purchase. I shall apply to Witherpee, as a man of wealth, to advance me part of the funds, or get him, rather, to act as my agent in buying it, because you, Jones, a friend of mine, would suspect me of being up to something if I should offer to buy it myself. D'ye see the bait, now? Catch *him* playing off!'

As further conversation was modulated to an undertone, and accompanied with a complete signal code of nods and chuckles, it is fair to presume that Mr. J. *did* see the bait—and was sure of a good nibble too.

No time was lost before the speculator and his victim had their knees under the same table—with a mug of hard cider between them. Mingled suspicion and avarice in Abijah's expression argued well for the success of the scheme. As is often the case, his love of money was only surpassed by the credulity with which he gave ear to new plans for satisfying it. He was slow to trust Davis, because they had not been the best of friends, but the Major played his cards so well that the old fellow did not waver long:

'All you will have to do is to hand it right over to me, you know, and take your commission money. You see just as well as I do that it wouldn't do no how for me to undertake it on my own hook.'

And the 'Squire said, 'Yes, certainly,' but couldn't see it distinctly either, and after they had fixed upon the maximum price, and the 'Squire had feasted his eyes once more on the 'real glitter,' and Charley had explained for the twenty-first time that the divining rod had demonstrated the singular fact that not a bit of ground outside that particular lot was worth a red cent to prospect on, and the 'Squire had

once for all swallowed the whole story, and declared it the most remarkable thing he ever heard of, he consented to act as agent in the purchase.

For some unaccountable reason, Abijah Witherpee found Mr. Jones not at all in the humor for a bargain. The land wasn't worth much, he knew, and it was very handsome in the 'Squire to offer fifty dollars for it, but the fact was that his feelings somehow prompted him to keep it: it was a silly idea, perhaps, but he had always thought, ever since he had owned the land, that some day it would be worth gold to him.

'Gracious goodness!' thought Abijah; 'Jones swore that it was a secret that only he and the diviner knew. Could this man have felt it out by animal magnetism, or anything of that sort?' But his mind was at ease again when he was assured by further conversation that the owner was entirely ignorant of the momentous truth. The 'Squire's offers were tempting, and, from byplay and bantering, at last amounted to what appeared a perfectly fabulous sum. The upshot of the matter was that the coolheaded Jones got rid of the wretched little lot for \$490 cash. The purchaser was now quite sure that he was the shrewdest fellow in that part of the country.

Just as had been anticipated, the agent's next move was to lay claim to the auriferous region himself, and refuse to turn it over to the lawful owner. The Major exhibited a proper degree of anxiety to learn the results of the interview, and appeared well enough satisfied with the price—high as it was.

He was deaf to every proposition of the 'Squire, who was ready almost to double on the purchase money; till at last the latter declared point blank that he meant to stick to the property himself; that the agreement was verbal merely, and he would have ownership in writing, in spite of what Major Davis or anybody else could do. It was in vain that the Major protested and threatened prosecution for swindling, and called witnesses to the transaction. Before sunset, Witherpee was the sole and indisputable proprietor of the newly discovered El Dorado.

It is hardly worth while to state how so extraordinary a financier succeeded when he came to actual prospecting. It was currently reported that there was 'some pretty tall digging going on down in that swamp lot.' It required a lengthy series of geological arguments, with practical illustrations, to convince 'Squire Witherpee that the soil of East Hampton was somewhat feeble in the production of the precious metals—except, perhaps, in a metaphorical sense.

When he talked of 'taking the law on those rascals,' he found after all that the best thing he could do was not to move in the matter at all. Mr. Jones and his friend were no rascals, and took pleasure in contributing every cent of the money to the town fund for supporting the poor. Abijah Witherpee was since known to have acknowledged that though rather hard, it was no more than he had deserved, and the change that was wrought in his dealings gained him from that time no more faithful friends than the confederates, Jones and the Major.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER III.—THE INFINITE.

The Divine Attributes are the base of all true Art.

No work of art can be considered truly beautiful unless it recalls or reproduces, even in its finite form, some of the divine attributes; not that the work must treat of them, or consciously suggest them to the intellect, but that they must enter into the creation of the artist, that the immediate and intuitive perception of beauty, always attached to their manifestation, may appeal to those faculties or instincts which ever answer in delight when these attributes are suggested to the human spirit; for, consciously or unconsciously, the soul yearns for a clearer view of the beauty of God.

Whatever good there may be desirable by man, more especially good belonging to his moral nature, there will be a corresponding agreeableness in whatever external object reminds him of such good, whether it remind him by arbitrary association, by typical resemblance, or by awakening intuitions of the divine attributes, which he was created to glorify and to enjoy eternally. Leibnitz says:

‘The perfections of God are those of our own souls, but He possesses them without limit; He is the exhaustless ocean from which we have received but a drop; we have some power, some wisdom, some love; but God is all power, all wisdom, all love. Order, unity, proportion, harmony, enchant us; painting, sculpture, music, poetry, charm us in the degree in which, in their appropriate spheres, they have succeeded in manifesting fragments of the above: but God is all order, all proportion, all unity, all harmony; and all beauty visible here is but a dim reflex of the eternal rays.’

The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or

semblance of the divine attributes, and from nothing enduringly but that which is, is the most ennobling of all that can be said of human nature, not only setting a great gulf of specific separation between us and the brutes that perish, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious with the Being in whose darkened manifestations we here unconsciously and instinctively delight. It is at least probable that the higher the order of intelligences, the more of the divine image becomes palpable in all around them, and the redeemed spirits and angels may have perceptions as much more full and rapturous than ours, as ours than those of the beasts and creeping things. It may be received almost as an axiom that no natural instinct or desire can be entirely frustrated, and as these desires for the beautiful are so unailing that they have not escaped the thinkers of any age, but were held divine of old, and even in heathen countries, it must be admitted that in these visionary pleasures, lightly as we may now be disposed to regard them, there are causes of gratitude, grounds of hope, anchors of faith, more than in all the manifold material gifts with which God mercifully crowns the years and hedges the path of men.

We turn to Plato to show how clearly such ideas were held by the thinkers of antiquity:

‘Eternal beauty, not created, not made; exempt from increase or decay; not beautiful in one part and deformed in another, beautiful in such a time, such a place, such a relation; not beauty which hath any sensible parts or anything corporeal, or which may be found comprised in any one

thought or science, or residing in any creation different from itself, as in an animal, the earth, or the heavens;—but absolute beauty, identical and invariable in itself; beauty in which, would they please the spirit of men, other things must participate, but their creation or destruction brings it neither diminution, increase, nor the slightest change.'

Plotinus writes in the same spirit :

'Let him who has closed his eyes upon mere sensuous beauty, advance boldly into the depths of the sanctuary. Let him reverently gaze upon the true beauty, the original type of those pale and fleeting images to which he may have hitherto applied the holy name of beautiful.'

We propose to consider reverently and with a humble sense of the limited sphere from which we must regard the infinite, some of the divine attributes, which must, in the finite mode, enter into every creation of artistic excellence. We begin our reflections with the infinite itself.

Infinite—this word is by no means the expression of a clear idea: it is merely the expression of an effort to attain one. It stands for the possible attempt at an impossible conception. Man needed a term by which to point out the direction of this effort—the cloud behind which lay, forever invisible, the object of this attempt. The fact, is, that upon the enunciation of any one of that class of terms to which 'infinite' belongs—the class representing thoughts of thought—he who has a right to say he thinks at all, feels himself called upon, not to entertain a conception, but simply to direct his mental vision toward some given point, in the intellectual firmament, where lies a nebula never to be resolved. And yet to this very point, which the intellect cannot define, are our spirits forever tending. No artistic creation ever fully pleases unless there is given in it some suggestion of this mystic attribute, underlying and permeating all other attributes of Deity. It is the dim unconscious feeling after this attribute which

causes the forever recurring dissatisfaction with the finite, which so ruthlessly pursues us through life. It is the source of that vague but tender longing, that restless but dreamy yearning, that haunting melancholy, which characterize human souls created for the enjoyment of the infinite; divining and insatiably thirsting for the absolute.

Let us now attempt to trace some of the various ways in which this feeling after the infinite manifests itself. Plato and his school tried to explain the existence of absolute ideas in the soul by the hypothesis of its preëxistence to that of the body in the bosom of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal; and, consequently, that such ideas are but reminiscences of a more perfect life. We find the following passage in an ode of Wordsworth's :

'Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

'Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us up hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.'

It seems useless here to enter upon the vexed subject of 'innate ideas,' or to attempt to convince the reader, metaphysically, that the very negation contained in the word finite, necessarily suggests its affirmation in the word infinite. Enough that the idea of the infinite is certainly found in the mind of man, that he seeks it in the material world, in himself, in God. High gifts may have been wrought into the dim soul, which are destined to be gradually awakened through the growing perceptions of the mind. Every spiritual being created by eternal love may have had imparted to him a ray from the

sun of eternal love, which, in its due time and place, is to manifest itself in his consciousness. Such participation in God as the primary source of all that is to abide eternally with the redeemed, has, in the present state of our vague consciousness, been described by men who felt its stirrings in their soul as the memory of eternal love. It might more properly be called an intuition of eternal love; such an instinct as leads the chrysalis to prepare for the change which it certainly does not understand. Life, such as the beat of the heart, the action of the lungs, is not manifested to the consciousness—neither is the source of this intuition, which, however, gives evidence of itself by an intuitive feeling of incessant longing. It reveals its presence constantly; sometimes in an undefinable feeling of profound desire, satisfied with no earthly object, yet but vaguely directed to the eternal or divine; sometimes in a profound and absorbing religiosity. This longing exists in an inchoate state; it is a love yet to be developed. From this mystic root springs much that is intellectually great, even the love of scientific certainty. Philosophy may, indeed, almost be termed the science of longing.

Developing in its normal growth, it gives us our true saints; those who live but to love God, and to serve man. But like all human gifts, it may be perverted. It is some such perverted apprehension or illusory longing for the infinite, which causes a man to surrender himself, heart and soul, to the despotic tyranny of some ruling habit, some favorite and engrossing pursuit. Alas! it often leads the most gifted of our race to devote all their energies, thoughts, feelings, to one faulty, fading, changing object, vainly pouring that worship upon the creature, which should be rendered only to the Creator.

‘He that sits above

In His calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent

With a vain worship, for its close is dim
Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul
back to Him.’

The despair which this feeling sometimes occasions in the perverted soul of one intent upon feeding it with the gross aliments of the debased senses, is, without doubt, a very frequent cause of suicide. It may lead, in the soul of the infidel or sensualist, to the idolatry of art. It is a feeling, and requires direction. When enlightened by revelation and purified by faith, it manifests itself in the sublime abnegation and ardent love of the faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

This instinctive longing for the infinite, existing in the soul itself, cannot be satisfied by any earthly longing, sensual gratification, or external possession. Made ‘to glorify God and enjoy Him forever,’ man is ruined and eternally miserable if he refuse to fulfil the destiny for which he was created. His misery springs from the root of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot succeed in burying under the finite. This is a pregnant subject; under this strange caption might be written the psychological history of most human despair.

‘The Fiend that man harries
Is love of the Beast;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can’t trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect
His eyes seek in vain.’

Thus is faith a necessity of the soul,
‘the evidence of things not seen.’

The idea of eternity is necessarily evolved from the negation contained in the limited meaning of the word time. Eternity is the all embracing, completely complete time; eternity, which is infinite not only *a parte externa*, that is everpassing yet everlasting, without beginning and without end; but also infinite *a parte interna*—so that in the endlessly liv-

ing, thoroughly luminous present, the whole past, also the whole future, are equally actual, equally clear, and equally present to us, as the very present itself. Can we indeed form any other conception of a state of *perfect* bliss? Is the idea of a state of entire happiness at all compatible with the regret that must be felt for a blissful past; the consciousness of a flying present; and the fear of an uncertain future? Yet the idea of time does not seem necessarily excluded from a conception of the essence and operations of God. Does there in very reality exist such an absolute opposition between time and eternity, that it is quite impossible for them to subsist in any mutual contact or relation? Is there no transition from the one to the other conceivable? Is eternity anything more than time vitally full, blissfully complete? If eternity is nothing more than the living, full, essential time, and if our earthly, fettered, and fragmentary time is, as the great poet says, 'out of joint,' fallen with man's disobedience to his God into a state of strange disorder—it is easily conceivable that the two do not stand apart so as to have no mutual contact. Those who have seen a holy death leave a calm and beautiful smile upon the face of a dying Christian, can scarcely help believing that the beginning of a blissful eternity has impressed itself upon the rapt features, actually breaking through the shackles of time before the prisoner was emancipated from its fetters. And those brief intervals of rapture which are sometimes experienced in the midst of earnest and ardent devotion—what are they but eternity thus manifesting itself through time in the soul? Those who have been rescued from the very jaws of death, frequently tell us that the moment preceding insensibility was crowded and filled with vivid recollections of the whole apparently forgotten past—thus bringing into the soul in the midst of time, a foretaste and interval of eternity! and those prophetic inti-

mations of things yet to be, which frequently break in with startling power upon the human spirit, what indeed are they but sudden contacts between our fettered time, 'so out of joint,' and the fulness of eternity? Men rave against the justice of eternal punishment, as if its duration were not essentially part of their own immortality! Ah! if the memories of the deeds done in the body are essentially undying, were it not well for us that the writing traced against us by our own hands should be nailed to the cross, obliterated in the blood of the Immaculate Victim? that mystic blood which has bathed the universe!

The innate longing for the infinite, with its accompanying intuitions of the eternal love, and the yearnings for that fulness of time when the past and future shall live with us as really as the present itself, are ever vivid within us, and are two of the great vital arteries of all true art. This burning human thirst for the fulness of eternity in opposition to our fragmentary time manifests itself in our agonizing efforts to bring back the past, to which sad efforts we have given the melancholy name of memory; shows itself in our restless longing for the future, which we call hope; and frequently reveals itself in an insane seizing upon something in the imperfect and fleeting present, which it insists upon worshipping, in regarding as divine. Upon this last phase is dependent all that excited, exaggerated, but frequently beautiful passion of language which marks our poems of love. Ah! it is the merciful will of the Creator that we should worship only the divine, and so the human passion ends in sobs and wails of anguish, for the finite idol can never fill the shrine of the Absolute, the infinite God!

As the intuition of eternal love in the past, we find this longing for the infinite breathing through poetry in the form of elegy; in sad recollections of a faded world of demigods and heroes;

and in the plaints for the loss of man's native home in Paradise, in the faint and dying echoes of the happy innocence of creation before the first outbreak of evil, and the consequent misery of nature. Poetry is indeed so full of haunting, melancholy memories, that it might almost be called the 'mind's supersensuous recollection of the eternal.' And what else can be said of music? Is it not an art eminently addressed to this intuition of eternal love, this constant longing for the infinite? Do not its giddy flights and dying falls at once arouse this mystic yearning, seeking, feeling, which may appropriately be termed the passion of the soul? That music holds some deep relation to the soul not yet clearly developed, may be inferred, not only from the magic power it sways over our spirits, but from the fact that the inspired writers picture it among the joys of heaven. It is now the language of our 'divine despair;' it is yet to be the speech of our eternal beatitude!

'God is love:' through all the hidden veins of ever-germing life beats this divine pulse of universal being. Hope, faith, and charity spring from the revelation and answering intuitions of this blissful love: from the hope, faith, and love of men sprang all the really noble works of art. All this is full of consolation, 'though inward far we be'—even the mournful memory of a past of celestial innocence becomes the harbinger of a divine hope. Let the poet then still sing of the past; like the glories of the setting sun flushing down the golden west, it but whispers of a more glorious rise in the mythic east. The root of art springs from the intuitions of eternal love; its leaves, flowers, and fruit, are faith, hope, and charity. May the rapt artist ever remember that the beauty of this earth was not intended to satisfy the requisitions of his longing soul, but to awaken and nourish in it the love of eternal beauty!

A golden thread of glories yet to be,

twines through the woof of this our mortal life, and by tracing its wavy lines of glittering brilliancy, shining even through the dim symbolism of matter, many secrets of the life to come may be divined. The arts may be regarded as significant hieroglyphics of delights yet to be fulfilled in other spheres of being. The living pulse of omnipotence, the heart of God, beats sensibly in the beauty of the boundless universe; it is the fountain at which the young immortal is to imbibe his first draught for eternity. Not that, as erroneously held by the Pantheists, nature is God, no more than Raphael is the pictures he paints; but assuming the existence of a God as the creator of the worlds, what else can nature be but a revelation of God and divine love, a visible and symbolic representation thereof in matter; living, because His breath is life?

The following remarkable passage on the religious origin and consecutive order of the arts occurs in De La Mennais' 'Sketch of Philosophy':

'The temple of art is an emanation from that Divine Spirit who fills it with Himself. It is the plastic evolution of the idea which man has of Him, of His nature, of His ways, as manifested in the universe. From its central sanctuary in which He, the unseen, dwells, this temple projects, extending itself in space in every direction; but by an opposite movement all its parts, closely united, converge to the sanctuary, gravitating toward the central point where their Head, their essential and primordial Reason, dwells; they struggle to penetrate its mystic veil, to mingle with it, to have their being in it, in order to accomplish the perfect union of variety with unity, of the finite with the infinite.

'The art temple struggles to develop itself by a process analogous to that of creation. The surface of the earth was first clothed with vegetation, from the lowly moss and creeping lichen to the lofty cedar, whose solemn branches mingle with the floating clouds. When the earth was ready for their habitation, came the animals, gifted with higher life, with spontaneous motion, with instinct and sensibility. At last

came man, endowed with the incomparable faculties of love and reason.

'The art temple has also its vegetation. Its walls are covered with varied plants, which wind along its cornices and wreath its pilings; they blossom round the oriels, brightening or deepening in the light; they twine through the nerves of the vaulted arch; like the liane of the cedars, they embrace the tall minarets of the heaven-seeking spire, mounting into the blue depths of ether; they bind the clustering shafts of the columns in heavy sheaves, and crown their capitals with flowers and foliage. The stone grows more and more animated, puts forth in more luxuriant growth; multitudes of new forms spring up in the bosom of this magnificent creation; when lo! at length man completes and embodies them all—his own noble image stands revealed—the rude, but white and glittering stone glows almost into life under the passion of his forming hand.

'Sculpture is but an immediate development of architecture, proceeding naturally and organically from it. In proof of this, we have only to examine it in its first efforts. Forms, unfinished and embryonic, at first closely attached to the stone, growing by degrees in accordance with their own fixed laws until able to detach themselves from the medium through which they were originated, after having acquired the conditions necessary for their individual life, spring to actual life, to independent life, almost as the organized being springs from the womb of its mother.

'Sculpture, however, represents but imperfectly the marvellous glories of God's creation. It can give but faint ideas of the various effects of light and shade, the constantly shifting play of colors; it cannot offer that full harmony of beauty which nature is ever spreading before us in the complicated scenes of life. To satisfy this want, a new art is created! Closely linked with all those which have preceded it, its development is but their legitimate expansion. The gray and stern arches, the hitherto colorless sky of the art temple, now take the azure hue of the heavens, while hovering cherubs look down from their cerulean depths; the reliefs glow, and color defines, as it etherealizes, the works of man. Painting, at first absorbed in the plastic arts, scarcely begins to show symptoms of

life until she is fully born, and living in her own distinctive form! As that power which develops the almost infinite variety of forms is to the universe, so is painting with its ever ready and vivid canvas to the temple of art.

'Meanwhile the art temple has not remained wrapped in gloomy silence; and another series of developments, bearing the same relation to sound and hearing as the first did to light and sight, have commenced. As beings ascend in the scale of life, the forms appealing to sight alone, become less capable of expressing their nature. If the universe had been without voice, the highest which it contains had been shrouded in the pall of an eternal silence; but creation has a voice which is specific in every genus, in every species, in every individual. Transport yourself in thought to one of the vast solitudes of the New World—listen to the rustling of the myriad-leaved forests as they forever murmur on the banks of the thousands of nameless and unknown streams which ripple through them; to the clash of the impetuous torrents as they rush down the precipitous sides of the mountains to glide on from their feet through beds of soft moss or sedge grass; to the booming thunder, driving, scattering, and tearing the flying clouds; to the intermingling sounds arising from the myriads of creatures which are roaring, bellying, humming, buzzing, hissing, singing, upon the bosom of this primeval world—listen! this is the voice of nature, indistinct and confused, but majestic, solemn, multitudinous, full of mystery and palpitating with vague emotions.

'As the art temple symbolizes the creation, is the plastic image of it, a voice is also heard from its depths, which rides upon the winds, and pierces afar off. The echo of an invisible world, it is solemn, mysterious, and multifarious, appealing to the inmost feelings, rousing the sleeping powers, awakening the internal life of the soul, which without it might lie forever benumbed and silent. Corresponding to the voice of nature, it, too, is specifically marked, is individualized in every medium through which it is produced. Developing in unceasing variety, yet ever bound in the closest unity, language syllables air into thought, love. As soon as man mingles his voice, his

speech, with that of inferior beings, the whole creation is enlarged, dilates and throbs with new and glowing life. A closer tie unites the two worlds—the world of phenomena and the world of ideas. Rising from the bosom of organic nature, pressing up like a bud closely wrapped in its sheaf of clustering and sheltering leaves, destined to indefinite development, the human word is born; it is named: Oratory, Poetry, Music! The art temple is now complete. Symbol of the universe, it represents all that is contained therein under the glittering veil of art.'

It is strange how, in the middle ages, the temple of art almost grew into one with the temple of faith; to this fact may be traced the elevated and devout character of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of those dim centuries. Thus the church became a sublime poem, where the glowing imagination of a tender faith lavished all its glories. That the Christian church then satisfied the heart with its mystic dogmas and symbolic representations, is proved by the fact that the masses did not care how obscure and squalid their own hovels might be, provided the temple was great and magnificent. It was the temple of simple, unreasoning, unquestioning faith, but decorated with the highest marvels of art; it was always thrown open to the people, and in it they passed nearly half their days. Man brought what he held to be his best to the temple in which he came to worship God, and in it was concentrated all the world knew of beauty. Its light but ornate steeples seemed to pierce the very clouds; its columns rivalled the shafts of the forest; its balustrades were exquisitely chiselled; its tapestry inwrought with the finest needle work;—all gave evidence that the hand of love had lingered tenderly over every line in the house dedicated by man to his Maker. The pictured saints and angels seemed to smile upon the kneeling people, while the majestic chants and requiems sounded to them like the very voices of the angels, heard from within the 'jasper gates' of the

heavenly city. The white-robed and entoning priests were their joy and pride; they, as well as the cherished artists, were most frequently from their own oppressed ranks. Religion and art were alone then democratic; alone expounded to them the original equality of man. Thus they looked upon these temples, which art beautified for faith, as peculiarly their own, their refuge, their solace, their ark of safety in those times of war and trouble. They earnestly and devoutly believed them to be the sanctuaries of the risen God, in which dwelt his glorified Body. With the first rays of the sun flushing with roseate hues the mystic beauty of the temple, they congregated there to receive, in the glorious unity of a common humanity, Him whom the heavens cannot contain—the Son of God. They did not think, they felt; they could not reason, but they heard the church. Naïve, simple, and trusting souls, with the Virgin to smile upon them, and the saints to pray for them.

It cannot surely be denied that art is full of indefinite and instinctive longing for the infinite.

Poetry is full of its pining voice. Chateaubriand says:

'When we are alone with nature, the feeling of the infinite forces itself irresistibly upon us. When the universe with its inexhaustible variety opens before us, when we contemplate the myriads of stars moving in ever-mystic harmony through the limitless immensity of space, when we gaze upon the ocean mingling with the sky in the boundless distance of the far horizon, when the earth and sea are rocked into profound calm, and creation itself seems wrapped in mystic contemplation—an undefinable feeling of melancholy seizes upon us, unknown desires awaken in the soul, they seem to call us into other countries far beyond the limits of the known—must it not then be the vague feeling after, the dim longing for, the infinite, which at such moments we feel strangely stirring in the calm depths of the divining soul?'

We find the same yearning breathing

through the following beautiful poem of Mrs. Osgood's:

'As plains the home-sick ocean shell
Far from its own remembered sea,
Repeating, like a fairy spell,
Of love, the charmed melody
It learned within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearl, with softest music-moan—

'So asks my home-sick soul below,
For something loved, yet undefined;
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its childlike sigh,
The melody it learned above,
To which no echo may reply
Save from thy voice, Eternal Love!'

It is to his fervent and fiery expression of this longing for the infinite, characterizing, whether pure or perverted, almost the whole of Byron's poetry, breaking out sometimes in imprecations and despair, and not to his immorality, that his great popularity is to be attributed. Even in the midst of the most unhappy scepticism, it was the haunting passion of his soul. Alas! that this longing for the food of heaven should have been fed on husks until the lower rungs of the heaven ladder became so covered with the corruption of matter and fiery sparks of evil, that it seemed rather meant for the foul feet of demons, than for the elastic tread of the redeemed human soul to God! We quote from him in proof:

'Blue rolls the water, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
Nor turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?'

'Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye?
What
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, wherein ye roll along as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of
Eden?

Is your course measured for ye? or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think—
Intoxicated with eternity?'

'All heaven and earth are still—though not in
sleep,
And breathless, as we grow when feeling
most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep;—
All heaven and earth are still: from the
high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain
coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is
lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

'Then stirs the *feeling infinite*, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth
melt,
And purify from self: it is a tone
The soul and source of music, which makes
known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty; 'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power
to harm.'

In some of the most forcible lines ever penned, Byron has given us the whole psychological analysis of the effects of human passion, when, in its insane perversion and misdirected thirst for the infinite, it pours upon the dust that love and worship which is due to God alone. No one who has thus sinned, will refuse to acknowledge their force and truth. Fearful in their Medusa-like beauty, they fascinate the heart, only to turn its warm pulses into ice. They are actually withering in their despair. Poor Byron! did he never, never cry with the repentant but happy St. Augustin: 'Oh, eternal beauty! too late have I known thee!'

'Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the
eyes,

Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
 And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
 Which spring beneath her steps, as Passion flies
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
 For some *celestial fruit* forbidden to our wants.

'O Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee;
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—
 wearied—wrung and riven.

'Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation:—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

'Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
 Is bitterer still; as charm by charm un-
 winds
 Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown
 winds;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when
 most undone.

'We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked
 the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at
 first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly cursed.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the
 worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes
 the flame.

'Few—none—find what they love or could
 have loved,
 Though accident, blind contact, and the
 strong
 Necessity of loving, have removed
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
 Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;
 And circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
 Whose touch turns hope to dust—the dust
 we all have trod.

'Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
 This uneradicable taint of sin,
 This boundless Upas, this all blasting tree,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and
 branches be
 The skies which rain their plagues on men
 like dew—
 Disease—death—bondage—all the woes we
 see—
 And worse—the woes we see not—which
 throb through
 The immedicable soul, with heartaches ever
 new.'

Again:

'What is the worst? Nay, do not ask—
 In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the hell that's
 there!'

Merciful God! how men suffer when
 they fly from Thee. When they refuse
 to listen to the sublime voice implanted
 within, which calls them to Thee, for-
 ever reminding them that they were
 made for things infinite, eternal! O
 ye men of pleasure, it is the very
 greatness of your nature which torments
 you: there is nothing save God capable
 of filling the immeasurable depths of
 your longing! How different the lan-
 guage of Klopstock, as already quoted:
 'What recompense could I ask? I
 have tasted the cup of angels in singing
 of my Redeemer!'

One of the most dangerous, yet most
 brilliant among the novelists of the,
 present day, says:

'Properly speaking, love is not a
 violent aspiration of every faculty to-
 ward a created being; it is rather a
 holy thirst of the most ethereal part of
 our being for the unknown. Torment-
 ed with intuitions of an eternal love,

filled with torturing and insatiate desires for the infinite, we vainly seek their gratification in the dying forms which surround us, and obstinately adorn our perishable idols with that immaterial beauty which haunts our dreams. The emotions of the senses do not suffice us; in the treasure house of the simple joys of nature there is nothing sufficiently exquisite to fill our high demands; we would fain grasp heaven, and it is not within our reach. Then we seek it in a creature fallible as ourselves; we expend upon it all the high energies given us for far nobler ends. We refuse to worship God, and kneel before a worm like ourselves! But when the veil falls, when we see behind the clouds of incense and the halos woven by love, only a miserable and imperfect creature—we blush for our delusion, overturn our idol in our despair, and trample it rudely under foot. But as we must love, and will not give our hearts to God, for whom they were created, we seek another idol—and are again deceived! Through this bitter, bitter school we are purified and enlightened, until, abandoning all hope of finding perfection on earth, we are at last ready to offer God that pure, but now broken-hearted worship, which should never have been given save to Him alone.’—GEORGE SAND.

Thus is it that ‘love’s best interpreter is still a sigh.’

Let him who would in safety delight his soul with mystic intuitions of the infinite, turn to that most exquisite of all poems, the Apocalypse, for ‘blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy, and keepeth those things which are written in it.’ St. Jerome says ‘it contains as many mysteries as words’—as many truths as mysteries—and these truths are all revelations of the infinite. ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life,’ says He who can bring thee into that heavenly city which needeth no temple: ‘For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb! And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the

lamp of it.’ There shall we feed upon the infinite!

The pantheistic *feeling* into which the imaginative mind so readily falls, is thus sketched by a poet of our own times:

‘I seated myself, after sunset, by the water’s side; nothing was to be heard save the dash of the waves as they broke upon the lonely shore; and I gradually fell into that state so well known among solitary travellers:—no distinct remembrance of my own separate being remained to me: I seemed to be but a part of some great whole, to undulate with the lake, to vegetate with the trees, to sigh with the winds, to blossom with the flowers.’

This feeling of the infinite so pervaded antiquity, that man almost lost the consciousness of his own personality in the immensity of the universe, regarding himself but as an element of the absolute unity of the world. His imagination fell into profound reverie, he felt himself but as an integral part of a universal movement drawing all things to a single centre, confounding all beings with one sole substance. We have only to open the Vedas to convince ourselves how deeply this feeling pervaded the early philosophy of the Hindoos. For example:

‘Brahma is eternal, the only substantial being, revealing himself in happiness and joy. The universe is his name, his image; this primal existence, containing all in itself, is the only one substantially existing. All phenomena have their cause in Brahma: he is not subjected to the conditions of time and space. He is imperishable; he is the soul of the world; the soul of every individual being. The universe is Brahma—it comes from Brahma—it subsists in Brahma—Bramah, or the sole self-existing being, is the form of all science, the form of systems of worlds, without end forever. The universes of stars are one with him; they have no being but as they exist in the supremacy of his will. This eternal will is the central heart of all that is. It reveals itself in creation, in preservation, in destruction, in motion, in rest, in space, in time.’

Such an absorption of all things in the infinite, with the consequent loss

of personality, individuality, and all moral responsibility, had a most depressing effect upon the character of the people who embraced this strange system. This is so manifest that it may be plainly read in the sombre character of their architectural remains.

'In their subterranean, vast, and dim excavations; in the gigantic proportions of their colossal architecture, always impressing us with sadness and with the nothingness of man; in their long, still, damp, dreary cities of sepulchres; in their half-shrouded and mummy-like statues, which, in their corpse-like immobility, seem struck with eternal death, or in slowly detaching themselves in their vast and unfinished forms from primeval and gigantic rocks, grow into a kind of dull, embryonic, and stagnant life, far more abhorrent than death itself—do we not clearly recognize the idea of the infinite absorbing all things into itself, crushing the soaring spirit of man under a blind fatalism, robbing him of all hope and aim in life, of the dignity of personal effort and moral responsibility, presenting as the only aim of all his glowing desires, the utter absorption of his own individuality in the bosom of the limitless whole—thus reducing the vivid action of his varied life to the stillness of the grave, without its repose?'

It is a strange fact, which we will view more closely when we treat of Unity, that the quest for variety which led men into polytheism, or the fractioning of the Deity into false and wicked gods and goddesses, necessarily forced man to the creation of a Fate, to which Jupiter himself was subjected, more blind, more crushing, more appalling to the imagination (because while retaining his entire individuality, man was yet forced to submit to its irrational and pitiless decrees) than was even the hopeless fatalism consequent upon the pantheistic absorption of the East.

What a step from the vague yet crushing, abstract yet deadening dreaming of a fearful and misinterpreted infinite; from the cruel rigors of an unreasoning and implacable fate—to

that full revelation that the Infinite is a *personal* God, cognizant of the human, gifting it with a free will to choose good or evil, and united with it in mercy and love through the mystic life and still more mystic death of the Divine Redeemer!

In sculpture, the thirst for the infinite is manifest in the various statues of the gods which it has given us; in painting, an art more closely related to Christianity, in the numberless figures of angels and heads of cherubs, in the countless pictures upon holy subjects with which it has presented us. The marble speaks, the canvas glows with human aspirations toward the infinite.

It is certainly a very significant fact, too, that there must be a point of escape in every picture, a window to let in the light, a glimpse of the sky: an idea of *distance* must in some way be given, or the painting will oppress us like a prison. No amount of beauty in a nearer form will make us content to remain with it, so long as we are shut down to it alone, nor is any form so cold but that we may look upon it with kindness, so that it rise against the infinite light of hope beyond. Gaze into Vernet's pictures: always sunrises or sunsets, calms or tempests, nights of moonlight, misty horizons in which it is quite impossible to distinguish the limiting lines—the infinite is always suggested in them: hence their hold upon the popular imagination.

It is really wonderful in how many ways this feeling appeals to us; it seems to be the background of our whole finite being. Saint Pierre says:

'The reason of the pleasure we experience in the sight of an immense tree, springs from the feeling of the infinite which is excited in us by its pyramidal form. The decrease in the different tiers of its branches; the infinitesimal gradations in its shades of green, always lighter at the extremity of the tree than in the rest of its foliage—give it an elevation apparently without limit. We experience the same

sensations in the horizontal lines of landscapes, where we see row after row of hills unrolling one behind the other, until the last appears to melt into the blue of the distant heavens. Nature seems to love to produce the same effect upon extended plains or rolling prairies through the means of the mists and vapors so frequently rising from the bosoms of lakes and rivers. Sometimes these mists hang like curtains along the skirts of isolated forests, sometimes they rise like armed columns, and move in serried ranks along the beds of rivers; sometimes they are gray, gloomy, and motionless, sometimes moving with startling rapidity; their sombre hues changing into glowing rose, or penetrated and permeated with the glittering and golden light of the sun. Under all these shifting aspects they open for us perspective after perspective of the infinite into the infinite itself.

Indeed nature seems never wearied in her varied suggestions of the infinite. Ruskin says, Is not the pleasure we receive from the effects of calm and luminous distance at the hour of sunset and sunrise among the most memorable and singular of which we are conscious; and is not all that is dazzling in color, perfect in form, gladdening in expression, of evanescent and shallow appealing when compared with the still small voice of the level twilight behind purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark and troublous edged sea? Almost all poets and painters have depicted sunrises and sunsets; every heart responds—there must then be something in them of a peculiar character, which must be one of the primal and most earnest motives of beauty to human sensation. Do they show us finer characters of form than can be developed by the broader daylight? Not so—for their power is almost independent of the forms they assume or display; it matters little whether the bright clouds be simple or manifold, whether the mountain line be subdued or majestic; the fairer forms of earthly things are by them subdued and disguised, the round and muscular growth of the forest trunks is sunk into skele-

ton lines of quiet shade, the purple clefts of the hillside are labyrinthed in the darkness, the orbéd spring and whirling wave of the torrent have given place to a white, ghastly, interrupted gleaming. Have they more perfection or fulness of color? Not so—for their effect is often deeper when their hues are dim than when they are blazoned with crimson and pale gold; and assuredly in the blue of the rainy sky, in the many tints of morning flowers, in the sunlight on summer foliage and field, there are more sources of mere sensuous color-pleasure than in the single streak of the wan and dying light of sunset. It is not then by nobler form, it is not by positiveness of hue, it is not by intensity of light, that this strange distant space possesses its attractive power. But there is one thing which it has or suggests, which no other object of sight suggests in an equal degree, and that is—infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of His dwelling place. For the sky of the night, though we may know it is boundless, is dark; it is a studded vault, a roof that shuts us in and down; but the transparent distance of sunrise and sunset has no limit; we feel its infinity as we rejoice in its purity of light. That this has been deeply felt by artists, is evident in their works.

‘And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapors more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean’s, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like, we almost deem it permanent,
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision, ’tis so transiently
Scattered along the eternal vault; and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunset and sunrise form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark
not
Know not the realm where these twin genii

(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet re-
bukes

For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamor) build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid suffer-
ance.'

BYRON.

No work of art in which this expression of infinity is possible, can be very elevated without it; and in proportion to its presence it will exalt and render impressive themes in themselves tame and trivial. If we will but think of it, it is very strange in how many unexpected places we shall find it lurking: for example, the painter of portraits is unhappy without his conventional *white* stroke under the sleeve or beside the armchair; the painter of interiors feels like a caged bird unless he can throw a window open or set a door ajar; the landscapist dare not lose himself in the forest without a gleam of light under its farthest branches, nor ventures out in the rain unless he may somewhere pierce to a better promise in the distance, or cling to some closing gap of variable blue above—escape from the finite—hope—infinity—by whatever conventionalism sought—the *desire* is the same in all.

Our ideas of beauty are intuitive, and it is only in a dim way that we read the types, the powers for whose *immediate* cognition we lost in the fall: but it is certain that a *curve* of any kind is far more agreeable to us than a right line; may not the reason of this fact be: every curve divides itself infinitely by its changes of direction?

What curvature is to lines, gradation is to shade and color; it is their infinity—dividing them into an infinite number of degrees.

Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied, but having placed the *key* in the hands of the reader, we leave him to unlock the treasure houses of suggestive thought, which he will find

profusely lying in his daily pathos. This key will not only open for him many of the rarest caskets in which art stores her gems, but will also unclothe some of the ineffable wonders of God's mystically tender creation. 'My son, give me thy heart!' is written in God's own hand on everything He hath made.

'To me, the meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The absence of that mental vision which unites the visible to the invisible is not only ruinous to the art of the present age, but also to its faith, and, consequently, to its happiness. Thousands, feeling themselves in a narrow world while they unceasingly long for the infinite, rush into rash and wicked suicide, that they may thus escape from the contradictions and complicated pangs of the finite. The rays of light from the everlasting sun of wisdom and love are indeed forever falling round us, but we no longer bear the prism of faith which would decompose them for us, giving them such direction as they fall upon the symbolic, the relative, that we might read in their three-fold splendor the symbolized, the Absolute. The human soul was created for the enjoyment of God, and, consequently, touches the infinite at every point, and the health and well being of the spirit are far more concerned in its exploration than in any of the vaunted discoveries which it is at present making for the comfort of the body in the material world.

As the limits of the horizon are constantly enlarging before the eyes of one who ascends a mountain, so does the moral world, of which the physical is but the symbol, unroll its immense perspectives of light and love before the gaze of the rapt seeker of truth.

'Deep love lieth under
These secrets of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.'

The infinite is the vast background from which all life projects; upon whose unity the immense variety of the world is sketched. As understood or sought by the finite, it is the central fire, the burning heart of art; it is the *last* line in all our horizons; the *last* shade in all our colors; the *last* note in all our concerts; the alpha and omega of all true genius. It aspires in the last sigh of the mortal as he lingeringly leaves its dim manifestations upon earth: it lightens in the first smile of the immortal as its full fruition greets him in the presence of his God!

'I am alpha and omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. To him that thirsteth, I will give of the water of life freely.'



MRS. RABOTHEM'S PARTY.

AN EPISODE FROM FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THERE dwelleth in sumptuous state and in Gotham
A merchant of character surnamed Rabothem.
His wife, once a letterless rustic in Needham,
Now leadeth the circles of great Upper-Threedom.*

There's nothing surprising in such a transition;
For many a creature, of humbler position
In the scale of creation, can shift its condition.
For instance, the wriggling, despised pollywog
In time may become a respectable frog;
Then, perched on a stump, he may croak his disdain
At former companions, who never can gain
His present distinguished, sublime elevation,
So greatly above their inferior station.
And so, too, a worm, though the meanest of things,
Becomes a most beautiful creature with wings,
That bear it for many a sunshiny hour
Through redolent meadows, from flower to flower.
And surely if changes like these may occur,
Ye men who have reason, how could ye demur
At change in superior orders of nature?
And least in a species so sure to create your
Felicity (if it is not the reverse:
In such an event she is rather a curse).
No one, that possesses a spark of the human,
Would think of opposing the progress of woman;
But all would be happy when one of her kind
A sphere more refined and exalted should find—
Should gracefully 'merge from a chrysalis state,
To bask in the light of a loftier fate.

* See account of the 'Prince's Ball,' given in New York, some time during the last century.

But (those hateful digressions, I heartily loathe 'em)
 I was telling you something of Mrs. Rabothem.
 She's a mouthpiece of Fashion. Whatever she wears,
 The closest and carefulest scrutiny bears;
 And, backed by her husband's munificent pile,
 Whatever she does is accomplished in style.

A wonderful party was given one season
 By this excellent dame, for the excellent reason
 That wonderful parties were greatly in vogue,
 And a man was accounted as worse than a rogue
 Whose wife did not follow the prevalent fashion,
 And make what is commonly known as 'a dash' in
 The choicest society found in the city.
 (That the choice is not better is more than a pity.)

The writer, who happened to be a relation
 To Mrs. Rabothem, though lower in station,
 Was blest in receiving a kind invitation—
 A delicate note, with a delicate scent on,
 Whose accurate, well-chosen sentences went on,
 In gentlest of terms, to 'solicit the favor,'
 Et cetera, and so on. She couldn't, to save her,
 Have been any more condescending; and so
 I gratefully reached the decision to go.
 And yet my decision was quite a concession,
 As I'll have to explain by another digression,
 In which, at the cost of some time and chirography,
 I'll give you a taste of an autobiography.

And in its beginning, 'tis proper to state
 That, somehow, it chanced to be part of my fate
 To be born far remote from the populous town,
 And therefore, perhaps, I've a spice of the clown.
 Be this as it may, I acquired a taste
 For joys which, though simple, are equally chaste.
 In rural employments expended, my years
 Knew not the unnatural pleasures, nor fears,
 Which fall to the fortune of one who is bred
 Where men on unwholesome excitements are fed,
 And horrible vices their poisons distil;
 Where Peace, from her home on the verdure-crowned hill,
 The whispering grove, or the tapestried mead,
 With the bright troop of blessings that follow her lead,
 Comes seldom to gladden the wearisome hours,
 And raise to new vigor the languishing powers.
 But when I arrived at the age of discretion
 (I find I must hasten my rambling digression),
 With the popular error my mind was deluded
 That life is not life from the city excluded;

So I followed the bent of my new inclination,
 With the liveliest hopes of improving my station.
 'Twas easy deciding, and easy to do it ;
 'Tis easy, when thinking it over, to rue it.
 To Gotham the writer with joy was transported,
 Where people in lots, either mixed or assorted,
 Are found in abundance, ' kept always on hand,'
 Of every conceivable texture and brand ;
 Exposed at the mart and awaiting their sale,
 Like the cotton that lies in the corpulent bale.
 A thousand of such may be bought in a trice—
 Some dearly, and some at a moderate price.
 I mingled among them ; I met them on 'Change,
 And elsewhere, and surely it isn't so strange
 If sometimes, contracting to buy or to sell,
 I *should* be contracting their habits as well.
 But, though the temptations about me were rife,
 I kept from the perils of ' fash'nable life,'
 So that, at the time when my story begins,
 I never had placed in the list of my sins
 (Though often invited, declining each call)
 The crime of attending a party or ball.
 For, early in life, I was taught to believe
 That pleasures are pitfalls prepared to deceive
 By wily old Satan (who constantly tries
 To catch you by throwing his dust in your eyes,
 Thus, blinding his victim, securing his prize) ;
 That the dance is a maelstrom, where sinners are whirled
 Around a few times, and then suddenly hurled
 From daylight to darkness, from pleasure to woe,
 From terrestrial regions, to regions—below :
 But now was afforded a fine opportunity
 For taking some pleasure with perfect impunity ;—
 Ostensibly pleasing a worthy relation,
 But really seeking a gratification.

I went, and, arriving at nine of the clock,
 I found that the guests were *beginning* to flock.
 I could but conclude—though 'twas early, they said—
 That when folks go to parties they should go—to bed.

Ere long the magnificent parlors were thronged
 By radiant beauties and genta, who belonged
 To the circles composed of the lofty *élite*,
 Whose presumption or pride 'twere not easy to beat.
 'Twas a splendid, a gorgeous, a ' glorious ' sight
 To be viewed in that parlor on that winter night.
 There were beaux, who the finest of broadcloth were dressed in—
 Invested in vestments they always invest in—
 And belles, who assisted to fill up the scene
 With roods upon roods of their huge crinoline.

Such flounces ! they seemed to my wondering eyes
 Like Alps upon Alps that in majesty rise.
 The costliest jewels and handsomest laces
 Imparted their charms to embellish their graces.
 And the men seemed to float through the mazes of girls,
 Like sharks in an ocean of mermaids and pearls.

But soon, as the evening began to advance,
 A movement was made to engage in a dance ;
 And, being invited to join in a set,
 With a young demoiselle whom I never had met,
 I took a position to dance with the rest,
 And soon I was doing the thing with a zest.

For an hour the divinest sensations were mine ;
 But then my enjoyment commenced to decline.
 In halting to rest, I but wearied the more,
 So I finally ' vowed that the dance was a bore.
 Exhausted at length, I collapsed in a chair,
 And studied the various characters there.
 Together they formed a remarkable show ;
 For further particulars *vide* below.

There was Trickster, a merchant of physical leanness,
 Distinguished alike for his means and his meanness ;
 And Sharper, a lawyer, with manners as courtly,
 And practice as large, as his person was portly.
 There was Aderman Michaels, the head of his faction,
 Who had learned, it was whispered, the rule of subtraction,
 And practised it often in ' grinding his axes,'
 Which helped to account for the rise in the taxes.
 And there was a man with a rubicund nose,
 As bright as the bud of an opening rose,
 Disclosing a liking to ' live and be merry,'
 With a strong fellow feeling for brandy and sherry.
 And then there was one with elongated face,
 Who seemed to have made a mistake in the place.
 Not a jest, nor a pleasure, was known to beguile
 His lugubrious countenance into a smile ;
 But he moved through the dance, from beginning to end,
 Like a man on his way to the grave of a friend.

Again, there was Simpkins, a clerk and a fop,
 Who sported a very luxuriant crop
 Of whiskers, cut clearly for ' cutting a dash,'
 And flanked by a stylishly twisted mustache,
 Adorning the uppermost part of the gash
 In his meaningless face, like a regular hedge
 Of russet foliage skirting the edge
 Of a cavern, containing a prominent ledge

Of rocky projections, above and below
 (Though the charge was not 'cast in his teeth,' as I know).
 Arrayed, with intent to astonish the vision,
 In garments whose 'set' was the pink of precision ;—
 His chain was of workmanship costly and cunning,
 And the stone on his bosom was really stunning.
 The taste of which no one could doubt his possession,
 Had found in his waistcoat a fitting expression ;
 Nor less in his neck tie, 'a neat institution,'
 And collar, which threatened to do execution.
 A marvel, indeed—from the soles of his boots
 To the hair, that was scented and greased to its roots—
 A something for silly young damsels to scan,
 And sighingly say—'What a love of a man !'
 And then there was one sentimental young man,
 Got up on a rather irregular plan
 Of features and form, with a wandering air,
 A collar Byronic, and very long hair.
 'Twas whispered about—'He's a genius and poet ;
 And as for myself, I was happy to know it,
 For a package of genuine mental precocity
 Is certainly always a great curiosity,
 And worthy the cost and the toil of a visit—
 Like Barnum's astonishing creature—'What is it ?'
 (A good advertisement for Phineas, that is,
 And kind of the author to put it in gratis :
 I hope he'll observe my benign disposition,
 And send for the season a card of admission.)

Of course there was that unavoidable myth,
 Who is everywhere known by the *nomen* of Smith—
 For there never was aught in the way of sensation,
 From a horrible crime to a great celebration,
 But that somehow, before they had time to get through with it.
 Mr. Smith has had something or other to do with it.
 Now Smith was a sensible sort of a fellow,
 With a beard that in color was nearest a yellow,
 And a visage denoting his faith in the creed
 That man is a creature intended to feed.

Another one still we must certainly mention—
 'Tis Mr. McFudgins, who claims our attention.
 In mould of plebeian he never was cast
 (His caste was of gentlemen, wealthy and 'fast').
 Not noted for morals, nor even sobriety,
 He always had moved in the 'highest society.'
 I had seen him so 'high' as to hiccough and stutter,
 And once I had noticed him low in the gutter ;
 Yet he was a 'very respectable' man ;
 And into whatever excesses he ran,

Mrs. Rabothem's Party.

His riches and impudence safely would carry him,
And plenty of ladies were dying to marry him.

The ladies assembled were wondrously fine
(Young Sentimentality called them 'divine').
So graceful and pleasing, I could but confess
Not one of the galaxy wanted address
(For dress was abundant, nor lacking in taste,
Though the waist was reduced, there was plenty of waste).

My attention was called to a dashing young widow,
Whose husband, when living, knew not what he *did* owe;
For he helped her attempt to keep up with the fashion,
Which hurried him on to a terrible crash in
His business, which tended to shorten his life
And the means that were left to his sorrowing wife.
She, taken in charge by a wealthy relation,
Still lived in the style that befitted her station;
Displaying her charms with astonishing care,
In hopes of enticing a man to her snare,
Who, struck by her beauty, might hasten to court her,
Then marry, and afterward finely support her.

Of many, whose fortunes were said to be ample,
Miss Lily De Lusian may serve as a sample:
She'd a smatter of French, and a languishing air,
While of sense she possessed but a limited share.
She played the piano remarkably well,
And by all of her friends was considered a belle.
And perhaps it was so, for she certainly 'told,'
In the set where she moved, on account of her gold.

And then there was old Mr. Spriggins's daughter,
Who wondered that no one in marriage had sought her
(A trivial bait would have easily caught her);
And now she had reached the mysterious age
When maidens are far less attractive than sage.
By staying so long, she had come to be staid,
And appeared to be doomed to be always a maid.

The generous hostess was all in her glory—
A fact it is fair to infer *a priori*—
The costly apparel in which she paraded
Was the best to be found in the store where she traded
(The splendid establishment kept by a peer
And the ninth of a man, as is ever so clear,
If you only will notice the names on their palace—
A fact that is stated with nothing of malice;
For a Lord and a Taylor no doubt you will find
A match for two men of the average kind).

She moved through the rooms with a beautiful dignity,
Conversing with all with the greatest benignity;
Convincing her guests of a flow of geniality,
As great as the stream of her large hospitality.
Her dutiful husband was close at her side;
And, though in his house, it could scarce be denied,
He wasn't 'at home,' in the splutter and jargon,
As much as in driving an excellent bargain.
He suited his wife pretty well, for, at times,
She found he was useful to furnish 'the dimes.'
The most of his value she found in his pocket,
And now he was playing the Stick to the Rocket.

But while I was noting the forms and the faces
Of those who were present—their faults and their graces—
Reposing my arm on a volume of Tupper,
I was startled to hear the announcement of 'SUPPER.'
Rejoiced at the news of a change in the bill,
I sprang from my seat with an excellent will,
Presented my arm to a feminine guest,
And marched to a neighboring room with the rest.

O Ceres and Bacchus! would I were but able
To picture e'en faintly the scene on the table!
There was every conceivable thing, beyond question,
That could tickle the palate and ruin digestion.
Of course there were oysters in various styles,
And sandwiches ranged in appropriate piles;
And turkey was present in lavish abundance,
And of lobster there seemed to be quite a redundancy.
The cakes on the board were amazingly nice—
The largest encased in their saccharine ice,
While some, that with nuts or with fruit were embellished,
Expectant appeared to be tasted and relished.
The light was reflected in many a gleam
From mountains of jelly and towers of cream,
With castles of Russes (I'd scorn to enlarge)
Which, like Yorktown, were taken without any charge.
And then there were several baskets of fruit—
Of such as were held in the highest repute—
With nuts, that in reckless profusion were stacked,
And (like most of the jokes) had already been cracked.
The liquors were all of the costliest brands
(They had all been obtained at 'respectable stands');
And as quickly were bottles deprived of champagne,
As ever were clouds of their treasures of rain.
Some lauded the Heidsick, while others concurred
In the settled opinion that 'Mumm' was the word.
The sires and the matrons, the lads and the lasses,
Were pledging each other and clicking their glasses;

Mrs. Rabothem's Party.

And several gentlemen present were fain
 Their goblets of stronger potations to drain :
 On trifles they certainly never could bandy,
 So great was their liking for excellent brandy.
 For those who might happen to be in the throng
 Whose nerves should be weak, or their principles strong,
 A due preparation was graciously made
 In the shape of a bowl of the best lemonade.
 They ate and they drank, and they laughed and they chattered,
 They simpered, and bantered, and lavishly flattered,
 Till, finally, weary of such an employment,
 They left for the scene of their former enjoyment.

And now, I had hoped there would be a variety,
 For dancing, I thought, had been done to satiety ;
 But, as soon as the party reëntered the room,
 My hopes were consigned to a terrible doom ;
 For I saw, to my horror, a body of dancers,
 Who were clearly intent on performing ' The Lancers.'

Terpsichore ruled with unlimited sway,
 While, moment by moment, the night wore away.
 To me, 'twas an agony sadly prolonged,
 To stay in that parlor, so heated and thronged,
 And witness the sickening, senseless parade,
 Which people, who claimed to be sensible, made.
 I stood it as long as I could, and as well,
 And struggled my rising emotions to quell,
 But hotter my blood momentarily grew,
 Till objects about me were changing their hue,
 And, just as my brain was beginning to totter,
 I rushed from the room for some air and some water.
 Returning refreshed, my composure resumed,
 I awaited the end, like a criminal doomed.
 With one demoiselle I essayed to converse,
 Whose sense I discovered was not worth a—purse.
 Disgusted with one so insipidly brainless,
 I turned from a task that was tedious and gainless,
 Adapted myself to my strange situation,
 And buried my mind in profound cogitation.

O Fashion, thou tyrant ! adored as a god,
 By such as obey thy imperious nod—
 How mortals their ' sweet independence ' resign,
 When all that is precious they bring to thy shrine !
 Thy altar they grace with the fruit of their lives,
 Themselves and their fortunes, till nothing survives
 To prove to the world that they ever were free ;—
 Their souls and their bodies they offer to thee.

And thou ! how unworthy thou art of their trust !
 Thou givest them nought but a damnable lust
 Of silly, deceitful, contemptible show—
 A lust that is stronger as older they grow.
 For this they surrender their faith and their truth,
 The artless, ingenuous goodness of youth,
 The strength that belongs to maturity's years ;
 Exchanging their peace for the paltriest fears,
 Lest something, they happen to do or to say,
 Should not be considered exactly *au fait* ;
 Or lest their attempts should be wholly surpassed
 By others who claim to belong to their *caste*.
 Thy fiat, O Fashion, their questions decides ;
 Thy wisdom all needed direction provides
 For spending their time in genteel dissipations,
 For cutting their garments, and—poorer relations,
 Controlled by thy will, they select their society ;
 Thou art their instructor in manners and piety.
 And thus they obey the decrees of a power,
 To which, in a servile allegiance, they cower—
 A power that binds them in thralldom, and then
 Makes puppets of women and puppies of men.

Reflections like these were absorbing my mind,
 As I sat on the sofa, or partly reclined,
 While promiscuous edibles recently ' bolted,'
 In assiduous dancing were carelessly jolted.

The people about me my senses would strike,
 In spite of the facts, as extremely alike ;—
 In physical aspect dyspeptic or bilious,
 In manners affected, or quite supercilious,
 In mind, rather flippant—of false education—
 In heart, scarcely worthy of recommendation.
 There was clearly a lack of the highest ability,
 With a splendid array of the ' purest gentility.'
 Of course I was not in condition to judge,
 And some would pronounce an emphatical ' fudge '
 At such an opinion as mine, and would scout it,
 Insisting that I ' could know nothing about it.'
 To which the narrator would humbly submit—
 He has written what seemed to his mind as a fit
 And truthful recountment of all that he saw,
 Without a regard for the general law
 For stuccoing statements, to give them, forsooth,
 A pleasanter face than is worn by the truth.

The end came at last. I was glad, I avow ;—
 As glad—well, as glad as the reader is now,
 When he knows that I'll shortly be making my bow.

The company left, and I marched in the van,
A wiser, though hardly a happier, man.

Of course there are 'morals' attached to my poem,
Though it may be a difficult matter to show 'em.
Well, first (let me see, now), the foolishhest passion
Of mortals is that for obeying the fashion.
It has been, and now is, a curse to humanity,
A sinful, ridiculous species of vanity,
The very quintessence of perfect inanity,
And is likely to lead to a 'moral insanity.'

A second we'll have, and I think that will do—
(You will probably not recollect more than two):
If you have any taste for the honest and hearty,
Don't go to a GRAND METROPOLITAN PARTY.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

PREFACE.

THE following work is from the pen of Clementina Tauska, probably the most celebrated among the female writers of Poland. Her talents and judgment were so highly appreciated by her native country, that she was appointed to the superintendence of all the Polish schools for young ladies, as also to that of the large establishment at Warsaw devoted to the education of governesses.

The Diary of Frances Krasinska paints in the most lively manner the usages, manners, and customs of Poland during the eighteenth century, and possesses the charm of childlike *naïveté*, united to acute observation and deep feeling. The authoress has seized upon all that is peculiar and picturesque surrounding the heroine, and has laid bare before us a woman's heart in all its strength and weakness, its love and ambition, its joys and sorrows.

Frances Krasinska, the daughter of a noble house, was allied in various ways during her life to many distinguished personages, whose names fill a

considerable space in the contemporaneous annals of Poland. Remarkable for her beauty and intellect, she excited a passionate admiration in the bosom of Charles, duke of Courland, prince royal, and son of the king of Poland, Augustus III, elector of Saxony. This attachment, with its consequences, awakened a lively interest, not only among the Poles, but also in the various foreign courts.

The castle of Maleszow, where Frances was born, was situated in the ancient palatinate of Sandomir, now that of Cracow. It is said to have been a very splendid mansion, and, may still be remembered by a few aged persons, the actual building being no longer in existence. The journal commences at Maleszow, and continues through the most eventful period of the heroine's life, principally in and near Warsaw.

TRANSLATOR.

[We are happy to be able to offer to the readers of *THE CONTINENTAL*, an excellent translation of this characteristic work, especially noteworthy at the present time, when Poland is once more engaged in a struggle for inde-

pendence, and occupies so important a position in the political adjustment of the civilized world.—*EDS. CONTINENTAL.*]

DIARY.

CASTLE OF MALESZOW,
Monday, *January 1st*, 1799.

LAST Christmas day, only a week ago, my father commanded a large volume to be brought him, in which he inscribed with his own hand various public and private acts; the book is a medley of speeches, public documents, letters, poetry, bonmots, etc., all arranged in order according to their dates. This custom prevails among nearly all the Polish nobility. My father showed us these records, and even read some of them aloud to us. I can write quite well in both French and Polish, and as I am not at all averse to the use of my pen, I think I might keep a journal: I have been told that many of the women in France do so, and why should I not follow their example?

I have bound together quite a large volume of blank sheets, which I will fill with my thoughts as they arise, with minute accounts of all that concerns me or my family, without omitting public matters. My father, a grave and serious man, regards little else than the latter; but I, a very ignorant young girl, may be permitted to follow the dictates of my fancy, and the capricious guidance of my imagination; at least there shall be neither pretension nor affectation.

To-day brings a new year, and is truly an excellent time for commencing my journal. In this castle there will be no want of leisure. We have already said our morning prayers, and I will finish my spiritual reading during vespers. It has just struck ten, and I am dressed for the day, including the arrangement of my hair. I have consequently two spare hours before dinner. I will note down to-day my reflections upon myself: I will speak of my family, of our house, of the republic, and will

in future detail all that may happen to any or all of us.

I was born in 1748, and am consequently sixteen years old; I received at my baptism the name of Frances. I am quite tall; I have often been told that I am handsome, and in truth my mirror reveals the fact that I am by no means ill looking. My mother says, however, that 'one must give thanks to God for such a gift, and beware of pride; for it is His goodness, and not our merit.' My eyes and hair are black, my complexion fair and well colored; but still I am not satisfied: I would like to be much taller. It is true that my figure is slight and well formed, but I have seen women of a loftier stature than myself, and I must envy them a little, as all tell me I have attained my full height.

I belong to a very noble and ancient family, the Corvini Krasinski. God grant that I may never sully so glorious a name by any unworthy action; my desire is to render it still more illustrious, and I am sometimes sorry that I am not a man, for I should then have been capable of performing great and brilliant deeds.

My father and mother are so fully persuaded of the excellence of their origin, that our neighbors, as well as ourselves, all know the genealogy of our ancestors by heart. I confess, to my shame, that I am much more conversant with it than with the succession of our kings.

But what will be the final fate of my journal? Will it live or die? Why should it not survive through many ages, as so many letters and memoirs written in France have done? Oh, I must pay great attention to my studies! What a pity I have not the talent of Madame de Sevigné, or of Madame de Motteville! Perhaps I could write my journal better in French. . . . But no—that would be unworthy of a Polish girl; a native of Poland, I must write in my national tongue. It is true that French is generally used among

all our nobility, but then that is a fashion, which, like all other fashions, may soon pass away, and I should not like to leave such a blot upon my memory.

If these pages should escape the rats and the rage for curl papers, and fall into the hands of any one willing to read them through, I hope the reader will pardon my ignorance, and kindly remember that I write without method, and am totally uninstructed in all the rules prescribed for the keeping of a journal. I am but just sixteen, and the great little matters now occupying so much of my attention, may in the future seem futile and unworthy of having excited so much interest. What will a sensible, sober-minded reader think of all the strange fancies passing through my brain, and the wild dreams of my imagination? But let us now return to the genealogy of my family.

[Here follows the chronological enumeration of the Krasinski family, which we omit, as its interest is purely local, and can hence be neither amusing nor instructive to readers not of Polish origin. The Diary thus continues:]

Stanislaus Krasinski, starost of Nowemiasto, of Prasnysz, and of Uyscié, is my father; and Angelica Humiecka, daughter of the celebrated palatine of Podolia, my mother: but this branch of the Krasinskis will be extinct at their death, for to my great sorrow I have no brother. We are four, and all girls, Barbara, myself, Sophia, and Mary. The members of our little court often tell me I am the prettiest, but that I do not believe. We have received the education befitting our position as young and noble ladies, in short, as starostines.

We are all well grown, and have been taught to hold ourselves as straight as reeds; we are in excellent health, fair, fresh, and rosy. We have a governess, who is charged with the care of us; we call her madame; and when she has laced us, our waists might be spanned,

as the saying is, between one's four fingers.

Madame has taught us to courtesy easily and gracefully, and to behave ourselves properly in the saloon; we seat ourselves on the edge of our chairs, with our eyes fixed upon the ground, and our arms modestly crossed.

Every one believes that we are quite ignorant, and cannot count beyond three; they fancy, too, that we do not know how to walk, and are always as quiet as mummies. What would they say could they see us running and jumping in the fine summer mornings? Ah! then we make up for all this tedious restraint; we are so joyful when our parents permit us to walk in the woods: then we leave our frizzed hair, stays, and our high-heeled shoes all behind us, and run about in our morning dresses like crazy girls; we climb the mountains, and poor madame, who thinks it her duty to follow us, soon loses her breath, halts with weary limbs, and can neither run after us, nor call us back.

My two younger sisters and myself have never been far from our own castle. Our longest journeys have been a visit to our aunt, the palatiness Malachowska, who lives at Konskié, and to the village of Piotrkowicé, which belongs to us.

When my father returned from Italy, he founded a pretty chapel in that village in imitation of the church of Our Lady of Loretto. He has also founded another chapel at Lissow, our parish, depending upon Maleszow. My knowledge of the world is hence very limited. But my elder sister has been more favored; she has journeyed to the ends of the earth; she has been twice to Opole, visiting an aunt, the princess Lubomirska, palatiness of Lublin; my father is most tenderly attached to his sister, and respects her as if she were his mother.

Barbara passed a year in Warsaw at the seminary of the ladies of the Holy Sacrament, and she is consequently

much more learned than we. She can courtesy to perfection, and holds herself so straight that it is a real pleasure to see her; her carriage is admirable. I know that my parents intend placing me at some seminary, and I expect every day to see the carriage which is to bear me to Warsaw or Cracow drive up to the door. I shall be sorry to leave the castle, I am so happy here; but my sister Barbara found her sojourn in the convent very pleasant, and so doubtless would I. Meanwhile I must perfect myself in French. It is indispensable for a lady of quality, and I must also complete my knowledge of the minuet and of music. I should at least see a great city, and have something to remember.

As I have never had an opportunity of judging by comparison, it is impossible for me to decide whether our castle of Maleszow be really handsome or not; I know that it pleases me very much, but many persons say it has a melancholy air. It is certainly large and commodious, being four stories high, and having four towers. A ditch filled with running water surrounds it, which ditch is crossed by a drawbridge. The neighboring country is mountainous and well wooded.

My parents complain that their dwelling is not large enough, but then our household is so very numerous. I said that our castle had four floors, and each floor is thus divided: first a hall, then six rooms, and four cabinets in the four towers. We do not all live upon the same floor; on the first we dine, on the second we play and amuse ourselves with the other young ladies belonging to our household, and on the third, we have our own apartments. My parents, being no longer young, find it irksome to go up and down stairs, but to me it is delightful, especially before I have my stays on. I mount the balustrades, begin to slide, and in a moment reach the bottom, without having touched a single step.

We always have a great many visit-

ors, and I believe that if the castle of Maleszow were three times its present size, it would still be crowded; even now it is so gay, animated, and lively, that our neighbors call it the little Paris. During the winter our guests are still more numerous; our cavalry captain does not then think it worth the trouble to lift the drawbridge: the new arrivals pour in from morning until night—visitors are continually coming and going. The orchestra belonging to our castle chapel plays unceasingly, and we dance as much as we can; it is a real pleasure to see us.

In summer we have other pastimes; we take long walks, and play various games in the vestibule of the castle, which is very lofty, reaching to the roof of the house, and lighted from above. It is delightfully cool during the warmest days.

I do not believe there are many mansions in Poland surpassing ours in magnificence. Our little court is composed of courtiers (*dworzanin*) and of the household suite (*platny*); in other words, of many persons having various employments in the castle: the first (the courtiers) are the most esteemed, because they serve for the honor alone, while the others (the suite) receive salaries; but as they are all gentlemen, they all wear a sabre at their sides. Some few, however, are of very low extraction, but my father says that 'a noble on his own territory (and remember that this territory sometimes consists of but a very few square feet) is the equal of a palatine.'

No one objects to this, however, as the suites of the great lords are thus nobly augmented, and they can control so many additional votes in the dietines; a circumstance of no little importance. The chief duty of the courtiers consists in awaiting their lord's appearance in his public apartments, where, suitably attired, they stand ready to serve him and execute any orders he may choose to give them; but if the lord have no command for them, they are expected

to maintain the conversation as wittily and agreeably as they can, or to play cards. They must also accompany him in his walks, rides, drives, and visits, defend him on all difficult occasions, always give him their votes at the dietines, and finally, entertain him and all who belong to him whenever an opportunity may offer.

Our little Matthias performs this last duty to perfection; he is indeed a singular person! I have been told that all courts had formerly an attendant of this description, and that they could not do without one. Matthias is supposed to be stupid and devoid of reason, but he judges of everything with an accuracy and precision that is truly wonderful; his bonmots are inimitable. None of the courtiers have so many privileges as he has, for he alone may speak the truth without adornment or softening. The courtiers call him the fool, but we call him our little Matthias; he certainly does not deserve the nickname he has received.

We have, besides, six young ladies of noble families, who live in the castle, and are under madame's charge. Then there are two dwarfs; one is at least forty years old, and is about the size of a child of four: he is dressed in the Turkish fashion. The other is eighteen, and has a charming figure: he wears the costume of a Cossack. My father often permits him to mount upon the dining table during dinner, and he walks among the plates and dishes as if he were in a garden.

I think I mentioned that the courtiers had no salaries; nearly all of them belong to rich, or at least to independent families. They acquire fine manners at our court, and their training serves as a passport to all civil and military employments. They receive food for their horses, and two florins a week for their grooms. They have also a servant to wait upon them; this domestic is usually dressed in the Hungarian or Cossack costume. Nothing amuses me more than to watch their faces while

they stand behind their masters' chairs; their eyes are fixed upon the plates during the whole of the dinner hour; surely not an unnatural proceeding, as their sole nourishment consists in what is left upon their masters' plates. Our little Matthias is never tired of ridiculing them, and makes us nearly die with laughter.

The major part of our household, however, receive salaries, and do not sit at the table with us, except the chaplain, the physician, and the secretary. The steward and butler are on their feet all the time we are dining; they walk about and watch if the table be properly served; they pour out the wine for the master of the castle and for the visitors. The courtiers are served with wine only on Sundays and festival days. The purveyor, the treasurer, the master of the horse, and the arm offerer (*renkodajny*), whose business it is to offer his arm to the master or mistress of the castle every time either one desires to go out, all dine at the steward's table. The courtiers who dine at our table certainly enjoy much honor, but little profit; they are served from the same dishes as we, but do not eat the same things. The cook arranges the roast meat in the form of a pyramid; at the top he places the game and the poultry, while below are the pork and the beef, the coarse food of the courtiers, to whom the dishes are not carried until after we have been served, and thus the end of the table where they sit is called the gray end.

When the dishes are first served, they are so enormous that one would think there must be a large portion for every one; but they disappear so rapidly that some poor courtiers have scarcely enough to give a flavor to their bread. There are some who eat in the most incredible fashion, and who devour all before the others have had a chance to help themselves. On ordinary occasions, our dinner consists of four dishes; but on Sundays and holidays, when we have visitors, from seven to twelve

dishes are placed upon the table. The young ladies, our companions, dine with us.

The salaried courtiers are very well paid; they receive from three to four hundred florins every year; but then my father requires that they shall be well dressed, especially when there is a reception at the castle. He rewards them largely when he is pleased with their services. If one among them distinguishes himself by his zeal or his strict attention to his duties, my father recompenses him on his name day, either in money or in stuffs taken from his own wardrobe.

The salaried dependents are subject to the jurisdiction of the steward, who has the right of reprimanding and punishing them. The chamberlains are also under his command; they are gentlemen, and serve during three years. Their term of service begins between the ages of fifteen and twenty. When they have been guilty of any fault, the steward awards them so many lashes with a leathern strap. A carpet is first stretched over the floor, for the bare ground is only suitable for servants who are not noble, and the culprit is then chastised. The steward is very severe, and says that were he more lenient, it would be impossible to maintain discipline or pursue a proper and efficient method of education; severity being necessary to restrain youth within the bounds of reason. My father has told us that there is not a single room in the castle at Maleszow in which he has not received correction. This is doubtless the cause of his being so very good now. . . .

We have a dozen chamberlains in our service; one of them, Michael Chronowski, will have finished his novitiate on Twelfth day, and the occasion will be celebrated by certain ceremonies. It is the chamberlains' duty to be always suitably dressed; they can enter our apartments; they accompany us on foot or on horseback when we ride out, and are always ready to car-

ry our letters of invitation or our presents, whenever we have any to send.

As for the other servants in the castle, I cannot even enumerate them; I do not know the number of musicians, cooks, guards, Cossacks, and waiting men and women. I can only say that five tables are spread every day, and that two distributors (*szafarz*) are occupied from morning until night in giving out all that is necessary for the kitchen. My mother is often present at the distribution of the eatables; she carries with her the keys of the closets in which are the spices, cordials, and sweetmeats. Every morning the steward presents the bill of fare to my parents, who approve or change it as they find it well or ill.

Our every-day life is regulated as follows: We rise in summer at six o'clock, and in winter at seven. My three sisters and myself sleep in the third story, in a large room with madame. Each of us has an iron bed with curtains. Barbara, as the eldest, has two pillows and an eiderdown coverlet; the rest of us have only one pillow and a woollen counterpane. After having made a hurried toilet, we say our prayers in French, and then begin our lessons. Our tutor formerly taught us to read, write, and count in Polish, and the chaplain taught us our catechism; but Barbara and I are now entirely under madame's direction; our two younger sisters, however, still receive lessons from the tutor.

At eight we visit our parents, to wish them good morning, and take our breakfast. In winter we eat soup made with beer, and in summer we drink milk; on fast days we have a very good panada. After breakfast we all go and hear mass in the chapel. Our chapel is very pretty. When the service is ended, the chaplain says the morning prayers aloud in Latin; the whole court repeat them; but to tell the truth, I have as yet neglected to ask the meaning of them, and some day I must do it.

We then return to our apartment and recommence our studies. Madame makes us write, under her dictation, lines from Malherbe, the French poet.

We have a pianoforte, and a German, who directs our orchestra, gives us lessons; he receives three hundred florins every year. Barbara plays quite well. After the music lesson, the hair dresser comes to arrange our hair; he always begins with the eldest. When he has unfortunately heard of some new fashion, we rarely escape without shedding some blood. My hair is longer and thicker than that of my sisters, and when I sit on the stool it sweeps the floor; the barber consequently tries all his experiments upon my head. The present fashion pleases me exceedingly: it is a kind of very elegant *negligé*, one portion of the hair is gathered upon the top of the head and falls down in rich curls; the rest is in plaits, which hang about the neck and over the shoulders. The barber uses a half pound of powder every time he dresses my hair.

We employ two hours in making our toilette; but in order that the time may not be entirely lost, we learn French proverbs by rote, or madame reads aloud a new work, which is very moral and quite amusing: 'The Child's Magazine,' by Madame de Beaumont. I cannot express how charming I find these tales, narrated by a governess to her pupils. At noon the Angelus is rung, and we go down to dinner, which usually lasts about two hours; then, the weather permitting, we take a walk. When we return, we employ ourselves with our needle, and are now engaged on a piece of embroidery for the church at Piotrowicé. When the daylight fails us, wax tapers are lighted, and our work is pursued without intermission. We sup at seven in all seasons, and after supper we have leisure to do as we please. We converse or play cards. Our little Matthias makes such comical faces when he fails in getting the card he wishes! He certainly

ly has the gift of always making me laugh.

The chamberlain is sent to Warsaw once every week, and brings the letters and papers; the chaplain reads them aloud to us, and to certain news I pay the most particular attention. My father often reads to us out of the old chronicles, but I must confess I am much more entertained by the books written in French. Madame, who does not know a word of Polish, always reads to us in French, and we thus become accustomed to the sound of the language. My father only reads to us one evening in the week. When the carnival comes, farewell to all reading; all then think of nothing but of playing, dancing, and amusement. The festivals in Warsaw must be much more splendid than those at our castle. Oh! how I long to see the magnificent array of a great court! . . .

But I hear the midday bell, and must say my Angelus, smooth my hair, and go down to dinner. I will write tomorrow all that I had no time to say to-day.

Tuesday, January 2d.

I was too much occupied yesterday with merely private affairs, and now I must dilate a little upon public matters. I should be unworthy of the Polish name, if the interests of our dear country did not occupy my thoughts in preference to all other subjects. I hear much conversation upon politics, and I am very attentive to all that is said; since I have commenced to write my journal, I find my desire to follow closely the course of events much increased.

Augustus III, elector of Saxony, reigns at the present time over Poland and Lithuania. He was crowned by the archbishop of Cracow on the seventeenth of this month, twenty-five years ago. The party opposed to his election wished to raise Stanislaus Leszczyński to the throne, but Augustus was so powerfully supported that he triumphed over his competitor. The virtuous

Leaszczynski, possessing neither money nor soldiers, was forced to return to his good people in Lorraine, who are very happy under his beneficent rule. It is said that the queen, who had so strongly encouraged the king in the struggles through which he won his throne, was truly worthy of being queen of the Poles, for she really loved them. Mary Josephine always hated intrigue; she was mild, charitable, and pious; she was indulgent toward her husband and children, but most severely stern toward herself in all matters of morals. She was in truth a model of all feminine virtues. She died in Dresden, about two years ago. She had had fourteen children, eleven of whom are still living, seven daughters, and four sons. I remember well the sorrow which her death caused the Poles. Funeral services were celebrated for her in every church in the kingdom. In our church at Piotrowicé there was a mass at which all the poor assisted, and they wept bitter tears while praying for their queen.

It is said that the king is of an easy temper, and leaves all to his minister Bruhl, the minister really ruling both Poland and Saxony. The last-mentioned country is at the present moment exposed to great miseries. Prussia, which is in fact but a new-born state, makes the whole of Europe tremble. A great man rules her fate. The elector of Brandenburg raised himself to the throne in 1701 by the power of his own will. Our republic has not yet recognized his new title as king, and now the elector's successor is able to confer crowns upon the heads of other states. He resists Austria, Saxony, Muscovy, and by means of forces raised within his little kingdom, daily extends his possessions. All say that his political capacity and knowledge of the military art are extraordinary; besides which, he is quite learned, a philosopher, and a great character. Many think that Poland should be ruled by a man of the stamp of Frederic the

Great, but as we are not his subjects, and as his present position is contrary to our interests, strong fears are entertained that he may in the future become the cause of our ruin. God grant that Prussia, which is really but a fraction of Poland, do not one day swallow her up! . . .

The men occupied in public affairs scarcely venture to speak above their breath when they bewail the critical position of their beloved country. One circumstance especially seems to deprive us of all hope for the future, and that is, the apparent gradual extinction of those lofty virtues of the olden time which formerly contributed so much to the glory and prosperity of our country. Selfish interests seem now to have destroyed them nearly all; the wants of the common mother are entirely forgotten, no one thinks now except of his own personal benefit—the general cause is nothing. The diets assemble and disperse without having accomplished anything. The voice of Konarski and of his honorable friends is heard in vain; they preach in a desert; the vile passions of the wicked weigh heavily in the balance of our destinies. However, all means of safety are not yet lost: the throne of Poland is elective; the reigning monarch is aged; if his successor should be endowed with a great character, if his virtues accord with the elevation of his station, he may yet save the republic and restore it to its ancient preponderance among nations. Our frontiers are still unbroken, and I place all my hope in the mercy of God.

All good men and true patriots desire a king capable of commanding the Poles. Several candidates have already been proposed, but the two who seem to have the fairest prospects of success are Stanislaus Poniatowski, son of the castellan of Cracow, and Charles, prince royal, son of the reigning king. Poniatowski's father was the favorite of Charles XII, and was much beloved by the princess Czartoryska. I cannot

tell though why my heart leans so strongly toward prince Charles. Poniatowski is a Pole, but the other is said to possess many noble qualities. I will here add all that I have heard and thought upon the subject of these two candidates.

Stanislaus Poniatowski is young and very handsome, affable, and fascinating; he has travelled much, his manners have all the elegance of the French, and he is generally pleasing to women. He loves science and learned men; he was more than four years in St. Petersburg in the capacity of secretary to the embassy. Some time has elapsed since his recall, and he is in high favor at court; hence the probability of his future elevation.

Charles, the prince royal, is twenty-six years of age; he is the king's third son, and is beloved by all who approach him. His figure is said to be noble, and his face most pleasing in expression; his manners are mild, and he is very accessible; he wins all hearts to love him. He has lived in Poland since his infancy, and hence loves the people, and speaks their language wonderfully well. Educated at the court of our republic, he is neither proud nor humble, but maintains a happy medium with every one. The king, recognizing all these qualities in his son, sent him to many foreign courts, beginning with that of St. Petersburg. Relying upon the aid of Muscovy, he desired that his son should make his first essay in arms under that power; besides which, he had other ends in view. He hoped that Charles would be made duke of Courland, a duchy tributary to Poland. In 1787 the czarina Anna appointed the count de Biren governor of Courland, but some years later he fell into disgrace, and was sent to Siberia with his family. The dukedom was consequently vacant during several years.

Our king, who had the right so to do, conferred the dignity upon his son, but the sanction of the court of St.

Petersburg was required, and no one could have been more likely to obtain what he desired than the prince royal himself, for the fascination of his manners had become proverbial. He accordingly went to St. Petersburg, remaining on his way some time at Mitau, the capital of Courland, where he succeeded in winning the esteem and affection of the inhabitants of the duchy. The czarina soon after confirmed the nomination of the prince royal. Her consent was formally announced to the king of Poland during the past year, at the time of the session of the diet. But according to the fatal custom which so often rends our councils, that assemblage was dissolved by a nuncio from Wolhynia named Podhorski, and the affair in which Courland was so deeply interested was not discussed.

It then became necessary to refer it to the senate, where it occasioned many fierce debates. The prince Czartoryski especially endeavored to embroil the question by maintaining that the king had no right to dispose of the duchy without the consent of the diet; that Biren could not be degraded from the dignity conferred upon him without having been properly tried, judged, and condemned; and finally, that the nomination of the prince royal could only be provisional, or valid during the lifetime of the czarina. These foolish clamors were rendered powerless by an imposing majority; one hundred and twenty-eight white balls, against five black ones, decided in favor of Prince Charles. The diploma has already been presented to him by the grand chancellor of the crown, and the ceremony of investiture takes place to-day. The rejoicings in Warsaw must be truly magnificent, and I am quite sure that all are delighted.

It is said that the king has grown ten years younger since the happy termination of this affair. I cannot judge of the importance of these events to the general welfare of the republic, but

I am enchanted with the good fortune of Prince Charles. I ask myself continually why this matter interests me so deeply. The destiny of my country may soon depend upon the prince, and I believe him called to avert the storm which seems ready to burst upon Poland. I believe that he will give us better laws and a good government. The

dukedom of Courland will serve him as a stepping stone to the throne. I am truly grieved from the bottom of my heart that I cannot now be in Warsaw, where I should see such brilliant fêtes, a splendid court, and Prince Charles. . . . But since that is impossible, I must content myself with drinking his health to-day at our table.

THE LADIES' LOYAL LEAGUE

As men led the way in the formation of a Loyal League throughout the country, many women, in view of an association of their sex under that name, seem to think themselves required to adopt ideas and regulations approaching as closely as may be to those already existing in the male League. But as, in private life, woman's duties, though equally important, are not identical with those of man, so whenever in a community there is call for united, and therefore public action on the part of its females, it is because something is necessary to be done which men by their methods cannot do; consequently, in performing it, our sex, by striving to merely imitate, without regard to uses, the machinery or measures of the other, would but defeat their own objects. This can be realized when we reflect on the fact that the public action of man has always a tendency to be directive of measures political or governmental, while that of woman is more legitimately humanitarian or social.

There is a class of thinking women who are very earnest and undoubtedly conscientious in their misapprehension of the existence of this fact. And so great is the restless tumult of their indignation at their supposed wrongs in not exercising direct influence, political

and governmental, that they fail, either to perceive their own particular work—sufficient in itself to occupy all their faculties—or else they confound the sphere of society with the sphere of government, imagine they are not responsible for errors existing in the former, because they have no immediate control in the latter, and that in political matters at least, justice requires the direct action of both sexes; whereas, according to the natural laws of adaptation of means to ends, the special control of government on the one hand, and of society on the other, is distinctly divided between them; so that while the existing government is an organized expression of the manhood of the age that founded it, the existing society is a like expression of the womanhood of the time. Society and government, through the inevitable laws of sympathy and reaction between things closely connected, influence, modify, and constantly change each other. But any special interference on the part of one sex with the direct action of the other in its own province, not only impedes the other, but also argues a neglect of legitimate duties, which, it were well to remember, require for their just performance all the energy, intellect, and moral elevation, each for its own sphere, pos-

sessed by the respective manhood and womanhood of the community interested.

Although aware that the various circles of the Ladies' Loyal League, already established, entertain ideas which are in some respects, because of this existing confusion as to duties, political and social, dissimilar to each other, yet we believe the one grand moral aim, on the part of the several branches of the organization everywhere, will finally be the fostering a healthy, intelligent patriotism, in the *social and domestic circles* of our land; and that, through the aggregate influence of a womanhood true to itself and its own work.

If this conviction be founded in fact, the best method by which such a patriotism can be cultivated becomes a topic of lively interest to every woman in America who loves her country. Therefore to all such the following brief consideration of a subject so intrinsically important, will not, we trust, seem untimely.

We proceed then to respectfully suggest to the ladies of the Loyal League some measures and ideas, which, it is hoped, will prove in their judgment not unworthy of general adoption, in the various branches of our association.

In enumerating methods whereby it is believed our sex has preëminent capacity to cultivate a genuine patriotism in our country, we will, as first in order, mention those easily recognized ones already generally understood.

As members of the Ladies' Loyal League, we can do good service, first, by cheering, honoring, and aiding in every fit way, and by every legitimate means, such men, privates no less than officers, as are our country's brave defenders, or as have been wounded in being such. Second, by encouraging new enlistments, and taking pride in seeing the dear members of our own households go forth to the help of our imperilled country. Third, by paying special honor to such women in our

midst, as have sent son or husband or father or any near relative to camp life and battle field, in defence of our free institutions. In ordinary times, and in ordinary society, individuals take grade according to active intelligence, or the show of wealth, but in times like the present—and especially in an association whose awakening principle is patriotism, those persons who have made the greatest sacrifices for country should rank first. Indeed is it not advisable that the League confer honorary distinction on every woman who has given up such near relatives as son or husband to the dangers of this bloody war? So long as the United States is in her present condition, so long must we, as patriots, honor our soldiers, encourage enlistments, and pay our tribute of respectful admiration to those of our own sex whose beloved ones have already laid down their lives, or are now offering their lives in our national defence.

Another moral aim of our League, as explicitly stated in many of the pledges signed throughout the country, is to frown on all traitors and all such as we know to be sympathizers with them. We hope no one's displeasure, will be aroused by a word here. It is very true, no warmly patriotic woman can now, in the present hour of peril, cordially associate with such persons as offensively intrude their treasonable sentiments. But let the patriotic woman not go too far—let her not forget that when human beings give, as it were, a moral sanction to feelings of hatred or contempt, they unchain a demon in their breasts. We are all oftentimes shocked by anecdotes illustrative of the rancorous spite, and vulgar, unwomanly malignity, cherished by many Southern females against the Union and its defenders. Now were it not well for us, on the other side, to take warning, and, for the sake of our own peace of mind, our own dignity of character, our own Christian virtues, not fall into the fallacy of thinking it right to indulge in

feelings and words of hate, even toward the criminally disloyal. This topic is one involving so much of social and personal happiness, we are tempted to enlarge upon it; but as all our remarks at this time are intended as mere hints and suggestions, and not as an elaborate discussion, we pass on to another method of fostering a healthy living patriotism—the fifth and last of those to which we now direct attention, but the one evidently the most difficult, and yet for final results the most important of all. It is the cultivation, in American women, of a true understanding and appreciation of the principles of our democratic institutions—with a view to their practical social bearing, and consequent obligations upon our sex.

Two years ago, a distinguished English philosopher and historian, lately deceased, expressed the fear that our American system of government was in advance of the culture of democratic ideas among our people. Doubtless this observation took the shape of a fear because its author was cognizant of the truth that when the spirit of a government fails to be continually nourished by a sympathetic spirit in the prevailing tone of society throughout the nation over which it presides, then the government has small assurance of perpetuity.

Being patriots, and having, as women, so much to do with matters social and educational, would it not be desirable to understand clearly wherein the foundation principles of our government differ from that of despotisms and monarchies, and to ascertain whether our practical life—our society—is in conformity with our own vaunted democracy or not?

Now the principles upon which our republic was founded teach that one person has no right to trample on the rights of another—that we can have no aristocratic order—that he who labors with head or hand is intrinsically more honorable than the mere idler and

pleasure seeker, however wealthy—that legally neither birth nor riches confer any special privileges. And in all this the spirit of our American government is in direct opposition to the spirit of monarchical institutions. But how is it with American society, in the moulding and directing of which our sex has so much to do?

However opposed to each other democratic and republican partisans may feel, the titles of their parties are terms which imply principles synonymous—and alike in harmony with the genius our government. But examine society among these parties. Mix with the social circles of our capitals, during the meetings of our State Legislatures or sessions of Congress, when democratic ladies are in the ascendancy: make another visit when the ladies of republicans are leading society in the same places—and do you not find in the practical life of both parties a lack of the simplicity and earnestness of real republicanism and democracy?

Yes, to our shame as daughters of a republic, we must admit that we take more pride in ostentation than in simplicity; and that our dominant social life and culture are a mere reflection, so far as the freedom of our government will permit them to be, of social life and culture amid the arrogant aristocracies of Europe!

The relation of an incident which came under our observation in a Northern city may not be considered out of place here, since it is illustrative of the workings of our anti-democratic social system, and how it may even be brought to swallow up practically all sense of the obligations of patriotism.

Last winter, a sick soldier, who had been suffering in hospital for many months, was finally discharged as incurable, found by his old widowed mother, and brought to his relatives, in the city mentioned, to die. As a soldier, so long as he could bear a musket—and when he was too weak to carry arms, so long as he could carry a cup

of water to the wounded and dying on the bloody field of Corinth—since which exertion he had been himself helpless—so long did he serve his country faithfully and well. But when he came home to die, though some half a dozen Union families knew his condition, only one paid him the least attention and respect. It may be supposed this was because his relatives and their immediate friends were abundantly able to minister to his wants, so that any outside proffers would seem but officiousness. On the contrary, his relatives were poor, sickly, and, doubtless because of sickness, inefficient people. However strange, it is nevertheless true, that members from two of these Union families, some of them attendants on the aid society, and all loudly patriotic people, ridiculed the attention of the one Union family who did try to cheer the suffering soldier, expressing the sentiment that they would scorn to pay him any attention, 'his people were such a mean, low set.' That was the term applied to the relatives of the dying hero! and this—not because they failed in patriotism—not because they were guilty of any immoralities—but because they were burdened, beyond their strength, by poverty and ill fortune! And this neglect was persisted in till the end. The dying boy felt the cruelty of it—if he did not also feel the ingratitude of it—as may be inferred from the last words he uttered, wherein, after alluding to the family who did minister to him, neaded, with parting breath, the melancholy comment: 'I am glad somebody noticed me.'

This instance of the pride of class in our country going so far as to destroy the impulses of ordinary charity, and to blot out of the conscience the claims of a suffering soldier upon the personal gratitude of every patriotic heart that can reach him, is, we do hope and believe, an extreme case. But being a fact, and one illustrative of the contradiction between the principles of our government and the principles that

sway our social life, we relate it in order to vividly impress the mournful reality of that contradiction, and the consequent urgent duty of all women who are indeed patriotic, to make earnest efforts to bring the daily life of our people, in dress, manners, home surroundings, and motives of action in family and social circles nearer to the spirit of true democracy.

To do this requires so much of personal culture and denial of selfish, arrogant instincts in ourselves, so much of modification in our training of our children, so much uprooting on our part of cherished prejudices in society, that, as before stated, it is a most difficult work. But however difficult, it must be accomplished—and by American women, too, for men have no power to lead in such a matter as this: it must be accomplished, or the hope of the freedom and progress of humanity will be crushed, and democracy on earth die, even out of institutions of government.

The action of a government, if not modified by the differing social life of its people, is the practical realization of its theory: and social life among the people, if not too far restricted by the arbitrary interference of government, is also a practical realization of its controlling spirit; consequently, the freer the government the more plainly are evinced the prevailing principles of those who give the tone to society; and under our democratic system, women—those who give this tone to society—are with justice esteemed freer than elsewhere.

But of what value to the race is this greater freedom, if we employ it in imitating the spirit and customs that are the result of the impeded society of nations less beneficently governed; rather than in taking advantage of our wider opportunities to develop a true womanhood, such as would cause us to regard man neither as a natural foe nor as a model for servile imitation—such as would prompt us to influence man, not

by any direct sharing in the performance of his peculiar work, but by doing our own so intelligently and beautifully, that it shall sympathize with, and elevate the spirit of his.

The society and government of a nation are two great institutions equally important, and requiring for their wise development equal mental capacity. And in the economy of Providence in regard to the distribution of responsibility between the sexes, while man has hitherto modified governments, woman, among Christian nations—and possibly among pagan also—has always moulded society. We glance back thus to repeat our leading idea, because we wish to add here, that to the minds of those who realize the truth of it, the often vexed question of the comparative intellectual ability of the sexes is put at rest. For where the imposed responsibilities, though differing, are equally great, we may justly infer that the Deity has betowed on the differing sexes, upon whom these responsibilities are respectively distributed, equal capacity for wise performance in its own sphere, and equal power to intellectually comprehend the other's sphere. For although not so well fitted to perform the peculiar duties which belong to the other sex—yet each one, in order to intelligently perform its own labor, must of necessity understand and sympathize entirely with that of the other.

We cannot linger now upon how society and government always act and react upon each other—how, in our own particular case, the colonial matrons of the country lived democracy, before our forefathers instituted it—how, in times of after peace, the introduction of the leaven of the spirit of European manners and society caused the daughters, not having been sufficiently warned and instructed of their danger, to fall from the practised faith of their mothers, till to-day we read the alarming fact that American society has slid back, little by little, till now, alas, it is nearly in conformity with the moral

barbarism of aristocratic institutions! In view of this retrograde state of things, as patriotic women of America, we can do nothing less than perform the work of our mothers over again. God grant we may do it—and do it more effectually than they—inasmuch as we, it is to be hoped, realize the necessity of so instructing our daughters, that after generations of women will never, like us, see society lagging behind the divine principles of true democracy.

The heart of many a patriotic female, throbbing with anguish for her torn and bleeding country, who has no husband, struggling on the side of the holy cause, at home or in the army, to be sustained by the inspiration of a loving woman's self-denying patriotism; who has no sons or brothers to send to the battle field, and to write brave, cheering, blessed letters to; whose means are so swallowed up by daily necessities that she has no money—has not even time to bestow on aid societies and loyal leagues—the heart of many such, in our land now, bends low in self-abasement, and groans daily with the thought that she is useless to her country in its hour of bitter need. Let all such females raise up their drooping heads, cheer up their hearts, and take courage. Neither God nor her country requires a woman to act in the face of circumstances which are inexorable. But this work of reforming the spirit and remodelling the customs of society on a simple democratic basis, is one in which every woman—no matter what her condition, nor how circumstanced—is capable of doing loyal service to country and humanity. For if she has the will, she can bring her own life, and that of those affected by her influence, gradually away from the sphere of principles which are antagonistic to our national institutions.

Let a controlling majority of our sex throughout the United States thus act—and were our threatened Government doomed now to be indeed overturned,

the startled world has no cause to despair! For then the women of our land would prove its saviors—for, having recreated society according to the principle of democracy, they would,

through the laws of reaction, restore that principle again to American institutions; restore—never again to be shaken thence, because upheld by the intelligent coöperation of woman.



WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

[THE CONTINENTAL, drawing its very life from its desire of upholding, strengthening, and sustaining our sacred Union, welcomes the article from 'west of the Mississippi,' the object of which is to encourage, through a common literature, the fraternal relations between East and West, and cherish the great bond of national unity by proclaiming kindred ties.

We of the East stretch forth loving hands to our brothers of the West, and, feeling true and loyal hearts beating through the dim spaces dividing us, bid them God speed, as bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, whose prosperity is our life, whose ruin would be our own desolation.

'As from the East the lovely exile goes,
Fair on the West a young Aurora glows;
And all the flowers Ionian shores could yield
Blush forth, reblooming in the Hesperian field.'

EDS. CONTINENTAL.]

FROM our quiet homes, on the western bank of the Mississippi, very nearly in Boston latitude, we send daily thoughts of business, friendly interest, and political sympathy unto you who dwell upon our Atlantic shore. Some of us look back unto you as the prodigal son is said to have regarded his father's house. All of us have intimate ties binding us unto you. From you, as the fountain head of literature and intelligence, through your magazines and journals, we are constantly supplied with the living current of thought and mental activity. Is it anything but fair that we should occasionally seek to respond and acknowledge the debt and the fellowship? For what shall more tend to strengthen the bonds of our broad Union than

these common sympathies of a widespread and national fraternity of literary tastes and gratifications? Assimilation of mind, community of thought produced by free interchange of opinion, in the way of social intercourse, these will open our hearts to each other and strengthen the links of our national brotherhood. That we may love each other, let us know each other; that we may know each other, let us not fail to look each other fairly in the face.

West of the deep and gently flowing northern Mississippi, I know, is a long way off from the surging waters of your eastern coasts. When you have come this distance, you are, in so far as distance only is concerned, pretty well on your way toward the Rocky Mountains, and the new land of El Dorado, the young and golden Nevada. But yet we are in fact much nearer to your golden markets than to the hidden ore of our new Territories. Time and space, whose natural demands have been so rudely disregarded by the iron progress of science and skill between you and us, still to a great degree maintain their ancient rule over the lands west of us. That vast, thrifty vine of speedy transportation, which has wound itself about the trunk of our national tree, strikes here and there one of its tendrils out upon the branches beyond us, over the region of a few counties. In one instance, in the State immediately south of us, a single ener-

getic scion has crept even to the banks of the rapid Missouri, and others are pushing steadily on in determined emulation. But in most cases, we must be content to ride to the westward, only on the back of the laggard and unambitious coach, that tortoise of travel, crawling on through prairie and swamp. And it is still within the recollection of almost the youngest inhabitant, how the daily trains, drawn by horse, mule, or ox, dragged themselves through our streets, proclaiming from their cotton coverings their distant destination, illustrating on their march the Western 'Excelsior'—

'The wheels in mud were sticking fast,
As through a boundless prairie passed
A youth, who drove a two-mule team,
While on his wagon top was seen

PIKE'S PEAK.'

Thus eastward we are within forty-eight hours of your press, while westward we are nearly as many days distant by private conveyance from the land of fabled wealth. But time and space must eventually give in. They are not equal to the task; and already the shadow of the great Pacific road makes them tremble for their natural tenure of the free West. It might have done for Æsop to talk about the tortoise and the hare, when they had not steam in those days to course their streams and stalk across their plains with giant tread, eclipsing the old seven-league boots of their fancy; but the tortoise is a used-up individual, is short of breath, and it is the passenger that sleeps, while the hare leaps onward to his covert.

Being thus brought near to you by the swift convoys of science, it will be evident that we are not so far away as we seem. We do not perpetrate an Irish bull when we say that the distance to a place is often greater than the distance in returning. It is, on the contrary, a well authenticated natural fact—a phenomenon, if you please. And by way of illustration we may aver that it is a great deal farther from your

metropolis to west of the Mississippi, than from west of the Mississippi to the metropolis.

You sit in your cosy parlors and offices and think of some friend or relative, perhaps a son or daughter, in the 'far West.' It seems as if a sea spread out between you, or at least the better part of a continent. You think of India and China, perchance, or of England or France, and you feel as if they were all nearly equidistant with the home of your beloved ones. It is so far away out to the Father of Waters, and you can never make up your mind, without great and frequent resolution, to undertake such a journey as this.

But, my friends, it is not half so far as that, from us to the Atlantic coast. It is not so far from us to you, as it is to some tardy customer, whose bills are yet to collect, a hundred miles down the country by a two-days' stage adventure. Not nearly so far. Why, when we want to go to New York or Boston, we don't pack our trunks and take a cargo of luggage on board for a two-months' voyage. We just tumble hurriedly a few things into a valise or carpet sack before we go to bed, and the next morning off we start, and after two days of sight-seeing and newspaper reading along the way, and two nights' comfortable sleeping-car rest, we wake up at the dawn of the third day to bid you good morning and inquire after the markets; and that is the end of it.

It isn't so very far, after all. We put off in the morning, bid good evening to Chicago, good morning to Toledo, a ten-o'clock good night to Buffalo, and we sit down to a late breakfast with you the following day.

But then if you have never been out here, it's a long, long distance, and we advise you not to try it all of a sudden, nor to come without a trunk. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Then, in the next place, being out here, what sort of a people are we? This is a very important query. In the

eyes of many we are Western semi-barbarians, without an overplus of manners, means, comforts, knowledge, or many, if any, of the means of Eastern and refined enjoyment. We have come hither to make our fortunes, or to care for those who have, and we are the fit objects of spiritual and temporal commiseration and missionary operations. That is the idea somewhat candidly expressed, isn't it? Oh, no! you don't think so poorly of us as that; but then we are a great ways off, in fact, in a new country, among strangers for the most part, and of course we cannot expect to find everything at hand which we enjoyed in our former comfortable homes.

Well, we are, many of us, from the 'far' East, and most of us from eastward. But we have tried to bring whatever of refinement, manners, knowledge, proprieties, and comforts we before possessed, such as they were, with us, and we haven't lost many of them. We do not believe that contact with the Indians has very much barbarized us. We still read and write and live in houses which we have built, and conduct mercantile and other transactions on former equitable principles; and our communications and intercourse with each other may still be said to be civilized, at least in great measure. We eat and drink what we formerly did, not excepting occasional shad and frequent oysters; and you do not seem to be averse to trying our deer and grouse once in a while—while we even share with you our wheat, cattle, and pork. We don't wear moccasins as yet, nor buckskin with Indian trimmings, instead of doeskin with the latest cut. We try, for the sake of appearances, to wear cotton and woollen and silk; and beads and trinkets are in no extraordinary demand. Beavers and furs are seen upon our streets; and the sound of the piano heard in the land, is not a very unusual disturbance. Our boys, as of old, smoke cigars in secret, fearful of ancient birch, and gum

drops still adhere to the pockets of our girls in school. We don't see a very remarkable difference between the children about us and those we knew at a somewhat early age. Brick and stone rise with us into comfortable and even aspiring buildings, and the price of board is not less than we have paid before, nor so very much more. We neither travel nor live on half fare. And men still drive the horse before the cart, and carry the wheat in both ends of the bag as they go to mill.

In fact, we don't see that civilization has lost much flesh in its arduous journey to the far West; nor that, being human before, we have become less human now, or discarded our manners when we shut the doors of our birthplace behind us. We know indeed that Colenso went to convert the heathen, and that the heathen succeeded in converting him, thus putting the boot on the other leg; but the Indians have not yet won us to their dusky faith, although we must confess that assimilation to their copper-colored principles seems to have made some Copperheads among us.

As to works of art, they are not very plentiful hereabouts, excepting in the way of monuments perhaps. We have a generous number of those, erected to the large-heartedness and wisdom of persons who engaged in great improvement schemes, in the line of speculation, when there was but a fictitious basis of wealth in this land, before the bubble burst. These monuments, however, are not generally esteemed ornamental, and the wealth so lavishly expended upon them came not from the bosom of our communities, neither was it imported from north of us, nor west of us, but from whence I will not say. Perhaps some one who reads can help to account for part of it. These monuments, however, such as they are, have, by the liberal contributions made for their erection, exceeded in cost that of Bunker Hill, or the half-finished shot tower in Washington. Our only statues

do not represent either the Father of his Country, nor the late old public defunctary who sat in his chair—but they are principally devoted to 'the poor Indian,' in native costume. These statues, frequently wooden, exhibit the wonted hospitality of this race, and maintain the attitude of proffering a cigar to the friendly passer by.

Of paintings there is not a superfluity; still we have a small collection, comprising several which have for some years been on public exhibition, illustrating 'The Good Samaritan'; 'Prodigious'; 'Washington's Blacksmith shoeing Washington's Horse,' and others of less note, while —'s panorama of the war has lately departed from us.

Still we have our public and private schools, seminaries, and churches, as others have in fully civilized countries; our newspapers, white and bronze; our leading men, and officeholders; natives of all climes and kindreds, Jew and Gentile, German and French, Bohemian and Scotch, English and Irish; our generals and our corporals; our learned and our unlearned; debtors and creditors—comprising mostly all of us; but believe me, friend, not a solitary living Indian.

I think we are a generous, hospitable, liberal people, up to the full limit of our means and capabilities. Being all away from home, as it were, and all strangers together, we have learned the blessedness of sympathy, and how a little lift is often a great boost, and a friend in need a friend indeed. It was formerly said that when a stranger appeared, the inhabitants emulously set to work to take him in, not however in the flattering and hospitable sense of the words. But as almost without exception any man in a new place or position is a verdant man, so we honestly maintain that they took themselves in, and found it rather difficult to take themselves out again. I believe that we are as quiet, honest, genteel, and mind-your-own-business a set of folks as you may find in most other and

more favored communities. With the constant and increasing accessions to our society from more enlightened regions, it would be a wonder did we not attain in time to a level with many other and older-settled countries, who are apt to look abroad with serene complacency gathering notes in open eyes. We have had our castles in the air, and some of them are now underground; but we have read of South Sea bubbles, rise and fall in stocks, 'On to Richmonds,' McClellans, and Congress; and we don't think the beams are all in our own eyes and the notes too.

In fact we are not heathen nor barbarian, Goth nor Vandal, Hottentot nor Fire Eater—but bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh—one with you in all the customs, proprieties, civilization, and hopes of the great American people; bound to save the republic of our fathers, if we go to the death in defence of our mutual rights, principles, and homes.

Do you ask then, 'What is the need of saying all this, since we know it all?' I reply, there is need of saying it, and of repeating it again. There may not be need of it for you, my friend; there is need of it for many others. Talk not of making us of one flesh twain. It cannot be. It is not a question of mere *interest* that shall bind us as a people inseparably in one. God will not solder a chain. It is a higher bond, a holier bond. We are essentially and intrinsically one; one by nature; one by mutual sympathies, by blood relations, by dearest ties; one in all that constitutes the unity of a family relation; one in heart, one in aim, one in mind, purpose, education, and will. None can make us two. Lines may be drawn by ambitious schemers, divisions discussed, but these do not constitute separation or alienation. The heart of the people beats in profound and resolute unison. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

Rise, then, as thou art already rising,

great heart of the troubled nation, throb from one confine to the other, bid faction's agitation hush, crush down opposition, scorn the unholy threat, dash the traitorous scheme, and declare the resolute and solemn purpose of all the members to live and govern together, as parts of the same living unity, till the whole body politic becomes a prostrate, lifeless corpse. And from the western border of the States, even from among the youngest and least of the children of the Union of Seventy-six, the union of oaths and the union of hearts, the union of instincts and the union of hopes, do we, in the name of her daughters and sons, bid you, upon the eastern confines, and the States between, you the mothers, and you the

elder daughters, all hail, and God speed you in the work of forging anew, even in the fierce fires, the links that bind us into one; 'so making peace.'

For we are of you and with you, and will be ever, while our setting sun is your rising sun—ever, until we become two distinct and divergent races—till you cease to be Joseph and we cease to be Benjamin—till you become Edom and we become Moab—till long centuries shall have erased all kindred ties and bonds of consanguinity, and all men, forgetful of history, shall sink together into vassalage and ancient barbarism. But until then we are one in heart, one in life, and must abide one in fact, or sink together to common shameful desolation.



THE CAVALIER THEORY REFUTED.

A REMARKABLE feature of all discussions of questions connected with the present civil war, is the lack of any attempt to question the foundation of important assertions. Our orators and writers have been ready to explain or soften adverse statements, but they have rarely questioned the existence of any asserted facts. One of the most persistent assumptions of the secessionists has been that the inhabitants of their States are the descendants of the gentry of England, and that the Unionists of the loyal States have neither any identity of origin nor a historical pedigree. On this assumed fact they build two arguments: first, that being homogeneous, they are united to a degree to which the Northerners can never attain; secondly, that the English people, and especially the English gentry, are closely allied to them in blood, and should naturally sympathize

with them in their voluntary opposition to the constituted Government.

I propose to show that not only are these assertions unfounded, but that the reverse is the truth; and this I feel authorized in doing for several reasons.

In the first place, if there be no advantage in placing ourselves right in our own eyes, our cause can be advanced in the eyes of foreign observers, by the publication of the truth. Were the facts as represented, an Englishman would be justified, to a certain degree, in sympathizing with a large number of the descendants of Englishmen, engaged in a revolt against a superior number of foreigners. His intense nationality, which has so long given his nation an undue influence, leads him to take this view, and his belief in English invincibility causes him to prejudge the case, and to deem the subjugation

of his Southern relatives an impossibility.

Secondly, class prejudices are aroused everywhere in Europe by the idea that a nation of gentlemen is contending for every right against a vulgar crowd; the idea of what in reality constitutes an American democracy being still exceedingly nebulous to the European mind.

Thirdly, we have borne too long the imputation thus cast on us, for our own good in the management of our own affairs. Already expression has been given to threats of ultimate division of the North into separate nationalities, on the ground that we have no common interests and no common origin.

It seems well, therefore, to investigate the data at hand, and to see if the South be so united or the North so divided as alleged.

A few tables, prepared from the official Census returns, will serve to place the question in a clear light, and they will be easily confirmed or rejected.

I assume in the following table that the inhabitants of the United States were citizens by birth, and by deducting at the end of each decade the number of immigrants, we have what may fairly be claimed as the percentage of natural increase. I have added the slight excess over the percentage to the column of native born, believing this advantage at least belongs to them:

WHITE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

TABLE No. I.—INCREASE AND IMMIGRATION.

| Date. | Percent. of Natural Increase | Total per Censu. | Natives. 1790. | Allens. 1800. | Allens. 1810. | Allens. 1820. | Allens. 1830. | Allens. 1840. | Allens. 1850. | Allens. 1860. |
|-------|---------------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1790 | 83.7 | 3,172,464 | 3,172,464 1,071,971 | 50,000 | | | | | | |
| 1800 | 84.4 | 4,394,435 | 4,394,435 1,465,290 | 50,000 16,300 | 70,000 | | | | | |
| 1810 | 83.1 | 5,845,925 | 5,709,725 1,885,673 | 66,200 21,350 | 70,000 23,470 | 114,000 | | | | |
| 1820 | 83.1 | 7,839,317 | 7,545,397 2,424,228 | 87,450 28,071 | 93,470 22,731 | 114,000 36,594 | 151,894 | | | |
| 1830 | 29 | 10,509,815 | 9,969,625 2,399,444 | 115,521 33,501 | 122,251 25,452 | 150,594 43,673 | 151,894 44,028 | 599,125 | | |
| 1840 | 25.1 | 14,165,068 | 12,969,089 8,283,699 | 149,022 37,403 | 157,703 89,533 | 194,267 43,761 | 195,859 49,157 | 599,125 150,380 | 1,713,951 | |
| 1850 | 23.9 | 19,442,272 | 16,107,768 3,868,994 | 186,425 44,456 | 197,286 47,151 | 243,023 58,088 | 245,009 53,567 | 749,505 179,181 | 1,713,951 409,467 | 2,598,214 |
| 1860 | | 26,706,435 | 19,976,763 | 280,881 | 244,487 | 301,111 | 308,566 | 928,636 | 2,122,718 | 2,598,214 |

This table shows us that in the States in 1860, out of 26,706,425 white inhabitants, 19,976,763 were the descendants of the original citizens of 1790. I omit the Territories, as the number of inhabitants cannot affect the result, and it is difficult to decide upon their nationality.

In Table II, I propose to divide the inhabitants of 1790 into four classes, the first comprising New England;

the second, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; the third, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; and the fourth, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

Allowing to each class the same percentage of increase as in the former table, we shall see how our nineteen millions of native-born citizens originated:

INCREASE OF NATIVE WHITE POPULATION.

TABLE No. II.

| Date. | Percent. of Increase. | TOTAL as per 'Native' column, Table No. I. | New England. | New York, &c. | Virginia, etc. | Delaware, &c. |
|------------|-----------------------------|---|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1790 . . . | 83.7 | 3,172,464 | 992,781 835,417 | 908,195 806,911 | 922,888 812,030 | 848,106 117,618 |
| 1800 . . . | 84.4 | 4,244,435 | 1,328,198 458,465 | 1,215,106 419,596 | 1,235,418 426,582 | 465,718 160,647 |
| 1810 . . . | 83.1 | 5,709,725 | 1,786,668 574,869 | 1,684,702 525,589 | 1,661,995 584,850 | 696,865 201,864 |
| 1820 . . . | 82.1 | 7,545,397 | 2,261,032 708,541 | 2,160,291 694,108 | 2,196,845 705,676 | 827,729 266,906 |
| 1830 . . . | 29 | 9,969,625 | 3,119,578 907,176 | 2,854,834 830,274 | 2,902,021 844,036 | 1,098,637 317,906 |
| 1840 . . . | 25.1 | 12,869,069 | 4,026,749 1,012,464 | 3,684,668 927,802 | 3,746,107 943,272 | 1,411,545 355,111 |
| 1850 . . . | 22.9 | 16,107,768 | 5,089,218 1,210,270 | 4,612,520 1,108,392 | 4,698,879 1,126,661 | 1,768,656 423,771 |
| 1860 . . . | | 19,976,762 | 6,249,488 | 5,790,812 | 5,816,040 | 2,190,427 |

Here then we see that New England has contributed nearly one third of the number, and nearly one quarter of the entire population.

But I will endeavor further to analyze

the constitution of the different States which were added to the Union previous to 1860. The following table will show the numbers at each decade :

TABLE No. III.

NORTHERN FOREIGN IMMIGRATION AND SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.

| Date. | FREE STATES. | | | SLAVE STATES. | | |
|------------|----------------------------|------------|-------------|----------------------------|------------|-------------|
| | Inhabitants per Census. | Natives. | Immigrants. | Inhabitants all Native. | Emigrants. | Immigrants. |
| 1810 . . . | 3,658,219 | 3,421,865 | 231,854 | 2,192,706 | 95,654 | |
| 1820 . . . | 5,030,371 | 4,521,823 | 509,048 | 2,908,946 | 215,048 | |
| 1830 . . . | 6,874,302 | 5,973,967 | 900,335 | 3,635,513 | 360,145 | |
| 1840 . . . | 9,560,165 | 7,711,417 | 1,848,748 | 4,604,873 | 552,779 | |
| 1850 . . . | 12,257,795 | 9,651,738 | 2,606,062 | 6,184,477 | 271,556 | |
| 1860 . . . | 17,993,585 | 11,970,295 | 6,023,290 | 8,712,840 | | 706,373 |

We have now certain data from which to argue, and I will first investigate the alleged homogeneity of the South. Conceding that every citizen of the two classes of Virginia, etc., and Delaware, etc., in 1790, was indisputably the descendant of an English cavalier, and that the increase of

population found an outlet into the new Slave States, how would the case stand ?

In 1860 these States contained 8,712,840 ; by Table II we calculated they should contain 8,008,467 ; so that even in this case there are some 700,000 foreigners. But a little more research

shows that the case is much more unfavorable.

Up to 1840, the Southern States not only could have furnished all the settlers in the Slave States, but must have sent out colonists. In 1840, they had 4,604,873 inhabitants; add to this the natural increase, 25.1 per cent. (1,155,823), and we have 5,760,696 native born, and 423,781 foreigners required make their total of 6,184,477 inhabitants.

But in the next decade, add to the 5,760,696 native born, their percentage of increase 23.9 (1,376,806), and we have 7,137,503, requiring 1,575,838 foreigners, *more than one sixth*, for their total of 8,712,340 white inhabitants.

By no conceivable chance can more than five sixths of the population of the South be descended from the English cavaliers.

But if we concede to every Virginian, not only his inherent gentility, but his unswerving purpose never to emigrate out of slave territory, and an intuitive presentiment which pointed out which were to be the slave portions of adjacent Territories, by these same percentages of increase the 442,215 Virginian cavaliers of 1790 could be the progenitors of only 2,785,927 patricians to rally around the model cavalier of 1860—Jefferson Davis.

Lastly, in an estimate published in 1848 by Mr. Jesse Pickering, devoted entirely to the consideration of immigration as a national question, it is argued, with every appearance of truth, that in 1840 the foreign population of the Slave States was 1,177,965. But these must have displaced an equal number of the native born, and we should have only 3,426,908 of that class in 1840, 4,287,061 in 1850, and 5,311,668 in 1860, or in that case only five eighths of the population could be of native descent, provided that not one emigrated. When we consider that the great immigration of all was between 1840 and 1860, we are forced to conclude that certainly not more than one half of the

inhabitants of the present confederate States can present the faintest claim to a descent from the citizens of 1790.

When we seriously endeavor to investigate the claims of Virginians to a descent from the English gentry, we are stopped by their practical denial of the first principles of genealogy.

The public records of their State, as shown by the highest authority, the bishop of the diocese, are most imperfect. The records of the parishes have been lost, the churchyards destroyed, and few authorities, save tradition, can be given for these ambitious claims. Bishop Meade's work, especially devoted to the history of the 'Old Churches and Old Families of Virginia,' gives less than thirty families, clearly traced, to the English gentry. These are those of Ambler, Barradall, Baylor, Bushrod, Burwell, Carter, Digges, Fairfax, Fitzhugh, Fowke, Harrison, Jacqueline, Lee, Lewis, Ludwell, Mason, Robinson, Spottswood, Sandys, and Washington. I believe I have omitted none, and have rather strained a point in admitting some.

I do not, of course, mean to deny that others may exist, but until the proofs are submitted to examination, there is no justice in presuming them to exist. Let us see how far the historians of Virginia support the 'cavalier' theory. Robert Beverley (I quote from the edition published at Richmond in 1855) says:

'Those that went over to that country first, were chiefly single men who had not the incumbrance of wives and children in England; and if they had, they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass, that when they were settled there in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them, but the single men were put to their shifts. They excepted against the Indian women on account of their being pagans, as well as their complexions, and for

fear they should conspire with those of their own nation to destroy their husbands. Under this difficulty they had no hopes but that the plenty in which they lived might invite modest women, of small fortunes, to go over thither from England. However, they would not receive any but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in all other respects, might depend upon marrying very well in those days, without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman, that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of one hundred pounds, and make themselves believe they had a bargain.

'§ 67. But this way of peopling the colony was only at first. For after the advantages of the climate and the fruitfulness of the soil were well known, and all the dangers incident to infant settlements were over, people of better condition retired thither with their families, either to increase the estates they had before, or to avoid being persecuted for their principles of religion or government.

'Thus in the time of the rebellion in England several good cavalier families went thither with their effects to escape the tyranny of the usurper, or acknowledgment of his title. And so again, upon the Restoration, many people of the opposite party took refuge there, to shelter themselves from the king's resentment. But Virginia had not many of these last, because that country was famous for holding out the longest for the royal family of any of the English dominions.* For which reason the Roundheads went, for the most part, to New England, as did most of those that in the reign of King Charles II were molested on account of their religion, though some of these fell likewise to the share of Virginia.

* Yet our author had already shown that Dennis, Cromwell's captain, 'contrived a stratagem which betrayed the country. He had got a considerable parcel of goods aboard, which belonged to two of the Council, and found a method of informing them of it. By this means they were reduced to the dilemma, either of submitting or losing their goods. This caused factions amongst them, so that at last—we blush to add—the colony surrendered—and saved the goods.' *En dat Virginia quintam.* The fifth crown had its price, even for a 'usurper.'

As for malefactors condemned to transportation, though the greedy planter will always buy them, yet it is to be feared they will be very injurious to the country, which has already suffered many murders and robberies, the effect of that new law of England.'

Beverley notes also about these servants that 'a white woman is rarely or never put to work in the ground, if she be good for anything else.'

Bishop Meade (vol. i, p. 89) speaks also of these female servants:

'While the company and the Governor were endeavoring to improve the condition of the colony, by selecting a hundred young females of good character, to be wives to the laborers on the farms of Virginia, King James had determined to make of the colony a Botany Bay for the wretched convicts in England, and ordered one hundred to be sent over. The company remonstrated, but in vain. A large portion, if not all of them, were actually sent. The influence of this must have been pernicious. Whether it was continued by his successors, and how long, and to what extent, I know not.'

And again (pp. 365-76), he says:

'The greatest difficulty they (the vestrymen) appear to have had was with the hired servants, of whom, at an early period, great numbers came over to this country, binding themselves to the richer families. The number of illegitimate children born of them and thrown upon the parish, led to much action on the part of the vestries and the legislature. *The lower order of persons in Virginia, in a great measure, sprang from these apprenticed servants and from poor exiled culprits.*

Stith says (ed. 1747, p. 103), under date of 1609:

'But a great part of this new company consisted of unruly sparks, packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home. And the rest were chiefly made up of poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, rakes, and libertines, footmen, and such others as were much fitter to spoil or ruin a commonwealth, than to help to raise or maintain one.'

Again (p. 306), in describing one of the domestic quarrels of the colony, he copies a statement:

'And whereas it was affirmed that very few of his majesty's servants were lost in those days, and those persons of the meanest rank, they replied that for one that then died, five had perished in Sir Thomas Smith's time, many being of ancient houses, and born to estates of a thousand pounds a year, some more, some less, who likewise perished by famine.'

These extracts are all that I can urge in support of the claim of Virginians to be descended from the English gentry. There may be many other authorities; it is for the asserters of this theory to produce them, and I certainly would republish them if I could obtain them.

Let us, however, leave Virginia for a time, to consider the origin of the inhabitants of Delaware, Maryland, the Carolinas, Georgia, and those other confederate States which also claim the honor of an English paternity. Here our means of information become more plain and accessible. From about 1730 up to the time of the Revolution, these colonies were the object of the constant attention of England. The wars with France and Spain and the projects of the proprietors of these grants of land combined to make the public of England anxious for information concerning them. I will merely cite from the *London Magazine* of that date, though a more extended search, I doubt not, would add to the strength of my position. I find in the first place that the new population was not only not cavalier, but not even English. I find that 'the design of this settlement (Georgia) was to provide an asylum or place of refuge for the honest industrious poor, and the unfortunate, with some view to the relief of the persecuted Protestants in Germany. Among these unfortunate persons it could not be guarded against that numbers, unfortunate only by their own vices or follies, intruded themselves among the real objects of charity.' In 1787, these Saltzburghers had built a town, Ebenezer, in Georgia. Mr. Oglethorpe

also 'planted upon the fourth frontier, at a place called by him Darien, a colony of Scottish Highlanders.' 'The southernmost settlement in South Carolina is now the town of Purrysburg, which was built by Captain Purry, a gentleman of Switzerland, at the head of a number of his own countrymen, who went over with him soon after that country became a royal government.' In 1765 a new fort was built 'on the Savannah river, about fifteen miles above Hillsborough township, which will be of great use to the three new settlements of Irish, French, and German Protestants.' In 1762, 'the Governor of South Carolina has granted forty thousand acres of land to be laid out into two townships for a number of people from Ireland, who are expected here.'

In 1762, 'upward of six hundred German emigrants, men, women, and children, consisting of Wurtzburghers and Palatines, all Protestants, who were brought here by one Colonel Stumpel, with a promise to be immediately settled in America,' were landed in England, and charitably aided to go to South Carolina. In 1766, I read of Florida, 'the principal town is Pensacola, and as many of the French, who inhabited here before the treaty, have chose to become British subjects for the sake of keeping their estates,' that more foreigners were added to the Southern colonies.

Mr. Pickett, whose history of Alabama was published at Charleston, S. C., in 1851, adds, 'a company of forty Jews, acting under the broad principle of the charter, which gave freedom to all religions, save that of the Romish Church, landed at Savannah. Much dissatisfaction, both in England and America, arose in consequence of these Israelites, and Oglethorpe was solicited to send them immediately from the colony. He, however, generously permitted them to remain, which was one of the wisest acts of his life, for they and their descend-

ants were highly instrumental in developing the commercial resources of this wild land.' 'The colony of Georgia had prospered under the wise guidance of Oglethorpe. The colonists, being from different nations, were various in their characters and religious creeds. Vaudois, Swiss, Piedmontese, Germans, Moravians, Jews from Portugal, Highlanders, English, and Italians were thrown together in this fine climate, new world, and new home.'

Even Virginia was not entirely English. Barber's account of the State (p. 451) says of the valley of the Shenandoah:

'The eastern part of the valley being conveniently situated for emigrants from Pennsylvania, as well as from lower Virginia, the population there came to be a mixture of English Virginians and German and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The German Pennsylvanians, being passionate lovers of fat lands, no sooner heard of the rich valleys of the Shenando and its branches, than they began to join their countrymen from Europe in pouring themselves forth over the country above Winchester. Finding the main Shenando mostly preoccupied, they followed up the north and south branches on both sides of the Massanutten, or Peaked Mountain, until they filled up all the beautiful vales of the country for the space of sixty miles. So completely did they occupy the country, that the few stray English or Irish settlers among them did not sensibly affect the homogeneity of the population.'

And again:

'The first settlements of this portion of the valley were made by the Scotch Irish, with a few original Scotch among them. They settled in the neighborhoods around Martinsburg, in Berkely county, Winchester, and almost the entire counties of Orange and Guilford. The same race went on into North Carolina, and settled in the counties of Orange and Guilford, especially in the northern and middle parts of the latter county.'

Beverly writes (p. 228):

'The French refugees sent in thither by the charitable exhibition of his late

majesty King William, are naturalized by a particular law for that purpose. In the year 1699 there went over about three hundred of these, and in the year following about two hundred more, and so on, till there arrived in all between seven and eight hundred men, women, and children, who had fled from France on account of their religion.'

Bishop Meade (ii. 75) writes:

'That twelve Protestant German families, consisting of about fifty persons, arrived, April 17th, in Virginia, and were therein settled near the Rapahannock river. That in 1717, seventeen Protestant German families, consisting of about fourscore persons, came and set down near their countrymen. And many more, both German and Swiss families, are likely to come there and settle likewise.'

This report was made in 1720.

These facts show in the clearest manner that a great percentage of the inhabitants of the seceding States are not of English origin. Even the English were not all Cavalier and Episcopalian. The *London Magazine*, in an 'Account of the British Plantations,' says:

'What contributed much more toward the establishment of the colony, was their granting a plenary indulgence to people of all religions, as by their charter they were empowered to do; for by this great numbers of dissenters were induced to sell their estates in England and transport themselves and families to Carolina; so that by the year 1670 a numerous colony was at once sent out.'

One last consideration, of possible impurity of blood, and I will proceed to examine the antecedents of those colonists who were of English blood.

In 1853, a memoir of James Fontaine was published, accompanied by letters from members of his family. He was a Huguenot, who had settled in Virginia, and his descendants have been among the most distinguished of her citizens.

The letters of his sons to relatives in England are very instructive. I quote from one from Peter Fontaine, dated March 2, 1756, in which he regrets that

the English had not intermarried with the Indians :

'But here methinks I can hear you observe, 'What! Englishmen intermarry with Indians?' But I can convince you that they are guilty of much more heinous practices, more unjustifiable in the sight of God and man (if that indeed may be called a bad practice); for many base wretches among us take up with negro women, by which means the country swarms with mulatto bastards, and these mulattoes, if but three generations removed from the black father or mother, may, by the indulgence of the laws of the country, intermarry with the white people, and *actually do every day so marry.*'

This is the testimony of a Virginian gentleman, made a century ago; I do not care to more than point to the possible infusion of other than English blood into the veins of the gentlemen who desire to adopt the Cavalier as their national device.

We now proceed to examine the social position, prior to the emigration, of those Englishmen who did in a certain degree colonize the present Slave States, and in a much greater degree colonize New England. I must confess having long wondered at the persistent statement of Englishmen that the citizens of the United States were the offspring of the vagabonds and felons of Europe. Having examined the history of the families of New England with much interest, and finding therein no confirmation of this idea, I had held it but the outbreak of prejudice and ignorance. Yet since the present rebellion has caused so much inquiry into the antecedents of the Southerners, I find that the assertion is well founded, but that it concerns those who have hitherto been loudest in their claims to a distinguished ancestry.

I find among the items of monthly intelligence in the *London Magazine*, the records of felons sentenced to transportation to his majesty's plantations in America, and often the different colonies named. I find a calculation inci-

dentally made, about 1750, that 500 culprits were hung annually in Great Britain—and bloody as the circuits then were, I cannot believe that less than ten times that number annually received the questionable charity of expatriation. I will give a few extracts to show the foundation upon which Southern society has been erected.

In October, 1732, '68 men and 50 women, felons convict, were carried from Newgate to Black Fryars, and put on board a lighter to be carried down the river to be shipped on board the *Cæsar*, off of Deptford, for transportation to Virginia.' January, 1736: 'This morning 140 felons convict for transportation, were carried from Newgate, and shipped for the plantations, and 18 likewise from the new gaol at Southwark.' In May, 106 were also so shipped. In 1738, 126 were shipped at one time 'for the plantations.' In 1739, 187 were shipped 'to America.' In 1741, 9 of the felons on board a ship lying at Blackwall, 'to be transported to Virginia,' made a bold dash to escape. In May, 1747, 'We are informed that several large ships sailed lately from Liverpool with the rebel prisoners, under a strong convoy to Virginia and Maryland, and other of his majesty's plantations, which makes the whole of what have been transported upward of 1,000.' In January, 1749, 'the *'Laura,'* with 135 convicts, bound to Maryland, was cast away.' In 1754, Mr. Stewart was the contractor to transport convicts 'to America.' In 1758, '63 men and women transports were sent from Newgate on board the ship *'Trial,'* bound to Maryland, and 45 from the new gaol, Southwark.' Later in the same year, 53 'for America'—36 men and 20 women 'for the plantations.' In 1761, a ship sails with 8 men and 27 women 'convicts to America.' In October, '27 women and 18 men from Newgate, 14 from the new gaol, and 62 from the country gaols, were transported to America this month.' In 1762, 86 women and 5 men convicts were

shipped 'to America;' '62 convicts were embarked for Maryland.'

In 1766, I find: 'The above observation occurred to my mind a few days ago, on seeing the convicts pass along to the water side, in order to be shipped for America, with fifes playing before them, 'Through the wood, lad-die,'—as an evidence that the practice was then in force and a matter of course.

In a 'Tour through the British Plantations,' published in this magazine, in 1755, which contains a good account of each colony, I read of Virginia that under Sir Edwyn Sandys, 'there were 12,000 acres laid off for the use of the company, and 100 tenants or planters sent to be placed thereon; and 3,000 acres for the support of the Governor, for the planting of which 100 more men were sent; and what was now become absolutely necessary, there were no less than 90 young women, of a healthful constitution, and unspotted reputation, sent out to be married to the planters, instead of diseased and profligate strumpets, *as is now* the ridiculous practice. . . . Thus the company and colony began to be in a thriving way: but now they began to be oppressed by the Government here, for in November they were ordered to send over to Virginia, at their own charge, 100 felons or vagabonds, then it may be supposed in prison, which they were obliged to comply with.'

The same writer says of Maryland:

'The convicts that are transported here sometimes prove very worthy creatures and entirely forsake their former follies; but the trade has for some time run in another channel; and so many volunteer servants come over, especially Irish, that the other is a commodity much blown over. Several of the best planters, or their ancestors, have, in the two colonies,* been originally of the convict class, and therefore are much to be praised and esteemed for forsaking their old courses.'

In 1751 (p. 293) is printed the following:

* Virginia was the other of which he was writing.

'A LETTER LATELY PUBLISHED IN VIRGINIA.

'SIR: When we see our papers filled continually with accounts of the most audacious robberies, the most cruel murders, and infinite other atrocities perpetrated by convicts transported from Europe, what melancholy, what terrible reflections must it occasion! What will become of our posterity? These are some of thy favors, Britain! Thou art called our mother country; but what good mother ever sent thieves and villains to accompany her children; to corrupt some with their infectious vices, and murder the rest? What father ever endeavored to spread the plague in his family! We do not ask fish, but thou givest us serpents, and worse than serpents! In what can Britain show a more sovereign contempt for us, than by emptying their gaols into our settlements, unless they would likewise empty their offal upon our tables? What must we think of that board, which has advised the repeal of every law we have hitherto made to prevent this deluge of wickedness overwhelming us; and with this cruel sarcasm, that these laws were against the public utility, for they tended to prevent the improvement and well peopling of the colonies! And what must we think of those merchants, who, for the sake of a little paltry gain, will be concerned in importing and disposing of these abominable cargoes?'

With these quotations I would leave the subject to the consideration of every unprejudiced judgment. Is it not for the Southerner, even for the Virginian, to produce further evidence of his Cavalier descent before it can be allowed? We see abundant proofs, taken from authorities in no way connected with the present inimical feelings of the North and South, that a very large portion of the English colonists consisted of transported felons. To this direct evidence—which can only be rebutted by evidence of the extinction of the descendants of this class and the infusion of an equal amount of gentle blood—we have thus far only the fact of the presence of a very few good families, and the boasts of prejudiced partisans.

And now, after having indicated the

grounds for a careful criticism of Southern claims, let me assert the claims of New England, not to gentle blood, but to a purely English ancestry. Here we come at once upon solid ground, and the authorities are numerous and trustworthy. Genealogy has, for the past ten or twelve years, been a favorite study in New England; and, as Sir Bernard Burke writes, 'for ten or twelve years before the civil conflict broke out . . . Massachusetts was more genealogical than Yorkshire, and Boston sustained what London never did, a magazine devoted exclusively to genealogy.' The history of different families, the records of nearly all the older towns, the colonial records, have all been placed in print. Many of these books are larger than any English works on the subject, and are monuments of patient industry. After such researches we may claim to speak intelligently of our ancestry, and to point to the proofs of our assertions. In one work, contained in four volumes, covering two thousand five hundred pages, Mr. Savage has attempted to record the names of the settlers of New England and of two generations of their descendants. Imperfect as such an attempt may be, what other section of our country or any nation can pretend to such a knowledge of its antecedents? I give the result of his twenty years' study in his own words:

'From long and careful research I have judged the proportion of the whole number living here in 1775, that deduce their origin from the kingdom of England, i. e., the southern part of Great Britain, excluding also the principality of Wales, to exceed ninety-eight in a hundred.'

'A more homogeneous stock cannot be seen, I think, in any so extensive a region at any time, since that when the ark of Noah discharged its passengers on Mount Ararat, except in the few centuries elapsing before the confusion of Babel.'

So much for the idle slander that New England has no records nor homogeneity.

As to the other alleged stigma of Puritanism. Could Virginia maintain her claim to a Cavalier ancestry instead of failing on even a superficial scrutiny, the contrast attempted to be drawn between Puritan and Cavalier is based on a fallacy. When these colonies were established, the distinction was a political one as clearly as the succeeding divisions of Whig and Tory. In those days the gentry were the leaders—the Puritan was as much a gentleman in the technical English sense as the Cavalier. To take an instance which will strike our Virginia friends, who quote the Fairfaxes and Washingtons: Lord Fairfax, the Puritan, married the daughter of Lord Vere, 'a zealous Presbyterian and disaffected to the king.' Their daughter married the gay Cavalier, duke of Buckingham.

The Washingtons were connections, and rather humble ones, of the Spencers. Yet the latest account of the families show Henry Lord Spencer 'standing by the side of the Lords Northumberland and Essex, and the other noblemen who were afterward the leaders of the Parliament during the civil war.'

Puritan and Cavalier! The phrase only means that those, both of gentry and yeomanry, who had sufficient brains to understand liberty, and the courage to fight for it, combined and forever broke the chains of royal or oligarchical oppression. If the gentry were a minority in the party, so much the less reason to boast of such an ancestry.

Still, as no point in a contest should be thrown away, let it be avowed that Puritanic New England could always display a greater array of 'gentlemen by birth' than Virginia, or even the entire South. This is said deliberately, because we know whereof we speak. If the fact be of service in any way, it can easily be substantiated. A list of such names as I can at present remember is longer than any list I have been able to collect from Southern publications. These are, Adams, Amory, Anderson, Appleton, Belcher, Bond, Bow-

doin, Bromfield, Browne, Burrill, Chauncy, Chester, Chute, Checkley, Clark, Clarke, Cotton, Coolidge, Corwin, Cradock, Davenport, Downing, Dudley, Dummer, Eyre, Fairfax, Foxcroft, Giffard, Jaffrey, Jeffries, Johnson, Hawthorne, Herrick, Holyoke, Hutchinson, Lawrence, Lake, Lechmere, Legge, Leverett, Lloyd, Lowell, Mascarene, Mather, Miner, Norton, Oliver, Pepperell, Phips, Phippen, Prince, Pynchon, Saltonstall, Sears, Sewall, Thornton, Usher, Vassall, Ward, Wendell, Wetmore, Wilson, Winalow, Winthrop, Wyllis.

I insert this list only for the benefit of those who have yielded to the claims of Virginia through ignorance on points which are peculiarly the care of genealogists. It can easily be extended, and every year, as our records are more fully examined, it will increase.

If we leave the dry details, which I have presented simply as indications of the method in which this question can be discussed, and regard the problem in a more general view, it is surprising to see how theory and fact agree. The United States are essentially English to-day, despite the millions of foreigners which have been absorbed into its population. The tendency of its citizens has been toward a democracy, and yet not toward anarchy and lawlessness. The throes of a gigantic revolution have not sufficed to outweigh the instinctive love of law and order peculiar to the English race. Though events unforeseen by the authors of the Federal Constitution have called for exercises of power, obscurely permitted perhaps by that instrument, yet unknown to former practice, still there has been no popular convulsion at the North, no armed outbreak, no phrensy of mob power. There is as yet no such thing known as an American mob.

When we inquire what controlling influence has impressed this form upon the national character, the enemies of the predominant party instinctively show that it is New England. Not the

comparatively limited New England of 1863, but the New England stock and influence which has invigorated nearly every State of the Union. In their ignorance of the past, these revilers of New England have been blindly attacking a greater fact than they were aware of. Not only is nearly a third part of our native-born population the offspring of the New England of the Revolution, but long before that time the intermixture had commenced. Whitehead's 'New Jersey' (p. 159) quotes Governor Burnet's letter, written in 1729:

'The people of New Jersey (being generally of New England extraction, and therefore enthusiasts) would consider the number of planters, etc., as a repetition of the same sin as David committed in numbering the people.'

The History of Dorchester, Massachusetts, quotes a letter from the Secretary of Georgia, in 1755, in relation to a colony from that town, in which he says:

'I really look upon these people moving here to be one of the most favorable circumstances that could befall the colony.'

It is added:

'This settlement has furnished Georgia with two governors, two of its most distinguished judges, the theological seminary of South Carolina and Georgia with an able professor, the Methodist Episcopal Church with an influential and pious bishop, the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches of that State with many of their ablest and most useful ministers; and six of her sons have been called to professorial chairs in collegiate institutions.'

The first attempt at colonizing the Mississippi delta was made by the Lymans, Dwigths, and their associates from Connecticut. New York received a constant accession from New England long before 1775.

Here, then, history and theory both agree. New England, colonized by Englishmen, homogeneous in a remarkable degree, has been the only thoroughly pure nationality within our terri-

tories. The few stray Englishmen of education in the Southern colonies, the much greater number of convicts, the increasing immigration of French, Irish, Scotch, and German settlers, have not only failed to overwhelm this compact and thoroughly alive minority, but have been formed and moulded into shape by it. In protesting against New England, the Vollandighams and Coxes are only proving the nullity of 'expunging resolutions.' 'Can they make that not to be which has been?' Until they can recall the past, annihilate the past inhabitants of these States, and from stones raise up some other progenitors for the present generation, they cannot destroy the influence of New England.

And yet we are called upon to believe that the race which has thus done the greatest work of the past two centuries was the random aggregation of opposite and mongrel races, the offspring of ignorance, poverty, and crime. We are to believe that while the pure blood of English gentlemen in Virginia has produced not only the gentlemanly vices of pride, treachery, and falsehood in the leaders, but the ignoble faults of crime and debasement in the 'poor trash'—that some occult influence of climate has advanced an entire community at the North far above the position of its progenitors—that while the gentle Cavalier has been overcome by the seductive charms of luxury and repose, the ignoble Puritan has thrown off his degrading antecedents, and has obtained the control of the allied races. The servant has become the master, the

scum of all nations has overpowered the choicest offspring of that race which Macaulay terms 'the hereditary rulers of mankind.'

These conclusions, so eminently logical and convincing, we must believe, or we must doubt the pure blood of the aristocracy of the Slave States.

Is it not more reasonable to believe, as facts daily prove, that New England was colonized from the hardest and best portion of the English stock? That our ancestors, accepting the state of English society as a fact, neither invited nor repelled the accession of the gentry. That many of that class did join in the enterprise, and that, where they were worthy, they received the slight preference which is accorded to personal advantages of any sort. That the bulk of the colonists were separated from this class by slight barriers, that many of them were excluded only by a want of the necessary property to maintain the position, and that on this new territory these distinctions were speedily forgotten—not because the higher class deteriorated, but because the lower, having but a slight advance to make, soon stood on an actual equality with them.

If the sympathy of England were now as desirable and as strongly expected as it was two years ago, I might urge the matter further. As it is, it seems sufficient to overthrow the claims of Southerners, based upon false pretences, and supported only by unblushing effrontery, and to refute the slanders which have been thrown upon an entire section of the loyal States.

THE EARLY ARBUTUS.

GIVE me water, give air, give me light !
 Oh, as life in my heart ebbs away,
 I pine through the dim, chilly night,
 I long for the sun's kindly ray !
 Even I, a poor little Arbutus !

I was plucked from my beautiful earth,
 And my soul it then quitted its form ;
 What since has my life e'er been worth ?
 Ah, would I had never been born !
 Thus I sigh, a poor little Arbutus !

Now to man in my anguish I cry :
 Ah, but what for a sigh does he care ?
 To heaven I now raise my eye,
 And mourn in my futile despair !
 Even I, a poor, dying Arbutus !

Ah, a life for a life—it is just !
 But a life for a nothing, oh, cruel !
 Still low must I languish in dust ?
 And is there for me no renewal ?
 Ah, for me, poor, broken Arbutus !

Into elements now I resolve,
 Yet to life I still cling with each breath ;
 As slowly away I dissolve,
 Life's sweeter as closer to death !
 Unto me, but a little Arbutus !

Too precocious the life which I bore,
 Which I drew sweetly in with each breath !
 The fulness of life did no more
 Than ripen a fruitage for death,
 Within me, a too early Arbutus !

THE THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR.

Few persons, at the beginning of this unhappy war, anticipated its prolongation to the present day. The projected rebellion was so daring and sudden in its appearance, so utterly causeless and reckless in its pretexts and objects, that an astounded people could scarcely believe it to be serious in its character and destined to give them any real and protracted trouble. The rebels themselves fed the credulity of their deluded victims with the promise of a peaceful separation, or, at the worst, of a short and triumphant contest, to be speedily followed by a career of boundless prosperity, expansion, greatness, and glory. And, on our part, when we came at length to understand that war was inevitable, we were scarcely less sanguine in our anticipation of easy victory and of the instant restoration of that noble Government, which the domestic enemy, with the most wicked ambition, sought to overthrow and utterly destroy. Confidently and even boastingly, we contrasted our strength with the weakness of the insurrection; we numbered our men in comparison with those of the rebellious States, proud of the favorable result; and we weighed the means of the adversary with our own, in such scales as our sanguine hopes and extravagant ideas served only too well to impose upon us.

The ultimate basis of our calculation was undoubtedly sound and solid, and the anticipated result must eventually come according to our original views, though not within the period then too hastily assigned for the duration of the bloody and disastrous contest. The stupendous force of our Government is amply sufficient to crush the rebellion in all its vast proportions, however slowly the great work may be carried on, and however wastefully and unskil-

fully the national means may be applied to that indispensable end. Though occasionally baffled in our projects, we are still advancing on the whole; and there is evidently no possible escape for the leaders of the rebellion. They must already begin to entertain fearful apprehensions of their certain ultimate doom. Our great fleet hovers upon their coast and penetrates their bays and rivers, cutting off most of their commerce with the outside world, and isolating them within the narrow limits of the territory actually occupied by them; while our immense armies are pressing them at all important points, with a deliberation and steadiness which evidently spring from the consciousness of superior strength and the certainty of ultimate triumph. The Mississippi river is virtually open to our commerce, or at least to the complete occupation of our gunboats and armies, and the suffering enemy is thus cut off from his communication with Texas, and from the only available resources on which he can securely rely to sustain him much longer in his wicked and desperate game of treason. His condition is in the last degree perilous; he seems to be in the very agony of dissolution, or at least in that stage which immediately precedes it. His extremities are already cold with the chill of mortal congestion; but the fever rages all the more fiercely about the vital parts, where the maddened energies of the whole system are concentrated in the last desperate struggle for life. Possibly there may be a little reaction here and there, or even a violent convulsive effort of tremendous energy; an incursion may be made into Kentucky, or some temporary success achieved in other quarters; but the revival will be deceptive and evanescent, and the fitful return of life to the limbs

will only serve to complete the process of exhaustion and to hasten the final catastrophe.

After two years of civil war, maintained under great embarrassments and disadvantages—two memorable years, during which all the malignant powers of treason and hate have been arrayed against the Union with the determined purpose to destroy it—the condition of the Federal Government is wonderfully good, presenting a vivid contrast to the wretched poverty and prostration of the ambitious States which have so rashly assailed it. It would be vain to deny the vast injury suffered by the whole nation, from the inauguration and continuance of this most unnatural strife. It is chiefly this wide-spread mischief which constitutes the stupendous crime of the rebellion. Thousands upon thousands of valuable lives have been sacrificed; the maimed victims of the war appeal to our sympathies on every side; widows and orphans fill the whole land with lamentation. These are calamities that cannot be compensated by any material prosperity, however great and imposing. Besides, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves, upon mature reflection, that in the present marvellous activity of business and the great abundance of money, we are drawing largely on the future, and maintaining present prosperity at the cost of burdens which will weigh heavily both on ourselves and on coming generations. Nevertheless, the wonderful success of our financial measures and the evidently increasing strength of the Government, in spite of its immense efforts, and with all the alternations of triumph and defeat, of success and failure, of good fortune and disaster, cannot fail to inspire every friend of the Union with hope and confidence. That this great struggle for national existence can be conducted with so little disturbance to the prosperity of the loyal States, and, indeed, with actual increase of activity and immediate success in almost all depart-

ments of business, affords the best evidence of the solidity and greatness of our country, and of its ability finally to maintain itself against the vast and powerful conspiracy by which it has been so vigorously assailed. At this moment, the domestic foe, notwithstanding his defiant attitude, is actually writhing in the grasp of an outraged nation; and the foreign enemies of our cause, so recently rejoicing in our misfortunes and elated with the envious anticipation of our utter overthrow, are now looking on with silent apprehension and ill-concealed chagrin at the growing strength we exhibit with every day's experience in the mighty contest. They are disappointed that we are not overwhelmed by every slight check we suffer, and astounded that we are not at all discouraged even by serious disasters to our arms. We derive renewed energy and courage from our very reverses, which give us the inestimable advantage of experience, and enable us finally to turn misfortune into good. Our determination becomes more fixed and immovable with every demand upon our fortitude; and thus the power of the nation advances steadily through all the varying incidents of the struggle, so that now, after these two years of sanguinary civil war, with the gigantic rebellion still wrestling and warring in the bosom of the republic, we yet stand before the world an object of respect and fear to those who hate us and wish us evil, while the masses of men in all countries, who love liberty and desire to escape from despotism, still seek our shores as the very Canaan of promise and the asylum of freedom, even in the midst of our grand struggle for existence as a nation.

It is the people, in their national capacity, as distinguished from the mere agents of Government, who present this sublime spectacle to the view of mankind. The Government for the time being may commit blunders and follies innumerable; yet behind all these, there is the solid and enduring judgment of

the nation, which will eventually correct all errors, and bring back the wandering statesman to the paths of common sense and ultimate safety. Two years have not sufficed to teach us what we require to know in order to bear ourselves altogether nobly and calmly in so grand an emergency. We have not yet been sufficiently schooled in war, and especially in the bitter experience of civil war, to be able to resist the pressure of great dangers and difficulties, and, at the same time, to maintain undisturbed all the ordinary operations of civil life, and to secure due respect for personal rights and liberties. The mighty and unexampled convulsion of the whole nation, consequent on the rebellion of a wealthy and powerful section, which constituted the bulk of one great political party in the country, and which necessarily had connections of interest and sympathy with large numbers in all the States, has tended to develop party political animosities to the highest pitch. This terrible excitement, continued without interruption for two years, has served at least to test the patriotism of the people, and to determine whether faction was destined so far to prevail as to paralyze the hand of Government and render secession triumphant through our own dissensions. These fearful contests of party have run their course up to the present time, without serious trouble; and it is now apparent that the mass of the people are settled in their devotion to the Union, and will sustain no man or party in factious opposition to the Government, or even in ill-timed exertions to obtain redress of acknowledged wrongs, when those exertions are calculated to embarrass the nation in its mortal struggle for safety and triumph. The existence of the nation, its unity and tranquillity, are paramount to all personal or party rights and interests; and though we may be justly indignant that many arbitrary and unnecessary things are done, yet must they be borne patiently for

the sake of the country. The time for accountability will come at last. Under the pressure of vast responsibilities and difficulties, the agents of the people may plausibly, or even justly, excuse themselves for almost any irregularity; and the most honest and devoted patriot may, with apparent truth, be accused of sympathy with the adversary, if he take occasion, in the midst of great perils, to urge his personal sufferings, to the inconvenience and annoyance of the Government.

But while the last two years have subjected us to great difficulties, which have been happily surmounted, if not with entire immunity from evil, at least with substantial safety and great preponderance of good, we have yet to undergo an ordeal such as every thoughtful man might well wish to avoid. The greatest of all trials is to come upon us in the course of another year, if, unhappily, the war should last so long. Nothing could be more unfortunate than one of our presidential elections, to be carried on in the midst of a horrible civil war. It is impossible to anticipate the troubles which may ensue—the sympathies which may be expressed for the rebellion—the intolerance which may seek to suppress freedom of speech under pretext of preventing the consequences of treason—and the fearful license of denunciation which may be assumed and permitted, under that natural delicacy which would hesitate to use even a necessary severity against a political enemy and a rival. Deplorable and dangerous excitement is almost certain to prevail in all quarters; and we may well congratulate ourselves and our country, if we should pass through such a contest without having numerous scenes of trouble and even bloodshed in the war of parties, as episodes and accompaniments to the grand war of the sections. In its effects on the national cause at home and abroad, the violence of that proceeding will be something like one of those lamentable occurrences which

sometimes take place in the army, when portions of our own forces, through misapprehension, turn their arms against each other in the face of the enemy. If we shall not actually take each other's lives, we shall weaken and distract the country by our dissensions and mutual denunciations. Ambition on both sides—on the part of those in power seeking to retain it and using their authority for that end, and on the part of their opponents resisting perhaps beyond the bounds of legitimate opposition—will shed its baleful influence through the land, and intensify the animosities naturally arising upon the recurrence of our great quadrennial struggle.

Yet would that grand emergency offer to a wise and patriotic Administration an inestimable opportunity for the noblest exhibition of unwavering firmness, justice, and self-denial. Should there be presented an example of perfect singleness of purpose, with no room for suspicion of sinister objects, or personal ambitions and enmities; should the Administration in all its departments, devote itself exclusively to the sacred work of preserving the nation, regardless of all consequences to individuals or parties, then would the approbation of a grateful people be its sure reward, and the patriotic masses would take care not only of the Government, but of those, also, who had thus nobly and fearlessly administered it in the critical hour of its mortal danger. A contrary course would only lead to disaster in the momentous operations of the war, and to distraction and weakness among the people, whose duty and disposition it is to sustain the Government in all honest efforts to conquer the rebellion. The temptation insensibly to depart from this pure and patriotic policy is great and almost irresistible. It is so easy and so natural for one in power to persuade himself that he ought to retain it, that himself or his party is the only safe depository of public authority, and that the gen-

eral interest requires him to be sustained by all the means at his command, *per fas aut nefas*, that few men in this country ever avoid the error of using official position and patronage to promote personal and party ends. This is the very bane and opprobrium of our institutions. It has already so perverted the democratic system, that men of the highest ability and character no longer seek political position, and seldom succeed if they do. Alas for our country, if this pernicious practice should prevail in conducting the tremendous operations of the present civil war!—if the coming presidential election should be permitted to cast the ominous influence of party intrigue and official mismanagement upon our struggling armies and our heavily taxed people! Let us fervently pray that our suffering country may escape this danger. It is in the power of the Administration in a great measure to control the whole subject; and upon it will rest the chief responsibility for any serious error that may be committed. It will be responsible not merely for its own conduct, but also for that which it necessitates or provokes on the part of opposing interests and parties. There must be forbearance, united with firmness and infinite discretion in the use of just authority. A more difficult position was never occupied by any party since the organization of the Government. But in proportion to the difficulty and responsibility will be the merit of a wise and successful administration in this most perilous crisis.

If the progress of the war thus far, running through more than half of one Administration, has brought us under the ominous shadow of a coming presidential election, it has, on the other hand, effected a vast modification of opinion and feeling on some questions from which the greatest disturbances might well have been anticipated. From the beginning it was felt to be inevitable that the long continuance of the war would seriously affect the rela-

tion of master and slave directly in the rebellious States, and indirectly in all others wherever that relation existed. Far more rapidly than could well have been anticipated has this result been effected; but what is of much greater interest and importance, the violent prejudices of the people have melted away before the inevitable fact, and even the celebrated proclamation no longer excites the fierce animadversion with which it was at first greeted. From the escaped slaves of the rebellious States and the free colored men of the North, negro regiments have been organized and are still in process of formation. There is no outcry against the policy, but there seems to be a general acquiescence in the propriety of using the African race to assist in putting down the traitors who are ready to overthrow all free government in order to perpetuate the subjugation of that unfortunate people. Had the fortunes of war resulted in a speedy annihilation of the confederate authority, it would have been utterly impossible to have made any serious inroad upon the institution of slavery. Sympathy for the Southern people, and a natural indisposition to inaugurate fundamental changes, always attended with immense temporary disadvantages and inconveniences, would have prevented any thorough policy of emancipation from being adopted. But the day of moderation and compromise has now passed by, probably forever. The persistence of the rebels in their mad scheme, although their efforts were plainly destined to ultimate defeat, has secured for themselves the greatest boon which even the highest wisdom in the calmest times could have conferred. Their prodigious folly and wickedness have been overruled by a higher power, and mercifully directed to the complete regeneration of Southern society. The operation is severe, but in the end it will be salutary. In a state of continued peace, this could not have been done. Scores of years

would have been required to prepare the Southern mind for it; but now, by one huge convulsive effort, made by themselves with far different views, all obstacles are swept away, and slavery is likely to come to a sudden and final end. A feeble insurrection, soon extinguished, would not have accomplished this work; and even now, if the war should speedily end, there would be serious embarrassment in disposing of the troublesome questions arising out of the subject. The continuance of the war, on its present basis, will soon settle the whole difficulty; and among the many tremendous evils and calamities attending the progress of the war, this inevitable result is one of the greatest compensations. Few men, perhaps, would have desired, or, by deliberate action, have promoted this violent destruction even of so pernicious a system as that which prevailed in the South; but, on the other hand, with the experience of the last two years, still fewer men, in the loyal States at least, can be found to deny that the judgment is righteous, and that, in the actual circumstances, it is destined to be in the end as beneficial to the Southern people themselves, as it is, in its immediate consequences, just in its retribution for their enormous crime. In the progress of so tremendous a war, in which, notwithstanding its origin and cause, the insurrectionary States have strangely been enabled to command foreign capital, together with the sympathy and even the indirect assistance of foreign powers, it would have been shortsighted in the extreme to have anticipated that slavery would escape attack. Though made the pretext for violence, and prominently put forward as the justification of rebellion, it was evidently the weakest point in the rebel cause, and was, therefore, alike from the choice of the rebels as from the necessity of the Government, destined to become the central object and pivotal point of the whole contest. Having once been placed in this position, and

fixed in it by the inveterate enmities of prolonged war, it must from that time abide the arbitrament of arms. Two years of fierce and calamitous war seem to have brought the South to this alternative: either to restore the Union with immediate freedom to the slaves, or to accomplish its dissolution, with a doubtful and troubled continuance of the system for an uncertain period in the future.

If the continuance of the struggle thus far has done so much toward a final settlement of the most troublesome of all questions growing out of the contest between the North and the South; if it has probably prepared the way for disposing of slavery in all the States where it now exists, and even given the African a *status* as a soldier of the republic; if it has also had an equal effect in other important aspects. It has tended to develop and settle definitely the political objects and purposes of the contending parties. With the South, these, to some degree, have necessarily been changed. The original designs of the rebels, whatever they may have been in the beginning, have been modified according to the stringent exigencies of their condition. Their daring and ambitious plans have been restrained by the public opinion of the civilized world, and still more by the limitation of their own resources. So long as their strength was untried, imagination ran riot, and there was no bound to the magnificence of their bad schemes. But the experience of two years has taught them that, in their realization, all such wild dreams are destined to be curtailed within the inexorable limits of possibility. They have only begun to discover how narrow these limits are to them. Unexpected obstacles have arisen on every side, and the soaring purposes of the rebellion have vainly beaten their bruised and wearied wings against the solid walls which circumscribe them within the humble limits of their present uncertain hopes and expectations.

The Federal Government, on the other hand, has not changed its purpose, as avowed in the beginning, to restore the national authority, in its unity and integrity, over the whole country. The prospect of accomplishing this end has grown brighter from the beginning. We have passed through almost all phases of party excitement; faction has tried its perilous experiments upon the national temper; divisions have been industriously fomented; and for a time discord has threatened seriously to weaken us. But the patriotism of the people has finally prevailed, and the question may now be considered settled. The people not less than the Government are fully committed to the grand purpose of putting down the rebellion and restoring the Union. Nor does this work, immense as it is, seem to be disproportioned to the national means and energies. The people believe themselves competent to the mighty task, and with this patriotic confidence, the undertaking is already more than half accomplished. The enemy has not the power to defeat our purpose. By our own unhappy divisions, we might possibly defeat ourselves; but with a united and determined people, there is not the slightest room for doubt.

The war continues to be carried on solely in the disaffected region. Threats of transferring the seat of the contest to the loyal States have constantly been made, and are now renewed with an energy of assertion equal to the longing desires with which the straitened rebels look upon the fat fields and the groaning storehouses of the Northern States. Their futile threats do indeed express their wishes or their disordered imaginations, rather than their actual intentions or their possible achievements. If they could transfer the war to Pennsylvania and Ohio, or even to Kentucky and Maryland, a new aspect would be given to the controversy, and different results might well be anticipated. But the time for such enterprises on the part of the rebels, if

it ever existed, has evidently passed by, and is not likely to return. One of the strongest indications of the ultimate result of the war has been the rigid uniformity with which the military operations have been continually pushed back upon the soil of the seceded States, and maintained there in spite of all their efforts to the contrary. In all instances, their incursions into the States mentioned, though projected upon the grandest scale and with the most hopeful results, have eventually proved to be miserable failures; and if they have not always, or even in any instance, met with the severe punishment that ought to have followed them, it was only because the attempts were too preposterous to have been anticipated by a vigilant foe, and we were too confident in our strength to make the preparation necessary properly to repel them. With such experience on our part, after two years of constant efforts to invade our territories successfully met and more than merely repelled, it would be evidence of gross inefficiency and weakness in us, to permit the enemy to gain even a temporary foothold in any one of the loyal States, or even to attempt it, without the complete overthrow and destruction of the invading force. Our manifest policy is to attack them in their own country, and to hold them there, until we can annihilate their military power. We have successfully accomplished one half this programme; but so far we have failed in the other. However humiliating may be the admission, we are nevertheless compelled to make it. We have not yet overthrown their main armies in any decisive engagements; although we have achieved many important successes and made some fatal encroachments on the territory of the enemy, crippling his power and cutting off his resources. From the very inception of the rebellion, its field of operations has been gradually contracting. One after another the strongholds of the enemy

have fallen into our hands, and whole regions of his territory have been overrun and occupied by our forces, with every appearance of having been finally and forever lost to them. Our standards, advancing steadily, though slowly, have not receded anywhere, except temporarily, and then only, it would seem, to make still further advance into the very heart of the confederacy. With some few exceptions, such as the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, this has been the history of the last two years; and there is nothing in the present condition of affairs which would appear to forebode a departure from this uniform progress of our arms. We may complain, perhaps justly, of the slowness of this process. In the ardor and impatience of our patriotism, we may demand more rapid and energetic action, claiming that our immense resources shall be used with greater vigor and concentration, and our vast armies hurled like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, to crush him with one sudden and overwhelming blow. Truly this would be a grand result—a consummation most devoutly to be wished—making short work of the bloody war which has so terribly afflicted our country. This done, there could not be any serious difficulty in resuscitating the love of Union among the masses in the South, and of reestablishing the Union on its old foundations.

It may or may not be reasonable to demand such energy and speedy success at the hands of the Government. At all events, it is natural that the country, having confided unlimited means to the constituted authorities, should become impatient under the delays and difficulties of the contest, and that inexperienced men should expect the unequal forces of the two sections to be brought into quick and decisive conflict, with a result accordant to the relative strength of the opposing parties. A true Napoleonic genius might well have accomplished this grand result within the two years that have al-

ready passed. But such a mighty spirit has not yet come forth at the call of our agonized country; or if, perchance, he has made his appearance, he has certainly not been recognized and received by the powers that be. We must, therefore, needs be contented with the slow and gradual approach we are evidently making toward a final solution of the bloody problem. And as, even in the greatest misfortunes, there is often some hidden compensation for the unhappiness they produce, so in this case, perhaps we may find, in the great changes destined to be wrought in the condition of the Southern people by their stubborn perseverance in the war, ground for consolation in the midst of the calamities and bereavements which every day continues to bring upon us. The Southern rulers and masters pride themselves on their inveterate animosity. They glory in their own shame, and imagine themselves successful, so long as they can protract the struggle and renew the slaughter of great battles in which they are not utterly overthrown, though thousands of innocent victims are sacrificed to their mad and wicked ambition. But in truth, with every day of continued war they are only the more effectually destroying themselves, especially in that particular in which they are most anxious and determined to succeed. For the security of their slave property and the peaceful continuance of the institutions which sustain it, it would have been far better for them had they been thoroughly beaten and effectually put down at the very beginning of the war. There might then have been a chance for slavery to escape, at least for a while. Now it must be admitted there is hardly the vestige of such a chance. It is almost alike certain that slavery has been shaken to its very foundations in every State, whether the rebellion shall now either succeed or fail. The rebels have been wrong in all their calculations. Exactly the reverse of their aims and expecta-

tations will be the reward of their treason. They sought to overthrow the Government in order to perpetuate slavery; they have only succeeded in overthrowing slavery, to the certain strengthening and probable perpetuation of the Government they hate.

The leading rebels, occupying the seats of usurped power in their ephemeral confederacy, have succeeded in arousing and sustaining a considerable feeling of nationality and independence among the masses of their population. Grasping the sceptre of ill-gotten authority with great boldness, they have wielded it with a corresponding energy. Their early successes and their protracted resistance, sustained for more than two years by means of large and formidable armies, organized, disciplined, and led with great skill, have sufficed to give them credit and support at home, and much consideration abroad. In the midst of stirring events, carried away by the first impulse of excitement, the Southern people have not been in a mood to calculate the consequences of a long struggle. They have been elated and blinded by their apparent triumphs; and they, whose crafty purpose all the time has been to make use of them for the furtherance of their own ambitious projects, have been careful to preoccupy the minds of the people, and to conceal from them, by the plausible pretences and superficial successes of the hour, the certainty of ultimate discomfiture which has awaited them from the beginning. Occasionally, it is true, there have been indications that light was beginning to dawn on the popular mind; and in spite of the complete system of terror and compression which the leaders have inaugurated and sustained with the utmost determination, and with the most relentless rigor, we have seen every now and then, in different parts of the confederacy, the vivid flashes of a still living sentiment of love for the Union. As the hopes of the conspiracy become gradually less

bright, this sentiment of affection for the old and honored Government of our fathers will grow stronger and more outspoken, and will not be confined to mere individual expressions. When the people begin to open their eyes and see the strength of the rebellion rapidly wasting away, with the repetition of its fruitless endeavors; when victories no longer compensate for the privations and horrible disasters which follow in their track; when, finally, they understand, as they soon must, that the whole movement is destined to end in utter failure, and that this failure is to be only the more overwhelming the longer the unhappy contest shall be continued, a complete revulsion of feeling may well be expected to take place. Many things in the course of the struggle have combined to delay the advent of this inevitable change. The progress of our arms has been extremely slow, with many checks and defeats in those campaigns and at those points which seemed to be the most important. If we have been successful in the West, it has not been without protracted efforts and immense expenditure of life and means—a long and bloody struggle, the uncertainty of which has not tended to strengthen us during its pendency. On the other hand, the brilliant successes of the rebels on the Rapahannock and at Charleston have not been fully counteracted by their actual and definitive discomfiture in other quarters. When Vicksburg and Port Hudson fall, as fall they must, the emptiness of all their triumphs will be felt and appreciated. Bull Run, twice famous, Fredericksburg, Charleston, Chancellorsville—all will then appear in their true light as magnificent phantoms of delusive success, alluring the proud victors to further fruitless efforts and barren victories, only to overwhelm them with more tremendous ruin, in

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the end which is slowly but certainly approaching.

Thus the continuance of the war, with its exhausting expenditures and its bloody sacrifices of life, is destined to be not altogether without its advantages in other respects besides its influence on the great question of slavery. It is preparing the public mind of the South for a most vehement reaction against all the false ideas which have been the animating spirit of the rebellion. In proportion to the greatness of the conflict, the immensity of its disasters, its delusive promises and barren victories, will be the thoroughness of the discomfiture, the completeness of the overthrow, the utter disgrace of the confederate cause, and of the men who have been its authors and leading representatives. It will be impossible for the Southern people to say, 'We have been engaged in a noble cause; we have failed for the time being; but there is a future for us in which we shall surely triumph.' On the contrary, every Southern man will feel that there is no resurrection for the bad designs which will thus have been forever prostrated. They have in them none of the elements of resuscitation. Failure in the present contest is annihilation forever. The very foundation and active power of the fatal movement will have been swept away, while at the same time the authors and the cause alike will be stamped with eternal infamy, as having aimed at the subversion of human liberty, and only succeeded in producing ruin and devastation to the beautiful region which they have misled and betrayed into a wicked war. The events of the mighty conflict will live in history, but only as an example of just punishment for a great crime, and as a solemn warning against the indulgence of selfish and unprincipled ambition in all future ages.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOSWELL.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S Dictionary.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE evening Hiram had informed himself fully (through Hill) of the current rumors about the failure of All-wise, Tenant & Co. He was glad to find a universal sympathy prevailing in all business circles for this old and respectable house.

'That's well, at any rate,' quoth Hiram to himself. 'No one will think of attacking the old gentleman, if he does secure a portion of his property, or, rather, nobody will suspect him of attempting it. He is bound in honor to me [oh, Hiram! *honor!*] to protect his daughter. Such was really the agreement, that is, by implication, when we became engaged. It won't be honest if he leaves me in the lurch. He need not think that he can do that, though. Twelve thousand dollars! Why, it will scarcely board the old folks in any decent place; and who does he think is going to marry his daughter at that rate?' * * *

Hiram was at the house at his usual hour. It was a lovely evening, about the first of June, and as he walked slowly along, he caught a glimpse of Emma through the blinds. She was seated at a window, evidently watching for his coming. He could perceive, before she knew it was he, that her countenance was troubled. Hiram turned away his head. Evidently something attracted him in another direction.

Mr. Tenant resided in a handsome house in one of the finest squares of the city. As Hiram mounted the steps, he paused a moment to survey the scene. The trees were in full leaf, and the odor of flowers filled with their fragrance the evening air.

'No, he must not give this up,' he muttered.

He turned and rang the bell sharply. It was a habit of Emma to open the door herself when she saw him coming, but this time the servant responded to the summons.

Hiram passed into the front parlor without speaking. As he approached Emma, she rose and threw herself into his arms, and burst into tears. She did not attempt to speak, but kept sobbing as if heart-broken.

Hiram stood still, and, in consequence of his undecided state of mind, a good deal embarrassed.

'Why, what is the matter, Emma?' he said at length. 'Has anything happened to your father or mother?'

'You know what has happened,' she finally articulated.

'Well, my dear child, is that anything to be so distressed about?'

'Don't *you* care?' she exclaimed, looking up joyfully.

'To be sure I care, but only on your account, and'—

'Oh, never think of me. I shall be the most light-hearted creature in the world. I was only—afraid—afraid'—

'Of what, pray?'

'I cannot tell. That—that—perhaps—perhaps—you would not—that—papa's losing everything might make a difference in your feelings. Now don't be angry. (Hiram was looking grave.) I did not *really* think it would; but—but the bare possibility has made me so very unhappy—so very, very unhappy!' and she began to cry again.

'Come, Emma, you must not be so foolish. Sit down now with me, and let me say a few words to you; for your father will want me in a few minutes,

and I shall have to be with him all the evening.'

'Oh, I am so glad; you will be such a comfort to him. I know you will.'

Hiram made no reply; both took their seats, and then he spoke.

'Emma,' he said, in a tone so solemn and important that it struck terror to her soul, she knew not wherefore—'Emma, this is a momentous period of your life, and everything depends on the steps you take'—

'Why, Hiram, what *do* you mean—what *can* you mean?'

'Nothing to alarm you, but everything to impress you with the fact that no time is to be lost. Your father has made the foolish resolution to give up all his private property to his creditors'—

'So he told mamma and me. Is that not right?'

'No, it is not right. It is wrong,' replied Hiram, in a harsh tone. 'More than wrong—sinful—wicked, very wicked. Do you know who it is the Scripture says is worse than an infidel?'

'I do not,' she replied faintly.

Hiram intended to frighten her, and he had succeeded.

'You do not! Well, it is the man who fails to provide for his own household. Why, we had the text in our Sunday-school lesson only three weeks ago.'

Emma sat paralyzed.

'Now, Emma,' continued Hiram, 'I want you to see your mother, and tell her what I say. Tell her your father is determined to ruin the whole of you—going to give up this very house—just think of that.'

'Papa has already told us so,' said Emma in a low, timid tone; 'but he says it is the only honorable course.'

'Honorable!' exclaimed Hiram, pettishly. 'Stuff—nonsense. I tell you that you are all crazy. You don't think what you are about. Wait till you are turned out of doors, bag and baggage, then see how you will feel—but then

it will be too late. Do you understand?'

Emma Tenant was not a brilliant girl, but she had good sense and an honest nature. By degrees she recovered from the stupor into which Hiram's onslaught threw her; she began to feel something of her lover's purpose, and appreciate something of the position he might soon assume. Loving and trustful, these faint glimmerings of the truth appalled her. She did not cry any more. She became pale. She breathed short and quick.

'Hiram,' she gasped, 'you mean something—I fear you mean something. Papa knows best what is honest, better than you—a young man. To lose our property would make me unhappy. And I thought—yes, I conceived—oh, Hiram—tell me—*am* I going to lose you?' she cried, interrupting herself. 'If it be so, say it—say it now. Do not keep me in suspense.'

'Why, Emma, how nervous you are! Ah, here comes your father. I see you are waiting for me. I am quite ready, sir.'

'Good. Emma, can you spare him for one evening? You will soon have him all to yourself—eh?' and, with a pleasant tap on her cheek, Mr. Tenant turned and left the room.

Hiram followed without saying a word.

Emma sat by herself an hour—at least an hour. The servant came in to light the gas, but she would not permit it. I won't attempt to describe her thoughts.

At length she rose, and took her way to her mother's room. She told her just what had passed. Mrs. Tenant was a superior woman. Her experience taught her, despite her good opinion of Hiram, for he had spared no pains to present himself favorably, that he might prove to be merely mercenary. Yet, after all, she did not think it probable. She said all she consistently could say to soothe her child, without absolutely declaring that she believed

her fears to be groundless. *That* she dared not utter. She finished by a very common and rational argument, which, by the way, has very little comfort in it :

‘I know, my darling, that you love him, but you cannot love a mean, low-spirited creature ; and if he prove to be such, let us be thankful for your escape.’

She kissed and caressed her child—her only child. But her words were poor consolation to Emma, whose heart was devoted to this man—very meagre consolation. Mrs. Tenant knew it ; but what could she say or do more, just then ? She could only watch and stand ready to protect her daughter’s happiness, when events should decide what course she was to take.

* * * * *

Hiram spent the entire evening looking over accounts and papers with Mr. Tenant. His manner was quiet but assiduous. Very useful he made himself. Frequently in the course of the evening he drew from that gentleman well-merited encomiums on his clear head and methodical ideas.

As he was about leaving—it was fully twelve o’clock, and Mr. Tenant had just thanked him for the twentieth time—Hiram ventured to speak again about his property.

‘Dear sir, I feel impelled to speak once more to you. Do listen to me. Do not beggar yourself, and then turn yourself out of doors. Permit me to tell you that you can save this house very easily.’

‘I know it, Hiram. I know it. Don’t think I have forgotten Emma and you. I have thought it all over. Recollect, I don’t blame you. I know it is Emma you are thinking about. But, my dear boy, I can’t do it—it would not be *honest*. I can’t do it. Never mind, we shall be all the happier for doing right—all the happier, all the happier. I will see you to-morrow. Good night. God bless you.’

They had gradually got to the door,

and Hiram, echoing the good night, stepped into the street.

‘God bless you,’ indeed,’ he muttered. ‘Soft words butter no parsnips. ‘God bless you !’ What idle profanity !’

He walked slowly down the street, unconscious that a young face from a window of the second story watched his retreating steps—that a young heart beat painfully as he passed out of sight.

A few moments later Emma’s mother entered her room, and found her still at the window.

‘Not yet in bed ?’ she said tenderly. ‘I thought you left me because you were too much fatigued to sit up.’ She came and put her arms about her daughter’s neck and kissed her.

‘My dear, I have joyful news for you. Your papa says Hiram takes just the right view of everything—that nothing can be more satisfactory than his whole conversation. He explained all to Hiram, and he declares he never passed a happier evening in his life. Is not that worth coming to tell you of ?’

‘Indeed, it is, dear mamma.’

‘Now you can sleep ?’

‘Oh yes.’

But she did not sleep, though. It is not so easy to recover from a heart shock such as she had just experienced. No, she did not sleep a moment during the night. Hiram’s harsh, repulsive tone and manner haunted her. Oh, *how* they haunted her ! Never before had he exhibited such traits. Whatever the future had in store for her, here was a revelation, sudden, unexpected, *true*.

* * * * *

Honest, simple-minded Mr. Tenant ! How he is chattering away to his wife, repeating again and again his encomiums on Hiram, till she is really convinced. Why should she not be ?

Meanwhile Hiram has reached his lodgings. He goes through with his usual devotions, and is soon sound asleep. From his composed manner it may reasonably be inferred that he has

made up his mind just what course to take.

CHAPTER VII.

'Mr. Meeker!'

There was no answer.

'Mr. Meeker!'

The accent was one of sudden distress and alarm. There was a short pause, when the call was renewed.

'Mr. Meeker!'

'What is it? What is the matter? Is anything the matter?'

A slight groan.

Mr. Meeker sprang from his bed as if he were a young man, and made haste to light a candle.

'My dear, are you ill?'

'I don't know. It's something strange.'

Mrs. Meeker's voice sounded so unnatural that her husband hurried to the other side of the bed. He found his wife helpless, unable to change her position. Her articulation was very difficult, and her countenance presented a ghastly appearance, for one half of her appeared to be completely paralyzed.

It was the work of a few moments to alarm the house and despatch a messenger for the doctor. But what could a physician avail when nature refused longer to perform her office? The doctor could investigate, and the result of his examination was most alarming. Voluntary action over one half the frame quite suspended; what was worse, there was little or no sensation. The poor woman essayed to speak from time to time, but with repulsive contortions, so that her words sounded like idiotic babble. As her husband bent over her, she seized his arm with the hand still *live*, and with distinctness said:

'Send for Hiram.'

This was in time for the mail which closed in twenty minutes.

* * * * *

Hiram rose the morning after the long session at Mr. Tenant's house, cool

and refreshed by his undisturbed slumber. Arriving at his counting room, he received, among his other correspondence, a letter, which read as follows:

MY DEAR SON: Your mother has been taken alarmingly ill. Come home at once. Your affectionate father,
F. MEEKER.

What a load off Hiram's mind by the receipt of this brief note! The idea of a fond, devoted mother, struck down by a possibly fatal illness, did not present itself for an instant, or if it did, it was without effect on him.

He breathed a deep *relieved* respiration, while he articulated, just above a whisper, '*How very Providential!*'

The New Haven boat left at one o'clock. Hiram spent a most active morning. Hill was summoned, and kept on the run all the time. No explanations, though, except "a sudden call out of town." Arrangements were made which looked to an absence prolonged into weeks. The bank was visited with reference to what might be required, and the news of his mother's dangerous illness turned to advantage in the most effective way.

All was ready.

It was just half past twelve o'clock. Hiram sat down, and taking up a torn piece of paper, scratched off a blurred and nearly unintelligible scrawl as follows:

12½ P. M.

DEAR EMMA: I have this moment received the enclosed. I leave in fifteen minutes. Barely time to send this.

H.

This note he despatched by a messenger, and went directly on board the boat. There he found his brother, Dr. Frank, who had also been summoned by his father, although not mentioned in Mrs. Meeker's request. The brothers shook hands. The Doctor's heart was softened by the afflictive intelligence, and Hiram felt in a very placable humor, in consequence of the 'special interposition'

that day made in his behalf. They did not converse much, however. Hiram sat most of the time quietly in a corner of the boat, looking over various commercial papers, while Dr. Frank walked up and down the deck, enjoying the cool breeze and the pleasant landscape presented on either side, despite the melancholy thoughts which were from time to time forced on him, in view of the alarming letter he had received. But he was familiar with disease and every corporeal malady. His nature was buoyant and sanguine. He had the confidence of a man of true genius in his own powers, and this did not permit any very grave doubts about the result of his mother's illness.

* * * * *

When Emma Tenant received Hiram's note, she expressed but one feeling, one sensation: that of earnest and profound sympathy from the bottom of a heart earnest and sympathetic.

'Poor Hiram,' she said to herself. 'Poor, dear Hiram. He has been obliged to leave suddenly without a word of consolation and kindness from me. And I was unkind to him last night. I know I was. Poor fellow; but I will make up for it when he comes back. I will never distrust him again. Never.'

* * * * *

The stage reached Hampton at the usual time. The passengers had ridden all night, and now descended glum and stiff to stretch their limbs for breakfast. A nice double wagon stood waiting. It was driven by the younger brother.

'How are you, Ned?' said the Doctor, first getting out. 'How is mother?'

'Oh, very bad, Frank; very bad. Past all hope, the doctors say.'

'What is it?'

'Paralysis.'

'Good God! you don't tell me so?'

The other nodded.

All this time Hiram stood calmly listening, but not saying a word. He was greatly relieved. He felt sure that he

could not return to New York for two or three weeks, and—he was to be married in three weeks.

Dr. Frank was the first to enter the sick room. Though a physician, accustomed to every form of disease, he was appalled at the change in his mother's appearance. On this, however, we will not dwell. Mrs. Meeker had been gradually sinking since the first attack. She was quite sensible, however. Dr. Frank approached the bed and knelt down and addressed his mother tenderly.

The poor woman tried to articulate, and after many efforts, she gasped,—
'Hiram.'

'He has come,' replied Dr. Frank, 'and will be with you in a moment.'

This seemed to relieve her, and the Doctor proceeded to investigate the case as far as was necessary. There could be but one conclusion—Mrs. Meeker was soon to pass away from this world. She was beyond the reach of medical aid.

Dr. Frank stepped into the sitting room, and beckoned Hiram to go in. Then came a very touching scene. When the mother became conscious of the presence of her darling boy, she essayed to give exhibitions of her feelings. It is impossible to describe these. To have him hold her lifeless hand, to endeavor to press his own with the one which was still in part vital, to pass her fingers over his face, and strive to put her arm around his neck, seemed to render her perfectly happy. But her strength was soon exhausted, and she was obliged to rest. What appeared to afflict her most was that she could not articulate with distinctness. She evidently wished to commune with her son, but it was impossible. She did, however, give utterance to a few words, which were perhaps an index to her thoughts:

'Good—be good—good man,' were plainly intelligible. 'Too worldly—not' * * * (the words were not audible). 'Treasure in heaven—in heaven.'

By which disconnected sentences one might hope, and, I think, reasonably infer that Mrs. Meeker, in view of that eternity for which she had been so long, as she thought, preparing, suddenly saw things in a new and different light, and desired effectually and lovingly to impress the same on her favorite child. Hiram, during the interview, behaved like a model son—pliant, sorrowful, devoted, affectionate. But it would make you shudder if you could have looked into his heart.

* * * * *

When his mother became exhausted, so as no longer to be sensible of his presence, he stole softly out of the room, and breathed long and freely, as one safely through with some difficult performance or operation.

Meanwhile Dr. Frank was sitting with his father. Very affecting was the interview. The old man had at no time been ready to believe the attending physician, who could give him no hope. When 'Frank' came, *he* would know all about it. And so he did, but his knowledge could bring no comfort—only a confirmation of what had already been announced.

'She can't recover, father. She can't recover,' and the stout man began to sob. In the presence of his parent he was again a child, and the latter instinctively became consoler. Mr. Meeker, as we have intimated, though old, was not infirm, and it was a curious sight to witness his efforts to comfort his boy, while he himself so much more required sympathy.

* * * * *

So the day passed. The next morning Dr. Frank was obliged to return to the city, for his patients demanded his presence. He first had a consultation with the attending physician. Nothing remained for Mrs. Meeker but wearisome days and nights till death should release her, and all that a medical man could do was to make her as comfortable as possible.

There was a small room adjoining

the one where Mrs. Meeker lay, which Hiram took possession of. It had a pleasant window looking out on the garden, and it contained a small cot bedstead, besides a table and chairs. Here Hiram spent most of his time busily occupied. By every mail he received letters from New York, detailing with minuteness just what took place in his affairs from day to day. In short, his private office was moved from New York to Hampton, and the only apparent inconvenience was that he did business at arm's length, as they say. Daily came a letter from Hill, although Hill was not in Hiram's counting room. Daily was an answer returned.

There was some one else who wrote Hiram just as regularly. Among the business letters, written in various hands and on various kinds of paper, could always be seen a small, neatly folded sheet, having a refined and delicate superscription. It was from Emma Tenant. She had forgotten all that was unpleasant and disagreeable in their last interview, on receiving her lover's hurried-looking scrawl, and, as if by a sudden rebound, her sympathies were roused to an extraordinary degree for 'poor Hiram—dear Hiram,' whom she 'treated so coldly' the last time they met. I need not say her notes were full of the most tender sympathy and condolence.

These letters bored Hiram exceedingly. The second day after reaching Hampton he had written Emma another of his hastily got up epistles, which contained just six lines, stating that he had found his mother in a dying condition, and was watching at her bedside. He did not intend to write again, but Emma's letters were so persistent that, despite his resolution, he did despatch two other notes, each more hasty and illegible and more distracted in tenor than the previous one. In fact the last had no signature at all.

At length Emma was so completely carried away by Hiram's distress, that

she actually desired to proceed to Hampton, where she felt her presence would act like a balm to his sorrowful and bruised heart. Her mother, of course, would permit no such indiscreet step, so that Emma had to rest satisfied with writing long, loving letters.

Hiram, meantime, was not without his harmless recreations.

[All the town seemed to have been informed how devoted Hiram was to his sick mother. Nobody knew, however, of the secret of the little room adjoining, and of our hero's busy hours there.]

In the cool of the afternoon he would take a walk into the village. He called on his old master, Benjamin Jessup, who still maintained the opposition store as against the Smiths. Jessup was the same good-natured, jovial fellow as ever, but all token of familiarity died away when Hiram, entering his place, saluted him with the quiet air and manner of recognized superiority—yet, as you would say, pleasantly enough. The rich New York shipping merchant inspired the country storekeeper with awe.

Hiram enjoyed all this vastly, and talked amiably with Jessup about old times. He walked complacently over the village, stopping every few steps to have a word with his numerous acquaintances.

One afternoon, as he was taking his usual walk to the village, and had nearly reached it, he met a lady whom at first he did not recognize, but who appeared to know him from a distance.

It was Mary Jessup—now Mrs. Mary Williams—who stopped the way, and whose face crimsoned as she approached. She had been married four or five years—well married, as the phrase is. Her appearance had greatly improved. Her form was finely developed. She had become stouter, and was really more blooming than when she was a girl.

I have said she blushed, but not from any sense of mortification, such as is not unfrequently experienced

when one of the sex, feeling conscious that time has not dealt kindly with her, meets an old friend after a lapse of years, and dreads the first scrutinizing gaze. On the contrary, Mary Williams was fully sensible of her improved good looks, and this gave to her a certain self-possession of manner which prevented the least awkwardness on her part.

Still she blushed—from old recollections, doubtless, and because Hiram had not before greeted her as a married woman.

'Why, how do you do, Mr. Meeker? I am very glad to see you, even by accident. I heard of you at father's, and I think you might, for old acquaintance, sake, have stepped in to see me. Mr. Williams, too—you used to know him—would be very glad to see you.'

Mrs. Williams was determined to have the first word, and she took advantage of it. She looked very handsome, and acted more and more at ease as she proceeded, especially after the reference to Mr. Williams.

[Women always like to allude to their husbands in presence of an old admirer; as much as to say, 'Don't think I am without somebody to care for and protect me;' or, 'Don't fancy I mean to forget my husband because I choose to be chattering with you;' or—or—or—a dozen things else.]

Hiram replied in his old artful way, very seriously, and with an air of sadness (as he made allusion to his mother's situation), yet with a touch of embarrassment (all assumed), while his voice assumed a tenderness of feeling which it would seem impossible for him to restrain in consequence of the suddenness of the meeting.

'Is she indeed so ill?' asked Mrs. Williams. 'We understood she was greatly afflicted by a stroke of paralysis, but I had no thought of immediate danger.'

'She cannot live,' replied Hiram, his lips quivering.

'Oh, Mr. Meeker, do not say that. I

cannot bear to hear it. You know how attached I always was to your mother.'

'Call me Hiram,' was the response.

'It will put me in mind of old times.'

'Well, I don't know but it is more natural, for I declare I have hardly set eyes on you since you left our house.'

Hiram sighed.

'Well, I suppose I shall not see you again for another five years; so I had best say, 'Good-by.'

They were standing at a point where a lane led off from the main street.

'Which way are you going?' asked Hiram.

'Just a few steps down the lane, and then home.'

'Shall you be detained long?'

'Only a minute. I have just to run in and leave a pattern, if you must know.'

'Then I will walk along with you, if you have no objections. I am out for a little necessary exercise.'

'Objections? why, I shall be delighted.' * * *

They sauntered down the lane to the place indicated by Mrs. Williams, where a sign over the door, 'Fashionable Dressmaker,' explained the feminine nature of her errand. Leaving there, the two walked on till they reached a spot where they used to stroll together in old times.

'Now I think of it,' said Mrs. Williams, as she came out of the house and rejoined her companion, 'I forgot to ask you if you are married, because if you are, I need make no apology for marching you by a dressmaker's establishment.'

'Don't you know whether I am married or not?'

'Why, how should I? I certainly think you ought to be by this time. Why don't you marry Miss Burns, or Louise Hawkins, or Charlotte, or—'

'Or whom?' asked Hiram.

'Oh, I dare say there are ever so many more, ever so many. So you are not married?'

'Do you think I am, Mary?' * * *

As I was saying, the two sauntered on till they reached a spot that had been favorite ground for their sentimental strolls. Both knew well enough, when Hiram proposed to walk down the lane, where they would land, for it was in both their minds. Mrs. Williams fancied it would amuse her and furnish a little variety. She was very sure of herself, and knew 'just what a flirt Hiram was.'

Hiram—but never mind what he thought.

* * * * *

Although the days were at their longest, it was quite dark before Mrs. Williams reached her own door. She entered it—after a hurried 'good evening' to Hiram—flushed, excited, and with feelings generally disturbed. Contrary to her resolution, in opposition to her judgment, and, I may say, against her will, she listened to the old familiar accents breathed in more impassioned tones than ever before, while relieved by a gloss of sentimental sadness.

What had she been doing, and where had the hours fled? To what was she listening, whose arm did she hold, and whose hand ventured to enclose hers?

[It was 'only in sisterly friendship.' That was Hiram's observation as he took it.]

Before she was aware of it, twilight was disappearing in the darkness.

She started as if recovering herself, and commenced to walk hurriedly toward home. Hiram by no means relished the pace, but he was forced to keep up, and, as I have observed, with an abrupt 'good evening' he was summarily dismissed.

But he had enjoyed himself exceedingly, and he walked slowly toward his house, recalling every little word which, as he believed, disclosed the true state of Mary Williams's affections. Scoundrel that he was, he gave not a thought to what might be the consequence if he persevered in his wicked

attempt to interest her. In fact, he made up his mind that it would make the time pass less heavily while he was detained in the neighborhood.

Do not suppose the calculating wretch intended to push the 'flirtation' beyond what he called brotherly and sisterly conduct. Not he. There might arise some charge of criminality or wrong, which would endanger his position, or weaken his claims to the 'kingdom.'

Hiram reached home and found his mother much worse. By signs and every other manifestation in her power, she had intimated her wish to see him. Now she was quite speechless.

When Mrs. Williams entered her house, the 'tea table' was still spread, and her husband wondering what had become of her. Her little girl shouted in a joyful tone as she came in, 'Here is mamma,' and Mr. Williams's countenance was instantly relieved from an expression of suspense.

'Why, Mary, where have you been?'

For an instant Mrs. Williams was on the point of fabricating an answer. But her better angel was on guard just then. The evil spell was dissolved, while she replied, with one of her pleasant laughs:

'You could never guess. I met Hiram Meeker on my way to the dress-maker's. You know he is here attending on his mother. Well, we undertook to stroll over some of our old walks, and, before I knew it, talking about old times and old scenes, it was dark. More fool I for wasting my time and keeping tea waiting.'

'Why did he not come in?'

'To tell you the truth, I never asked him. I was so frightened when I saw how late it was, I hurried away home, and left him at the door to do the same.'

Mary Williams was relieved. She went about the duties of her household with a light heart. And Hiram Meeker, during his stay at Hampton, found

no further opportunity for 'brotherly conferences' with her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Meeker died the next week.

The funeral took place on the day which had been fixed for Hiram's marriage with Emma Tenant. After it was over, William Meeker removed with his wife from the small house to live with his father, and we will say here that both contributed much to make Mr. Meeker's latter days happy.

Hiram did not wait an hour, but took the stage the same afternoon, while Dr. Frank remained with his father over the next day.

One morning, two or three days after his return, Hiram presented himself at the house and inquired for Mrs. Tenant. On this occasion he was cased in a complete suit of the deepest black, with crape reaching to the very top of his hat. He was the picture of despairing grief.

It happened that Emma was not at home, so that Mrs. Tenant was not surprised that she should be sent for. She did not know Hiram had not inquired for her daughter. She came in with the impression that he was all that he should be; his failure to write often being thought quite excusable under the circumstances.

She had not, however, advanced three steps into the room before *feeling* there was something wrong.

Hiram, regarded in a certain light, presented a most comical, though most lugubrious appearance. He was so completely acting a part that his very looks and gestures, and, in short, the minutest movements of his body, were manifestly 'got up.' One would think an automaton had been employed and set to work to do a certain amount of mourning, and furnish the requisite quantity of family grief.

Nevertheless Mrs. Tenant advanced and greeted Hiram cordially.

He put out the tips of his fingers, produced his pocket handkerchief, as

if to be ready for an overflow, but uttered no word, no articulate sound.

This continued for at least five minutes, Mrs. Tenant endeavoring to say something the while by way of condolence.

'I shall never recover from the shock,' at last he ejaculated; 'never!'

He did not look Mrs. Tenant in the face, but kept his eyes fixed on vacancy.

'I am very sorry Emma is not in, but you will not have to wait long,' remarked Mrs. Tenant at last.

'I do not think I shall be able to see her,' said Hiram, with a groan.

'Not see her; not see Emma? Why, what do you mean?' exclaimed the mother, now fully roused.

'This is no period to devote myself to things of time and sense. I feel that all my thoughts should be centred on eternity.'

[You should have seen the activity Hiram had been displaying in his counting room since his return.]

This was enough for Mrs. Tenant. She understood him now, and determined to bring matters at once to a crisis.

'Mr. Meeker,' she said, 'will you be so kind as to step with me into the library a few moments?'

Hiram acquiesced.

She rang the bell, and said to the servant:

'When Miss Tenant comes in, request her to go to my room, and wait for me there.'

'Now, Mr. Meeker,' she said, as soon as they were seated, 'let me ask you a plain question: Is it your intention to break your engagement with my daughter?'

'Really, ma'am, I do not wish to speak on the subject at present,' whispered Hiram, looking at the crape on his hat.

'But you must, you *shall* speak. Do

you think you can trifle with me, sir?'

Hiram was silent.

'SPEAK! I say. Do you intend to keep your engagement with my daughter?'

Thus invoked, Hiram murmured something about—'under the circumstances'—his 'great affliction'—'change in your own family'—'business troubles'—'not sure of his own situation'—'perhaps it would be best not to consider it a positive engagement'—'that is, for the present'—'after a season should'—

The street-door bell rang, and Mrs. Tenant heard not another word. Her heart scarcely beat as she listened to the footsteps of the old servant along the hall. Agitated by a rush of tumultuous emotions, she was unable to breathe during the short parley between Emma and the domestic.

At length she heard the welcome sound of Emma's step up the staircase, and she drew a long, full breath of relief. Then she started up and rang the bell sharply, yes, furiously, and remained standing till the servant, with quickened pace, came in.

'William, show Mr. Meeker the door.'

Hiram sprang to his feet. He did not like the general look matters were assuming.

'Go,' said Mrs. Tenant, pointing to the entrance.

In less than a quarter of a minute Hiram was walking down the street.

'It is over with me, anyhow,' he muttered.

But for once in his life he felt very small. 'To be turned out of doors by a woman; still, nobody will know it.' He was soon busy in his counting room, examining one of Hill's invoices.

Mrs. Tenant threw herself on the sofa, and was apparently lost in thought for several minutes. Then she rose and went to her daughter.

THE CHICAGO (ILLINOIS) AND OTHER CANALS.

CORK, Ireland, *April 18, 1868.*HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, M. C.,
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR SIR:

HERE I am in this beautiful city, in glorious old Ireland, so many of whose gallant sons have fallen in our defence, and thousands more of whom now fight the battles of our country. When I think of Shields, and Meagher, and Corcoran, and their brave associates, shedding their blood that the Union may live; when I feel myself surrounded here by friends of my country, and realize how fervently all Ireland desires our success, my heart swells with gratitude for this noble race, and my prayers are, that Providence would crown them with every blessing.

When you received my promise to attend as a delegate the Chicago Canal Convention, little was it then supposed by me, that duty would call me before that time to Europe. So much of my promise, however, as embraced the discussion of the question, will now be redeemed. The project of an enlarged *thorough-cut* canal, uniting Chicago and the lakes with the Illinois river and Mississippi, has long attracted my attention. As a Senator of the United States, for many years, from a South-western State, then devoted to the Union, and elected to the Senate on that question, I have often passed near or over the contemplated route, always concluding, that this great work should be accomplished without delay. Every material interest of our whole country demands the construction of this canal, and the perpetuity of the Union is closely identified with its completion. It is for the nation's benefit, and should be the nation's work. It will give new outlets to the Mississippi, through the lakes, to the ocean, and neutralize that too exclusive attraction of Western commerce to the Gulf, which has so of-

ten menaced the integrity of the Union. We must make the access from the Mississippi, through the lakes, to the ocean, as cheap, and easy, and eventually as free from tax or toll, as to the Gulf, and the flag of disunion will never float again over an acre of the soil, or a drop of all the waters of the mighty West.

It is clear that, centuries ago, the lakes and Mississippi were united, through the Illinois and Wisconsin rivers, and we must remove the obstructions, now divorcing their waters, and restore their union, by *thorough-cut* canals. In a few years, the saving of transportation, in a single year, would more than pay the cost of the work. The increase of population, wealth, products, imports, exports, and revenue, which would follow the completion of this work, can scarcely now be estimated, and it should be accomplished if for no other reason, as a most profitable investment of capital for the benefit of the nation.

But, great as is the importance of these enlarged canals, uniting the Illinois and Wisconsin rivers with the lakes, other great works, connecting with the East, are indispensable. But great as is the importance of these are the enlarged locks of the Erie, Champlain, Black River, Syracuse, and Oswego, Cayuga, Seneca, Chemung, and Elmira to the Pennsylvania State line, Rochester, and Alleghany River. Nearly all of these are 70 feet wide and 7 feet deep, and require only an enlargement of the locks, whilst a few require to be widened and deepened. The Chemung canal connects the Susquehanna with the Erie canal, at Montezuma, and the Chenango is nearly completed to the north branch of the Susquehanna at the Pennsylvania State line, whence, the Susquehanna canal passes through Wilkesbarre, Northumberland, Middleton, and Wrightsville, to Havre de

Grace, in Maryland, on tide water, at the head of Chesapeake Bay. The great canal, from the southern boundary of New York, down the Susquehanna to tide water, is now five feet deep, and from 40 to 50 feet wide, and can all be readily enlarged to the dimensions of the Erie canal. With these works thus enlarged, the connection of the lakes would not only be complete with the Hudson, and by the Delaware and Raritan canal with the Delaware, and by the Delaware and Chesapeake canal with the Chesapeake Bay, but also by the direct route, down the Susquehanna, to Baltimore, Norfolk, and Albemarle Sound. Is not this truly national, and is it not equally beneficial, to the East and the West, to open all these routes for large steamers? The system, however, would not be complete, without uniting Champlain with the St. Lawrence, Ontario with Erie, and Huron and Michigan with Superior.

The enlarged works should also be provided through Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania, to the lakes, to the extent that these canals can be made of the dimensions of the Erie, and supplied with water. Nor should we forget the widening of the canal at Louisville, the removal of obstructions in the St. Clair flats and upper Mississippi, and the deepening of the mouth of this great river. The construction of these works would be costly, but as a mere investment of capital, for the increase of our wealth and revenue, they would pay the nation tenfold.

As the main object of these works is cheap transportation, the tolls should be diminished, as the works were completed, to the full extent that freight could be carried more cheaply in large boats, and provision should be made for an adequate sinking fund, so as gradually to liquidate the whole cost, and then to collect no more toll than would pay to keep the works in repair. Such is the true interest of the States

and of the nation. If New York could collect a toll for navigating the Hudson, it would be against her interest, for the diminution and diversion of business, and tax on labor and products, would far exceed the net proceeds of any such toll. The same principle will apply to these canals. As some of them, unfortunately, are owned by private companies, adequate provision should be made, to prevent these aids from being perverted to purposes of individual speculation. The Erie and Ontario canal, at the falls of Niagara, and the Superior, Huron, and Michigan canal (less than a mile long), at the falls of St. Mary, should be made ship canals, much larger than those of Canada.

The cost of all these works may exceed \$100,000,000, but the admirable financial system of Mr. Secretary Chase, would soon supply abundant means for their construction. Already the price of gold has fallen largely, our legal tenders are being funded, by millions, in the Secretary's favorite 5-20 sixes, and we shall soon have, under his system, a sound, uniform national currency, binding every State and citizen to the Union, and fraught ultimately with advantages to the nation, equal to the whole expense of the war.

In passing down the Susquehanna canal, at Middletown, commences the canal which, by way of Reading and the Schuylkill, connects Philadelphia with the Susquehanna and the lakes. Most of this work is already six feet deep, but the whole route, if practicable, should be enlarged to the dimensions of the Erie canal.

I have met in the British Museum some documents showing the original project (absurdly abandoned) for a large canal from the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna. A slight change will restore this work, and give to Philadelphia a complete seven-foot canal, via the Schuylkill and Susquehanna to the lakes, as short as from New York, and through a richer country, both mineral

and agricultural. It appears that Washington and Franklin both favored this route.

1. Gunboats, and large commercial steamers, could then pass, without interruption, through all the lakes, to the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, Susquehanna, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, the Ohio, and Mississippi.

2. In case of war, foreign or domestic, the saving to the Government in prices of articles they must buy, and in transportation of men, munitions of war, supplies, and coal, would be enormous. It is believed that the excess of cost in prices and transportation during this rebellion, occasioned by the want of these works, **WOULD MORE THAN PAY FOR THEIR CONSTRUCTION.** Nor is this the only loss, but victories no doubt have often been turned into defeats, for the want of proper facilities for the movement of gunboats, of supplies, and munitions, and the rapid concentration of troops and reinforcements.

3. The ability to obtain supplies, and coals, and vessels, from so many points, and especially gunboats, where the coal, iron, and fluxes are in juxtaposition, would hasten construction, and cheapen prices to the Government.

The enormous naval and military power, gained by such works, would tend greatly to prevent wars, foreign or domestic; or, if they did occur, would enable us to conduct them with more economy and success. It is said such vessels can be built on the lakes, and so they can, for lake defence, but they would be liable to capture or destruction there, before completed, by the enemy, and iron vessels, and iron-clads, could not be constructed so cheaply, where there is neither coal nor iron, as in regions like the Delaware, Susquehanna, Alleghany, and Ohio, where these great articles abound, and can be used on the spot, with so much economy.

It must be remembered, also, that, if these iron steamers and iron-clads are

constructed on the seaboard or the lakes, still, the iron and coal for building them, and the coal for running them, could be supplied much more cheaply, if these enlarged canals were finished. Besides, events are now occurring, and may again, in our history, requiring the immediate construction of hundreds of iron vessels, rams, iron-clads, and mortar boats, calling for all the works on the seaboard, the lakes, the Western rivers, and enlarged canals, to furnish, in time, the requisite number. Rapid concentration of forces, naval and military, and prompt movements, are among the greatest elements of success in war. It will be conceded, that the ability to run gunboats, iron-clads, rams, and mortar boats, through all our lakes, to and from them to all our great rivers, and to connect from both, through such enlarged canals, with the seaboard, and the Gulf, would vastly increase our naval and military power.

Is it not clear, then, that if such a movement, with such resources and communications, had been made, in sufficient force, the first year of the war, so as to seize, or effectually blockade, all the rebel ports, to occupy, by an upward and downward movement, the whole Mississippi and all its tributaries, isolating and cutting rebeldom in two, and thus preventing supplies from Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, that the contest must have been closed long ere this, and thus saved five or six times the cost of these works. As indicating the consequence of our occupation and command of the Mississippi and the Gulf, let us see its effect on the supply of the single indispensable article of *beef* to the rebel army and people.

By the census of 1860, table 36, the number of cattle that year in the loyal States was 7,674,000; in Texas alone, 2,733,267; in Louisiana, 329,855; and in Arkansas, 318,355;—in those parts of the rebel States east of the Mississippi, not commanded by our troops and gunboats, 2,558,000, and in the parts

of those States thus commanded by us, 1,087,000. Thus it will be seen, that the cattle in Texas alone (whence the rebels, heretofore, have derived their main supplies), raised on their boundless prairies, and rich perennial grass, have largely exceeded all the cattle in those parts of the rebel States east of the Mississippi, commanded by them. But that commanded by us, of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the Gulf, as is now the case, cuts off the above supplies from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, west and north Mississippi, north Alabama, and west and middle Tennessee. Hence the cries of starvation from the South; hence, mainly, the rise there in the price of beef, from a few cents to a dollar a pound. Controlled, as the Gulf and Mississippi and its tributaries now are by us, so as to prevent any Western supplies of beef, and the desolation and inundation which have swept over so much of the rest of rebeldom since 1860, their army and people cannot be supplied with beef throughout this year. Nor would running the blockade help them in this respect, for Europe has no supplies of beef to spare, requiring large amounts from us every year. The revolt, then, is doomed this year by starvation, if not, as we believe, by victories. Indeed, I imagine, if our Secretaries of War and of the Navy were called on for official reports, they could clearly show, that with ample appropriations in July, 1861, and all these works *then* completed, they could have crushed the revolt in the fall of 1861 and winter of 1862. All, then, that has been expended since of blood and treasure, and all the risks to which the Union may have been exposed, result from the want of these works. Surely, these are momentous considerations, appealing, with irresistible force, to the heart and judgment of every true American statesman and patriot.

Great, however, as are the advantages in war to be derived from the construction of these works, it is still more in peace, and as arteries of trade, that the

benefit would be greatest. If iron steamers are to control the commerce of the world, the cheap construction and running of such vessels may decide this great question in our favor. Now, whether these steamers are to be built on the seaboard or interior, the coal, and iron, and timber, with which to make them, and the coal and supplies with which to run them, could be furnished much more cheaply by these enlarged canals. And even if the vessels be of timber, the engines, boilers, anchors, &c., must be of iron, and they must be run with coal, all which would be furnished cheaper at our lakes and seaboard, by these enlarged canals. Nor is it only for the construction of engines and boilers for steamers, or coal to run them, that these works would be important, but the cheapening of transportation of coal, iron, timber, and supplies would be greatly beneficial in all industrial pursuits. It is, however, in cheapening the transportation of our immense agricultural products to the East, South, seaboard, and the return cargoes, that these works would confer the greatest benefits. The value of the freight transported on these canals, last year, was over \$500,000,000; but, when all should be enlarged, as herein proposed, the value of their freight, in a few years, would exceed SEVERAL BILLIONS OF DOLLARS. They would draw from a vastly extended area, from augmented population and products, and with greater celerity and economy of movements, from the increased distances that freight could be carried, and additional articles. With these improvements, millions of bales of cotton would be carried annually on these enlarged canals. All of Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, Kansas, and the Northwestern Territories, up the Missouri and its tributaries, with large portions of Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, and even of Texas, on the Red river, would be added to the region from which supplies would be sent, and return cargoes proceed by

these works. Our exports abroad would soon reach a BILLION of dollars, of which at least one third would consist of breadstuffs and provisions. Corn was consumed, last year, in some of the Western States, as fuel, in consequence of high freights. But this could never recur with these enlarged canals. Indeed, the products to be carried on these canals would include the whole valley of the lakes, the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri; and many articles, thus reaching there, thence be carried, on our great imperial railway, to the Pacific, bringing back return cargoes for the same routes. Breadstuffs and provisions and cotton would be carried more cheaply through these canals to the manufacturing States, and their fabrics return, the same way, in vastly augmented amounts, to the West.

Last year, even during a war, breadstuffs and provisions, reaching \$109,676,875 in value, were exported abroad, from the loyal States alone; but, with these enlarged canals, the amount could be more than tripled, the augmented exports bringing in increased imports, and vast additional revenue. Can we not realize the certainty of these great results, and have we not the energy and patriotism to insure their accomplishment? Assuredly we have.

Nor is it only our revenue from duties that would be increased to an extent sufficient of itself, in a few years, to pay the principal and interest of the debt incurred in the construction of these works, but our internal revenue, also, would be prodigiously augmented.

The census of 1860 shows our increase of wealth, from 1850 to 1860, to have been 126.45 per cent. (Table 35). Now, if we would increase our wealth only one tenth, in the next ten years, by the construction of these works, then (our wealth being now \$16,159,616,068) such increase would make our wealth, in 1870, instead of \$36,598,450,585, more than sixteen hundred millions *greater*, or more than *ten times* the cost of these

works; and, in 1880, instead of \$82,865,868,849, over three billions six hundred millions more, or more than twenty times the cost of those works. The same percentage, then, of our present internal tax, on this augmented wealth, estimated at only one per cent., would be \$16,000,000 (annually) in 1870, and \$36,000,000 (annually) in 1880, and constantly increasing. Add this to the great increase of our revenue from duties, as the result of these works, and the addition would not only soon liquidate their cost, but yield a sum which, in a few years, would pay the principal and interest of our public debt.

With such works, we would certainly soon be the first military, naval, and commercial power of the world. The West, with these reduced freights, would secure immense additional markets for her products, and the East send a much larger amount of manufactures, in return cargoes, to the West.

A new and great impulse would be given to the coal and iron interest. If the Delaware, Susquehanna, and their tributaries, and the Ohio and its tributaries, especially the Youghiogheny, Monongahela, and Alleghany had the benefit of low freight, afforded by these canals, they could supply not only the seaboard at reduced rates, but also central and western New York, the Canadas, and the whole lake region, with coal and iron. Indeed, the increased demand, thus caused for these great articles, would soon bring our make of iron, and consumption of coal, up to that of England, and ultimately much larger. Freight is a much greater element in the cost of coal and iron, than of agricultural products, but the increased exchange would be mutually advantageous.

With this system completed, the Mississippi might communicate by large steamers with all the lakes, and eastward, by the enlarged canals, to Chicago or Green Bay, or pass up the Ohio, by the Wabash or from Lawrence-

burg or Cincinnati to Toledo, or by Portsmouth or Bridgeport to Cleveland, or by Bridgeport to Erie city, or by Pittsburg, up the Alleghany, to Olean and Rochester, on the Erie canal, or by ship canal, from Buffalo to Ontario, thence, by the St. Lawrence, to Lake Champlain and the Hudson, or by Oswego to Syracuse, or by the Erie canal from Buffalo to the Hudson, or by the Chenango or Chemung route, down the Susquehanna, to Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or down the Chesapeake to Norfolk, and on through Albemarle Sound south. Or, going from the East, or South, westward by these routes, the steamer could proceed west, and up the Missouri, to the points where they would meet the great railway leading to the Pacific. Indeed, if we do our duty now, the next generation may carry similar canals from the head of Lake Superior to the Mississippi and Missouri, and up the Kansas or Platte to the gold mines of Colorado, or, from the great falls of the Missouri, to the base of the Rocky mountains, with railroad connection thence to the mouth of the Oregon and Puget's sound. There would be connected with this system, the lakes, and all the Eastern waters, the Ohio and all its tributaries, including the Youghiogeny, Monongahela, Alleghany, Kanawa, Guyandotte, Big Sandy, Muskingum, Scioto, Miami, Wabash, Licking, Kentucky, Green river, Barren, Cumberland, and Tennessee, the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, especially the Illinois and Wisconsin, the Des Moines and St. Peter's, the lower Mississippi and all its vast tributaries, the St. Francis, White river, Arkansas, Red river, and Yazoo. These are no dreams of an enthusiast, but advancing realities, if *now, now* we will only do our duty in crushing this rebellion, and exorcise the foul fiend of slavery, that called it into being. We may best judge of what we may do in the future, by what we have done in the past. We have constructed 4,650 miles

of canals (including slackwater), at a cost of \$132,000,000. We have constructed (including city roads) 81,898 miles of railroad, at a cost of \$1,208,285,569, making an aggregate, for railroads and canals, of \$1,385,285,569. Now, one tenth of this sum will probably make all the works proposed now to be executed, for they are all only enlargements of existing canals, except the ship canal round the falls of Niagara, and a similar canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, a work of vast importance, but that can only be accomplished with the aid and consent of Canada, and is not now estimated.

These improvements would be truly national, especially as provision would be made for deepening the mouth of the Mississippi. We propose to make or enlarge no mere local works, but only such as connect the Atlantic and the Gulf with the lakes, Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Chesapeake bay, and Albemarle sound. There local routes must be constructed or enlarged by local or State expenditures.

The canals in New York, constituting so large a portion of the system, have already (mostly) the requisite width and depth, and only need an enlargement of the locks. The great Delaware and Raritan canal, connecting New York with Philadelphia, has a depth of 8 feet, and the Delaware and Chesapeake, uniting them with the Susquehanna and the lakes, Baltimore, Norfolk, and Albemarle sound, has a depth of ten feet. No doubt the enlightened proprietors of the Delaware and Raritan canal would, on fair terms to themselves and the Government, enlarge that canal (if practicable) to the depth of the Delaware and Chesapeake, which would be of incalculable benefit to the whole country, but especially to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk.

The Pennsylvania canals proposed to be enlarged are the Schuylkill, leading

by the Union from Philadelphia, through Reading to Middleton on the Susquehanna, and thence up that river to the Erie and the lakes. The Schuylkill canal, 70 miles to Reading, has a depth of 6 feet, and from Reading to Middleton, 4 feet. The Susquehanna canal, from Havre de Grace, Maryland, at the head of tidewater, and the Chesapeake bay to the New York line, and system, has a uniform depth of 5 feet, and is about 300 miles long. This canal, leading through Maryland and Pennsylvania along the Susquehanna, can readily and cheaply be enlarged to the dimensions of the Erie canal, and will then furnish Norfolk, Baltimore, and Philadelphia a direct route to the lakes by the enlarged system, fully equal to that of New York. Western Pennsylvania and Pittsburg would have the route, by the enlarged system, up the Alleghany and Olean to Rochester on the Erie canal, and thence to the Hudson or the lakes, and from Bridgeport to Cleveland or Erie city. Ohio would have the benefit of the routes (enlarged) to and from Cleveland to Bridgeport or Portsmouth on the Ohio, and to and from Toledo to the mouth of the Wabash or Miami or to Cincinnati. These canals are 40 feet wide and 4 feet deep. Indiana would have the benefit of the Wabash and Erie canal to Evansville, on the Ohio, from Toledo, and to and from the same point to the mouth of the Miami at Lawrenceburg and to Cincinnati, and would also largely participate in the benefit of the Chicago and Illinois canal of the whole system. Wisconsin would have the benefit of all these canals, but especially of that connecting the Wisconsin river with Green Bay, and the rest of the lakes with Lake Superior. Illinois would have the benefit of the Wabash and Erie, the Chicago and Illinois, and of the entire system. Indeed, with a thorough-cut canal from the Illinois river to Chicago, fact will outstrip fancy as regards the progress of that great city. And here a strong argument in favor

of the whole of these works is presented to every true American, by the fact that the vast and increasing heavy and bulky products of the West demand the enlarged works, and if she cannot have them by the Hudson, the Delaware, and Susquehanna, she will have them by the Canada canals, and the St. Lawrence to its outlet in the Gulf. Minnesota would have the benefit of the improvement of the upper Mississippi, and of the canals uniting the Wisconsin with Green Bay, and Superior with the other lakes. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and the whole Western Territories would have the benefit of the improvement of the Mississippi, of the routes by Chicago, Green Bay, the Ohio, and the whole system. The glorious new free State of Western Virginia would have the benefit of all the routes up and down the Ohio and Mississippi to the lakes, the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and the Gulf. So would Kentucky, and the enlargement of the Louisville canal would be within her own limits. When we reflect that Kentucky borders for nearly a thousand miles on the Ohio and Mississippi, with her streams, the Big Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, Green river, and Barren (which last four have 766 miles of slackwater navigation), Cumberland, and Tennessee, all tributaries of the Ohio, the benefits to her would be prodigious. The interest of the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, North Alabama, on the Tennessee river, and Texas, on the Red river, would be greatly promoted. They would all have improved routes to and from the mouth of the Mississippi, and to and from the Ohio, the lakes, and the Atlantic. Eastern Virginia and North Carolina would derive great advantages by the enlarged routes, connecting Albemarle sound and the Chesapeake with New York, Philadelphia, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the lakes. Delaware and Maryland could avail themselves most beneficially of all these routes, and Baltimore would derive immense

advantages from the enlarged route by the Susquehanna to the lakes, having then as good a route there as New York, and the difference of distance being only 30 miles. New Jersey, by her route from the Delaware and Raritan to the Hudson, and by her rising cities near or opposite Philadelphia and New York, and by the enlarged system to the lakes, would find all her interests greatly advanced, and the business on her canals and railroads vastly increased. Michigan, with a larger lake shore than any other State, fronting on Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, the connecting straits and rivers, and Lake Erie, would derive immense advantages. By her immediate connection with the whole New York and Eastern system, and by Toledo, Cleveland or Erie city, to the Ohio river, and by the Chicago or Green Bay routes to the Mississippi and the Gulf, her vast agricultural products in the peninsula would find new and augmented markets; while, with the ship canal to Lake Superior, her magnificent iron and copper mines on that immense inland sea, as well as those in Wisconsin, and the splendid pineries and fisheries of both States, would receive an immense development. Pennsylvania has no large available through route now from the Delaware and Susquehanna to the lakes, nor from Pittsburg. The proposed system would give her those routes, as well from the East as from the West. This would give to her coal and iron, her vast agricultural products, her immense manufactures, and all her industrial pursuits a new impulse, while her two great cities, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, would be greatly advanced in wealth and population. When we reflect that coal and iron have mainly contributed to make England what she is, and how superior, in this respect, are the natural advantages of Pennsylvania with her bituminous and anthracite coal and iron and fluxes in juxtaposition, with a continent surrounding her to furnish a market, with her cen-

tral location, fronting on the deep tide-water of the Delaware, and upon the lakes and the Ohio, with its two great confluents at Pittsburg, the Alleghany and Monongahela, we cannot fully realize the immense advantages which she would derive from these enlarged communications. But what of New York? With all her routes, as well as that of the Erie canal, enlarged as proposed, with her mighty system extending to the lakes and St. Lawrence, from Lake Champlain to Superior, south by the Delaware and Susquehanna, west by the Alleghany, Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi, and her great city with an unrivalled location, what an imperial destiny lies before her, with the Union preserved? Oh! if she would only fully realize these great truths, and spurn from her embrace the wretched traitors who, while falsely professing peace, mean the degradation of the North and the dissolution of this Union, who can assign limits to her wealth and commerce?

Let us now examine the relations of New England to these proposed works. Vermont, upon Lake Champlain, by the enlarged system, connecting her with the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the lakes, would be greatly advanced in wealth and population. But with cheapened transportation to and from Lake Champlain or the Hudson, not only Vermont, but all New England, in receiving her coal and iron, and her supplies from the West, and in sending them her manufactures, will enjoy great advantages, and the business of her railroads be vastly increased. So, also, New England, on the Sound, and, in fact, the whole seaboard and all its cities. Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, Boston, Portland, Bangor, Belfast, and Eastport will all transact an immense increased business with New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the West. As the greatest American consumer of Western breadstuffs and provisions, and

of our iron and coal, and the principal seat of domestic manufactures, the augmented reciprocal trade of New England with the South and West will be enormous. Her shipping and ship-building interests, her cotton, woollen, worsted, and textile fabrics, her machinery, engines, and agricultural implements, boots and shoes, hats and caps, her cabinet furniture, musical instruments, paper, clothing, fisheries, soap, candles, and chandlery, in which she has excelled since the days of Franklin, and, in fact, all her industrial pursuits, will be greatly benefited. The products of New England in 1860, exclusive of agriculture and the earnings of commerce, were of the value of \$494,075,498. But, in a few years after the completion of these works, this amount will be doubled. Such is the skilled and educated industry of New England, and such the inventive genius of her people, that there is no limit to her products, except markets and consumers. As New York increases, the swelling tide of the great city will flow over to a vast extent into the adjacent shores of Connecticut and New Jersey, and Hoboken, West Hoboken, Weehawken, Hudson City, Jersey City, and Newark will meet in one vast metropolis. Philadelphia will also flow over in the same way into Camden and adjacent portions of New Jersey, whose farms already greatly exceed in value those of any other State. The farms of New Jersey in 1860 were of the average value of \$60.88 per acre, while those of South Carolina, the great leader of the rebellion, with all her boasted cotton, rice, and tobacco, and her 402,406 slaves, were then of the average value of \$8.61 per acre. (Census Table 36.) And yet there are those in New Jersey who would drag her into the rebel confederacy, cover her with the dismal pall of slavery, and who cry *Peace! peace!* when there is no peace, except in crushing this wicked rebellion. The States of the Pacific, as the enlarged canals reached

the Mississippi and Missouri, and ultimately the base of the Rocky mountains, would be greatly advanced in all their interests. Agricultural products and other bulky and heavy articles that could not bear transportation all the way by the great Pacific railroad, could be carried by such enlarged canals to the Mississippi and Missouri, and ultimately to the base of the Rocky mountains, and thence, by railroad, a comparatively short distance to the Pacific, and westward to China and Japan. In order to make New York and San Francisco great depots of interoceanic commerce for America, Europe, Asia, and the world, these enlarged canals, navigated by large steamers, and ultimately toll free, are indispensable.

We have named, then, all the Territories, and all the thirty-five States, except three, as deriving great and special advantages from this system. These three are Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, with a white population, in 1860, of 843,338. These States, however, would not only participate in the increased prosperity of the whole country, and in augmented markets for their cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, and timber, and in cheaper supplies of Eastern manufactures, coal, iron, and Western products, but they would derive, also, special advantages. They have a large trade with New Orleans, which they would reach more cheaply by deepening the mouth of the Mississippi. They could pass up Albemarle sound, by the interior route, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or the West, and take back return cargoes by the same route. Georgia, also, by her location on the Tennessee river, together with South Carolina, connected with that river at Chattanooga, would derive great benefits from this connection with the enlarged canals and improved navigation of the West, sending their own and receiving Western products more cheaply.

Thus, every State and every Territory in the Union would be advanced

in all their interests by these great weeks, and lands, farms, factories, town and city property, all be improved in value.

But there is another topic, connected with this subject, of vast importance, particularly at this juncture, to which I must now refer. It is our public lands, the homestead bill, and immigration. On reference to an article on this subject, published by me in the November number of THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, it will be found that our unsold public lands embraced 1,649,861 square miles, being 1,055,911,288 acres, extending to fifteen States and all the Territories, and exceeding half the area of the whole Union. The area of New York, being 47,000 square miles, is less than a thirty-fifth of this public domain. England (proper), 50,922 square miles; France, 208,786; Prussia, 107,921; and Germany, 80,620 square miles. Our public domain, then, is more than eight times as large as France, more than fifteen times as large as Prussia, more than twenty times as large as Germany, more than thirty-two times as large as England, and larger (excluding Russia) than all Europe, containing more than 200,000,000 of people. As England proper contained, in 1861, 18,949,916 inhabitants, if our public domain were as densely settled, its population would exceed 606,000,000, and it would be 260,497,561, if numbering as many to the square mile as Massachusetts. These lands embrace every variety of soil, products, and climate, from that of St. Petersburg to the tropics.

After commenting on the provisions of our homestead bill, which gives to every settler, American or European, 160 acres of this land for ten dollars (the cost of survey, etc.), I then said:

'The homestead privilege will largely increase immigration. Now, besides the money brought here by immigrants, the Census proves that the average annual value of the labor of Massachusetts *per capita* was, in 1860, \$220 for

each man, woman, and child, independent of the gains of commerce—very large, but not given. Assuming that of the immigrants at an average annual value of only \$100 each, or less than thirty-three cents a day, it would make, in ten years, at the rate of 100,000 each year, the following aggregate:

| | | | |
|----------|-----------|---|--------------|
| 1st year | 100,000 | = | \$10,000,000 |
| 2d " | 200,000 | = | 20,000,000 |
| 3d " | 300,000 | = | 30,000,000 |
| 4th " | 400,000 | = | 40,000,000 |
| 5th " | 500,000 | = | 50,000,000 |
| 6th " | 600,000 | = | 60,000,000 |
| 7th " | 700,000 | = | 70,000,000 |
| 8th " | 800,000 | = | 80,000,000 |
| 9th " | 900,000 | = | 90,000,000 |
| 10th " | 1,000,000 | = | 100,000,000 |

Total, \$550,000,000

'In this table the labor of all immigrants each year is properly added to those arriving the succeeding year, so as to make the aggregate the last year 1,000,000. This would make the value of the labor of this million of immigrants in ten years, \$550,000,000, independent of the annual accumulation of capital, and the labor of the children of the immigrants (born here) after the first ten years, which, with their descendants, would go on constantly increasing.

'But, by the official returns (p. 14, Census), the number of alien immigrants to the United States, from December, 1850, to December, 1860, was 2,598,216, or an annual average of 260,000.

'The effect, then, of this immigration, on the basis of the last table, upon the increase of national wealth, was as follows:

| | | | |
|----------|-----------|---|--------------|
| 1st year | 260,000 | = | \$26,000,000 |
| 2d " | 520,000 | = | 52,000,000 |
| 3d " | 780,000 | = | 78,000,000 |
| 4th " | 1,040,000 | = | 104,000,000 |
| 5th " | 1,300,000 | = | 130,000,000 |
| 6th " | 1,560,000 | = | 156,000,000 |
| 7th " | 1,820,000 | = | 182,000,000 |
| 8th " | 2,080,000 | = | 208,000,000 |
| 9th " | 2,340,000 | = | 234,000,000 |
| 10th " | 2,600,000 | = | 260,000,000 |

Total, \$1,430,000,000

'Thus, the value of the labor of the immigrants, from 1850 to 1860, was \$1,430,000,000, making no allowance for the accumulation of capital, by annual reinvestment, nor for the natural

increase of this population, amounting, by the Census, in ten years, to about twenty-four per cent. This addition to our wealth, by the labor of the children, in the first ten years, would be small; but in the second and each succeeding decade, when we count children, and their descendants, it would be large and constantly augmenting. But the Census shows that our wealth increases each ten years at the rate of 126.45 per cent. (Census Table 35.) Now, then, take our increase of wealth, in consequence of immigration, as before stated, and compound it at the rate of 126.45 per cent. every ten years, and the result is largely over \$3,000,000,000 in 1870, and over \$7,000,000,000 in 1880, independent of the effect of any immigration succeeding 1860. If these results are astonishing, we must remember that immigration here is augmented population, and that it is population and labor that create wealth. Capital, indeed, is but the accumulation of labor. Immigration, then, from 1850 to 1860, added to our national products a sum more than double our whole debt on the 1st of July last, and augmenting in a ratio much more rapid than its increase, and thus enabling us to bear the war expenses.'

As the homestead privilege must largely increase immigration, and add especially to the cultivation of our soil, it will contribute vastly to increase our population, wealth, and power, and augment our revenues from duties and taxes.

As this domain is extended over fifteen States and all the Territories, the completion of these enlarged canals, embracing so large a portion of them, would be most advantageous to all, and the inducement to immigration would greatly increase, and immigration must soon flow in from Europe in an augmented volume. Indeed, when these facts are generally known in Europe, the desire of small renters, and of the working classes, to own a farm, and cultivate their own lands here, must bring thousands to our shores, even during the war. But it will be mainly when the rebellion shall have been crushed, the power of the Government vindicated, its authority fully reestablished, and

slavery extinguished, so as to make labor honorable everywhere throughout our country, and freedom universal, that this immigration will surge upon our shores. When we shall have maintained the Union unbroken against foreign and domestic enemies, and proved that a republic is as powerful in war as it is benign in peace, and especially that the *people* will rush to the ranks to crush even the most gigantic rebellion, and that they will not only bear arms, but taxes, for such a purpose, the prophets of evil, who have so often proclaimed our Government an *organized anarchy*, will lose their power to delude the people of Europe. And when that people learn the truth, and the vast privileges offered them by the Homestead Bill, there will be an exodus from Europe to our country, unprecedented since the discovery of America. The wounds inflicted by the war will then soon be healed, and European immigrants, cultivating here their own farms, and truly loyal to this free and paternal Government, from which they will have received this precious gift of a farm for each, will take the place of the rebels, who shall have fled the country. We have seen that the total cost of our railroads and canals, up to this date, was \$1,385,285,569, and I have estimated the probable cost of these enlarged works as not exceeding one tenth of this sum, or \$138,528,556. Let us now examine that question. We have seen that our 4,650 miles of canals cost \$182,000,000, being \$38,897 per mile, or less, by \$8,895 per mile, than our railroads. It will be recollected that a large number of miles of these canals have already the requisite depth of seven feet, and width of seventy, and need only an enlargement of their locks. It appears, however, by the returns, that the Erie canal, the Grand Junction, Champlain canal, and the Black River, Chemung, Chenango, and Oswego, in all 528 miles, are all seven feet deep, and seventy feet wide, and cost \$83,494 per mile, while the

average cost of *all* our canals, varying from forty to seventy-five feet in width, and from four to ten in depth, was \$23,887 per mile. Assuming \$28,000 per mile as the average cost of the canals requiring enlargement, and \$88,000 that of those per mile having already the requisite dimensions, the difference would be \$55,000 per mile, as the average cost of those needing increased dimensions.

The estimated cost, then, would stand as follows :

| | |
|--|--------------|
| 596 miles New York canals, enlargement of locks | \$5,980,000 |
| Enlarging dimensions, etc., of 1,696 miles, at \$55,000 per mile | 93,280,000 |
| Total, | \$99,260,000 |

The conjectural estimate heretofore made by me was \$138,528,556, or one tenth the cost of our existing railroads and canals, and exceeding, by \$1,528,556, the cost of all our present 4,350 miles of canal. Deduct this from the above \$138,528,556, leaves \$34,268,556, to be applied to improving the St. Clair flats, the Mississippi river, deepening its mouth, and for the ship canal round the Falls of Niagara.

No estimate is now presented of the cost of the canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, because that requires the coöperation of Canada.

The railroads of our country would increase their business, with our augmented wealth and population, especially in the transportation of passengers and merchandise. They would also obtain iron cheaper for rails, boilers, and engines, timber for cars, breadstuffs and provisions for supplies, and coal or wood for their locomotives.

Great, however, as would be the effect of these works in augmenting our commerce, wealth, and population, their results in consolidating and perpetuating our Union would be still more important. When the Ohio, Mis-

issippi, and Missouri, and all their tributaries, arterializing the great valley, shall be united by the proposed routes with the lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Chesapeake, and Albemarle, what sacrilegious hand could be raised against such a Union? We should have no more rebellions. We should hear no more of North, South, East, and West, for all would be linked together by a unity of commerce and interests. Our Union would become a social, moral, geographical, political, and commercial necessity, and no State would risk by secession the benefit of participating in its commerce. We should be a homogeneous people, and slavery would disappear before the march of civilization, and of free schools, free labor, free soil, free lakes, rivers, and canals. It is the absence of such a system (aided by slavery), *drawing the West and Southwest, by a supposed superior attraction, to the Gulf*, that has led the Southwest into this rebellion. But with slavery extinguished, with freedom strengthening labor's hand, with education elevating the soul and enlightening the understanding, and with such communications uniting all our great lakes and rivers, East and West, all crowned with flourishing towns and mighty cities, with cultured fields and smiling harvests, exchanging their own products and fabrics, and those of the world, by flying cars and rushing steamers, revolt or disunion would be impossible. Strike down every barrier that separates the business of the North and East from that of the South and West, and you render dissolution impossible. In commerce, we would be a unit, drawing to us, by the irresistible attraction of interest, intercourse, and trade, the whole valley of the lakes and St. Lawrence. Whom God had united by geography, by race, by language, commerce, and interest, political institutions could not long keep asunder. Of all foreign nations, those which would derive the greatest advantages

from such an union would be England and France, the two governments which a wicked pro-slavery rebellion invites to attempt our destruction. With such a commerce, and with slavery extinguished, we would have the Union, not as it was, but as our fathers intended it should be, when they founded this great and free republic. We should soon attain the highest civilization, and enjoy the greatest happiness of which our race is capable. So long as slavery existed here, and we were divided into States cherishing, and States abhorring the institution, so long as free and forced labor were thus antagonized, we could scarcely be said to have a real Union, or to exist truly as a nation. Slavery loomed up like a black mountain, dividing us. Slavery kept us always on the verge of civil war, with hostility to liberty, education, and progress, and menacing for half a century the life of the republic. The question then was not, Will any measure, or any construction of the constitution, benefit the nation? but, Will it weaken or strengthen slavery? All that was good, or great, or national, was opposed by slavery—science, literature, the improvement of rivers and harbors, homesteads for the West, defences and navies for the East. American ocean steamers were sacrificed to foreign subsidies, and all aid was refused to canals or railroads, including that to the Pacific, although essential to the national unity. Slavery was attempted to be forced on Kansas, first by violence and invasion, and then by fraud, and the *forgery of a constitution*. Defeated in Kansas by the voice of the people, slavery then took the question from the people, and promulgated its last platform in 1860, by which all the Territories, nearly equal in area to the States, were to be subjected forever *as Territories* to slavery, although opposed by the overwhelming voice of their people. Slavery was nationalized, and freedom limited and circumscribed with the evident intent soon to strangle it in

all the States, and spread forced labor over the continent, from the North to Cape Horn. Failing in the election, slavery then assailed the vital principle of the republic, the rule of the majority, and inaugurated the rebellion. Slavery kept perjured traitors for months in the cabinet and the two Houses of Congress, to aid in the overthrow of the Government. Then was formed a constitution avowedly based on slavery, setting it up as an idol to be worshipped, and upon whose barbaric altars is now being poured out the sacrificial blood of freemen. But it will fail, for the curse of God and man is upon it. And when the rebellion is crushed, and slavery extinguished, we shall emerge from this contest strengthened, purified, exalted. We shall march to the step and music of a redeemed humanity, and a regenerated Union. We shall feel a new inspiration, and breathe an air in which slavery and every form of oppression must perish.

Standing upon these friendly shores, in a land which abolished slavery in the twelfth century, and surrounded by a people devoted to our welfare, looking westward, along the path of empire, across the Atlantic, to my own beloved country, these are my views of her glorious destiny, when the twin hydras of slavery and rebellion are crushed forever.

If our Irish adopted citizens could only hear, as I now do, the condemnation of slavery and of this revolt, by the Irish people; if they could hear them, as I do, quote the electric words of their renowned Curran against slavery, and in favor of *universal emancipation*; if they could listen, as they repeated the still bolder and scathing denunciations of their great orator, O'Connell, as he trampled on the dehumanizing system of chattel slavery, they would scorn the advice of the traitor leaders, who, under the false guise of Democracy, but in hostility to all its principles, would now lure them, by the syren cry of peace,

into the destruction of the Union, which guards their rights, and protects their interests.

The convention now assembled at Chicago, can do much to inaugurate a new era of civilization, freedom, and progress, by aiding in giving to the nation these great interior routes of

commerce and intercourse, in the centre of which your great city will hold the urn, as the long-divorced waters of the lakes and the Mississippi are again commingled, and the Union linked together by the imperishable bonds of commerce, interest, and affection.

W O M A N.

THE ever-present phenomenon of revolution bears two forms. They may be discrete or concrete, but they are two—ideas, movement,—cause, result—force, effect. And progressive humanity marches upon its future with ideas for its centre, movement its right and left wings. Not a step is taken till the Great Field-Marshal has sent his orders along the lines.

Revolutions go by periods. Are they possibly controlled or influenced in these years by the stellar affinities of the north pole? Is that capricious functionary leading up to Casseopeia, in this cycle, or Andromeda, that we find ourselves turning from great Hercules, fiery Bootes, and even neglecting the shining majesty of belted, sworded Orion, to consider woman? I have not consulted the astronomers. The stars of the heavens are in their places. Male and female, the groups come to us in winter and retire in summer: their faint splendors fall down upon our harvest nights, and then give way to the more august retinue of the wintry solstice. The boreal pivot, whose journal is the awful, compact blue, may, for aught I know, be hobnobbing at this moment with the most masculine of starry masculinities. But if it be, it is in little sympathy with the magnetic pole of human thought, whose fine point turns unwaveringly in these days of many revo-

lutions to woman as the centre and leader of the grandest of them all.

A great storm overtook an ancient navigator of the Ægean. He called on his gods, he importuned them, but the waves rolled and raged the more angrily the more he prayed. 'Neptune, wilt thou not save me?' 'Go below,' was the uncourteous answer, and, as with a great blow struck by the hand of the busy deity, the vessel was suddenly suspended midway between the surface and the depths of the waters. What a peaceful spot she had reached! The astonished mariner looked around him in wonder more than gratitude. 'Good deity,' said he, taking breath, 'I prayed not to be saved thus *from* the storm, but *in* it. Return me to the upper world, I beseech thee, and let me do my stroke in its battle.'

Storms have swept over the ages as winds over the blue Ægean, and woman, shrinking from their blasts and the agitations that have followed them, has prayed to her gods, and been suspended between the depths of man's depravity and the heights of his achievements, around whose wintry peaks winds of ambition have roared, storms of vaulting self-love have gathered, tempests of passion have contended in angry and fierce strife. To brighten the heights they assailed each one, to clear the lofty airs embracing

them. They shine now where clouds were wont to hover; sunahine steepes the rugged declivities where mists of ages hung their impenetrable folds, paths invite where unknown, forbidding fastnesses repelled even daring feet, and thus the stormy career of conflict is vindicated in its results. The dove testifies a certain divinity in the Doing which has produced it.

But that still region where the more timid life has nestled undaring, unadventured, shrinking from the struggle and the strife above, recoiling from the seething foulness below—what have we in this dreamland inhabited by woman? And wherefore the earnest turning thitherward, in our day, of so many brave, so many earnest, so many sad, so many yearning, aspiring eyes? Wherefore the restlessness, wherefore the groans of imprisonment here, wherefore the passionate longings, the resolute, deep, inextinguishable purpose of escape? Make way, O propitious gods; I can no longer be saved *from* this struggle of life, but *through* it. This mariner must be brought to the surface, or the waters will be parted before her by the conquering power in her own soul, and she will present herself there unaided. But not in the fierce spirit of a combatant, not as a conqueror—only as one moved by divine purpose to reach and *take* her place, to touch and accomplish her work.

What are the qualities of this new soldier in the field of human struggle? Whence comes and whither goes she?

These inquiries point us to the ideas of the Woman Revolution—its Movements will be deductions from them.

Man knows neither woman nor her whence or whither. He acknowledges her a Mystery from his earliest acquaintance with her to the present day. Whatever his conquests over the hidden and the mysterious elsewhere in nature, here is a mystery that confronts him whenever he turns hither—nay, that grows by his attempts at mastering

it. The permanently mysterious is only that which exceeds us, and we study this but to learn how widely its embracing horizon can spread as we advance. Thus the woman of the nineteenth century is an incomparably greater mystery to man than was her sister of the ninth. Scientific conquests do but touch the periphery of her being; they explore her nature so far as it is of common quality and powers with the nature of man and of the feminine animals, and would perhaps do more wisely if they stopped dumb before what lies beyond and above these levels. For beyond, man reads but to misread—studies but to vex and confuse himself, and—shall I say it?—learns to sneer at rather than to reverence what baffles his inquiries. Does this statement seem harsh? Is it doubted? See its truth. The only science (so called) which undertakes a study of woman does not inspire its student with an increased respect for her. As a class, medical men, above that of other men, are perhaps less chivalrous than blacksmiths. Lucky is she and lucky are they if it be not diminished instead. For, assuming man as the standard, the corporeal functions, which absolutely elevate her in the scale of development, being added to all that he possesses, and constituting her corporeal womanhood, are seen by this student only as disabilities from which he is happily exempt (as if a disability could come into any life but through the door of an ability); and her larger measure of the divine attributes, faith, hope, and love—love, as compassion and as maternity—are seen as simple weaknesses to which he is happily superior.

The greatness of man's individuality lies in his power over the external; that of woman's is interior, central, as the sun to our planets, which roll through common fields of space, breathe a common ether, share a common light and warmth, but know not that ether, that light, that warmth, whence theirs flows out to them. Central, potent, com-

manding, superior to laws which alternately move and still their currents—nay, being in themselves those very laws—this hidden power is never touched by them, is shared by them only in fixed measure, beyond which drafts upon it are protested as inexorably as turn the wheels of fate in producing a midge or a mastodon.

The greater includes the less, said the first Mathematician. It is no more true of the geometer's space and the philosopher's matter than of the physiologist's functional power. Apply the axiom to the functional quantity of the feminine and masculine, and it will be seen which includes which, and why man, in all the pride of his highest achievements, is obliged to confess himself defeated, when, as an investigator, he addresses himself to the solution of the problem of womanhood. Her individualizing attributes make in her life a kingdom of her own. Possessing every function and power which man possesses, either in identity or equivalent—the faculties, capacities, and functions common to both differing only comparatively in each from their degree in the other, the masculine being confessedly the lighter side of the balance, when the higher and finer attributes are in the scale—woman has above them all her own unique life, which man can learn only as a student and spectator, the depths of which all his penetration does not enable him to explore, the secrets of which his consciousness can never report. From and through the powers and attributes which centre herein, come those experiences, perceptions—those faiths, hopes, trusts, yearnings, aspirations, loves, which ray out to man that purer and divine light without which he soon stumbles and falls—that warmth without which his life becomes a wintry waste—that harmony without which he is an instrument played at will by the cunning fiend of discord and selfishness—that purity without whose sweet, cleansing current flowing over and

around him he is soon mired in the sloughs of appetite, or swamped in the unclean sinks of sensualism—that steadfast holding to things above, without which he soon drops down to grovel along the earth—that unwavering faith and that utter trust in good which keeps alive and warm in the heart of humanity its noblest ideals.

Thus the Cross of the feminine life embodies the idea of the revolution in its favor: revolution, which, above all its wars, national or civil, its struggles for or against freedom, above all its discoveries in the world of matter and of force, above all its inventions, its new arts and its improved old arts, its philanthropies, its religious agitations, is destined to command for the nineteenth century the respect of the coming ages. Dion's star upon its forehead, already the dim and distant future diaphaned in its light, comes up to cheer our waiting, wandering eyes.

It is only woman who can state woman. The unknown quantity falls not within the terms of any equation to which man can reduce her. Master, teacher of all other lessons in nature, here he must be the taught. Leader of all other movements, here he must be follower. Greater must not only include, it must conduct less.

Whence?

Out of the peaceful, still waters below: no longer stay possible there. The *vis viva* overruling the *vis inertia*, we take up the line of march. Fold the napkin away from your eyes, O daughter of the ages, and behold, there lies your road—a throng already pressing their way where you thought you were alone. Upward, as well by the universal as by the special law of the case. Many a tearful eye turned backward to the land we are leaving—land beloved by woman, though stained with oppression, darkened by slavery, impoverished by lack of action, dwarfed in its proportions, devious in many of its loveliest lines—some of its sweetest paths leading those who set feet of

innocent trust in them down to hell at last; beloved despite all, because the heart of the traveller is tender and loving; cherished, because her repressed soul is timid and doubting. We have lacked light, freedom, space for action and growth, yet are there pleasant places there. All these are now before us. Dry your tears, O tender souls, suppress your sighs, stifle your groans. Let us press forward in courage and hope. Forty years, it may be, in the wilderness, but deliverance at last. The gentle cloud will be over us by day, the path of duty will shine as a fire upon us by night.

Farewell, then, Africa, land of despot and victim; farewell, Asia, land of strap and slave; farewell, Europe, land of monarch and subject: welcome, broad, varied, exhaustless New World, spreading inviting fields before longing eyes that falter while they gaze.

Whither?

Two thoughts naturally result from this new attitude: first, to go straight to the kingdom already laid out and well beaten into paths by man; second, to be so polite when arrived there as to accept him, his life, power, work, as standards to which it were wisest that we conform ourselves with all expedient haste, and thus blot out as speedily as may be the woman world—let its existence be remembered only as an evil escaped, a humiliation left behind forever. Has not its narrowness shamed us, its poverty of action cramped and starved the capacities we begin to feel unfolding in us—has not its peace made us seem cowards while we lingered in it, and will not its imperishable purity bear transplantation, and bloom in perennial beauty on the wider fields to which we are hastening?

We touch the borders of the promised land. Weary and spirit-sore, less from the travel than the bitter experiences which prompted it, we yearn for the hospitable welcome due to a stranger, a helper arrived in due season. We are come, O potentate. Open wide

the glad gates that shall receive us. Is not this the Canaan which we but ask to divide with thee?—a goodly land, and a prosperous, which it were joyful to go in and possess. But the heathen inhabitant thereof turns his back upon us, shuts his gates, closes his doors, ascends his throne, takes up his sceptre, and waving it before our astonished eyes, says: 'This is my own kingdom. I have created it from a wilderness to suit my own life, not another. It cannot be shared; nobody, not you, my mother, my wife, sister, daughter—not even you, most beloved, cherished, worshipped woman, shall divide it with me. No admittance except on business.'

What to do in such an unexpected emergency!—such behavior, with all sorts of personal and external power to back it, to say nothing of those proverbial fractions of law, nine out of ten of which instantly convert themselves into an adamant cement, binding his to him, so that indeed it were a critical piece of practice to essay their sundering, for *Nature is in the union*, and she is high to be overreached, deep to be undermined, strong to be defeated, compact and wary to be foiled.

Sit down, then, a beggar at the border of man's realm, craving permission to enter and share it with him? Essay to conquer an entrance? And when once within, whether by courtesy or conquest, what then? Competition with that stronger physique, that rugged life, that loves the wrestle with external hindrances which I love not, and am inferior for, did I love them? An equal part in that career with one who is exempt from the offices that absorb the half of my full lifetime, and require the best powers of every sort that I possess?

Surely, here, with this body and this constitution rivalling that body and that constitution, I am doomed to an inferiority more slavish and scarcely less painful than that I have left behind. For identity of career, identity

of powers. Nature does nothing inductively; does not fit the parts of her scheme to each other experimentally; works at the centre, in the sublime repose of certainty, and lets facts, experiences, possibilities at the circumference take care of themselves. She has made man to dominate this kingdom which he calls his, else should I have had my share in it from the first. Wherein she has differed me from him, she has also differed my real kingdom from his. To stop him, I require as much and no more than man possesses. What is over in kind would place me in false relations with the objective; what is more in degree would imperil my subjective peace—what is less would try me by the measure another is made for, and leave me in the shadow projected by him. Nor would the standards which prevail here harmonize with my spiritual more happily than the activities with my corporeal nature. Could I work for outward success only, or chiefly, subordinating aspiration to what stifles aspiration? Would riches satisfy me? Would actual power over men, ecclesiastical, civil, or social? Could I live for ambition, and sit down unapproved of my better life to enjoy its achievements? Would the acquisition of knowledge and its employment as a means of worldly power, distinction, and advantage satisfy the inner hunger which longs for the truth, the light, the harmony of highest heavens? In short, would so much of the flesh as I could gratify, so much of the world as I could conquer, so much devil's service as I could cover up with any patched robe of decency, drawn tight, stretched to its utmost reach, satisfy me? Truly not. Not here then is Beulah, and I must journey on.

Again, whither? This time whither my own nature leads. I have learned this by experience, that leadership for me lies not without, but within myself. So much is gained, and now once more for movement. Gather up the effects—all that we have brought with us out

of the past: it will find use. For woman has been woman so far as she has been anything, and the aromas of that high estate have hung and still hang about her. Bear them along. The finest effluence of her life in the first century of our era, as in this last, was love. Mary then bore the Christ; other Mary's loved him. Woman was first in his life, and last in it. When the bearded magi adored, she loved; she was the illustrator of his teachings, the repository of his hopes for their future realization. Bring all those memories, visions, yearnings, trusts, faiths—dreams of the good, never yet seen but by the inner sight of the woman-soul,—along, and let us set out for Beulah. Its blooming fields and fair mountains lie dim but sweet on the distant horizon. We will go over and possess them—a kingdom of our own. Why have we waited so long in bondage and darkness? Why submitted to the heaped-up wrongs of the ages? Patience very excellent: once admit the idea of a scheme, and some parts must necessarily arrive in the afternoon. Development presupposes the delay or withholding of things not yet developed. By the law of climax, these are not the unimportant parts. Woman's sovereignty has been long deferred, because of the preparation necessary for it. A John the Baptist must precede the Christ in the wilderness. Fiends robed and sceptred, once reigned over fiends clothed in skins and armed with broadsword and battle axe. To-day a *gentleman* or *gentlewoman* can sit secure on any throne of Christendom. While we congratulate ourselves, let us not deny that the Tamerlanes, the Alarics, the Napoleons have had their share in the intermediate work of preparation.

Not always, as it seems to us, do the swiftest and clearest methods find favor with these hard-pressed worthies, but rather such methods as they can employ; and in time, as we see, the work gets done.

Take our planet in the condition in which its first proprietor found it on his arrival, and you will see that the improvements would be a heavy item in transactions with a real-estate broker for it. Liberal governments established—Canton, Paris, London, New York built—grain fields, mills, patent offices, world's fairs, electric telegraphs, ocean steamers, ironclads, Central Park, show a long road travelled, and much rough, terrible, fearful work done by the way—work which has developed a condition for the exercise of the fine sovereignty of woman's pure, gentle, loving, harmonious nature—road which leads by divine intention to her empire. If the hand which has opened it has been red at times, let us remember that no purer color could have been preserved in the Thermopylæ—if the heart has been hard, that a softer one would have been surely defeated and we disadvantaged. Well could we afford to abide in the twilight-land when such struggle was going forward in our behalf, when the sunshine was descending upon such seedtime of the ages—to whose harvest we are drawing nigh.

The sceptre of Supreme Use on the earth is to the hand that is sovereign for that use. In its day every other power is subordinate to that, for it is the nature of sovereignty to be unitary, whether lodged in an idea or a person. It is because of this that personal sovereignty has been indispensable to human progress. Nothing could reign over the strong, undeveloped, turbulent brute life of the early and middle ages but the tremendous will and self-love of a man great according to his time—Charlemagne, Peter of Russia, Henry of Navarre.

And shall we complain that a development is a slow which began with a Soudanese, a Papuan, and gives us now a Ruskin and an Emerson—that a career is tedious which opened, if you please, on Ararat, and has trailed its waxing splendors up to the Free Ameri-

can States—the libraries, the art galleries, the penetrating humanities which characterize the nineteenth century? For one, I cannot. Beulah has stood adjourned from Eden till now—wisely, needfully adjourned; and woman will enter its boundaries gratefully and gracefully, as a queen waited for and desired: grateful for the gift to the One who gave it in the Great Distribution—graceful in the reception of a right from him whose ages of struggle have made smooth her road to it.

What will she be therein? What will her life be? I close my eyes to the Actual around me, and I see her in that high land whose plains spread above the mountain peaks that surround us here. I see a creature whom the poets have sung, the artists have painted and chiselled, and the common heart of mankind has longed for, prayed for, and, in its hours of high communion, has trusted and believed in with the utter faith of a child in its mother's love. I see a being whom the pure, divine Imagination, the eye of God dimmed in man, has foreseen.

I see her not a dream—not an airy form haunting the unreal walks of night, to vanish when cockcrow recalls us to the cares of household life, the fields of labor, the paths of effort. No, but an enduring, very real, very practical embodiment of the poet's ideal, with new powers and relations illustrating its harmony in and fitness for the world that is purified and sanctified by its presence. There to my eye

Her shape arises:

She less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever;

The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled;

She knows the thoughts as she passes—nothing is concealed from her;

She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore;

She is the best beloved—it is without exception—she has no reason to fear, and she does not fear;

Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, smutty expressions, are idle to her as she passes;

She is silent—she is possessed of herself—they do not offend her;
 She receive them as the laws of nature receive them—she is strong;
 She, too, is a law of nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

I look beneath the ethereal drapery of qualities in which the prophetic imagination has clothed her, and central to them all I find a new phenomenon—the latest of the ages—**TRUE WOMANHOOD**. From this proceeds the veiled glory hitherto seen but by poet's eye—not far hence to be felt and known of all. For it is no longer the vision of a distant and dim land, separated from this actual present by a fathomless abyss. Out of the yawning chasm that has divided that from this there rise to-day, clear, shining, visible to open eyes, the everlasting pillars of truth, which will shortly bridge it and make broad the road thither, so that neither he who walks straight with exact step between the pales of science, nor he outside wending, heedless, with wide-wandering eyes and feet who stumbles along, shall miss it.

A being planted above man, taking root where he blooms, in the pure affections, flowering in the high airs which he dreams of but sees not, or sees only in moments of inspiration from her—a being, who, more complex on her physical side, is therefore more affluent on her spiritual—who, from the established premises of science, demands not new, but the very largest deductions to reach the borders of her life—a being whose support with the earth-life is widened and strengthened by each added organ, function, susceptibility—whose divine support is opened, established, confirmed in increased degrees over man's by each womanly inlet to the spiritual nature—I see such a being irradiating the future years and paths of my race, and my soul grows strong and glad at the sight. In her the self-love of man is replaced by love; ambition pales its ineffectual fires in the light of that pure, undying flame of

aspiration which her soul feeds; patriotism, ashamed of its narrowness, unfolds shining pinions over humanity, and becomes philanthropy; pleasure retreats in her wornout, patched-up harlequin robes; and happiness, pure, clean, bright from the sweet inner chambers of the soul, takes her place.

Life acknowledges a higher fealty. With the new sovereign, new aims, new standards, new methods for the improvement of humanity.

Under the masculine dynasty we have had force, organization, investigation, discovery, experiment—methods violent, harsh, selfish, slow, confused, chaotic: a magnanimous career at intervals spanning the wide weltering strife, as a bow the stormy heavens; noble deeds, not a few, shining out of the darkness here and there; real victory crowning the crests of the rolling sea now and then, and casting where they have shone long shadows over the waters darkened with selfish contention around them. Power under this reign has been applied to the multiplication of external resources, means, opportunities for the race. It has clothed the earth with them in forms so numerous, so varied—so good, so bad, so indifferent—so noble, so mean—so rich, so poor—so high, so low; that the most active memory of the longest life fails to furnish the catalogue of them. It professes human good; it cultivates personal good, family good, community good, or, at the largest, national good. But whatever the stature it attains, its methods are through external appeals to the soul—influences from without. Its common theology steadily refused for eighteen hundred years to credit the union of the divine with the human in the soul of mankind. Its deductive intellect is blind to truth till her presence is proved by facts—as if we would hale an archangel, with the shining light of the upper world yet flowing adown him, before the police magistrate, and swear the butchers and the newsboys on the

question of identity. Its Art is timid, thin, and self-distrusting, because the Ideal is flouted as worthy only of women, dreamers, and liberal ministers—the silver wing of imagination is rarely loosed but to be soon folded in humiliation before the reproof of the exacting senses. Its statesmanship is smart, crafty, treacherous, because it cherishes a state, a nation, rather than humanity. Its jurisprudence is a gigantic, vigilant detective, dealing with a population of suspects. Its physical methods only are uniformly clear, honorable, straight-forward though. Even these in times and places might be nobler, more open; but it fights well, labors well, cultivates well, invents well, manufactures well, because in these it is dealing chiefly between its native elements, force and matter;—but being characteristically inductive, it cannot deal liberally with human nature, lacking the ideal of it, the faith in it, the reverence for it which are the only sustaining root of such behavior toward it.

Under the new sovereignty, the methods, like the power employing them, will have their nearest relations with the interior life. They will draw helps from the outward; and here the glory of man as a creator of conditions and opportunities, will be first measured and fully appreciated, for it is the woman only who can penetrate his works, draw thence their full significance and value, transmute their evils to goods, and incorporate their best spirit in humanity. It is a great thing to create that which helps any human soul to be diviner than without such help it would be. It is greater to develop conditions which establish and confirm true relations between the soul and its helps. It is greatest to create the soul to be divine—with helps, or in spite of hindrances. The first is eminently the office of the masculine. The second is shared between it and the feminine, with a preponderance to the latter; and the last belongs so exclusively to woman, that the day

of its doing is necessarily the day of her sovereignty.

The divine, artistic, harmonious creation of the human spirit in the divine, artistic, harmonious human body, this is the grand function of the feminine era. For this it is that woman has those special finer endowments which in all ages have distinguished her from man, and foreshown a higher life for her in some future—some Beulah, visible to eyes that could o'ershoot the bounds of the passing age. Wanting this power, preparing the day of its advent, John Baptist has toiled, sweated, groaned, fumed, devastated in his wilderness, to touch its hither border at last in this pregnant nineteenth century. Age of revolution—age of wonders!—of which the very greatest are, I think, the beginnings we already see of settlement here. As a question, that of woman is not an old one. There can be no Woman Question among any people till it is advanced enough to ask for better methods than man's. When this stage is reached, life is ripe for the advent of woman—it appeals to her to come forward. It prepares better conditions, that it may invite her—opens fields, that it may engage her powers—seeks to clothe her in a real dignity, of which she has before worn rather the semblance than itself. Society, obeying the higher view of her, enacts new laws for her enlargement, modifies or sets aside social canons which restricted and warped and suppressed her, and begins with these movements to find itself enriched by the presence of finer influences, led upward to more exalted standards, penetrated with a subtler humane sentiment than it before knew.

Yet with all these movements in her favor, woman, bone of man's bone, remains a bone of contention to him, till nature, read truly and trusted reverently, is allowed to lead him as a little child by the hand and show him woman's real kingdom. He must not look on it with a timid or a grudging eye. A

Chinese mandarin in California, becoming acquainted with the fact that American women could read and write and be trusted with accounts, replied, with a warning shake of the head, 'If he readee, writee, by and by he lickee all the men.' Does this apprehension possibly extend beyond the Celestial Empire? It will not be expressed, I know, but there is much unexpressed feeling which is none the less real for its silence.

'Every woman is an embodied revolution, now-a-days,' said a lank, grumbling dyspeptic, while the autumn leaves of '62 yet hung in bright profusion on the bordering forests of the Hudson. 'If you had said every woman is in these days an embodied revelation,' was the superb reply, 'you would have done both truth and my sex more even justice.' Man must not fear woman, for whatever nature designed for her is not only inevitable, but is his only means of salvation. He need not fear her, for she is the daughter of nature, so full of loyalty and filial devotion to her mother, that no wide or continued departure from her designs is possible. He will not fear her when he is religious enough to feel that each natural revolution is a step in the march up-

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ward, ordered in its season as calmly and inexorably as were the secondary rocks laid down when the primary had been prepared for receiving them, as the nebulous vapor is consolidated into a planet or sun, or the morning-glory brought forth of its sown seed. He will be comforted, too, by remembering that natural revolution does never dethrone. It only enthrones above the present ruler. Work out your kingdom. Define and fill its bounds and metes, and never will usurper's foot print its soil. No invasion of your sovereignty is possible. The magnetisms of the universe hold you there, and every other being outside—an infallible police, bent on the protection of your rights, charged to secure them to you without so much as a flaw in their finest edges. Nature knows your kingdom, and charges all yet unsettled parties to go aside. But in the coming cycles she will develop others above it.

The wheel revolves. You can only remain at the summit by its standing still. It is not your degradation, but another's glory, that is sought. Open your eyes to the scheme: look adown its vistas of grandeur, and at every step taken above you, you will sing, Hosanna! We also rise by your ascent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MYSTERIES OF LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.
By HORACE WELBY. New York: James
S. Gregory.

A VERY suggestive book, full of manifold and curious research. The author, in his preface, says: 'It has been undertaken with the view of concentrating within its focus the views and opinions of some of the leading writers of the present day, and, by placing them before the reader in a popular form and setting, adapt them for a larger class than would be likely to consult the authorities themselves whence the substance of this volume has been derived. In virtue of the Scriptural character of the subjects, the rewards will be a special blessing on those who read and understand them; the interpretations and inferences, in many instances, being the deductions of men venerated for their piety and learning in ministering the most precious of all knowledge—the inestimable comfort of the hope that is in us.'

The work which the author proposed to himself has been well done. A single glance at the index would be sufficient to assure the reader of the great variety of subjects embraced in these carefully selected extracts. Although from so many different sources, a unity of subject gives them unity of interest. The book contains a valuable array of the best thoughts, impressions, and beliefs of the most distinguished minds on the phenomena of life, death, and futurity.

THE FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1863.

THE name of Miss Mulock is sufficient guarantee that the little ones will find abundance of entertainment, and no harmful matter in the pretty 'Fairy Book' published by Harper & Brothers. The tales are well selected and well told. Bits of quaint humor are interspersed through the narratives, in-

creasing their interest to both old and young, and lightening the labor of the 'reader out' by many a pleasant smile. Mothers cannot fail to find this judicious collection an assistance in their labors, and an agreeable addition to the library of their young people.

LETTERS FROM ITALY AND SWITZERLAND. By FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. Translated from the German by LADY WALLACE, with a Biographical Notice by JULIE DE MARGUERITES. Published by Frederick Leypoldt, Philadelphia. 1863. For sale by F. W. Christern, 783 Broadway, New York, and A. K. Loring, 319 Washington Street, Boston.

AGAIN are we indebted to Mr. Leypoldt for a delightful book, a truthful record of feeling from the hand of a man noted for purity of life, scholarship, and an enviable reputation in the world of music. The letters are such as we should expect from the character of Mendelssohn's compositions—pure, elegant, fanciful, flowing, serious, and dignified, but without the passionate intensity, the soul-searching pathos and energy characterizing spirits deeply acquainted with the bitterest griefs incident to humanity, griefs arising either from without or within. Rich, handsome, and happily married, he was not exposed to the many privations and trials generally pertaining to artist life; his amiable character drew round him many friends, and his wealth enabled him to bring out his works during his own lifetime, and thus make them known under the most favorable auspices. He was indeed, as Goethe said of him, 'born on a lucky day.' The translation is beautifully executed, and we hope the tasteful little volume may receive a substantial welcome from our reading public.

LILIAN. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THIS is a novel of considerable ability. The story is exciting and interesting, the scenes varied, the descriptions vivid, and the

denouement well imagined and sustained. There are no dull pages in the book. There is much to praise, but something also to regret. There is a want of calm, of continuity in the style. The sentences are short and closely cut, falling upon the ear more like the broken rattling of hailstones than the full flowing music of a strong deep river. Such a style, introduced at proper intervals and in appropriate positions, is frequently very effective; but, when long continued, it grows wearisome and monotonous. As our late writers are much given to it, they should be on their guard lest it become a national characteristic.

OUT-DOOR PAPERS. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE articles contained in this book are: Saints and their Bodies; Physical Courage; A Letter to a Dyspeptic; The Murder of the Innocents; Barbarism and Civilization; Gymnastics; A New Counterblast; The Health of Our Girls; April Days; My Out-Door Study; Water Lilies; The Life of Birds; The Procession of the Flowers; Snow.

This work was received by us too late to give it, in our July number, that meed of attention and praise so justly its due. Fortunately it requires no words from us to introduce it to notice; some of its articles, having been already published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are already known to and valued by some of the highest minds among us. The book is written by an ardent admirer but close observer of nature, and is full of tender tracteries, of rainbow-hued fancies, and marked by the keen insight of a glowing and far-reaching imagination. The chapter on 'Snow' is one of the most exquisite things ever written, pure, chaste, and delicately cut as the starry crystals it so lovingly commemorates. Nor is the 'Procession of the Flowers' less admirable. In all their simple loveliness they rise from earth, and bloom before us as we read. Writers of such high finish, such delicate perceptions of beauty as T. W. Higginson, are seldom characterized by great originality—his expletives and imagery are as original as tender and beautiful. His illustrations are never morbid, but ever strong and healthful. If he be, as we have been informed he is, the Colonel Higgin-

son now acting in the service of his country, Heaven preserve the life of the patriot, poet, and scholar—for such men are jewels in our national crown of glory!

Mr. Higginson says: 'If, in the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to his page the fragrance of this spray of azalea beside me, what a wonder it would seem!—and yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness which summer insects haunt and the Spirit of the Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men. There is no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words—none so graceful, none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with nature; nor is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high.'

To this very height of human art has Mr. Higginson, in the article from which the above is a quotation, himself attained!

IN THE TROPICS. By a Settler in Santo Domingo. With an Introductory Notice by RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Undercurrents,' &c. Carleton, publisher. 1868.

A 'SETTLER IN SANTO DOMINGO' has given us a good book—a fresh, wholesome, and evidently truthful narrative of his everyday experience in the tropics. It is a book eminently *sui generis*, reminding one of Robinson Crusoe or Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast.' There is a gentle earnestness, a mild yet positive concentration of purpose about it, that enlists our sympathies from the start. The young farmer's mind is on his work. We suspect he has capacities outside of his cornfield and yuca patch, but to this point in the record before us he gives no clue. He is a farmer, and nothing else. The bright-winged birds flit and gleam and twitter in the evergreen woods about him, but his hand is on the plough and his ear drinks in only the music of his panting team. From his window, looking eastward, he sees the advance beams of the sun flung across the savanna: he takes the hint, and hurries out to look after his young plantains. At

night the sea keeps up its everlasting chant by the side of his *palanca*, and the pure stars watch over his humble roof; yet, unconscious of both, he sleeps on the calm deep sleep appointed as the best recompense of honest toil.

The author of 'In the Tropics' is a young man born and reared on a farm in the interior of the State of New York, who was afterward condemned to what seemed to him the perpetual servitude of a clerk's life in the city. Weary and heart-sick he yearns for a better existence. Not little Nell beseeching her grandfather to leave the dark rooms and melancholy houses of her abhorrence, and go out into the open country and sleep in fields and under trees and have the sun and wind upon their faces, has a more intense loathing of the dull, artificial routine of town life than he. His escape is easily managed, and his transition to the cheerful freedom of a widely different career is so speedy and so satisfying that he is in no mood to dwell upon the monotonous past. We get an estimate of the bondage from which he has fled by the tone of pleasant surprise and buoyant gratitude with which he welcomes the commonest gifts of mother nature. He is as impenetrable as a schoolboy let loose for the long vacation.

There is a vein of loving trustfulness pervading his narrative that is really touching. Our young, vigorous, and hearty settler, glorying in his privilege to struggle, achieve, and conquer difficulties, is too proud to be ashamed of his dependence on Him who appointed the planets to their courses, and is not un-mindful of a sparrow's fall. How fine and delicately tender is this retrospective glance at the close of his monthly record for April!

'Four months have fled away like a busy though pleasant dream since I laid myself down to my first night's repose in my homestead. The Giver of all good gifts has crowned my poor efforts with his tender mercies, and as I look up from these pages through the arcade of fruit-bearing trees and onward to the gentle hill-slope now green with springing corn, and beautiful in the promise of future abundance, I feel a perfect and grateful trust—far, far too deep for my weak powers of utterance—that He will never forsake the humble laborer in this fair field of His creation.'

And he is instructive withal. His book is a perfect *vade mecum* for beginners in trop-

ical farming. To such it is literally 'guide, counsellor, and friend.' Colonists going out to Santo Domingo will do well to include a copy in their outfit, and, as far as practicable, follow in the footsteps of their sturdy and genial predecessor.

The reader need not expect to find in this work a sensation story. It is anything but that. Neither, being exclusively descriptive of the beneficent arts of peace, can it in any sense come under the head of what is termed war literature. Yet it is safe to affirm that without the great rebellion this book had never been written. It is full of novel, picturesque, and widely suggestive ideas. Some of its statements tear away old fallacies as by a cannon ball. For instance, where the young settler states as matter of experience:

'Those who say the treasures of the tropics are to be best won by the brute force of ignorant labor, cannot have studied with sufficient patience the march of invention. Intelligent laborers, men who know how to make wood and iron do their harvest work to the sparing of human sinews, men who can work steam in harness, these are what is wanted here. Those, too, are mistaken who fancy that no skin but a black one can cover the firm muscle and vigorous endurance of a perfect and hardy manhood. The most manly workers I have seen in this country are *white men*. They know how to obtain and use the best class of labor-saving machines, and they trust no one but themselves to manage them, for they know that superior implements and the recklessness of brute force don't work well together. Under the warm sun of the tropics white men and machinery will yet open the grandest field of civilization.'

This goes to confirm us in the opinion we have long entertained and advanced in these pages, that the result of the great political change we are now undergoing will be for the benefit of white men. It has been so often asserted that only black men can work in the tropics, that people have come to acquiesce in the statement without investigation. The record of this work is to the point in helping to dispel so widespread a delusion.

Whoever, at this delightful season, wishes to enjoy a book written in pure, gushing English, attuned to the gentle harmonies of nature, and be refreshed by sympathy with its kind and grateful spirit, will not fail to read 'In the Tropics.'

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS work is issued in semi-monthly numbers, at twenty-five cents per number, appearing about the first and fifteenth of each month. The introduction contains a succinct account of the formation of the Confederacy of the States; the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and the establishment of the National Government; the origin, development, and progress of the doctrines of nullification and secession, and the various phases which they assumed until their final culmination in the Great Rebellion.

The illustrations comprise portraits of those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle; maps of the different localities; plans of the leading actions; views of scenes of interest and of the most important battles.

The work is profusely and graphically illustrated, and we think this serial cannot fail to become popular. We learn much and readily through the eye, and the importance of faithfully executed pictures can scarcely be overestimated. The portraits given in the work are *portraits*, and not *caricatures*. It contains a careful, comprehensive, and minute record of the progress of the war, and is written with ability and spirit. It promises to be impartial, accurate, and artistic.

THE NORTH PACIFIC REVIEW. A Journal of Literature, History, Science, Correspondence, and Fine Arts. San Francisco: Dalglish & Co., publishers and proprietors.

THE CONTINENTAL extends a warm greeting to her sister of the West, feeling not only the strong bonds of the literary amenities, but the far stronger ties of patriotism and loyalty, so ably defined in the opening article

of the *North Pacific*. Loyalty is indeed something more than fidelity to one's country and Government, based upon a sense of interest or of obligation: it is *fidelity based upon love*.

Young and glorious West! May such loyalty ever distinguish you, and such feelings link in close and ever closer union the children of the Atlantic and Pacific shores! On the maintenance of such love hangs the whole future of humanity!

SANDERS' UNION FOURTH READER; embracing a full Exposition of the Principles of Rhetorical Reading, with numerous exercises for practice, both in prose and poetry, various in style, and carefully adapted to the purposes of teaching in schools of every grade. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A. M. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

A VALUABLE aid to scholar and teacher. The selections have been made with great care, and give evidence of refined taste, and, while perfectly adapted for practice in rhetorical reading, are admirably calculated to quicken the moral perceptions and awaken the finer sensibilities of the scholar.

RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, author of a 'Treatise on Human Physiology,' &c., &c. Harper and Brother, publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

A BOOK apparently of great erudition and research. Being received too late for reading, and reviewing in the July number of THE CONTINENTAL, it is our intention to return to it in our August issue.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

WE do not ordinarily feel disposed to criticize the articles of our contributors; nor do we feel disposed now to do more than to offer a brief suggestion in reference to a philosophical position assumed by the author of an interesting article in our last number, entitled, 'TOUCHING THE SOUL.' The writer assumes that matter and spirit are so utterly opposite in their respective natures that they cannot be made to act together in any way. For instance, he says: 'Here again the argument is clinched by the mere distinction between matter and spirit, the one being the very antipodes of, and incapable of acting upon the other.' And again: 'To sum up the whole argument in a single sentence, the physical senses are dependent for their perceptions upon the action of matter, and hence spirit, which is not matter, can in no way affect them.'

Unquestionably this statement is contradictory in itself, and, at all events, cannot possibly be sustained to the extent of the assertion. The actual existence of the soul in the body, and the perception of physical objects and effects by the senses, are proofs undeniable that in this instance, at least, there are mutual action and reaction between matter and spirit. If it be said that this connection of the soul with the organized frame is the only condition in which the material and immaterial are known to be capable of acting upon each other, it is yet wholly inaccurate and unphilosophical to say that this mutual action is impossible.

But, in truth, the assertion is unphilosophical and incorrect in a far wider sense, and in reference to a much more extensive range of phenomena than those which concern the mysterious relations of the soul with the human body. Throughout all nature are to be seen the plainest indications of the influence and operation of spirit on the material world. It is spirit only which animates, informs, and

shapes the whole universe. Wherever law prevails (and where does it not?) there is intelligence, spirit, soul, acting to sustain it, during every moment of its operation. Indeed it is doubtful whether any other than spiritual power is to be found anywhere in nature. It seems to be too obvious a truth to admit of any doubt or question, that matter, if it be of a nature opposite to that of spirit, has been created as the instrument of soul, having properties suited to the harmonious coöperation of the two, in their respective purposes in nature. To represent matter as something wholly antagonistic to spirit and incapable of any relations with it, is to ignore all our own experience, and the significance of all the grand phenomena of nature.

However great may be the distinction between matter and spirit, the Creator has evidently established the closest relationship between them. All that we can ever know of matter arises from its power to affect the soul,—through the senses while we remain in the body, whatever may be its relations to the spirit in another state of existence. If we take, for instance, the inertia of matter, and consider it philosophically, we can make of it nothing more than a power of resistance, or persistence, residing in certain points, which we call particles of matter. The same is true of attraction and repulsion. These are forces residing in the same points; and these forces are all we know, or can know, about them. So of the sensible qualities of matter; color, for instance. This is merely the power of the same points, to cause vibrations in an elastic medium; and these, acting on the sensorium, communicate sensations, and become the basis of ideas in the soul. Who can say this subtle power, residing in the points which we call particles of matter, is not spiritual in its nature? Or, indeed, who can affirm, with absolute certainty, that there is anything else known to us in the universe, except that which is kin-

ded to the soul by its power to communicate with and inform it. From the very dawn of our existence we have been encased in what we call matter, and have derived all our education from it. It is the only medium by which we communicate with each other; nor have we any other means of climbing up to a knowledge of God himself. We do not mean to say that the spirit of man has no faculties for a direct perception of divine influences; but simply that the material world is the appointed instrument for educating the human soul, through the senses, to the consciousness and intelligent use of its highest and noblest faculties.

By human means, and, also, by all the tremendous operations of nature, so far as they are known to man, matter is wholly indestructible. No instance is known, from the beginning of creation, in which a single particle of matter has been annihilated. Can anything more be said of the soul? Or should we not rather feel relieved, and freed from much doubt, if we had an equal assurance of the continued existence of the soul after the great change which separates it from the body? May we not, at least, without any humiliation, admit our kindred to the dust in which we dwell, and recognize in it a creation, coeval with the soul and intended for its use, with points of contact and mutual coöperation, which render matter and spirit not wholly at war with each other, but united in a common destiny, to be continued at least as long as the duration of the human race on the surface of the earth?

As to the singular phenomena to which our author intends to apply his argument, we can only say that they cannot be disproved in the mode attempted. We have no such knowledge of the facts as would enable us to form any opinion on the subject. But if many good men have not been egregiously deceived, the phenomena in question indicate the speedy discovery of relations not hitherto suspected to exist between matter and spirit. We do not anticipate the development of any other than natural laws. We are not credulous as to the interference of supernatural agencies; but we are fully prepared for almost any discoveries in the department of psychology, unveiling the mysterious but unquestionable relations of harmony—of action and reaction—existing between the soul of man and the universe of God.

ON HORSEBACK.

THOSE who have scanned with critical eye the cavalry regiments that have lately trooped through our cities from various States of the Union, on their way to the banks of the Potomac, must in candor, if with reluctance, acknowledge that we are not just yet a nation of horsemen. That our troopers have got a knack of 'sticking on' we will admit; but there are ways of fulfilling that necessary condition with more ease to the horse, more grace in the action, and more certainty of being able to use the weapons with precision, than the present very unartistic method common to horsemen generally in most parts of the country. Within a quarter of a century much improvement has taken place in the system of equestrianism under which the cavalry riders of Europe are instructed. Years ago, the long stirrups, such as our dragoons for the most part ride with, were taken up some inches by the riding masters of the British and other foreign services. It was the superior horsemanship of riders brought up in that best of all riding schools, the fox-hunting field, that first drew the attention of cavalry teachers to the necessity of affording a firmer *appui* to the horseman than he can obtain from stirrups, to keep his feet in contact with which he is obliged to point his toes downward with painful perseverance. *Alas!* the good 'hunting horsemen,' as they are termed, of England and Ireland, ride with short stirrups. So do the Cossack cavalry, the best troop horsemen, perhaps, in the world. The Arab rides with very short stirrups, which makes him look, when mounted, as if he were sitting on a low chair. But the seat thus obtained by the Arab is not one for men who have to gallop across a country intersected with fences and other obstacles. In stirrups, as in most other things, there is a *juste milieu*; and if the American dragoon is on one side of that, so is the Arab of the Desert on the other. The late Capt. Nolan, who fell in the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, did much to introduce a perfect system of horsemanship into cavalry regiments. He published a work upon the subject, in which he advocates the short stirrup, and bases his system, generally, upon the hunting style of horsemanship. We have seen some very bad riders among British cavalry officers, brought up in the old-school method

of seat and hand. Indeed, some satirical writer or another has said there are two professional classes to whom it is impossible to impart the art of horsemanship—sailors and cavalry officers: but that was going a trifle too far, as we have seen specimens of both the one and the other capable of acquitting themselves very well 'across country,' which is the test, *par excellence*, of good riding. That was in later days, however, and since the reforms of the riding master.

IN spite of some repulsive features, we insert the accompanying picture. The subject chosen is not of that character which the highest genius loves to depict; yet it is vigorously drawn, and doubtless true to nature. At the present time it may be useful as a fair representation of many specimens of the boasted Southern cavalier.—F. P. S.

THE SOUTHERN COLONEL.

Strolling, one morning in 1847, into a Virginia barroom, I accosted a little, puffy-looking man with "Major, can you"—whereupon, drawing up like a bantam, he snapped out, "You're mistaken; I am a colonel;" the colonel being in those days as peculiar to Southern society as the cross to southern constellations. I proceeded to anatomize this representative specimen.

Where he obtained his title no one knew. Some thought it hereditary, his grandfather having been a colonel in the Revolution; others supposed it to have been won by conducting the Mexican campaign in the columns of the *Warrior*, after the manner of modern editors; and a few ignorant souls believed he had been born with it in his mouth, instead of a silver spoon. As to the man himself, his great-great-grandmother was a Huguenot; his grandissimo-grandfather came over with Lafayette, and when he made affirmation on "my stars and garters," he was supposed to have reference to certain insignia of nobility, heirlooms in the family from the time of Charlemagne. He had not stature enough for tallness, nor bulk enough for breadth, in his figure resembled the wooden soldiers in the panorama of Bunker Hill, who ran down hill at

every fire without moving their legs, and, like a kangaroo, had small feet and head in proportion. He made his front hair into a curl, hanging over his nose, like an index finger, and signed his initials with astonishing flourish, G. B. A., usually rendered by the boys "Great Big Ayree." He spent the winter dormant, like a polar bear, and, in summer, like chaste Diana, followed the hunt, took his morals from Tom Paine, and was, as he said of himself, neither a good Christian nor a bad infidel. He entered Government service in his youth, got drunk, and had been in that condition ever since, varied by occasionally getting gloriously drunk. The only difference between him and a sot was drinking his liquors genteelly from his own cellar, and lying in bed when a sot lies in the gutter. When he was beastliest, he made frequent allusions to the cooling board, referring to a revel, in which, having covered himself with glory, he awoke from a dead drunk to find himself arrayed in his shroud, since which he has been in the habit of designating himself a resurrectionist. He sported an immense diamond, represented to be one of the honors awarded him by Government, and loaded himself with rings, chains, and charms, which gave him resemblance to the show figure in a jeweller's window. He had a passion for the drama, was forever posting to the city to inspect debutantes and prima donnas, was a connoisseur of women, and considered a young girl, who knew "the times that try men's souls" to be a quotation from Tom Paine, the most astonishing specimen that had ever come under his observation. He was the victim of scandal, and usually finished his anathemas on the village gossips by wishing that they were in "Father Abraham's bosom or some other old gentleman's." He attended all the fashionable soirees, and might generally be heard informing his friends that the next piece on the programme "is brandy smash and cocktails." He had a habit of mistaking his quotations, and had been known to declare, in his fits of drunken aberration, that he could say with John Quincy Adams, "I still live." At last accounts he had joined a rebel company, which mustered twelve guns and an officer for every private.

A. JACK STONE.

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. IV.—AUGUST, 1863.—No. II.

OUR FUTURE.

IN these exciting times, when our country is enduring the throes of political convulsion, and every time-honored institution, every well-regulated law of society seems tottering from the broad foundation of the past, how few are there who ask themselves the question, What is to be our future? For the past two years we have lived in a state of extraordinary and unnatural excitement, beside which the jog-trot existence of the former days, with all its periodical excitements, its hebdomadal heavings of the waves of society, pales into insignificance. Like the grave, with its eternal 'Give! give!' our appetites, stimulated to a morbid degree by their daily food of marvels, cry constantly for more; and a lull of but a few brief months in the storm whose angry pinions are constantly bringing new wonders to our view, begets an almost insupportable *ennui* in the public mind, and a restlessness among the masses, such as our history has never before shown. Nor will the craving be satiated so long as the war shall last; for the stirring events, following so closely upon each other, and filling every hour of our national life, will keep up the unnatural excitement, even as the stimulating effect of alco-

holic drinks is prolonged by repeated draughts. Only when the source is entirely cut off will the stimulus pass away; and then, when peace is established, and we drop again into the ruts and grooves of the olden days, the reaction will set in, and happy shall we be if it is not followed by a political *delirium tremens*.

To-day we are living in and for the present alone. Men's minds are so completely absorbed in the wonderful events that are constantly passing around them, in the startling *dénouements* that each day brings forth, that their attention is entirely distracted from that future to which we are inevitably tending. And this not because that future is of little importance, but because nearer and more vital interests are staring us in the face, in which it is involved, and upon which it depends—a nearer and more portentous future, which we must ourselves control and shape, else the farther state will be utterly beyond our influence, fixed in the channel of a malignant and ever-groveling fate. The great question now is, how soonest to end the war prosperously to ourselves; and until this problem, involving our very existence, is solved, the future, with all its prospects, good

or bad, is left to take care of itself, and rightly, too; for in the event of our present success, our future will be in our own hands, while, if we fail, it will be fixed and irrevocable, without the slightest reference to our interests or our exertions. And yet, natural as this fact may seem, it is a little singular that, while thousands of minds are eagerly searching for light upon the question of the future of the American negro, few are found to inquire what is to be our own. Strange that one exciting topic should so fill men's minds and monopolize their sympathies as to entirely exclude other questions of greater importance, and bearing more directly upon our present and vital interests. Yet so it is, and so it has been in all ages of the world, though, happily, the hallucination does not last for any very extended period; for there is a compensation in human as well as in inanimate nature, which, in its own good time, brings mind to its proper balance by the harsh remedy of severe and present necessity, and so retrieves the errors of a blind past.

Yet, absorbed as is the popular mind in the stirring events of the war, and dull as all other themes may seem in comparison, it may not be without interest to examine, in connection with our future, some of those facts which are now floating about at random on the surface of society, waiting for some hand to gather and arrange them in the treasure house of prophecy. And in so doing, let it be premised that we proceed entirely upon the hypothesis—which to every truly loyal mind is already an established truth—of the ultimate success and complete triumph of the North in the present contest. For in any other event all these facts are dumb, and the inferences to be drawn from them vague and unsatisfactory, absolutely no better than mere random conjecture. And as the war has now become the great fact in our history, and its effects must modify our whole social life for many years to come, its

results must not be neglected in an investigation of this kind, but, on the contrary, claim our first attention.

First and foremost, then, among the lasting results of the war, will be the *arousing of our nationality*. To the majority of readers it will seem the climax of heresy to assert that hitherto we have not known a pure and lofty nationality. What! you will ask, did not our ancestors, by their sufferings and strivings in that war which first made our land famous throughout the civilized world, bestow upon us a separate, true, and noble national existence? Have we not twice humbled the pride of the most powerful nation upon earth? Have we not covered the seas with our commerce, and brought all nations to pay tribute to our great staples? Have we not taken the lead in all adventurous and eminently practical enterprises, and is not our land the home of invention and the foster mother of the useful arts? Has not the whole world gazed with admiring wonder at our miraculous advancement in the scale of national existence? In a word, have we not long since become a great, established fact, as well in physical history as in the sublime record of that intellectual progress whereby humanity draws constantly nearer to the divine? And as for patriotic feeling, do we not yearly burn tons of powder on the all-glorious Fourth of July, and crack our throats with huzzas for the 'star-spangled banner' and the American eagle? And a caviller might perhaps go farther, and ask the significant question, Are we not known all over the world as a race of arrant braggarts?

Grant all these things, and we are yet as far from that true, firm, self-relying, high-toned nationality which alone is worthy of the name, as when the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth rock. Our patriotism has hitherto been too utterly heartless—too much a thing of sounding words and meaningless phrases—too much of the 'soun'

brass and tinkling cymbal.' We have built too much upon the exploits of our ancestors, reposed too long upon their laurels, forgetting that their efforts were but the initiatory step in the great contest that was to be carried on by succeeding generations; forgetting that we have still a destiny to work out for ourselves, a niche to secure in the great temple of humanity, obstacles to surmount, difficulties to overcome, bitter and deadly foes to vanquish. And how totally devoid of heart have been even our celebrations of our great national birthday and holiday! While we have amused ourselves with the explosion of crackers and blowing off of our neighbors' arms by premature discharges of rusty cannon, while we have rent the air with squibs, shouts, and exclamations, and listened to the periodical and hackneyed outbursts of oratorical gas, how few of us have remembered the deep significance of the day, and felt our hearts swell with genuine patriotic emotion! How few of us have realized that we were celebrating not merely the establishing of a form of government, the severing of galling bonds which bound us to the servitude of the old world, not merely the birthday of independence and of a nation, but the birthday of an immortal principle, whose beneficent effects were not more for us than for the generations of all succeeding time! The masses saw in that day but an universal *fête*, a day of national relaxation and enjoyment, and neither thought or cared much about its deep meaning; while to the few, the thinking men alone, appeared the principle which underlay all this festivity and vociferation. Henceforth this will not be so. We have lived so long and so undisturbed in the enjoyment of our political blessings, that we have not appreciated our favored lot; but now, when for the first time in our history treason has boldly lifted its head, and traitors have endeavored to deprive us of all our most cherished blessings—to strike at the very root of all that is

good and pure in our political system—now for the first time do we see those blessings in their true light, and realize their inestimable value. Now that the prestige of our greatness threatens to depart from us, do we first see the glorious destiny which the great God of nature has marked out for us. Now for the first time do we realize that we have a purpose in life—that we are the exponents of one of the great truths of the universe itself, and appreciate the awful responsibility that rests upon us in the development of our great principle, as well as in protecting it from the inroads of error and corruption. And herein lies the great secret of all true national life. For no nation was ever yet truly great that had not constantly before it some lofty and ennobling object to direct all its strivings, some great central truths at its very core, continually working outward through all the great arterial ramifications of society, keeping up a brisk and healthy circulation by the force of its own eternal energy. Lack of a noble purpose, in nations as well as individuals, begets a vacillating policy, which is inevitably followed by degeneration and corruption. The soldier, who has passed many a weary month in the monotony of the camp, enduring all the hardships of rigorous winters and scorching summers, of fatigue and privation, and who has shed his blood upon many a hard-fought field, will learn to appreciate as he never has before the true value of that Government for which he has suffered so much, and, with the return of our armies to their homes, this sentiment will be diffused among the masses, and the lessons they have learned will be taught to their fellows: and this, together with the recognition of our true end and aim in existence—of the part which our country is destined to play in the great drama of life, will beget a noble, self-relying national pride, the very opposite pole to that senseless, loud-mouthed self-laudation which has too much characterized us in the days

gone by. The boaster betrays the consciousness of the very weakness he wishes to conceal; while 'still waters run deep,' and the man of true courage and strength is the man of few words and great deeds. So that arrant bragging which has hitherto been our besetting sin, and which, so long as our real importance in the affairs of the world was unacknowledged, was somewhat excusable, and perhaps even necessary to sustain a yet unestablished cause, will be necessary no longer when we have proved ourselves worthy of the position we claim, and will, with the newborn consciousness of our power and strength, pass away forever, and we shall work steadily on in our appointed course, leaving it to others to recognize and proclaim our worth, to sound the trumpet which we have so long been industriously blowing for ourselves, content to let our reputation bide its time and rest upon sterling deeds rather than upon pompous declamations and empty oratorical phrases. The deeds of our ancestors were great indeed, and their patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to a noble cause beyond a parallel: but even those will pale beside the present struggle of a full-grown nation at the very crisis of its fate; and the results which followed their efforts will be as nothing to those which shall flow from our battle of to-day. For while it was theirs to initiate, it is ours to develop and firmly establish; theirs to deliver the nation from the womb of centuries, ours to educate, to guard from danger through childhood and youth, to nurse through disease, to tone down the crudities of national hobble-de-hoy-dom, to fix and strengthen by judicious training the iron constitution, both mental and physical, which shall resist the ravages of disease and error for all time to come. How much more important, then, appears our mission than theirs! how much greater the responsibility which rests upon us to faithfully fulfil that mission! And this will be

the feeling of every true American. This will be the knowledge, gained by the bitterest experience, which will give us that nationality we have so long lacked.

And not a little conducive to the development of that new-found nationality will be the respect and admiration, not to say applause, which the display of our latent power and resources, the prosperous conduct and successful close of this the most gigantic struggle of history, will win for us from the nations of the Old World. And this brings me to the second beneficial effect of this war upon our future, namely, the establishment of our position among the great powers of the earth, and our relief from all future aggressions, encroachments, and annoyances of the mother country. From the day when our independence was declared, America has been an eyesore to all the leading Governments of Europe—the object of detraction and bitter hostility, of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. And though these feelings have been partially concealed under the cloak of studied politeness and false, hollow-hearted friendship, occasions enough have been given for them to break forth in sufficient intensity to establish beyond a question the fact of their existence. The apostles of despotic power have suffered no opportunity to escape of dealing a blow at our national existence: even the low and disreputable weapon of slander has been brought to bear against us, and we have been held up to mankind as a race of visionaries, of fanatical reformers, whose efforts have ever been to destroy all the honored landmarks of the past, and lead humanity back over the track of ages to the socialism of primitive existence. And it was but natural for us to expect little sympathy from their hands, for in our success lay the triumph of a principle which was deadly to all their cherished institutions—a principle which, once firmly established, must in time inevitably

spread beyond the waters, to the utter and eternal downfall of aristocracies and dynasties, since it is founded in one of the very first truths of universal human nature—in the recognition of the rights of the individual, and of the total dependence of the governing upon the governed. And yet they could not withhold their admiration of the indomitable energy and perseverance of the American race, and their wonder at our miraculous growth in enlightenment and power. Taught wisdom by the past, they dared not combine to crush us by brute force, and so they have waited and hoped for the downfall which they sincerely believed would, sooner or later, overtake us. England and France have ever hung about us like hungry wolves around the dying buffalo, waiting patiently for the hour when they might safely step in and claim the lion's share of the spoil. The crisis of our fate which they have so long awaited, they now fondly believe to be upon us; and old England, false, treacherous, cowardly, piratical England, fearful lest our native resources may enable us to weather the storm, has at last dropped the mask of a century, and openly encourages and abets the rebels and traitors who are desperately striving for our dismemberment, even furnishing them with the very bone and sinews of war, that they may compass their unholy ends, and effect the ruin which will give to her another fat colonial province. While the more wily French emperor, looking to our possible success, and anxious for a subterfuge beneath which he may skulk in that event, and so escape the retribution which will assuredly fall upon his head, has really outwitted his island rival, in his Mexican expedition, whereby he hoped to 'kill two birds with one stone,' securing, in either event, the richest portion of the American continent, and thereby establishing a foothold, that, in case of our ruin, he may be first 'in at the death,' and carry off the larger share of the booty.

And what will be the result? Checked, defeated, disgraced on the very threshold of his undertaking, his chosen and hitherto invincible legions, furnished with all the appliances of warlike invention, and perfected in the boasted French skill and discipline, baffled and routed by the half-civilized Mexicans, to whose very capital our own raw volunteers marched in a single season, he will be by no means anxious to measure his strength with ours when we shall have emerged from a war in which the lessons of military science, learned by hard experience, have been widely diffused among our hitherto peaceful people, and when we shall have nearly a million of trained troops ready to spring to arms at an hour's call; troops who will fight a foreign foe with double the courage and desperation which has characterized the present war. If he cannot subdue the rude Mexicans, can he conquer us?

The development of those latent resources of which even ourselves were ignorant, the display of wealth and power at which we are astonished no less than foreign nations, the energetic prosecution of more than two years of war on such a magnificently extended and expensive scale, without even feeling the drain upon either our population or treasure, have taught Great Britain a lesson which she will not soon forget, and of which she will not fail to avail herself. What nation ever before, without even the nucleus of a standing army, raised, equipped, and put into the field, within a brief six months, an army of half a million of men, and supported it for such a length of time, at the cost of a million dollars per day, while scarcely increasing the burden of taxation upon the people? And yet this was done by a portion only of our country—the Northern States; and that, too, by a people totally of and hitherto unaccustomed to warlike pursuits. If such are our strength and resources when divided, what will they be united and against a

foreign foe? England cannot fail to see the question in this light, and in the future she will find her interest in courting our friendship and alliance, rather than in continual encroachment and exasperation. We shall hear no more of Bay Islands or northwestern boundaries, of San Juan or rights of search; and the Monroe doctrine will perforce receive from her a recognition which she has never yet accorded to it. She will recognize as the fiat of destiny our supremacy on the western hemisphere. Foreign nations have respected us in the past; they must fear us in the future. And while they will have no cause to dread our interference with the affairs of the Old World, they will be cautious of tampering with a power which has proved itself one of the first, if not the very first, on the face of the earth.

For—and this is another effect of the war which may be noticed in this connection—for many years to come we shall be a military nation. The necessity of guarding against a similar outbreak in the future will prompt the increase of our standing army; while the same cause, as well as the taste for military pursuits which our people will have acquired during this war, will keep the great mass of the people prepared to respond to the first call in the hour of danger. The militia laws will be revived, revised, and established on a firmer basis than ever before, and the antiquated militia musters and ‘June trainings’ will again become our most cherished holidays. Independent military organizations will spring up and flourish all over the land, and he who aforetime wore his gorgeous uniform at the heavy cost of running the gauntlet of his neighbors’ sneers and gibes as a holiday soldier, will now be honored in enrolling his name among the ‘Independent Rifles’ of his native village. The youth will labor to acquire the elements of military knowledge and reduce them to practice, not with a view to holiday parades, but with an eye to

the possible exigencies of the future, knowing that when the hour of trial shall come, the post of honor and of fame will be open to all, and that he who has most cultivated the military art in time of peace will bid fair to win in the race for preferment. Military schools will derive a new importance in our country; they will be patronized by high and low, and most of our institutions of learning will, ere many years, have a military as well as a scientific and classical department. And thus will the knowledge of the art of war become so universally diffused among the people, that in the event of another great struggle, we shall not be left, as heretofore, to depend upon raw and undisciplined volunteers, but an army of well-trained troops will spring like magic to the field, ready to march at once to victory, without the necessity of ‘camps of instruction’ and twelve months’ delays. And when that day does come, woe to that potentate who shall have the temerity to provoke a war with our race of soldiers: his legions will be swept away like chaff before the whirlwind, and only defeat and disgrace will settle upon his banners.

Again, the stimulus which this contest has applied to warlike invention has already placed us in that respect far ahead of the most warlike nation on earth. France has hitherto been known as the great originator in all military science: probably she will yet, for many years, retain the palm in the province of tactics and executive skill. But as an originator and perfecter of the engines and defences of war, America has already robbed her of her crown, and stands to-day unsurpassed. No greater proof is needed of our superiority in this respect than the fact that in two short years of civil strife we have revolutionized the whole art of war as it has existed for ages, rendering absurd the maxims and useless the experience of the olden days, while filling their places with systems and theories whose

practical results are so clear as to overwhelmingly sustain the new order of things, and compel not only the admiration but the support and adoption of the onlooking world. The antiquated weapons of warfare are harmless to-day, and their places are supplied by new and more destructive engines, which Europe must perforce adopt in self-defence, and thus bow to the genius of American invention, whereby the old is so entirely and radically supplanted by the new, that the Napoleons and Wellingtons of a past age would be but tyros in our battles of to-day. The lesson of the Monitors is not the only one Europe has learned from us within the last two years. And we have more to teach her yet, more marvels yet to be evolved from that inexhaustible mine of invention—the Yankee brain. For as long as the war shall last, furnishing not only a promise of a golden harvest in the future, but a present and substantial support to inventive genius, at the same time that a new stimulus is being constantly supplied by the events and experience of each succeeding day, the work will go on, and weapon after weapon, engine after engine, will be thrown into the world's great market, constantly approaching nearer to the perfection of destructive power. And as there is no poison without its antidote, so the originating faculties of the American mind will be as fully exerted in the creation of defences against those very engines of destruction. Armed thus at all points, and containing within ourselves not only a source of future supply, but even the very fount of originating faculty in this speciality, we shall be a power with which it is dangerous to trifle—a power with which others will not care to come in collision in any other form than that of an overwhelming combination, which, thank God! has become in these days one of the impossibilities of political manœuvring. Nor will they be anxious, on any slight provocation, to again arouse that inventive faculty which furnishes

us with material of war far in advance of the rest of the world. We have within ourselves every element of strength, every quality necessary to inspire and compel respect from all nations. In our own God-given faculties lie both the '*Procul, procul, este profani!*' and the '*Tread not on me, or I bite,*' which in all ages have constituted so-called national honor and pride, and which will be to us the broad *ægis* of protection when the storm-cloud of war darkens the horizon of the world. If this fail, the fault will be our own; we shall be unworthy custodians of the treasure; our downfall will be merited as it is sudden and sure, and few will be found to mourn over us.

As the effervescence of new wine brings all impurities to the surface, casting off those noxious superfluities whose presence is pollution to the liquid and disease and death to the partaker, so the present war is but the effervescence of our as yet new and unpurified political system, whereby all errors and impurities are thrown to the surface of society, ready to be skimmed off by the hand of the people, who are themselves the vintners and the rectifiers. No system of government is without radical defects, and it was not to be expected that our own would be free from error, founded as it is upon a principle new to the world, or only known as having totally failed in the past through the clumsiness of its originators and subsequent custodians—a system which had little aid from the experiences of the past, and must necessarily grope in the darkness which surrounds all new experiments of this kind, lighted only by the few, meagre, *a priori* truths of deductive reasoning. Our ancestors, hampered as they were by the lack of this great experience of social life, legislated for the men and circumstances of their time; and though they had ever an eye to the future, yet, conscious of the fallibility of human wisdom and foresight, they themselves did not expect their work to stand

unchanged for all time. New circumstances would arise—the people themselves would change with time, and with them must necessarily change the laws that govern their actions. Law and government must keep pace with the progress of humanity, else the nation itself becomes effete, superannuated, deteriorated. Many errors there doubtless are in our system, taking their rise as well in the very commencement of our existence as from the fluctuations of society. Of these, some have hitherto lain inert and concealed, from the very lack of circumstances to induce their development, and from the lack of a field of action. Others have worked so slowly and insidiously as to have remained totally concealed from our view, as well from the fact of their never having as yet been productive of any decided and palpable evil effect, as from our becoming gradually accustomed to them and their workings, and from the preoccupation of the public mind with more exciting questions. But in all times of popular excitement and tumult, of revolutionary ideas and attempted violent reform, errors spring forth in dazzling brightness from the darkness of the past, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, armed with the full panoply of destructive war, clothed in the garb of maturity, and endowed with gigantic strength. Such has been the case in our day. As the early spring sun, warming the long-frozen soil and heating the foul moistures of the earth, brings to life and to the surface of the ground swarming myriads of noxious insects and reptiles, who, during the long winter months, have slept silent and torpid far down within the oozy depths, and hatches the thrice-told myriads of eggs deposited in seasons passed away, and which have long waited for his life-giving influence to pour forth their swarming millions to the upper air; even so this war has hatched the eggs of error, and brought forth the torpid defects of long gone-by decades, affording them a broad

field of operation in their work of destruction; while it has at the same time torn away the veil which has hitherto blinded our eyes, and shown us, in the disasters of to-day, the culmination of the evil effects of causes which have for long years been working secretly at the very core of the body politic. But not alone has it brought forth error and corruption; for the same harsh influence has also revived the seeds of virtue and awakened the sleeping lion of justice, uprightness, and national honor, which shall act as healthful counterbalances to all the evil, and supplant the monsters of destructive error.

For in the *γνῆσις αἰσάντορος* of the Greek philosopher lies the secret of all reform. To know one's faults is already one half the battle to correct them. He who becomes conscious that health of body and mind are steadily yielding to the inroads of an insidious foe, is worse than a fool if he do not at once apply the knife to the seat of disease, however painful may be the operation. And though to-day we hear but little of reform, and all parties seem striving which shall display the most devotion to the cause of the past, the most affection for the unchanged and unchangeable *status quo ante bellum* in all things, yet is the popular mind not the less earnestly though silently working. To-day we have a task which occupies all our attention, absorbs all our powers and resources, and there is no time for reform: the all-absorbing and vital question being the establishing of things upon the old footing. But, peace restored, and the deathblow given to treason, the work of reform will commence. Then will become manifest the workings of the great mind of the nation during all this trying and bloody war. To acknowledge our defects and miscomings now, is but to give a handle to the enemies of our cause: but, this danger removed, the axe will at once be laid at the root of those evils which have come nigh to working our destruction; all the unsightly excrescen-

ces which have for years been accumulating upon the trunk of our goodly tree will be carefully pruned away, and the result will be a healthier and more abundant fruit in the days to come. And these reforms will be brought about quietly, yet with a firm and vigorous hand, and in a manner that will show to the world our determination henceforth to leave no loophole for the entrance of the destroyer.

No race of *thinkers* can ever be enslaved. Hitherto we have been too unreflecting, too much governed by momentary impulses, too much carried away by party cries and unhealthy enthusiasm, and hence completely beneath the sway of designing demagogues. We have left the politicians to do our thinking for us, and accepted too unhesitatingly their interested dicta as our rules of political action. The press has hitherto led the people, and so mighty an engine of political power has been eagerly seized and controlled by party leaders as a means of accomplishing their ends. All this will be done away with. We shall do our thinking for ourselves, and those who shall hereafter be put forward as the prominent actors upon the great stage of politics will become, what they have never before been save in name, the servants of the people. The press of America, like that of England, must hereafter follow, not lead, the sentiments of the nation. And while true 'freedom of the press' will be religiously conserved, that unrestrained license which has always too much characterized it will be restrained and brought within its true limits, not by statutes or brute force, but by the much more powerful agency of public opinion—by the danger of tampering with the cherished and elevated sentiments of the reading masses.

And as a result of this newborn faculty of thought, we shall see the disappearance of extreme views and the birth of charity in our midst. Men will give due weight to the opinions and respect more the natural prejudices of their

fellows. While ultra conservatism is the rust which eats away the nation's life, radicalism is the oxygen in which it consumes itself too rapidly away. Or perhaps a better simile would be found in the components of atmospheric air—nitrogen and oxygen; the one a non-supporter of combustion, the other giving it a too dazzling brilliancy at the expense of the material upon which it feeds; yet both, properly combined, so as in a measure to neutralize each other, supporting the steady and enduring flame which gives forth a mild and cheering light and heat, neither dazzling nor scorching. So conservatism and radicalism, properly intermingled and exercising a restraining influence upon each other, are the very life of a great and free people. And never, in the history of the world, have these principles been more thoroughly demonstrated, more clearly manifested to the eyes of even the unlearned and humble, than in the present war, in which one or the other of these two great mental phases has been the originator of every great movement, to make no mention of the palpable effect, now appearing upon the face of society, of their action in the past. And hence, in the future, we shall see in a noble, far-reaching, broadly spreading, heaven-aspiring *conservative radicalism* the prevailing characteristic of American life and progress.

Hitherto the very prime principle of self-government, an intelligent cognizance of public affairs and a reflective insight into the fundamental principles of liberty, has been totally neglected in our land. And if the events of these years shall really teach our people to think—I care not how erroneously at first, for the very exercise of the God-given faculty will soon teach us to discriminate between true and false deductions, and restore Thought to her native empire,—then the blood and treasure we have so lavishly poured out, the trembling and the mourning, the trials, the toils, and the privations

we have suffered, even the mighty shock which the society of the whole civilized world has received, will be but a small price to pay for the blessing we shall have gained, and our future prosperity will have been easily purchased even at so tremendous a cost. God grant it may be so.

There is no land on earth where treason may work with such impunity as in our own. And this is owing as well to the greater latitude conceded to political speculations by the very nature of our system, as to the fact that our ancestors, having, as they thought, effectually destroyed all those incentives to treason which exist in more despotic lands, and little anticipating the new motives which might with changing men and times spring up in our midst, neglected to ordain the preventives and remedies for a disease which they imagined could never flourish in our healthy atmosphere. And while they imposed an inadequate penalty, they at the same time made so difficult the proof of this the greatest of crimes, that when at last the monster reared its head and stalked boldly through the land, there was no power to check or destroy it. It will be ours to see, in the future, that this impunity is taken away from this worse than parricide, and that, while a more awful penalty is affixed to the crime, the plotter shall be as amenable to the law and as easy to be convicted as he who takes the murderous weapon in his hands.

And for the accomplishment of this and similar ends, doubtless greater power will be conceded by the States to the Federal Government. The day has gone by when the people were frightened at the bare idea of giving to the central Government the necessary power to maintain its own integrity. The pernicious doctrine of State sovereignty as paramount to the national, has in this war received its deathblow at the hands of those who have always been its most zealous supporters. The

South, starting out upon the very basis of this greatest political heresy of our age, had no sooner taken the initiatory step in severing completely all the ties and bonds which held them to the Union, than they discarded the very doctrine which had been their strongest weapon in forcing their people to revolt: well knowing that no government founded upon such a basis could stand for a single year; that the upholding of such a principle was neither more nor less than political suicide. And though at the commencement of our struggle there were many at the North in whose minds the dogma had taken deep root, few are found to-day to uphold the pernicious doctrine, and those few men of more than questionable loyalty. And not this principle only, but every other which is inconsistent with republican ideas, antagonistic to the growth of the giant plant of human freedom, has come to its death at the hands of the god of war. Great commotions are the test of great ideas, and that principle either of government or of human action which can withstand the shock of such an upheaving as the present, and come unharmed through the war of such conflicting elements, may well claim our support as founded in eternal truth. The penetrating glance of human intellect, sharpened by the perilous exigencies of the times, and by the quick succession of startling events, even as the inventive faculties are said to be rendered more acute by the presence of danger, at such times sees clearly the fallacies which perhaps have blinded mankind for years, and recognizes, with unerring certainty, the misfortunes and disasters of to-day as the evil effects of theories which aforetime were only considered capable of good.

And with these theories must inevitably fall their supporters and promulgators. The men who have persistently misled the public mind and falsified the experience of the past as well as the deductions of abstract reasoning, and

who, consequently, if not the originators, are at least the aggravators, of all our misfortunes, need expect no mercy at the hands of the people. They must share the fate of their doctrines, and consent to be quietly shelved, buried beyond the hope of a resurrection: and it is to be hoped that their places will be filled by good, earnest, and true men, who have proved themselves devoted to the cause of our country's advancement rather than to that of personal preferment. In this war, the men of the future must make their record, and whenever they shall come before the people for the posts of honor and distinction, they will be judged according as they have to-day sacrificed personal prejudices and partisan feeling upon the altar of unity and freedom. For years to come the first question concerning a candidate will be, Was he loyal in the troublous times? was he earnest and true? There will be no distinction between the truly loyal Democrat and the earnest Republican. Those who have to-day stood shoulder to shoulder in the common cause will, whatever may be their difference in shades of opinion, be sworn friends in the future; while he who has in these times been only noted for a carping, cavilling spirit, for activity in endeavors to hamper and thwart the constituted authorities in their efforts to restore and maintain the integrity of the Government, will to their dying day wear the damning mark of Cain upon their brows: their record will bear a stain which no subsequent effort can wipe away. And though in the days to come other exciting questions will arise to divide the people into strongly opposing parties, which, indeed, are necessary to all true national life, preserving the balance of political power, acting as a check upon injudicious and interested legislation, and, above all, evolving truths by the very attrition of conflicting ideas, yet the intimate association of the past, bringing about a thorough acquaintance with the virtues

and patriotism of the great mass of those who profess radically different ideas and opinions, as well as the wearing off of the sharp corners of those ideas themselves by a closer and more impartial observation, will tend to smooth away the asperities of partisan conflict, and beget greater charity and more respect for the opposing opinions of others, based upon a knowledge of the purity of intention and loftiness of purpose of political opponents. The evils of sectional feeling and sectional legislation, so clearly manifested in present events, will be avoided in the future, as the Maelstrom current which sucks in the stoutest bark to inevitable destruction: and while we shall still retain that natural love of home which binds us most closely to the place of our abode, the principle will be recognized that the well-being of the whole can only lie in the soundness and prosperity of each particular part, and we shall know no dividing lines in our love of country, but all become members of one great brotherhood, citizens of one common and united country. The experience of the past will teach us to religiously avoid the snares and pitfalls that beset our path, the hidden rocks and shoals upon which our bark had wellnigh stranded; and the science of politics will henceforward have a broader sweep, a loftier appreciation of national responsibility, a purer benevolence, a sublimer philanthropy.

Among the influences which will greatly modify the future of American politics, not the least is the lately enacted banking law. Hitherto we have been divided in our finances as no nation ever was before. Every individual State has had not only its own system of banking, but its own separate and distinct currency; a currency oftentimes based upon an insufficient security, and possessing only a local par value. The traveller who would journey from one portion of the country to another was driven to the alternative of converting his funds into bills of ex-

change, or of shopping from broker to broker to procure the currency of the particular localities which he proposed to visit. Not to mention the inconvenience of such a state of things, it is productive of many dire evils, which it is not my purpose to enumerate, since they are already familiar to the majority of my readers. Suffice it to say that such a diversity in a point so vital to all enlightened nations, is antagonistic to the very spirit of our institutions, under a government whose existence depends upon the principle of unity, in a land whose prosperity depends upon the consolidation of all its constituent parts into one homogeneous whole. Not only is this diversity in the money market forever destroyed by the establishment of a uniform currency, but from the peculiar nature of the law, the stability of the Government is made a matter of direct self-interest to every individual citizen, than which no surer or more enduring bond of union can be devised. For self-interest, the Archimedean lever that moves the world, loses no jot of its influence when even honor and patriotism have withered away. Every dollar of the security upon which the currency is based must be deposited in the treasury vaults: in other words, the wealth of every individual citizen is under Government lock and key. Should, then, in the future, any misguided portion of our people see fit to withdraw from our communion, irretrievable ruin not only stares them in the face, but is actually upon them from the moment the bond is severed. On the one side is devotion to the country, and a firm, secure currency, which at any moment will bring its full value in gold; on the other, secession, with the inevitable attendant of a circulation, not depreciated, but utterly worthless, and that, too, with no other to fill its place, since the operation of the law must soon drive out of existence every dollar of the present local bank circulation: patriotism and prosperity arrayed against rebellion and

ruin. The business men all see this, and in the event of any threatened disruption, they, the most influential part of community, because controlling that which is the representative of all value, will be found firm and unwavering on the side of the duly constituted authority. Thus we shall have all the benefits of a funded national debt, with none of its attendant evils. And what a bond of union is this!—a bond which involves our very meat and drink, a bond which there can be no possible motive to sever so powerful as the incentive to union and mutual coöperation.

Again, the financial crises with which our country has been afflicted at regular periods of her existence, lowering thousands at one moment from a condition of ease and comfort to one of the most pinching want, changing merchant princes to beggars, and spreading ruin far and wide, have owed their origin, not to a wild spirit of speculation, but to the over inflation of bank issues, which is itself the cause of that reckless speculation. This evil, too, will be done away with in the future, for the issue must and will be regulated by the demands of the community. The Government, in whose hands are the securities, and who furnish the circulation based thereon, will control this matter and restrain the issue to its proper bounds. And even if it should run beyond that point, there will be less danger, since there can be no spurious basis, every dollar being secured by a tangible deposit in the Government vaults. The only escape from this view is in open and barefaced fraud, which will be easy of conviction, and no more to be feared than the ordinary operations of counterfeiters, and which will be effectually provided against. So carefully drawn are the provisions of the bill that no loophole is left for speculation; and he who shall hereafter succeed in flooding the country with a 'wildcat' currency, will be a shrewder financier and a more accomplished vil-

lain than the world has yet seen. The people, too, will repose such a confidence in the banks as they have never done before. We shall hear little hereafter of 'runs upon the banks;' for the currency holders, well knowing that the Government holds in its hands the wherewithal to redeem the greater portion of the circulation of every bank in the land in the event of the closing of its doors, the only 'runs' will be upon the deposits, and this only in cases of the grossest and most patent fraud and mismanagement on the part of the banks themselves. Hence, in times of financial peril we shall see the people combining to sustain the banks of their own locality, rather than, as is the case to-day, hastening to accelerate the ruin of perfectly solvent institutions which, but for their ill-timed fright, might weather the storm. Again I say, there could be no greater element of union and strength than this, which has grown out of our necessities and tribulations. In spite of all the confusion and ruin and bloodshed, in spite of all the mourning, and suffering, and sundering of ties, and upheaving of the very foundations and apparent total disruption of American society, no greater blessing could have befallen us than this same war, which has roused us to a new life, to the consciousness of defects and determination of reform, thereby planting us firmly on the true road to prosperity and happiness and power.

The wonderful display of our power and resources has given a reputation—call it notoriety, if you will—among the middle and lower classes of the old world, which in long years of peace we could not have attained. And our success in withstanding the terrible tempest which has assailed us, in maintaining the integrity of our political system, will spread that reputation far and wide, and give us a prestige whose effect will be seen in the increased tide of immigration that will flow in upon us upon the reestablishment of peace.

The teeming soil and salubrious climate of the far West, together with the prospect it affords, not only of wealth, but of social advancement, both of which are forever denied them in their own country, and extremely difficult of attainment even in our own Eastern States, where the population is dense and every branch of industry crowded to repletion, will allure the hardy laborers of Europe by thousands and tens of thousands to the prairie land. In the immense unsettled tracts west of the Mississippi there is room for the action of men inured to toil, and promise of quick and abundant returns for their labor. There they will be free from the disastrous competition of their superiors in education and enlightenment, and have opportunities such as no other portion of the earth presents, for the founding of communities of their own, and the practical realization of their own ideas of social progress. Comparatively few years will pass after the restoration of peace before the West will be peopled by the very bone and sinew of all civilized nations. And these men will come to our shores imbued with the bitterest hatred of monarchical institutions, and an unbounded admiration and love of our own. Hence the new country will be intensely republican in its tendencies, and this will be another strong bond of union—another mighty element of strength and perpetuity to republicanism. For, as the movement goes steadily on, in time the balance of political power will rest with them. And it will be ours to see that the strong bias in favor of antiquated customs, laws, and usages, the result of centuries of unopposed tyranny, is eradicated from the minds of these men. They must be properly instructed in the principles of true liberty and self-government. They must be familiarized with the workings of free institutions and put to school in the experience of our century of experiment. Our very safety requires it; for so great is the

field and so quickly will it be filled, that if we are not alive to the work, a mighty nation will soon have sprung up on our borders, and almost in our midst, which will be entirely beyond our control, and threaten the very existence of our race, and of the principles we most cherish. For the danger is that, suddenly released from all the restrictions of their own feudal climes, they will fly to the other extreme, and become lawless, reckless, and turbulent. For many years to come all legislation must have an eye to the possible and probable capacities and immense importance of the yet unsettled West, and to the exigencies arising from causes which at present we know not of save by conjecture. We have a future before us such as the past has never known, and an incentive, nay, rather a necessity, for more vigorous action than we have yet been called upon to display, and for a deeper and more far-sighted wisdom than has ever yet pervaded our councils.

The religious future of this portion of our country is veiled in the deepest obscurity. Here we shall have the free-thinking German, the bigoted Roman Catholic, the atheistic Frenchman, and the latitudinarian Yankee, in one grand heterogeneous conglomeration of nations and ideas such as the world has never seen. Whether these diverse peculiarities will by close contact and mutual attrition, by the advancing light of education and refinement as well as by the progress of intellect, be in time softened down, assimilated, and fused into a pure, elevating religion, or aggravated till they result in a godless, materialistic race, God only knows. For no man was ever yet able to prognosticate of religion, or prophecy with the remotest degree of its future action. For it is a thing of God, under his exclusive care, and subject to none of the influences of human action. In His hands we must leave it, in the earnest hope and belief that He will not suffer His divine purposes to be thwarted,

and this people, to whom He has intrusted the task of the world's regeneration, to forget and deny their God, who has led them on to power and prosperity and happiness, to go back upon the scale of the soul's eternal progress, and become a race of wicked, corrupt, and God-defying sensualists.

Yet there is no maxim more true than that 'the gods help those who help themselves,' and in this great work of religious advancement we have nevertheless a part to act, a duty to perform. And the day is not far distant when the work of the missionary in our own land will overshadow that of the teacher in African climes. Here will be an ample field for all our exertions, all our contributions; and if we do our duty by our own people, we shall be forced, for a time at least, to leave the task of instructing the heathen of foreign lands to the Christian nations of the Old World. Our greatest responsibility is here, and it behooves us to look well to the religious culture of our own rapidly increasing population, that in after times they may be fitted for the task of Christianizing the world.

Every nation has its crisis, when its existence trembles in the balance, and through which it must safely pass before it can be firmly established as a great fact in history, a tangible landmark of progress, a controlling influence in the affairs of humanity. Nor is this crisis ever a mere fortuitous circumstance, but the necessary consequence of conflicting ideas and of untried systems. It is that point in the great process of assimilation when different and hitherto almost discordant elements tremble on the verge either of a harmonious blending for all time, or of flying off into eternal divergence and hostility. Hence it was not to be imagined that we could escape the common lot: our crisis was to be expected, and now that it has come upon us it is to be manfully met, and so controlled by an iron will, a loftiness of determination, and a purity of aim, that

it leave us not stranded among the breakers of disunion and political death. And if we shall succeed in so controlling the mighty current of affairs, we may rest assured that we shall be purified by the trial, and shall have established a position on earth that no subsequent events can shake, until God, in His own good time, shall bid us give way to some higher development of mankind, if such shall be His will. With a noble and worthy nationality ; with an incontestable position of strength and political influence, a widely diffused skill and experience in military affairs, a fund of warlike invention, and unbounded physical resources, which shall free us from all annoyances and intermeddlings at the hands of foreign nations ; with a purification from the errors of the past, and a deeper insight into the capabilities as well as the exigencies of the present and the future ; with a regenerated and higher-toned press ; with an *anathema marathantha* for treason, in whatever shape it may assume ; with a purer charity for the opinions of others, and a more graceful yielding of the obnoxious characteristics of our own ; with a firmly established and health-giving system of finance ; with a rapidly increasing

population, bringing with it an increase of responsibility, and furnishing a broader field for the development of our energies and resources ; with a glorious past behind and a golden future before us, we shall sweep majestically on upon the waves of time, an object of admiration to the world and of justifiable pride to ourselves—a great, and glorious, and, above all, a free, happy, united, and prosperous people. God grant it may be so ! God grant that we may be true to the trust reposed in us, and that the glorious cause of human liberty—the cause in which are bound up the hopes of the whole world—may not again fall to the earth through the blindness and weakness and incompetence of us, who are to-day its only exponents. May we of this day and generation live to see the crowning of all these hopes ; and when our sun goes down in the shadows of eternity, may we be able to look back and thank God for the trials and sufferings and losses and mournings of to-day, as the refining fire through which we have come strong and bright, the sharp knife whereby the gnawing worms of error and corruption and inevitable death have been cut from the heart of our goodly tree.

G O D ' S H A R P .

FROM AN UNWRITTEN POEM.

God struck the heavens' holy Harp,
While sang the grand celestial choir.
Earth heard the awful sound, and saw
The trembling of the golden wire.
'Twas thunder to the stranger ear,
And to the eye the lightning's fire.

A U T U M N L E A V E S .

'O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins.'

Two Gentlemen of Verona

ARE they truly dying,
All the summer leaves?
Will the blasts of autumn
Strip the happy trees?
Bright the glowing foliage
Paints the misty air—
Crimson, purple, golden—
Must they die—so fair?

Where has flown the sunshine
Wooded them to their birth,
Tempting them to flutter
Far above the earth?
Ruthless did it leave them
In their hour of bloom,
Let the chill blasts whisper
Tales of death and doom?

Rapidly they robbed them
In each varied hue,
Hoping thus the sunshine
To attract anew;
But the fickle glitter
Looked in anger down,
Freezing up the life-pulse
With an icy frown.

Then the happy radiance
Sinks to rise no more;
Leaves of gold and crimson
Strew earth's gloomy floor.
Gone their summer glory,
Lifeless, lost, they lie;
Wilted, withered, drifting
As winds will, they fly.

Thus in woman's bosom
Love wakes bud and bloom,
'Neath his glowing sunshine
Thinking not of doom;

Covering soft life's desert
Spread the branches green,
Hope's bright birds sing through them—
Close the leafy screen.

Through the quivering foliage
Falls a sudden fear !
Leaves are rustling, trembling—
Feel *change* drawing near !
Brighter than they robe them,
Call on every hue,
Color every fibre—
Love to win anew.

Summon gold and crimson,
Bright as dyed in blood ;
Hectic fever flushes
Pour in anguished flood !
Gone the healthful quiet
Of the summer green ;
Hope-birds turn to ravens,
Sighs the leafy screen.

Love looks down in anger
On the wildering show ;
Freezing follows change-frost—
Love heaps ice and snow !
Then the fevered radiance
Fades from life's doomed tree ;
Wilted, withered, drifting,
Bud, bloom, leaves we see.

Love looks down upon them,
Wonders how it came—
Thinks through all his changing
They should bloom the same :
Did not know his change-frost
Had the power to kill ;
Did not deem his frowning
Life's quick pulse could still !

Gone the fickle sunshine !
Gone the rosy hours !
Gone love's early wooing !
Gone the healthful powers !
Come and cool the hectic,
Chill the fevered glow,
Pale the crimson flushing,
Death, beneath thy snow !

ACROSS MAINE IN MID-WINTER.

A JOURNEY by stage coach in these days, when railroads are fast penetrating to the remotest corners of our country, has already become a somewhat novel experience. In the course of comparatively few years, even the 'air line' will have given place to an international railway, connecting us immediately with New Brunswick, and the stage coaches of this region will be among the reminiscences of the past.

The circumstances under which this journey of mine was performed were most painful. Still, through that remarkable power of the human mind, which seems to act independently of volition, that mysterious duality of being which observes, discriminates, and remembers, while at the same time preoccupied by an overwhelming grief, I was enabled to note each little incident with more than usual intensity.

Was it that they stood out in bolder, more sharply cut relief, because of the dark background of emotion behind?

There had been little, if any, snow on the island all the winter, and the morning of the 26th of January was bright and mild as April. Indeed, it was difficult to imagine it winter.

'Come, Fred,' said I to my second little boy, 'we must take a walk to the batteries this fine morning.'

As I stood upon the height, while the little fellow frisked about among the rocks, I stretched my eyes westward toward the hills and forests of the mainland, and thought of my father and mother, and of the letter which I almost knew was on its way to me then. Ah! little did I dream that at that very moment the gaunt sentinels of the telegraph were tossing from one to another, with lightning speed, a message of woe for me. Its long journey of four hundred miles was accomplished in less time than my short walk. I had just returned when it arrived.

I saw by my husband's countenance as he read it, and by his extreme tenderness of manner toward me, that a great misfortune had befallen me. I sank down on the floor beside him, trembling with apprehension, yet longing to know the worst. 'Is it mother?' I gasped. He handed me the telegram, which was directed to him:

'Your father-in-law died this morning. Can Elsie come to the funeral? If so, what day? Telegraph immediately.'

And this was all. My father was *dead*! How long he had been ill, or what was his disease, I knew not. 'Why did they not send for me sooner, that I might have seen him alive once more?' I asked, in the first unreasoning agony of grief. But he was *dead*. All I could do for him now was to yield him my last tribute of reverence and affection.

'Can Elsie come to the funeral?' Yes, I could go. It was all I could do for my father now; I knew that. My family would be well cared for in my absence. My husband did not oppose me, though he could not approve. But he exerted himself in every way to further my plans.

There were difficulties at the outset. The regular morning stage had already left. The 'air line,' as it is called, was the only route remaining to me. Now this 'air line' started from a point thirty miles north of us, and lay through ninety miles of wilderness. I had heard of it before I ever came to the island, and had been told a wild story about a stage coach having been chased by a pack of wolves for several miles on this route a few years before. The innkeeper, too, spoke very dubiously about it to my husband. But what were the hundred and twenty miles between me and the cars—the four hundred between me and my fa-

ther, then! Should these few miles of earth detain me? No! It was possible for me to go, and go I must.

My preparations were soon made; but I found, to my dismay, on applying for a passage in the stage to C—— (where the journey proper would begin) that all the seats were taken. The innkeeper sent me word, however, that he would furnish me a private conveyance, if I *must* go. So at two o'clock, P. M., an open, low-backed buggy appeared at my gate. I kissed my little ones, who gathered wonderingly around to 'see mamma go away,' and wrapping my old plaided cloak about me (the cloak I wore when a child), I seated myself beside the buffalo-bundled driver, and was soon whirling out of town.

The air was soft and mild, and no snow was to be seen except a little here and there by the roadside as we advanced northward. The sky had become overcast, and showed signs of an approaching storm. The scenery was generally bare and uninteresting. We followed the St. Croix river in its course. Opposite St. Andrews it widens into a broad bay. It was then near sunset, and the clouds broke away a little and gave a cheery, rosy flush to the calm water.

Night soon settled down upon us. It was dark when we arrived at the Hotel, after a drive of five hours. I had never been in C——, and this was my first experience in hotel life alone.

I was ushered into a large, lonesome room, in total darkness except for the light from the hall burner, which streamed dismally into its depths. A tall, black shadow soon announced himself as the landlord, to whom I made known my wants. His wife, a kind-hearted, energetic woman, took compassion on me, and showed me into her own private parlor to get warmed, for I was very chilly. Here the good lady's curiosity was piqued somewhat to find that the young man who accompanied me was *not* my husband, and

that I proposed to go on the next morning to Bangor alone. I shuddered when she told me the journey was usually made in an open conveyance. Think of riding all day and all night on a board slung across an open wagon! And what if it should *rain*!

I bethought myself of two friends of mine who were visiting in C——, and to them I despatched my cards. After tea, when I was seated quietly in my room, Aunt Carter came. She is one of those good, kind souls who are always aunts to everybody. She came to me with hearty sympathy. The evening passed pleasantly away, for her simple words of faith and hope cheered and consoled me.

I slept but little that night. I lay thinking of my father, and of the morrow's journey, and listening to every sound. I fancied I heard it raining. At last I was almost sure of it. When I peeped out of the window in the gray of the dawn, the ground was white, and it was snowing fast.

Soon after breakfast my kind friends appeared, and the good clergyman also, who went down to make some inquiries about the stage coach for me, and, returning soon, announced with a very grave countenance that it had not connected with the cars at Bangor for nearly a week. In fact, that it was unusual for it to do so at this season.

'It seems to have set in for a storm,' said he. 'All our storms this winter have terminated in rain. There is a uniformity in storms,' he added, lugubriously, 'and if this should turn to rain, you cannot possibly get through.'

For a few moments my purpose was shaken. If I did not succeed in reaching the cars the next morning, I would be too late for my father's funeral, and my journey would be all but in vain. There was my mother, to be sure, but my whole heart turned to my father now. Could I, ought I to run this risk?

But, on the other hand, how could I relinquish my object when thus far on the way to it?

Blessings on Aunt Carter! She came to the rescue.

'Now,' said she, 'I have found that a good Providence always took care of me, and I believe He will take care of you. You've begun your journey and got thus far safely, and I believe you'll get through to Bangor in time. At any rate, if you don't, you will have the satisfaction of comforting your mother. I've been about the world considerable,' she continued, 'and I've always found a *man* to take care of me. Now you shall have my *man* to take care of you.'

Reassured by her hopeful words, I exclaimed:

'Enough, I will go! If there be any power in will, or any speed in horses, I will get there!'

The minister sighed, but I commenced putting on my cloak. Just then, the young man who had driven me up from the island the day before, came to take my parting commands.

'Tell Mr. K.,' said I, 'that I start under favorable auspices. Is any one going through?'

'Two passengers, but no ladies,' he replied.

'Who are they?' I inquired.

'They are both strangers, from the 'other side''—(the Maine cognomen for the neighboring British provinces).

'What do they look like?'

'Well, they *look* like gentlemen, and we *hope* they are so,' he replied, with dubious emphasis.

And these were my favorable auspices! A doubtful snowstorm and two doubtful gentlemen! Nevertheless I spoke the truth.

At length I was all ready, and the landlady, who was quite interested in me by that time, took me once more into her parlor with my friends, while waiting for the stage. Again the thought of my travelling companions

occurred to me. I inquired if the land lady knew aught of them.

'Nothing but their names,' said she. 'Neither of them was ever here before. They look a little rough, but you cannot always tell about these province people, they dress so differently from our folks. I dare say they are real gentlemen.'

It was decided, with the concurrence of my friends, to request an introduction to one of them through the landlord, as I was travelling alone, and might need some aid. If they were as it was 'hoped,' this would be an advantage; and if they were not, the formality might be some protection.

I confess I was not strongly prepossessed in their favor when I confronted them at the door of the hotel; the one a short, fat figure in a coarse blue coat, with a hood of the same, lined with scarlet; a flat cloth cap, and long heavy boots, reaching above the knee. An ugly red-and-green woollen scarf tied around the waist enhanced the oddity of his appearance. The other was taller and more slenderly built. His complexion was decidedly 'sandy,' with short, curling hair and a prodigious mustache. His countenance, like his dress, was grave, the latter being an iron-gray travelling suit.

With a low bow the landlord presented me to the former. It was a kindly voice that said, 'Excuse my mitten,' as, instinctively drawing off my own, my hand rested a moment in his big, shaggy palm. There was good-nature in the face too, from the roguish dark eyes to the genial, laughter-loving mouth.

I trembled, though, as, bidding farewell to my friends, I stepped into the coach.

'Take good care of this lady, driver,' said Aunt Carter, 'for she's a precious charge.'

My good friend the clergyman was the last one to bid me good-by. He reached into the coach and shook hands

with me, wishing me a prosperous journey.

At last we were off. The snow fell thick and fast and moist. What if it should turn to rain? But it was not cold, and I at least was uncomfortably warm, for my kind friends had provided me with a well-heated plank for my feet, and a brick for my hands. It was heavy sleighing, and we dragged along at the rate of four miles an hour for the first twelve or fifteen miles. Occasionally the object of my journey and the novelty of my situation would come over me like a dream; but I resolutely buried my grief away down in my heart, and lived on the surface.

I entered into conversation with my travelling companions, whom I scrutinized narrowly.

We had not gone very far before the Englishman unbuttoned his overcoat and produced what is technically called a 'pocket pistol.' It was a flat flask of generous proportions, encased in leather, fitting into a silver drinking cup below, and with a stopper of the same screwing on the top. At any rate, however questionable its contents might be, its appearance outwardly was highly respectable.

'By your permission, madam,' said he, pouring a portion into the cup.

'Certainly,' said I, significantly, 'within reasonable limits.'

'Of course,' said he, pleasantly, as he offered it to the other gentleman, since I declined it. I learned to bless them both, and the brandy flask into the bargain, before I got to the end of my journey. But I will not anticipate.

They were intelligent and well-educated. Occasionally the conversation took a solemn and earnest tone. We touched on many topics. We discussed the Queen and royal family; the Prince of Wales; his visit to this country; his intended marriage, &c.; the prospect of Prince Alfred becoming King of Greece; the condition of these United States; the rebellion, &c., &c.

I was sorry to find that the young

Englishman was strongly tinctured with the prejudices now so prevalent in the provinces against emancipation. He frankly acknowledged that at the time of the 'Trent affair' his sympathies turned toward the South, but that since he had read more and thought more on the subject, he had become decidedly in favor of the North.

The other gentleman was a Scotchman, born and brought up near Gretna Green. His recollections of the renowned blacksmith and the runaway couples he had often seen riding post-haste to the smithy, with pursuers close behind perhaps, were very interesting. He was recently from New Orleans, where he had resided for several years. He was there through the blockade, and served in the city troops several months, though, being a foreigner, he could not be impressed into the regular army on either side. He was reserved, of course, concerning his opinions, but it was easy to see that he regarded General Butler, whom I lauded highly, with no friendly eye.

At one o'clock we stopped at a dingy little cottage to dine. Here the Englishman took me under his special charge, assisting me into the house, while the Scotchman followed after with my plank and brick, which were duly set up before the blazing open fire to warm for the next stage. Here I first saw the Frenchman, who had ridden outside in order to enjoy his pipe. He was sitting by the fire wringing the moisture from his long black hair, and wondering if he could get any 'rum.' On seeing the lady he courteously made way, and, after laying aside my wrappings, I seated myself before the fire, while waiting for dinner. It was a dim little room, uncarpeted, and poorly furnished with a looking glass, a map, and a few wooden chairs, and ornamented by a 'mourning piece,' which hung over the mantel, representing a bare-headed lady with a handkerchief at her eyes, standing beside a monument under a weeping willow.

But the open fire was a sight worth seeing in those days. How it roared and blazed and crackled and hissed and diffused its hospitable warmth and ruddy glow all over the little brown room! How cheerfully it contrasted with the storm without!

Dinner was soon announced, and as Mr. K.'s last injunction had been to 'be sure to eat, whether I wished to or not,' I prepared to pass through the first ordeal of eating against my inclination. There was little to excite appetite. The room was browner and dimmer than the one we had just left; the table was spread with a coarse brown cloth; the bread was brown, not honest 'rye and Indian,' but tawny-colored wheat, and sour at that; the thick uncomely slices of corned beef were brown too, and the dishes and plates were all brown. The Englishman looked despondingly on the repast, and ventured to inquire if the landlady, a quiet body in a brown dress, had any eggs.

'Yes,' she replied, with a strong nasal twang, 'but they ain't very fresh. I shud be 'fraid to resk b'ilin' 'em. I could fry some, ef yer liked.'

'It's of no consequence, madam,' said the Englishman; but the good woman, bent on being accommodating, and observing, 'Twouldn't take but a minute to do 'em,' disappeared into the kitchen, and returned in an incredibly short space of time with a plate of eggs swimming in grease. I did the best I could to obey my husband's orders, but with poor success.

We were soon on our way again. At every solitary house along the road we stopped to leave a mailbag. Whom could the letters be for? we wondered.

At one place a pretty girl ran out bareheaded through the snow to take the mail. She was neatly dressed, and wore a pretty, bright-colored 'Sontag' over her shoulders, but she spoiled her good looks by chewing vigorously a mouthful of spruce gum, a custom

which prevails in this region, probably borrowed from the Indians.

Here we met the 'return stage' from Bangor—a rough, uncovered sleigh. There were two or three province men in it, whom the Englishman recognized.

'I say,' cried he, 'if you see any of my people, tell them you saw me about three days out from Bangor.'

We passed on, and met nothing more the rest of the journey. The snow shut off the distant views from us, but, clinging to every twig and rock and stump, gave a fairy-like beauty to the otherwise dreary scene. The alder bushes were particularly beautiful, filled as they were with balls of snow, resembling large bunches of white flowers.

The forest was mostly small second growth. Much of the country was partially cleared, and long logs lay by the roadside, some of which we were several minutes in passing. The stumps had been left three or four feet high. These, blackened by fire or storms, and crowned with snow, inclined their square heads forward, as if seeking to catch a glimpse of us as we passed.

The way grew more lonesome and dreary every mile, and the snow more fine and moist. Would it turn to rain? There were no bells on the horses, and the driver, a surly, silent fellow, had not even an encouraging 'chirrup' for them, while the muffled crunching of the soft snow by the runners seemed to have a somnolent influence upon them, judging from our progress. Occasionally the gentlemen would get out and run up the hills, and once the Englishman fell full length, and jumped in again, his blue coat and peaked hood well frosted with snow, looking, were it not for his youthful face, the very impersonation of Santa Claus. He had a powerful physique, and was full of vitality. These runs in the snow seemed to refresh him greatly, while they exhausted the more delicate Scotchman.

In vain we looked for the wolves. We half wished they might appear, that the horses might quicken their paces. Not a sign of life was anywhere to be seen, except one flock of snow-birds on the top of a hill.

Conversation still went on, but the intervals of silence were longer and more frequent, and the burden of my sudden grief would press upon me heavily at times. My anxiety and excitement, too, lest I should not make the connection with the cars, increased as the day advanced. At last the monotonous motion of the stage coach, added to the agitated state of my nerves, began to affect me like the rolling of the sea. The trees of the forest seemed to waltz around me in mazy circles. Faster and faster they whirled, till my sight grew dim and I could scarcely distinguish them at all. My senses were winding up. I felt them slipping from me in spite of the strongest effort of my will to hold them. A confused sound filled my ears; my strength failed me; I drooped heavily; but Aunt Carter's 'man' was by me, sure enough. His protecting arm supported me, and his calm and steady voice penetrated even my deadened hearing, as he asked my permission to apply some snow to my forehead. I uttered an almost inarticulate assent. There was one blank moment, and then the refreshing coolness on my brow and on my hands revived me. I apologized for the trouble I had given. 'We all have mothers and sisters,' he replied, quietly, as he poured a draught from his travelling flask for me. My distrust of him and his 'pocket pistol,' too, had vanished.

The Scotchman also was unwearied in his attention to my comfort. Did the snow blow in upon me? He would lower the curtain. Did I wish more air? he would raise it again. Were my feet becoming chilled? He would tuck in the buffalo. Between the two I fared certainly as comfortably as circumstances would permit.

The weather was still mild, though

colder than before. As the day wore on, the wind began to rise, and I observed frequent eddies and whirlwinds of snow and ominous grooves around every wayside stone. Would the storm increase and drift? In that case my chance of getting to Bangor in time was doubtful enough.

We reached our next stopping place at half past four, P. M. It was a weather-stained house, which we must have entered by the back door, for we passed into the kitchen at once, where were a stout, pleasant-faced woman, with two stout, pleasant faced daughters, and a big fat yellow dog, who sat up in a chair beside them at the window, as though he were indeed a part of the family. We were ushered into a small room beyond, which rejoiced in another glorious wood fire, before which the Englishman duly planted me, and the Scotchman my plank and brick. Over the mantel was another version of the sepulchral monument with the weeping woman and willow, in whimsical contrast with the jolly, rollicking fire beneath, which gave us such a hearty welcome.

As we sat luxuriating in the warmth, the two fat girls in the kitchen began to vocalize with low sweet voices that harmonized pleasantly, 'Do, re, mi, si, la, si, do.' Evidently there had been a singing school in the neighborhood. Presently they struck into 'Marching Along,' which they sang with considerable spirit.

In the mean time, an overgrown youth, apparently belonging to the house, who sat in one corner, tilting his chair, said, addressing all of us at once, 'Wal, you've got the wust half the road before yer now. Thur's a hill a mile an' a half long, jest out here a little ways. You'll have to break yer own roads, I reckon; there's nothin' else goin' along to-day. Storm's gittin' wuss.'

We looked dubiously at each other, and he, probably observing my anxious countenance, endeavored to reassure us

by saying, in an uncertain tone, 'But I *rayther* guess you'll git through.'

We were soon off again on the next stage, which was to be twenty-four miles, without any stopping-place or village between. We ascended many hills, in fact there seemed to be no going down to any of them; but when the horses came to a dead halt, and the coach began to slip backward, and the driver called out, 'I guess, gentlemen, you'll hev to git out here for a spell,' we knew we had come to the hill 'a mile an' a half long.' I kept my place, for my weight was too inconsiderable to make much difference. The Englishman, taking hold of the coach, helped the horses to start again with a vigorous push, and then the three passengers went plunging through the snow till the driver stopped and took them in again, quite out of breath.

We were now in the depths of the forest, many miles from any house. Occasionally we passed a deserted lumberman's hut by the wayside, and discussed the liability of a breakdown or an overturn in that wild region.

The white-headed, square-faced stumps which abounded in the partially cleared tracts, peered in upon us for mile after mile with haunting repetition.

The trees were heavily laden with snow, which they shook down upon us as we brushed along beneath their low-bending branches. In the dim twilight they assumed every variety of fanciful form. There were gaunt old trees, with gnarled and twisted branches, outstretched like arms in deadly Laocoon-like struggle with the writhing winds and storms; there were delicate birches, each slender twig bearing its feathery burden; and there were spruces and hemlocks, regal in snowy splendor. It lay upon them in heavy masses, and gave their bending boughs a still more graceful dip. There was something which harmonized with my grief in the silent snow and the drooping trees. They sank beneath the snow as the hu-

man heart sinks beneath its burden of sorrow. Yet it fell gently and beautifully upon them, as affliction falls from the hand of our Father, 'who chasteneth whom he loveth.' One tree, which bent completely over in a perfect abandonment of grief, particularly impressed me. There was something in the sweep of the branches which suggested the utter prostration of the heart beneath the first shock of a great affliction.

How still it was! It was not dark, for the moon had risen, and the clouds were thin. The snow, too, made it lighter.

It was at this solemn, awe-inspiring hour that my companions first learned the object of my journey. The sympathy with which they met me did honor to human nature.

'I thought,' said the Englishman, 'that the urgency of my own journey was great, but it is nothing compared to yours.'

He apologized for any light or careless conversation in which they had indulged, not knowing the circumstances of my journey, and entered fully into the sentiment which had prompted me to undertake it. He assured me that he would see that I got through in time for the cars the next morning, and begged me to feel no further uneasiness about it.

From that moment, both my companions were more assiduously devoted to my comfort than ever. Their interest was increased on finding that my father was the son of a well-known inventor.

His history was soon told. He had inherited his father's business (now passed out of the family) with something of his mechanical talent. Of a confiding disposition, he had been wronged by those whom he had intrusted most extensively, and, property gone and strength failing, his misfortunes, which he had at all times borne with exemplary patience and fortitude, had culminated in the loss of his old

home, the home of his father before him, by the hand of the incendiary. He had left me a precious legacy in his memory, to which my present journey was an inadequate tribute.

The hours wore on. It did not grow much darker, but oh, it was so still! You could hear the stillness when the coach stopped, as occasionally it did.

It was there, in the depths of this remote wilderness, that our subdued voices mingled in those grand old chorals which belong to the church universal, and in which, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Unitarian as we were, we could all heartily join: 'Old Hundred,' so full of worship; 'Dundee,' with its plaintive melody; and 'America,' breathing the soul of loyalty, whether sung to 'God save the Queen,' or 'Our country, 'tis of thee.'

My voice was feeble, and soon gave out. I had come near fainting repeatedly, and had only been resuscitated by the snow and the Englishman's brandy. I was now nearly exhausted.

'You had better make use of my shoulder as a pillow,' he said, perceiving my condition.

'You had better, by all means,' chimed in the Scotchman.

I hesitated a moment. What would Mrs. Grundy say—and my husband? I was too tired to care for the former, and the latter, I knew, would be only grateful to my compassionate friends.

'Circumstances must dispense with ceremony,' I observed, suiting the action to the word.

'Madam,' rejoined the Englishman, with warmth, 'I hope you will find, before you get to the end of your journey, that you are in honorable company.'

'I have found it out already,' I murmured, and then, committing myself to the care and keeping of the Good Father, my last shadow of distrust vanished.

I was too weary to hold my eyelids open, and too much excited to sleep. At length I was aroused by a sudden stop. The 'whippetree' had broken.

In a few minutes we proceeded, the 'leader' being still driven loosely, as before.

Again we came to a pause—this time to water the horses at a wayside spring. While the others were refreshing themselves, the 'leader' quietly walked off, to the great indignation of the driver, who began to swear as he chased him through the snow. He was captured at last, and we continued on our way.

The poor Frenchman had by this time become so chilled that he was glad to come inside, though by so doing he felt obliged to give up the luxury of his pipe.

All at once the striking difference in our nationalities occurred to me, and I exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment:

'See, do we not represent the four leading nations of the earth—England, France, Scotland, and America?'

'Yes,' replied the Englishman, with some hesitation in his manner; 'England is surely one of the leading nations; so is France;—(here the Frenchman broke in with some inarticulate jargon to the glory of France)—'but Scotland—I don't know about that being a 'leading nation.'

This roused the Scotchman. 'Scotland has been a glorious nation! She has proud memories for her sons!' he cried, with a fire of enthusiasm, not without pathos, in its unavoidable admission that the glory of his country as an individual power in the world was past.

'That is right,' said I, admiring his sudden warmth; 'cling to your own country before all others, come what may.'

The Englishman then reverted to the present lamentable condition of these United States, and with characteristic complacency pointed to the stability and grandeur of his own Government.

It was in vain that I spoke of the future of our country, and represented our present troubles to be, as I firmly believe, the means of our regeneration

into a nobler and truer national existence. His English prejudices were not to be shaken. England was, and would remain the *leading* nation of the earth.

How much longer the discussion would have continued I know not, had we not caught sight of lights, and driven up to a more pretentious mansion than we had yet seen on our way.

Scarcely able to stand, I alighted, and the landlord, seeing the lady, ushered us into the parlor, which showed signs of approaching civilization in the large-figured Kiddermister carpet and the 'air-tight' stove.

A fine-looking young man, whom they called 'Doctor,' in a gray suit with deep fur cuffs, sat at a table, looking over a volume of house plans with a pretty young lady. Apparently the occupation had been of absorbing interest, for the fire was nearly out, and the room was quite cold, and the look with which they greeted our entrance betokened surprise rather than pleasure.

The Englishman made himself at home, and, not waiting to call a servant, procured three or four sticks of wood from some unknown quarter, and began piling them into the stove. They burned feebly, for the fire was very low indeed, and I still shivered; so, catching up the rocking chair, he ran off with it into the other room.

'There's a good open fire out here,' said he; 'it doesn't look quite as tidy, perhaps, but I guess you'll get warm.'

That was the main thing, to be sure; so I followed on. Here the fire was not so good as it might have been, but by dint of a little bluster, a quantity of 'light-stuff' and more solid fuel was soon forthcoming, and we shortly had a blaze almost strong enough to set the chimney and my inevitable plank on fire. Here we wound our watches. After a little delay supper was announced—fried beefsteaks, potatoes, and doughnuts.

This was the place where we were to exchange drivers, and where a delay of several hours frequently occurred.

When we were about half through supper, which my travelling companions discussed with enviable zeal, a short, stoutly built, sharp-visaged man appeared in the doorway, and cried out, 'All ready!'

'Well, I'm not,' said the Englishman, looking up good-humoredly. With a muttered threat about going on and leaving us, the new driver turned away, and we thought the prospect of getting to Bangor in time had decidedly improved. Still, there were more than forty miles between.

'I will take one of your doughnuts, madam,' said I, putting it into my pocket, for I had been able to eat but little.

'Certainly,' said the landlady; 'take as many as you wish.'

There was something in her kindly tone that did me good. It cheered and helped me more than she could know.

We were to pay our passage here to the returning driver. I had secured a 'through ticket' at C—, but my companions, having only English gold with them, had not done so, having been assured by this same man that they could just as well pay at Bangor, where they would obtain a higher premium on their money. Now, however, he demanded his pay, and at first was not disposed to allow any premium for the gold. This, of course, excited their indignation, and some high words passed. However, the matter was compromised by the driver giving them twenty per cent., when gold was at that moment worth fifty at Bangor.

I had stolen from the room, and was hastily putting on my numerous wrappings, when the Englishman came to me with what he called a 'dose, which he thought would do me good.'

I took part of it, and then hesitated, for it contained strong reminiscences of the 'pocket pistol.'

'Would you really advise me to take the rest?' said I gravely.

'I certainly would,' he replied, with

conclusive solemnity. So I took it, and I think it did 'do me good.'

'This is a hard journey for you,' said the landlady, compassionately regarding my diminutive stature and frail aspect.

The driver was very impatient. She half apologized for him, saying, 'He is very anxious to get through to-night. He doesn't like to go through in the night always, for there are many dangerous places along the road; but it is sleighing to-night, and not very dark, so he thinks he can do very well.'

The urgency of my case, which the Englishman had represented to him, with what other inducements I can only imagine, occasioned his unwonted haste.

When we entered the coach once more for the long night ride, one of the buffaloes was missing.

'It's over to the other stable,' said the driver, carelessly; 'twas left over there by mistake. You shall have it when we get there.'

You would have thought, from his manner of speaking, that the 'other stable' was just across the road, instead of being twenty miles away. As we drove away, I observed, 'I have a doughnut in my pocket; the first one hungry shall have it.'

The curtains were now buttoned closely down for the first time, and we were in total darkness. We rode in silence for some time, each resolutely trying to go to sleep. The Frenchman succeeded best. He had served as a soldier on the Continent, and was evidently accustomed to hardship. He slept as soundly as though he were on a down bed, instead of riding backward in a stage coach.

Again insensibility threatened me. I could not speak, but my labored breathing aroused my companions just in time to save me from entire unconsciousness. The faithful Scotchman had raised the curtain, and the air rushed in freshly upon me. It was very chilly, and much colder than it had

been. It had ceased snowing, and the moon was shining feebly through the breaking clouds. We were going at a goodly rate of speed. By and by I thought of my doughnut, and inquired who was hungry. The Scotchman was not; the Englishman was not; the Frenchman still slept.

'Give it to me, if you please,' said the Englishman, a sudden idea seeming to strike him.

'Here,' said he, making a thrust at the Frenchman; 'wake up! here's a doughnut for you.' The old soldier muttered something drowsily. He was not hungry. 'Won't you take it for the lady?' said the former, with a dash of sentiment.

'I only eat for the satisfaction of mine *appétit*!' he exclaimed, sulkily, settling himself back again to sleep.

The night wore on, interrupted only by frequent stoppages, when the driver dismounted to apply the 'drags' in going down the hills. Before this, we had seemed to be going up all the hills; now there seemed to be a continual descent.

I was too weary to sleep. Let me change my position as I might, I could not be comfortable. My mind was constantly busy, and, since outward objects could no longer engage my attention, I could no longer escape my thoughts. At one time I would think of my husband and my five little ones at home, all sleeping quietly in their beds. I wondered if they had all said their prayers to their father, and if he had tucked them all up warmly. Then I would think of my mother. Was she expecting me? I wondered. My poor mother! what a sad meeting that would be! And then my dead father would come to mind. How sad, how strange it would seem, to receive no warm greeting from him!

It was about two o'clock in the morning, when we stopped for our last change of horses. The house stood black and sombre as a tomb in the dim moonlight. The family had evidently

retired to rest. At length we were admitted into a dimly lighted room, where a table was spread with substantial food. The old gentleman, whose slumbers we had so ruthlessly disturbed, fumbled among a pile of letters and papers, which he distributed in three monstrous mailbags, that flapped about on the floor like so many whales out of water. His toilet had evidently been hastily made, and he shuffled the letters and papers about with the manner of a person half asleep. His hair, which was white and very abundant, stood erect all over his head, and contrasted queerly with his nut-brown face, which was strongly marked and deeply wrinkled.

We were all sleepy and stupid enough by this time, and, had the Scotchman been a less chivalrous knight than he had proved himself, I doubt not he would have experienced some satisfaction in placing my plank and brick before the fire to heat for the last time.

We were none of us hungry but the sharp-visaged driver, who devoured his supper, or breakfast, whichever it might be called, with the air of a man who was determined to get through to Bangor before morning.

The Frenchman, who had been completely cowed down by the old gentleman's indignant 'No, *sir!* we don't keep no sich stuff abaout these premises!' in reply to his demand for 'rûm,' meekly took refuge in a cup of coffee.

In the mean time a baby in the adjoining room, awakened by our movements, began to cry. It was quite a young cry. It could not be more than three or four months old, I thought, as I compared it mentally with the efforts of my own youngest in that direction. But the baby shoe which hung by the fireplace betokened an older child. It must have been the old gentleman's grandchild. I pitied its mother, for it might lie awake until morning.

Once more our resolute driver, with an authoritative 'All ready!' summoned us to depart.

'Amaziah, bring the light around here!' cried the Englishman, who seemed to know the names of every one at these stopping places by a sort of intuition.

'Amaziah' promptly obeyed, and by the aid of his lantern I settled myself for the last stage of my journey. To the Scotchman's comfort, the missing buffalo was produced here, according to the driver's promise.

The Frenchman, who had been over the 'line' before, had hinted that four gray horses were to take us into Bangor; but it seemed to be the fate of three only.

It was then not far from three o'clock, and we had more than twenty miles before us. As the distance lessened, my excitement increased. I became so feverish that I could no longer bear my mittens on my hands. Anxiety and fatigue produced a nervous exhaustion, and the harsh grating of the 'drags' as we descended the oft-recurring hills, threw me into an uncontrollable tremor. I was too tired to sleep—too tired, almost, to think. Strength, sense, hope seemed to lose themselves in my utter weariness. It seemed at times to become a question whether I should even live to reach my destination.

My companions cheered and comforted me as best they could, with never-to-be-forgotten kindness. We stopped once to throw out a mailbag, and I thought, from the appearance of the place as well as I could see it, that we were already on the outskirts of Bangor.

'What place is this?' the Englishman inquired.

'Eddington Bend,' replied the driver.

'How far from Bangor?'

'Sixteen miles.'

Toward dawn we all lost ourselves for a few minutes. I first aroused, and, through the interstices beside the curtains, perceived the gray light of morning. It was six o'clock, and we were but four miles from Bangor, the driver informed us.

Only four miles ! but how long they seemed ! The cars left at half past seven o'clock, and the daylight was fast advancing.

'Shall we after all get there in time ?' said I.

'Not in time for breakfast, I imagine,' replied the Englishman, resignedly.

At last came the welcome announcement, 'Bangor ! There is Bangor !'

'Where is it ? I do not see it,' said I, looking eagerly out into the gray morning mist.

'Why, there, to be sure ! Don't you see that steeple ? There's another ! and there's another !'

Yes, surely there was Bangor at last, welcome to me as ever the Holy City to the penance-worn pilgrim.

In my gratitude, I overflowed with benignity to all the world, and even granted the poor Frenchman permission to enjoy his pipe, a privilege of which he made haste to avail himself. It was an ill-timed charity, to be sure, but I could well afford to submit to the temporary discomfort in the fulness of my satisfaction.

The driver hastened the horses. With ever-increasing speed we passed the lowly cottages in the suburbs, where people were getting up and preparing breakfast by candle light, and at last the 'three grays' cantered triumphantly to the — Hotel—in time for breakfast, too !

There was not a moment to spare, however, and so, without waiting even to make my toilet, we hurried to the train.

The relief I experienced when fairly seated in the car, the excitement of

finding myself in the world once more, among bustling, wide-awake people, stimulated me, and for some time I was unconscious of my fatigue.

The Englishman was to leave me at a station a few miles beyond Bangor, as his journey lay in a different direction. We exchanged cards, and I could not help saying, as we parted :

'I met you a stranger, but I have found in you a friend and a brother.'*

The Scotchman continued on to Boston with me.

His chivalrous and thoughtful consideration remained undiminished.

At last, after many intervals of lassitude and reanimation, I broke down altogether. My strength left me. Overpowered with grief and fatigue, I was glad to rest my weary head on my old plaid cloak, which the Scotchman rolled into a pillow for me in the saloon of the car, where I lay for the last six hours until we reached Boston.

Kind friends were there to meet me, and the Scotchman gave me into their charge, a poor, exhausted creature.

But I was in *time*—and that was enough.

* The accomplished author of *Intuitive Morals*, in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, entitled 'A Day at the Dead Sea,' takes occasion to render a high tribute to the courtesy of our countrymen. She writes—

'If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness, with that consideration for a woman, *as a woman*, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. . . . They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people.'

It is with heartfelt pleasure that I return this compliment, in this account of my winter journey, which, but for the constant and delicate kindness of her countrymen, would have proved wellnigh insupportable.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

January 3d.

YESTERDAY, amid the drinking of toasts, the peals of joyous music, and the volleys of musketry from our dragoons in honor of the investiture of the Duke of Courland, the chamberlain despatched to Warsaw returned, with letters announcing that the ceremony had been delayed, on account of the king's illness: it has been postponed until the eighth of January. Our little Matthias says it is a bad omen, and that as the ducal crown eludes his grasp, so will a royal one. I felt quite uneasy, . . . but then there came several visitors, and they distracted my thoughts. After dinner came Madame Dembinska, wife of the king's cupbearer, with her sons and daughters; the pantler Jordan, with his wife and son, and M. Swidinski, Palatine of Brzeczow, with his nephew, the Abbé Vincent. The latter gentleman has been several times at Maleszow; he is a very pious man; my parents love and esteem him very much. Although he is quite young, we kiss his hands as a minister of God. Barbara has completely won his good opinion; he has given her a rosary, and the 'Christian's Daily Manual.' He was seated next to her at supper, and even addressed his conversation to her twice. This is not at all astonishing, for Barbara is so good; besides, she is the eldest, and hence entitled to more politeness than the rest of us.

Friday, January 5th.

The palatine and his nephew are still with us, and we are daily expecting other guests. The eldest of the palatine's sons is Starost of Radom, and the younger is a colonel in the king's army. The palatine, who has been a widower several years, has also two daughters, one married to Granowski, Palatine of Rawa, and the other recent-

ly wedded to Lauckorowski, Castellan of Polaniec. I am very curious to see the palatine's sons; they were educated at Luneville, in France; they must have an air and manner different from those of our young Poles.

The good King Stanislaus, though he dwells in a foreign land, is always seeking to be useful to his compatriots; several young Polish gentlemen are maintained and educated by him at Luneville. They receive the best instruction, and the sons of our first families strive for the honor, using the pretext of relationship, however distant, to obtain their desires. Indeed, they are quite right, for when one can say of a young man, He has studied at Luneville, and has been to Paris, he has certainly an excellent foundation for the beginning of his career. Every one feels quite sure that his manners will be irreproachable, that he can speak French, and dance the minuet and quadrilles. All the gentlemen who have been in France are very successful in society, and very pleasing to ladies. . . . Really, I am exceedingly curious to see the palatine's two sons!

Saturday, January 6th.

They finally arrived yesterday afternoon, and do not in the least correspond to the idea I had formed of them, the starost less than his brother. I thought I should see a young, lively, and agreeable man, in short, a young man like Prince Cherry, in Madame de Beaumont's tales, who would speak French all the time; but I was quite mistaken. The starost is no longer young; he is thirty years old, and quite stout; he is not fond of dancing, and never speaks a single word of French. Every now and then he puts in a word or two of Latin, like my father. I am much better pleased with the colonel; he wears a

uniform, is young, and says at least a few words in French.

To-day is Twelfth day, and Michael Chronowski will be emancipated before nightfall. They are baking a great cake in the kitchen, with a bean in it. Who will be king? Heavens, if I were to be queen! I should wear a crown on my head during the whole evening, and should bear absolute sway in the castle. . . . There would be plenty of dancing then, I'll answer for it! . . . But whether I command it or not, there must be dancing, I am sure, for a crowd of visitors has been pouring in ever since morning; the servants are grumbling, and the keeper of the table service is quite provoked. When he sees all the carriages standing on the square facing the church of Piotrkowicé, he says there is no end to work for him. As for me, I jump with joy; and so it is in this world, where some are happy from the very cause which makes the torment of others.

Sunday, January 7th.

How many people! The castle is so gay and lively! We amused ourselves finely. I was not queen, for Barbara got the bean, and when she saw it in her portion of the cake, she blushed to her very eyes. Madame, who was seated near her, announced the fact, and all the guests and attendants testified their satisfaction by loud shouts. Our little Matthias laughed and said: She who has the bean will marry Mr. Michael (kto dostal migdala dostanie Michala)—a Polish proverb always repeated upon such occasions. It is also a common saying that when a young girl has it, she will be married before the end of the carnival. God grant that this prophecy may be verified, for then we shall have a wedding, and abundance of dancing!

I cannot become accustomed to the starost; his gravity does not please me; he would dance nothing yesterday but Polish dances. He never mentions Paris or Luneville, and takes no notice of young people; he never addresses to

us any of those little gallantries which are the small change of good society; he talks only to our parents, plays cards, and reads the newspapers. I still continue to think that his brother is worth more than he; at least he is more sociable, he talks about Paris and Luneville, and is not so old.

But I am forgetting to relate the ceremonies accompanying Michael Chronowski's emancipation; I was quite diverted with them. When all the company had assembled in the great hall, my father took his place upon the highest seat; the folding doors were thrown open, and the steward, accompanied by several young courtiers, introduced the candidate for emancipation; very richly dressed in a full suit of new clothes. He knelt before my father, who touched his cheek lightly in sign of good will; he then fastened a sword at the young man's side, drank off a cup of wine, and presented him with a fine horse, accompanied by a groom, also well mounted and equipped. The two horses were in the castle court.

My father asked Chronowski if he preferred trying his fortune in the world or remaining in his service. Michael replied, timidly, that he was very happy in the castle, but would like to see more of his country, and ventured to ask a recommendation to Prince Lubomirski, Palatine of Lublin, my father's brother-in-law. His request was granted, my father slipped a roll of twenty gold ducats into his hand, and invited him to remain with us during the carnival. Chronowski seemed delighted with this proposition, and after paying his homage to my father and mother, he kissed the hands of all the ladies present; from that moment he was admitted into our society, and danced his best in Mazurkas and Cracoviennes with Barbara. He certainly dances very well, and my sister is equally graceful; it was charming to see them!

Monday, *January 8th.*

The prophecy has been really fulfilled! Barbara is to be married at the termination of the carnival, and she is to marry Mr. Michael, for such is the name of the Starost Swidzinski. He asked Barbara's hand of my mother yesterday, and to-morrow they will be betrothed! Poor Barbara was all in tears when she came to tell us the great news; she shrinks from the idea of marriage, and it will be very painful to her to leave her parents and her home. But it would have been very unadvisable to have refused the match, when my father and mother assure her that she will be very happy. The starost seems to me a very pious, gentle, and upright man; his family is noble, ancient, and wealthy. What more is necessary?

The three brothers Swidzinski, Alexander, Michael, and Anthony, died as brave men should, near Chocim, under the command of the celebrated Chodkiewicz. This renown is a glory for those who still live. The starost's parents have already conferred upon him the entire ownership of the castle of Sulgostow. He holds, besides, a considerable starosty under the king's appointment, and expects soon to be a castellan. The Palatine Swidzinski and the Abbé Vincent have come to speed on the marriage; they desire it exceedingly. The palatine is charmed with Barbara, and I am sure he will love her dearly when he knows her better. The wedding will take place at the castle of Maleszow on the 25th of February. What fine balls and concerts we shall have! We will dance until we can scarcely stand. Barbara will be: Your ladyship the starostine. I shall be very sorry when I can no longer call her Barbara, dear Barbara.

I really feel quite remorseful at having described the starost so ill in my journal; however, I do not think I have said anything very offensive. I hope Barbara may be happy, and I think she will be, for she has always

told me she did not like very young people; the starost is reasonable, and in my mother's opinion such men make the best husbands. If my mother says so, it must be true; but for my part, I much prefer gay and agreeable young men. One is certainly entitled to one's own individual taste.

I have not forgotten that this is the day selected for the investiture of the prince royal with the dukedom of Courland. The king's health is re-established. Colonel Swidzinski speaks in the highest terms of Prince Charles, whom he knows very well; but the palatine and his eldest son do not wish him to succeed his father; they say that the crown should be placed upon the head of a compatriot.

Wednesday, *January 10th.*

The betrothal took place yesterday. Dinner was served at the usual hour. When Barbara entered the saloon my mother gave her a ball of silk to untwist; she was red as fire, and her eyes were fixed on the ground. The starost did not leave her a moment. Our little Matthias laughed with his malicious air, and gave vent to a thousand pleasantries, which diverted every one exceedingly; all laughed aloud, and although I did not understand the meaning of his jests, I laughed more than any one else. After dinner, Barbara seated herself in the recess by the window; the starost approached her, and said, aloud:

'Is it indeed true, mademoiselle, that you will oppose no obstacles to my happiness?'

Barbara replied, in a low and trembling voice:

'My parents' will has always been for me a sacred duty.'

Here the conversation ended.

When the chamberlains, attendants, and servants had retired, the palatine, followed by the Abbé Vincent, conducted the starost to my parents, who were seated on a sofa. The palatine addressed my father in the following words:

'My heart is penetrated with the sincerest affection and most profound esteem for the illustrious house of the Corvini Krasinski; I have always ardently desired that the modest arms of Polkozie might be united with the glorious and illustrious arms of Slepown. My happiness is at its height on beholding that your highnesses will deign to grant me this great honor. Your daughter Barbara is a model of virtue and grace; my son Michael is the glory and consolation of my life; deign, then, to consent to the union of this young couple; deign to confirm your promise on this very day. Behold the ring which I received from my parents; I placed it upon the hand of my betrothed, who is, alas! now no more, but who will live eternally in my heart. Permit, then, that during a similar ceremony my son may offer it to your daughter, as a token of his affection and unalterable attachment.'

As he said these words, he placed the ring upon a silver dish held by the Abbé Vincent. The abbé also made a discourse, but he put so much Latin into it that I could not understand it.

My father replied to the two speeches in the following terms:

'I am most happy to confirm the promise I have made to you; I consent to the marriage of my daughter with the starost; I give her my blessing, and surrender to your honorable son all the rights I possess over her.'

'I unite in the desires and intentions of my husband,' added my mother. 'I give this ring to my daughter; it is the most precious jewel of our house. My father, Stephen Humiecki, received it from the hand of Augustus II, when he had fortunately succeeded in concluding the peace of Carlowitz, by which the Turks restored the fortress of Kamieniec-Podolski to the Poles. With this ring, which recalls so many dear remembrances, was I myself betrothed; I give it to my eldest daughter, with my blessing, and the hope that she may

be as happy as I have been since my marriage.'

Thus saying, she placed on the dish a ring set with superb diamonds, enclosing a miniature of Augustus II.

'Barbara, come to me,' said my father; but the poor child was so confused, so agitated and trembling, that she could scarcely walk; I cannot understand how she moved even those few paces. At last, however, she placed herself at my father's side, and the Abbé Vincent gave them his benediction in Latin. One of the rings was given to the starost, and the other to my sister; her betrothed placed it upon the little finger of her left hand, called the heart finger (*serdeczny*). He then kissed Barbara's hand, and she in her turn presented her ring; but she was so much overcome that she found great difficulty in encircling the end of his finger with the glittering hoop. The starost again kissed her hand, after which he threw himself at my parents' feet, and swore to watch over the happiness of their beloved daughter.

The palatine kissed Barbara on the forehead, while the colonel and the abbé made her a thousand compliments, each more beautiful than the last. My father filled a great goblet with old Hungarian wine; he toasted the new couple, and all who were present drank by turns out of the same cup.

All this passed so solemnly and tenderly that I wept unrestrainedly.

'Do not weep, little Frances,' said Matthias, who was present at this scene; 'a year hence it will be your turn.'

A year would be too soon; but if it were in two years, I would not be sorry.

The whole Swidzinski family are so kind and attentive to Barbara! and my parents for the first time kissed her face when she bade them good-night. Since yesterday, every one in the castle treats her with the greatest respect; all congratulate her, and she is over-

whelmed with homage and compliments. Each one would like to be employed in her establishment; my father has given 1,000 Holland ducats to my mother, recommending her to do all for her daughter that she may think necessary. They consulted a long time over the trousseau that should be given to her. To-morrow Miss Zawistowska will go to Warsaw with the commissary, to make purchases. This Miss Zawistowska is a very respectable person; she is about thirty, and has lived in the castle ever since she was a child. There are in the storeroom four large chests filled with silver, destined for our use. My father had Barbara's brought to him and examined it carefully; this chest will be sent to Warsaw, that the silver may be cleaned.

• The palatine and the starost leave us to-morrow. They go to Sulgostow, where they will make all the preparations necessary for Barbara's reception.

My father has had the customary letters written to announce the marriage, and will send them by the chamberlains to the various parts of Poland. The most distinguished among our chamberlains, and an equerry richly equipped, will depart in two days to carry letters to the king, the princes his sons, the primate, and the principal senators. My father announces the marriage, and begs them to give it their benediction; if he does not exactly invite them, he gives them to understand that he would feel highly honored by their presence. Ah! if one of the princes were to come—the Duke of Courland, for example—what a lustre it would throw upon the wedding! But they will merely send their representatives, as is usual upon such occasions.

The castle is in a state of constant activity; great preparations are making for the approaching festivities. The starost has displayed an unexampled generosity; he has made us all the most beautiful presents. He has given me a turquoise pin; Sophia has received a ruby cross; Mary, a Venetian

chain, and even my parents have condescended to accept gifts from him. My father has a silver-gilt goblet, admirably chased; and my mother, a beautiful box made of mother-of-pearl mounted in gold. Even madame has not been forgotten, for she found a blonde mantle on her bed this morning; she praises the generosity of the Polish lords to the skies. But this is the only virtue she concedes to our nation, so that I cannot love madame; her injustice toward my countrymen repels me. We had yesterday a grand state supper; the orchestra played unceasingly, toasts were drunk in honor of the happy couple, and the dragoons fired numberless volleys of musketry; their captain gave them as their watchword for the day, 'Michael and Barbara.'

Barbara begins to take courage; she only blushes now when she looks at her ring; she hides it as much as she can; but it is of no use, for every one sees it, and the brilliants sparkle like stars.

This morning all the court went hunting, in accordance with the old custom, which renders this action of good omen to the wedded pair. Formerly before they set out, the betrothed was obliged to display her ankle to the hunters. God be praised that this custom no longer exists, for I am sure Barbara would have died of shame. But our little Matthias insisted upon the performance of this ceremony, saying that if it were omitted the chase would certainly be unfortunate. For once his prophecy failed; they killed a wild boar, two bucks, an elk, and many hares. The starost killed the wild boar with his own hand, and laid it at Barbara's feet.

My father had all the horses brought out of his stables for the hunters to ride upon. Among them was one of exceeding beauty, but so unmanageable that the best groom had never yet been able to mount him. The starost was confident he could control him, and, not-

withstanding the terror of the spectators, he leaped on his back and guided him three times round the castle of Maleszow. It was truly a noble sight. Barbara was very pale; she trembled for her betrothed; but when she saw him so firmly seated on the fiery animal, the bright color returned to her cheek. From that moment I felt reconciled to the starost. In truth, he is not so bad; he looks well on horseback, and possesses that dauntless courage so dear to the heart of a woman. I must then forgive his ignorance of the minuet and quadrilles. My father gave the starost the horse he had so well merited, completely caparisoned, and with a groom to take care of him.

Sunday, January 30th.

I have neglected my journal during the past week; we have been so busy with the preparations for the marriage; there are such crowds of people at the castle; every one is occupied doing the honors; both mornings and afternoons are passed in company. Our studies are laid aside—the chronology, the French grammar, and even Madame de Beaumont lie quiet and undisturbed in their places. We are busily engaged with our needles, because each one of us desires to make a present to Barbara. I am embroidering a morning dress, which will be charming; I even steal some hours from my sleep that I may the sooner finish it. Mary is embroidering a straw-colored muslin, with shaded silks mingled with gold thread, and Sophia is making a lovely toilet cover.

My mother is entirely occupied with the trousseau; she opens her wardrobes and chests, bringing out linen, cloth, furs, curtains, and tapestry. I help her as well as I can; she is sometimes good enough to ask my opinion; she is so scrupulous, so much afraid of not dividing our shares equally. She is so particular, that she even sends for the chaplain to judge of the exactness of the division. The tailors and lace-makers who have come from Warsaw to make up the trousseau will hardly

be able to finish their work during the next month. The linen is all ready. The young ladies belonging to our suite have aided materially. They have been sewing at linen during the past two years, and now they are marking it with blue cotton. These poor girls will soon be very expert in making the letters B and K. The trousseau will be magnificent.

Barbara cannot conceive what she will ever be able to do with so many dresses! Until now none of us have ever had more than four at a time: two brown woollen ones, with black aprons, for every-day wear, a white one for Sundays, and a more elegant one for grand occasions, ceremonials, etc. We always found them quite enough, but my mother says that her ladyship the starostine will need an entirely different toilette from that required by Miss Barbara; that what was proper for a young girl will not be sufficient for a married woman.

I spoke of a ball of silk given to Barbara by my mother on the day of the betrothal; well, that was to make a purse for the starost. Barbara works at her purse from morning till night: the tangled silk was given her as a trial of her care and patience; for she must first wind the skeins without breaking them or dimming their lustre. She has succeeded admirably. Barbara may marry without doubt or fear; our little Matthias answers for her vocation.

The chamberlains and the equerry have departed with their letters of announcement. Barbara is terrified at the thought that the princes and lords of the court may perhaps come from Warsaw. What a child she is! As for me, I should be delighted! But I just remember—the investiture of the prince royal took place on the eighth of this month. The evening before the ceremony, our cousin, Prince Lubomirski, Palatine of Lublin and the prince royal's marshal, gave a magnificent ball. The dinners, balls, and concerts are said to have lasted more than a week. The

new Duke of Courland made a speech in Polish, which produced an excellent effect. He is now regarded as an independent prince, and has shown both dignity and greatness of mind throughout this whole affair.

The *Polish Courier* gave all the details of the ceremony. If I had had time I should have copied them, they interested me so deeply! But all these details are nothing to what I should have seen with my own eyes had I been there. What is description compared with one's own observation? I am really very glad of the final investiture of the prince; it is the only public matter which pleases and consoles me; all else seems to be in a most lamentable condition. While I am so diligently working at Barbara's morning dress I am forced to hear things which sadden me deeply. The chaplain reads the papers aloud to us, and I see that the republic loses daily in power and dignity; the neighboring powers invade it under divers pretexts; their troops pillage and devastate the country, while the Government refuses to interfere. . . I dare not think of the future, but my father says we must enjoy the present. All speak in subdued tones of the woes which threaten Poland, and then dance and drink; the joyous festivals and banquets would deceive one into thinking the times must be prosperous. The Poles, perhaps, act like our little Matthias; when he is vexed he never lets the glass leave his hands, repeating always: He who pines, needs good wines (*dobry trunek na frásunek*); the sadder he is, the more he drinks.

Friday, January 25th, 1799.

The starost arrived yesterday, and Barbara found on her table this morning two beautiful silver baskets filled with oranges and bonbons; she distributed them among us (her sisters) and the young ladies of the court; even the waiting women received their share. Our work is progressing; my morning dress is nearly finished.

My mother gives Barbara a bedstead with all its furniture. We have long had our flocks of geese and swans. There is a poor creature in the castle who can do nothing but pick down; poor Marina is so stupid that she is incapable of comprehending anything more difficult, and passes her whole life in this occupation. Each of us has her share of the down; Barbara will have two large feather beds, eight large pillows of goose down, and two small ones of swans' down. The pillows are made of stuff spun in the castle, and are to be covered with crimson damask, besides which they will have an upper case of Holland cambric, trimmed with lace. The young ladies of our suite have put a great deal of work upon them.

Saturday, February 2d.

The starost remained a week at the castle, and left us yesterday. When he again returns, it will be to carry Barbara away with him. I cannot imagine her going off alone with a stranger, it is truly inconceivable; I must see it with my own eyes before I can believe it.

Barbara seems to feel daily more and more esteem and friendship toward the starost. He, however, rarely addresses her; all his conversation is directed to our parents—his cares and attentions are exclusively for them. I am told that this is the proper way for a well-bred man to make his court, and that he should win the heart of his betrothed by pleasing her family.

In three weeks the wedding will take place. My sisters and I have each a new dress, presented to us by Barbara; she has given a dress to all the young girls in the castle.

Nearly all the persons invited to the wedding have accepted; but the king and the princes, to my great regret, will merely send their representatives.

I doubt whether the palatiness, Princess Lubomirska, can come; she will find difficulty in leaving Warsaw at the present time. She approves highly of Barbara's marriage, and has

written her a charming letter of congratulation; my father is delighted.

My morning dress will be finished in time; but then I have worked unceasingly, that is, as much as I could; for my mother is constantly calling upon me; she is so kind to me, and condescends to make use of my services in all her preparations. Until now, Barbara alone was consulted and had confidence placed in her, as being the eldest; this happiness was her right, but my good parents desire that I should now take her place. I have already been twice intrusted with the key of the little room where the cordials and sweetmeats are kept; that gives me importance. I have consequently assumed a graver air; every one must see that I have grown a year older. I will try to imitate Barbara, so that when the starost takes her away my parents may not feel her loss too deeply. I have plenty of good will, but shall I be able to satisfy them?

Tuesday, February 12th.

It seems that the splendor and magnificence displayed at the investiture had never before been equalled. The Warsaw gazettes are never weary of dilating upon this subject.

The guests begin to arrive; people are pouring in from the most distant quarters. Notwithstanding the number and size of the apartments, it will be impossible to lodge all in the castle; preparations have been made in the village, in the priest's house, and even in the better class of huts belonging to the peasants, to receive some of our guests.

The cooks and confectioners are all busy; the laundry is in a state of unceasing activity; the trousseau is nearly finished; and the bedsteads, two cases filled with mattresses, pillows, and carpets, a box of silver, and a thousand other things, were sent off to Sulgostow this morning. The bedsteads are of iron and beautifully wrought; the curtains are of blue damask, and fastened to

the four corners by bunches of ostrich plumes.

Barbara ought to kiss both the feet and the hands of our parents, who have given her so many precious things. My father has inscribed an exact list of the trousseau in a large book, preceded by the words which I here copy, lest I should forget them:

'List of the trousseau which I, Stanislaus, of the Corvini Krasinski, etc., etc., and my wife Angelica Humiecka, give to our dear and well beloved daughter Barbara, on the occasion of her marriage with His Excellency, Michael Swidinski, Starost of Radom. We implore the blessing of Heaven upon our dear child, and we bless her with parental affection in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

I do not copy the list of the trousseau, for I have no time; I shall, besides, be one day obliged to do it upon my own account.

Wednesday, February 20th.

Well! time flies, and the wedding will take place in five days. The starost arrived yesterday evening. Barbara trembled like a leaf in an autumn wind when he was announced by the chamberlain. We expect to-day the palatine, the colonel, the Abbé Vincent, and the Palatine Granowski, with the palatiness, the starost's sister. Madame Lanckoronska, the starost's second sister, cannot come to Maleszow; she is in Podolia with her husband. Barbara is really sorry, for she is very anxious to know her, every one speaks so highly of her. My sister is about entering into a good family; all the persons composing it are pious and honorable; they show her the most unbounded attention, and pay her homage as if she were a queen.

The trousseau is entirely finished; all that could not be sent to Sulgostow has been deposited in chests, of which Miss Zawistowska keeps the keys. Barbara is very well pleased that she is to

take Miss Zawistowska with her; she has been accustomed to see her ever since she was a child, and, when far away from her mother, will be very happy to have near her a careful person whom she can trust, and with whom such dear remembrances are linked.

She will also be accompanied by several of our suite. She will have two chamberlains, two young girls (her god-daughters) who embroider beautifully, a waiting woman, and a young lady companion. The latter is of an excellent family, and is endowed with infinite wit and good sense; her name is Louisa Linowska: she has lived in the castle several years, and Barbara is passionately fond of her. There are several other young girls desirous of entering the service of the future lady starostine; if my parents would consent, she would soon have a dozen at least. When I marry, I will take a still larger number into my service; I have already promised three of our young girls that I will take them with me. One is the daughter of Hyacinth, keeper of the table furniture. The poor man made me a profound bow, and his brows unbent for the first time in his life.

Sunday, February 24th.

To-morrow will be Barbara's wedding day. What a crowd there will be! The minister Borch, the king's representative, has arrived, as also Kochanowski, son of the Duke of Courland's castellan, and the duke's favorite. Kochanowski is a very accomplished young man; one may truly say: As the master, so the man (*iaki pan taki kram*).

The invitations were issued for yesterday evening, and every one has been exact in coming. The arrival of the guests was magnificent; everything had been prepared for their reception; expresses announced their coming, and our dragoons, all ranged in battle array, presented arms to each lord as he ap-

peared. The cannon were discharged, and the musketry kept up a rolling fire, while at intervals were heard joyous peals of music. I never witnessed any scene so beautiful, so animated, and imposing as that of the reception. One may well believe that the most especial honors had been reserved for the king's representative. My father awaited him with uncovered head upon the drawbridge, and before he reached the castle he was obliged to pass through a double file of courtiers, guests, and attendants. He received profound salutations from right and from left, and the hurrahs seemed never ending.

The contract of marriage was signed to-day amid a large concourse of persons, and in presence of the appointed witnesses. I do not understand the forms of the document, but I do know that the young bride's presents are superb and in the best taste. The starost has given her three strings of Oriental pearls and a pair of diamond earrings with drops. The palatine's gifts are a diamond cross, an aigrette, and a diadem; the colonel, always amiable and gallant, has presented her with a charming watch and chain from Paris. The Abbé Vincent's gifts are worthy of himself, consisting of certain precious relics. She is indeed overwhelmed with kindness.

Barbara has never worn any jewelry; until now, her only ornament has been a little ring bearing an image of the Blessed Virgin; she will certainly not lay that aside, notwithstanding all her pretty new things.

But I must stop writing, for here comes my morning dress, all nicely bleached and ironed. The embroidery makes an excellent effect; I must put the last stitches into the dress and then carry it to Miss Zawistowska, that she may offer it to Barbara to-morrow when she dresses; how lovely she will look in the pretty white morning dress!

THE SLEEPING PERI.

LINES SUGGESTED BY PALMER'S STATUE.

Lo ! upon the stone reposing,
Dewy sleep her eyelids closing,
 Rests the Fay ;
Wearily hath the exile wandered,
Sadly o'er her sorrow pondered,
 All the day.

Flinty pathways, lone and dreary,
Quite unmeet for foot of Peri,
 Soft and fair ;—
Heavy air with vapors laden,
Shrinking, fragile wings from Aidenn
 May not dare ;—

Such the gifts our planet proffers,
Such the thorny home she offers
 Spirits fine :
Artists, poets, earthward sent us,
Heavenly natures, briefly lent us,
 Droop like thine !

Happy if, amid their dreaming,
They can feel the glories streaming
 From above ;—
See the light, and hear the flowing,
Gushing anthems—melting, glowing
 Strains of love !

Happy Peri ! faintly smiling ;
Quivering lip, the sense beguiling,
 Dimpled cheek,
Form ethereal, heavenly moulded,
Shadowing eyelids, soft wings folded
 Rest to seek,—

All betray thee, young immortal,
Eden's child, without its portal
 Doomed to roam !
Yet thy spirit sees the glory,
Hears entranced the rapturous story
 Of thy home.

Who, O Fay, would dare to wake thee,
 From ecstatic visions take thee
 But to weep ?
 Softly dreaming, waking never
 Till thy dreams are truths forever,
 Sweetly sleep !

MY LOST DARLING.

THE boom of cannon in the distance, flags floating gaily in the bright morning air, strains of martial music filling it, a waving of caps and handkerchiefs, shouts in the streets below, and the tramp of many feet. A regiment is passing ! To a stern fate, that beckons darkly in the distance, these patriots are moving, with firm, determined tread—to long, exhausting marches, and fireless bivouac ; to hunger and cold ; to sufferings in varied forms ; to wounds and imprisonment ; to death ! God knows when and how they are going ;—and, amid the doomed throng slowly passing, the bright face of my darling smilingly upturned to mine. I wave my hand and kiss it ; my handkerchief is wet through and through.

He came to me but an hour since, decked in his uniform (a lamb decked for the slaughter). ‘I’m a lieutenant now,’ he said, tapping his shoulder gaily ; ‘I shall rival Sam Patch at a leap, and jump to the head at once. Three months is enough to make a colonel of me.’ And so, with his young heart beating high and warm, upborne by wild hopes like these, he held me to his heart at parting, and went away quite joyously, my poor darling ! shedding only a few tears in sympathy with mine. I watch his form until I lose it in the mass before me ; then I watch the mass moving slowly, slowly on, bearing him away from me ; till the heavy tramp dies out upon the air, and

the dark mass, growing less and less, becomes a dim speck in the distance ; and the music wanes, and wanes, and dies out also, and in the still air about me only the voice of the wind is heard : coming and going at long, lazy intervals, it speaks to my inner sense with a warning note, a low requiem sound. Why is it that it takes that weird tone always when sorrow is darkly waiting for me in the future ? What prophet’s voice speaks to me in it ? What invisible thing without addresses its wild warning to the invisible within ? As I listened, my soul grew chill and dark with the shadow of a coming gloom ; my heart grew cold. God help me ! How wildly, how almost despairingly I prayed for my darling’s life !

Alone in the world, we were all in all to each other. Mine was a wild, exclusive love. Heart and soul were bound up in him. Other girls had their lovers ; my fond heart beat for him alone. What tie nearer and dearer than the tie of blood united us ? What bond, sacred and invisible, bound our souls together ? I know not ; I only know that my heart and mind echoed always the thoughts and moods of his ; that, no matter what dreary distance lay between us, our souls held communion still ; that I rejoiced when he was glad ; and wept when I said, ‘He is sorrowful to-day.’ He had gone away gay and hopeful, and had left me weeping—oppressed by vague fears and

chill forebodings, my heart could not echo *now* the happy mood of his. Wild and weird, all that dreary day, the wind moaned its warning; and the sad echo sounded through other dreary days that followed this; and dreary nights came also, when I prayed and wept, and covered the pictured face with tears and kisses—when I cried, ‘God keep my precious one, and bring my darling back to me;’ and that was all my prayer;—when I sank to fitful slumbers, and wildly dreamed of shell and cannon ball, and bullets thick as hail, of foes met in deadly fray, of shielding my darling’s form with mine—there, where all was smoke and darkness and blood and horror—and dying gladly in his stead. Or the scene changed from horror to desolation, and, with a dreadful sense of isolation on me, alone in the darkness I wandered up and down, blindly searching for him I never found; or finding him, perhaps, covered with ghastly wounds, and dead, quite dead; and then starting broad awake with horror at the sight.

God help us! us women, with our wild, inordinate affections, when Death waits in ambush for our darlings, whom we are powerless to save from the smallest of life’s ills and perils! A letter came at last, eight dear pages, with all the margins filled. Long, confidential, loving, with just a thought of sadness in it; a slight, almost imperceptible shadow resting on the glowing hopes with which he left; yet bright withal, bright like himself. The charm of novelty was potent yet. How I read it o’er and o’er, this first dear message from him; how I kissed the senseless thing; how my tears fell upon it; how day and night I wore it on my heart, until another took its place!

They came at stated intervals *now*, and as the time wore on, and their tone changed, little by little, I knew that the hard life he led began to tell upon him—that, petted, fondled, cherished as he had been, unfitted for hardship of any kind, they grew at times almost

too great for calm endurance. He never complained, my grand, brave boy; he spoke of them lightly always, sometimes jestingly, but he could not deceive that fine interior sense. I knew there were times when he turned heart-sick from the wild life that claimed him; I could see how his noble nature shrank from all that was coarse and revolting in it; how he longed for fire-side joys and sweet domestic peace, and pined with dreary homesickness; how his heart cried out for me in the melancholy night. And then even this comfort, that had softened the dull, longing pain within, was denied me—no letters came. Mail after mail went and came, and I grew feverish with suspense. I imagined him beset by ghastly perils, and, with torturing uncertainty wearing my very life away, I watched and waited as women are wont to do. Then dark rumors were afloat of foes making a desperate advance, and of bloody battle pending. One night a horror fell upon my troubled sleep—an appalling gloom, a shuddering, suffocating sense of some impending doom. Battling fiercely and blindly with this dread, invisible something, I awoke in deadly fright, to find the terror no less clear to my perceptions, no less palpable and real, and to wrestle with it still. Some blind instinct in me called aloud for air; with difficulty mastering an almost overpowering impulse to rush out into the night, I flew to the window, raised it, and looked out. A fierce storm was raging—a storm of whose very existence I had until that moment been unconscious. The thunder rolled, and muttered, and broke in wild, fearful crashes. Sheets of lightning every instant lighted up the blackness, and made the sky terrific. Gushes of wind and rain wet and chilled me through and through. Unmindful of it, with that fine interior sense aroused, I listened with all my soul—not to the thunder’s fearful voice, to the wild beating of the storm, or to the wind’s melancholy moaning, but to *something* on

the tempestuous air, and yet a stranger to it.

There came a lull in the storm at last, and then, O God ! O God ! through the sullen gloom, his voice was calling to me: Now faint and low, as if his life was ebbing; then raised in agony, wild with supplication and sharp with pain. I saw him covered with gaping wounds, on a hideous field, piled with slain and soaked with blood. I went mad, I think: I have a vague remembrance of rushing out into that fearful storm, undressed as I was, with wild resolve to follow the sound of the voice, to reach him somehow, or die in the mad attempt; of being brought back, shut up in my room, and a sort of guard placed over me; of making wild attempts to rush out again, and struggling ineffectually with those that held me back—of raving wildly; then of long and dreamless slumbers, when I had become exhausted, and the sharp agony was past; of rousing myself to go about in a listless, apathetic way, waiting with dulled sense for lists of killed and wounded; of the doctor bringing the paper to me and saying, with his face all light: 'He is not dead; you will find his name among the wounded;' of finding where he was, eluding their vigilance, and travelling night and day until I reached the place. All this seems vague and unreal, as a half-forgotten dream—too dim and lifeless for memory. Entire change of scene, new sights and faces, and, more than all, the conviction that the time had come for action *now*, and that *he* would need me, roused me from this misty state a little. When I landed at the place, I think I recovered the clear consciousness of my surroundings, while standing in the provost-marshal's office (the city was under military rule) waiting my turn to speak.

Then I thought for the first time what a mad thing it was in me to have come at all—at least, to have come in the way I had come; I, so impractical, so wofully lacking in that sterling

common sense, that potent weapon with which women battled successfully with the stern realities of life; and thinking, too, with a dull pain at my heart, that doubtless my darling would suffer by reason of my ignorance and inability. I studied the mass of strange faces about me, thinking to which I would turn for help, if help were needed. After reading them, one after another, and rejecting them, I turned at last to a group in front of me, and singled out one that was addressing the others, a man of consequence among them—at least a certain superiority of air and manner led to that conjecture. He had a fine open face, whose expression changed continually; and the more I studied the face, the more I placed a blind trust and reliance in it. Attracted by the magnetism of a fixed gaze, probably, his eyes wandered from the group about him, after a little while, wandered aimlessly about the room, and then met mine. Seeing that I was watching him, or observing, perhaps, that I was suffering, though, Heaven knows, the sight of misery of all kinds *there* was common enough, he crossed the room and came to me. 'You may be obliged to wait some time longer yet,' he said, in a tone of hearty kindness; 'you look ill, madam. You had better sit down.' He found a chair and brought it to me. He was on the point of leaving, but I grasped his arm as he turned to go. 'If you have any influence here,' I said, in a half-distracted way, 'tell the clerk, tell somebody to let my turn come next. My brother is here and wounded; I have travelled night and day to get to him; it's dreadful to be so near, and yet to wait and wait.' He turned in grave surprise, and looked at me narrowly, fancying, from my incoherency, I was taking leave of my senses possibly. 'Your name, young lady?' he said, at last. I gave it, 'Margaret Dunn.' He started at the name, and a heavy shadow came over his face: 'And your brother,' he said, hurriedly, 'is Lieutenant Dunn,

of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, Company A? I am surgeon of the Fifty-fifth; I know him well. He was a brave fellow, and as fine, manly, and handsome a fellow as one need wish to see.' He ended with a sigh, and mingling with the shadow there came a look of pity in his face. The past tense, which I am sure he used unconsciously; the look of pity; the sigh but half suppressed, overpowered me with dread. 'He has not died of his wounds?' I gasped, grasping his arm convulsively, 'O God! he is not dead?' 'He is alive,' said the doctor, gravely. 'Father, I thank Thee, Thou hast heard my prayer!'

The sudden transition from that mortal dread of death to the blessed certainty of life was too much; my joy was too great; forgetful of my surroundings, unmindful of his presence, I wept and sobbed aloud. When I had controlled my emotion in a measure, or at least their stormy outward manifestation, I found the doctor regarding me with the same grave face. 'You should not have come here in your present weak, excited state,' he said, at last, 'or, rather, you should not have come at all. From sights and sounds of a hospital, even strong men turn with a shudder. It's no place for a delicate woman.' 'He is there,' I murmured, tremulously; 'I can suffer anything for those I love.' Regarding me in silence for a moment, he looked as if taking my measure. 'These women that *can* bear,' he said, with a sigh, 'sometimes overrate their powers of endurance.' 'Do you think I shall have to wait much longer? do you think I can go soon now?' I questioned, appealingly, breaking the silence that had fallen between us. 'No, you must wait your turn,' said the doctor, decidedly; 'besides, you are not calm enough yet; the surgeons are at work in the ward where we are going. They are taking off a man's limb—two or three of them, for that matter. I shan't take you there until the operations are finished.' Then

first came the horrid thought that *he* might be mutilated in the same way. Vague, indistinct, dreadful visions uprose before me, of all sorts and kinds of horrid disfigurement, and I grew sick and faint. 'Not *his* limb!' I gasped, struggling with a deathly faintness. 'No, not *his*,' said the doctor, sorrowfully. The same cloud was still there that had settled on his face when he first spoke of him; the same pity for me shining through it. 'There is a room here where the ladies go when they have long to wait. You had better go in there and rest yourself. I will bring you some tea and something light and palatable in the shape of food, and you must eat and drink. Confiscated property, you see,' he said, as he entered; 'a rebel family walked out, and we walked in; comfortable quarters.' I noticed then there was a carpet on the floor, sofa, mirrors, and other comforts. 'Sit down,' said the doctor. He had taken the tone of command with me—a tone I would have resented at any other time; now, nerveless and weak, relying on him solely, I obeyed him like a sick child. He brought the tea, watched me while I drank it, looked on while I choked down tears and food together. He ordered me to go to sleep, and left me. Doubtless even this command had its effect. Things grew dreamy and indistinct after a while; perhaps I slept a little; but the time seemed very, very long. At last his tap at the door roused me from this half-conscious state. 'Ready?' he briefly questioned, as he looked in, a moment after. I said yes, tremulously: now that the time had come, I trembled so I could scarcely keep my feet. He gave me his arm as we went out together. 'It's not far,' he said, encouragingly, 'just across here.' The fresh air did me good. Quite likely, the conversation he perseveringly maintained on indifferent subjects, in spite of my random replies, was also of service to me. I grew calmer as we went along. The distance was but short, and

we soon reached the place of our destination—a large hotel, which had been hurriedly converted into a hospital.

'Come,' said the doctor, pausing with his hand upon the door, and turning to me, 'cheer up! There is no misery, after all, but what is in the comparative degree. Things are never so bad but that they may have been worse. I dare say, on occasion you can be a brave little woman.'

'I can,' I returned, eagerly, too grateful for his penetration, or at least his good opinion, and too sad and abstracted altogether, to notice that he was paying me a compliment. 'I can, indeed; indeed, you haven't seen the best part of me.'

He smiled just the ghost of a smile in answer, as we went in. He led me through several rooms into what had been a large dining hall—a chill, bare, desolate place. Cots were ranged up and down the room, cots across it, cots filled up the centre, and all, *all* filled with sick and wounded men. I thought if I was once in the room with my brother, some instinct would lead me to him; but I felt no drawing toward any one of those miserable bedsides, and a chill of disappointment fell upon me. 'Take me to the ward where my brother is lying,' I said to the doctor, pleadingly, 'ah, pray do!' 'This is the ward,' he replied, but he did not take me to him. He stopped at every cot we passed. Of my burning impatience, which he could not choose but see, of the urgent and almost passionate appeals I made to hasten his progress, he took no notice whatever. He stopped almost every moment; he felt the pulse of one patient, questioned another, dealt out medicine here and there—took his own time for everything. We stopped at last where, on the outside of the coverlet, lay a wounded soldier, half dressed; a poor, mutilated creature; a leg and an arm were gone. The face was turned toward the wall, away from us; not a muscle moved; he was sleeping, probably. 'Take me to my brother,' I pite-

ously moaned, shuddering with horror as I turned from the unaccustomed sight. 'I have waited so long; do take me to my brother.' 'This is somebody's brother!' said the doctor, sharply. Something in the tone, not the sharpness of it—something half familiar in the broken outline of the form, caused a half-suffocating sense of a vague, unutterable horror. A deathly faintness seized me; I sank into a chair beside the bed. The doctor gave me water to drink—hastily and silently sprinkled some water upon my head and face. There was a movement of the poor maimed form upon the bed—he gave me a warning look—the face turned toward us. It was my darling's! 'My life!' Shivering and shuddering I threw myself upon the narrow bed beside him, clasped my poor darling in my arms, and held his stricken heart to mine. The hard, defiant look upon his features melted into one of tenderness—down the worn face the tears fell slowly. 'I didn't know as you would love me just the same,' he said. It was his right arm that was gone. Calling him by every endearing name with wild expressions of affection, I wiped the tears tenderly away, covering the dear face with kisses, while my own fell fast. The doctor left us together for a little—albeit used to scenes like this, wiping *his* eyes as he went away.

A gust of bitter passion swept over my darling. He started up. 'Rascally rebels!' he cried; 'cursed bullets! Why couldn't they have been aimed at my heart, and *killed* me! I was willing to give my life—but to make a wreck, a broken hull of me! Look at me, Maggie, a poor, maimed wretch. What am I fit for? Who will care for me *now*? To be an object of loathing!' he continued, between his set teeth; 'to be a sight of horror; to win, perhaps, after she gets used to the deformity, a little meagre love for charity's sake; to be scorned, and loathed, and pitied; if I could get only off from the face of the earth—out of the sight of men; if

God would let me die!’ Wounded sorely as he was, his boyish vanity in his really handsome person, his manly pride in its strength, was more sorely wounded still. Yes, strangers *would* think him a sight to behold: had not even I turned shuddering from that disfigured form, before I knew it was my darling’s? He *was* ruined for life, and he was young too—only nineteen. He was very weak, and this passionate outbreak of feeling had exhausted him. It was but a flash of his old fire at best. His head sank back upon my arm again; he lay with his eyes closed, resting for a little; when he spoke again, his voice was low and wavering, tremulous with tears.

‘I wouldn’t care so much, only—’ He paused, hesitated, drew with difficulty a little locket from his bosom, and gazed upon it tearfully. A jealous pain shot through my heart. I had thought until that moment that I was all in all to him, first in his affections, as he was in mine; that no rival shared his heart. *This* was the bitterest pang of all. I looked down at the beautiful face set in the locket, perfect as to form and color, with such a fierce hatred of its original as I hope in God’s name I shall never feel again for any mortal breathing.

‘It’s all over between us,’ he sighed; ‘even if I were ungenerous enough to ask it, she wouldn’t receive me now.’ My face spoke my scorn. Don’t blame her,’ he said, pathetically; ‘it isn’t natural she should, poor little thing! This for what she might have been to me.’ Then he kissed the pictured face, and sorrowfully laid it back again upon his heart. ‘I thought to go back to her a colonel at least—a general, perhaps,’ he went on, with a piteous smile; ‘to be crowned with laurels, loaded with honors, and proudly claim her as my bride: I little thought that this would be the end!’ It was a man’s grave comment on a boy’s wild dream. He had buried his youth in those two weeks of anguish. It was a man’s face

that looked upon me, and I read in it a man’s strong endurance and stern resolve. That, and the smile with which he said it, moved me more than any emotion, however hopeless or despairing, could have done. My grief burst forth anew.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer, now that love had left him, and youthful friends turned coldly away. Ah! thank God! bless God! There are none so dear to each other, so inexpressibly dear, as those whom sorrow joins; no tie that binds so closely as the sacred bond of suffering. I said so brokenly, sobbing out my love and sorrow, as I held him to my heart. His longing for home had been intense; now that he had seen me, it became wellnigh insupportable. To go away from this his place of suffering—from the myriad eyes bent upon him here, and creep back broken-hearted to that sacred sheltering haven, and hide his great grief there—this wish absorbed him quite. ‘I want to go home, Maggie,’ he said, in a broken-hearted whisper, clinging to me the while; ‘I want to go home and die.’ Die! I wouldn’t hear the word; I stopped its half-formed utterance with tears and kisses. The doctor shook his head at the suggestion and counselled delay; but he was burning with impatience, and I was resolute. We started the very next day. We travelled by easy stages, but he grew weaker all the time: toward the last, with his head upon my breast, he would sleep for hours, peacefully as a little child. Reduced to almost infant weakness when we reached our journey’s end, they took him in their arms tenderly as they would have taken an infant, and laid him on my bed. There, in that darkened room, I nursed him night and day, striving to win him back to thoughts of life, and love of it. ‘Is’t too late, Maggie,’ he would say, with placid resignation; ‘life has nothing for me, dear; I want to go to sleep—to that long, dreamless sleep, where memory never wakes to haunt us!’ But

I couldn't bear it—I wouldn't have it so. I bade him think of how *my* heart would break if he, too, died and left me! In my earnest love, I called Heaven to witness that I was ready not only to die for him, if need be, but to do a better, nobler thing, God helping me—to live for him; eschewing other ties, to devote my life and heart to this one affection. We had wealth, thank God! (I never thanked God for that before.) We would go to far-off lands as soon as he was able—away from old sights and scenes, where no familiar object would recall the past, and where, cut off from all association, we could be all and all to each other; and, with ardent hope, I commenced immediate preparations for our voyage. I read him books of travel; showed him the half-finished garments intended for our journey; purchased all things needful, even to the books we would read upon the way—richly paid for toilsome endeavor, for days of patient waiting, if I but roused in him even a passing interest in the subject, won from him but the shadow of a smile. Ah! even those days had their gleams of sunshine. I was his only nurse, his sole dependence, his all; there was exquisite happiness in that! I said to myself, he is mine now, and always will be; and then I thought of the fair face so lovingly resting against the weary heart, and grew exultant, Heaven forgive me! and said, 'Nothing will take him from me now.' One day he rallied very suddenly. A portion of his old vigor seemed to animate his frame; something of the old look was in his face. He took my hand and laid it tenderly against his cheek; he smiled twice during the morning; I kissed him and said, 'We shall be able to start soon now, my darling!' The doctor gravely watched us both, but I would not let his gravity disturb me. He called me to him as he left the room. As I went out, the dear brown eyes were watching me. I turned to nod and smile to him, saying blithely, as I joined the doctor, 'Don't you think

we shall be able to start in three weeks, doctor?' 'Shut the door, my dear,' he said; I had left it ajar. The tone startled me. There was compassion in it; and I noticed now that he was walking up and down the room in an agitated way. 'My dear,' he said again, 'you had better take a seat farther from the door.' His voice was hoarse this time—his tone, his air, his unwonted tenderness, were ominous. 'What is the matter?' I said, in sudden fear; 'can't we go as soon as we have intended?'

He did not answer me at first; he walked to the window and looked out; he turned to me again after a little:

'He is bound on a longer voyage,' he said, with a tremor in his voice; 'he is going to a more distant country.'

I did not start or cry; I did not comprehend the meaning of his words. I sat silent, looking at him. He came to me, took both my hands in his: 'Hush!' he said; 'don't cry aloud—it would disturb him. But I must tell you the truth: he won't live three days.' I understood it all now—took in the *full* meaning of his dreadful words. I did not cry or faint; I did not even weep; I thought my heart was bleeding—that the blood was actually oozing from it drop by drop. I clung to the doctor as I would to the strong arm of an earthly saviour with wild entreaty, with passionate appeal. I prayed him to save my darling, as if he held within his grasp the keys of life and death. I offered all my wealth; I made unheard-of vows—promised impossible things. In the anguish of my supplication, I fell at his very feet. 'My dear,' he said, as he raised me tenderly up again, 'even in this world there is a limit to wealth's potent power; it is always powerless in a time like this.' I had sunk into a chair, exhausted by emotion, and chill with dread, my face buried in my hands despairingly. He laid his hand upon my head in fatherly compassion: 'It's what we've all got to come to, sooner or later,' he went on, tremulous—

ly. 'As life goes on, our hopes die out one by one; and, one after another, death claims our treasures. Bow to what is inevitable; pray for resignation.'

I couldn't—I wouldn't. I prayed for his life, yet in a hopeless, despairing way. To the All-powerful my soul went out continually in one wild, desperate cry. I battled fiercely with that stern impending fate, yet I felt from the first how vainly. Around my poor, wounded, dying boy, night and day I hovered constantly—I would not leave him for an instant. Every hour was bearing him away from me—drifting him farther and farther out into an unknown sea. I crept to his side when I could do nothing more for him, and laid my head beside his on the pillow. Sometimes I slept there for very sorrow, grasping him instinctively the while, seeking even in sleep, with fierce, rebellious will, to stem the invisible tide of that dark river, and bear him back to life. 'He would not live three days,' the doctor had said: he *did* live just *three days*. It was on the evening of the third, just as the day was fading, that he called me softly to him. I had opened the window and put back the curtain, to admit the air and the waning light.

The wind rose as the twilight deepened, waking at intervals in the gloomy stillness, as if from sleep. It filled the room every now and then with a sad, sighing sound, then died out slowly, again to swell, again to fall, sad as the tolling of a funeral knell. He lay listening to it when I went to him, with parted lips and strange solemnity of face. Too heart-broken for speech, I knelt beside him with a stifled moan. 'Magsie,' (that was his pet name for me,) 'I thought it was your notion, dear, but there is a voice in the wind to-night, and it is calling me.' I made an effort to answer him, to speak; to tell him at the last how precious he had always been to me—how inexpressibly dear; to win from him some parting word of

fond endearment that I might remember always; but the words died out in hoarse, inarticulate murmurs. 'Yes, a voice is calling to me, and it falls through miles and miles of air; then the wind takes it up and brings it to me. They want me up there, and I am going, Magsie; kiss me, dear.' The one arm stole around my neck; the chilled lips met mine in a lingering farewell pressure. He went on, feebly: 'I have been wild and wayward, Magsie, in the times gone by; I have grieved your great love sometimes, by giving you a cross word or look, not meaning it, dear, never meaning it, but because a perverse mood seized me. Forgive me, dear; don't remember it against me, sister!' Words came at last; they burst forth in a low moan of anguish: 'My darling! my darling! you break my heart!' Then my poor boy crept closer to me, in a last fond effort at endearment, and laid his cold cheek close against my own. The gloom deepened. The form within my clasp grew cold, became a lifeless weight. I knew it, but I could not lay it down. I still chafed the pulseless hand, and kissed it, and still I pressed the poor, maimed, lifeless form closer and closer to my heart, till reason fled, and I remember nothing. They unwound the chilled arm from about my neck; they thought I, too, was dead. . . . With muffled drumbeat and martial music, with horrid pomp of war, they buried my darling as soldiers are buried that die at home; but on the grave over which was fired the parting volley there fell no kindred's tear: I, the only mourner, lay *raving* in my room.

Winty winds have piled the dreary snow above that grave; spring has kissed it into bloom and verdure; summer skies have smiled above it; and the maimed form they laid there has melted into nothing *now*! Time has softened the despair of my grief—the worst bitterness is past.

Through the gloomy portals of that dark gate of suffering, an unseen Hand

has led me out into a broader and a higher life; and the heart that held my darling *only*, purged from its selfishness by the fierce fire of affliction, beats now for all humanity. Hearts whose love and gratitude God has given me the power to win, say, out of the fulness of their love for me, that a ministering angel is among them in woman's guise; that no hand is half so lavish in its gifts, no heart so full of sympathy, no watcher's form so constant beside the couch of pain. The sick follow me with murmured prayer and blessing; and wounded soldiers turn to kiss my

shadow as I pass. Yet ever as the twilight falls I steal away to listen to the night wind's moaning, and ever in the gloom I feel an unseen presence—an arm about my neck—a cheek laid close to mine. Journeying on the lonely, rugged path of duty, 'following meekly where His footsteps lead,' I work and wait, and patiently abide my time—content if, when the welcome summons come, when life's day is fading, I may feel my darling's face pressed close to my own. He may not come to me, but I shall go to him, where he may wear his glorified body forever!

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER IV.—UNITY.

The Divine Attributes, the base of all true Art.

HAVING already shown that the aspirations of man, made in the image of his God, are always directed toward that wondrous background from which all life projects—the Infinite, we now propose to make a few remarks upon the manifestation of some of the remaining attributes revealed to him, and which he is forever striving to incarnate in the works of art.

Beauty, in its proper expression, must be allied to or suggest the Infinite, for in it alone can ceaseless *variety* be united with absolute *unity*. Unity is an essential characteristic of life itself; variety resolving itself into unity, and unity expanding itself into variety, mark all that God has made. As a necessary consequence of the position we have assumed, viz.: 'That art is not a servile copy, but rather a creation of man in the Spirit of Nature,' *Variety and Unity* must characterize every great work of art, as they mark every work of the

Creator. Let us take any of the humblest things which He has made, a flower, for example: Unity, Order, Proportion, and Symmetry are in all its fragile leaves—the Great Over-Soul seems to have lingered lovingly over the elaboration of its idea, and stamped upon its fragrant leaves, perishing and trivial as they may seem, the secrets of Infinity! With what variety it is marked! How many shades in the gradations of the color! What infinitesimal changes in the direction of the gentle curvature of the rounded lines! what richness in the details! what subtle and penetrating tenderness in the perfume! *Love, Infinity, Unity, Order, Proportion, Symmetry*, mark all the Divine Works: *Unity, Order, Proportion, Symmetry, Love*, as manifested in the careful rendering of the subject in hand, with the suggestion of that mystic Infinite in which all being is cradled, and from which all art is nur-

tured, should, on their lower level and in their finite degree, mark every great work of art. But to our subject: the divine attribute of unity, and its manifestation in and through the finite.

All things, except God, receive externally some perfection from other things. We will not now consider the unity of His mystical Trinity, but rather dwell upon the necessity of His inherence in all things, without which no creature could retain existence for a moment. We speak of His comprehensive unity because it is an object of hope to men; it is that of which Christ thought when he said: 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may be all One, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee.' There is no matter, no spirit, that is not capable of unity of some kind with other creatures, in which unity is found their several perfections, and which is a source of joy for all who see it. The Unity of Spirits is partly in their sympathy, partly in their giving and taking, and ever in their love, their inseparable dependency on each other and *always* on their Maker—not like the cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust, the living power of confidence, *of hands that hold each other and are still!* Who has not felt the strength of united love? In the sudden emotion common to humanity which we all experience at the sight of suffering, and which brought tears from the Holy One on the death of Lazarus, in the strange shivering which we feel pervade our souls at the shrill cry of anguish, do we not recognize more than a simple resemblance of nature—do we not feel that the *race* is really *One*, that a common grief again unites it, that in this *oneness* we are all justly partakers in the sin of Adam, that in this *oneness* we may partake of the glory of the Brother who died to *unite* the finite with the Infinite?

It is to this essential *unity* of the race

that the dramatist owes much of his power; for let him but stike the common strings of grief and love, and the crowd at once show by their words, their gestures, their looks, and often by their tears, their earnest sympathy. Even at the spectacle of an imaginary grief their hearts are moved, the sorrow thrills through every soul; if the poet has been true to nature, they feel that his imaginary characters are but part and parcel of themselves in their woe. Thus the emotion excited by dramatic representations has its source in the very root of our being, the *unity* of our common nature, in our common brotherhood; consequently, neither in the instincts of the body nor the caprices of the poetic fancy. If the poet would not break the bond, let him respect the *unities* of nature, whatever view he may take of those of convention. It is to this wonderful unity with our common nature that the greatest of all uninspired writers, Shakspeare, owes his universal acknowledgment, his unequalled power.

If, as we have labored to teach, matter always symbolizes mind, we should expect to find it also pervaded with the unity pertaining to its lower rank, and so indeed we find it. In its noblest form the unity of matter is that organization of it which builds it into living temples for the indwelling spirits, those houses not made with hands—the bodies of noble men, of fair and loving women.

In a lower form, it gives that sweet and strange affinity which adds the glory of orderly arrangement to its elements, gifting them with the fair variety of change and assimilation that turns the dust into crystal, and separates the waters above the firmament from those below. It is the walking and clinging *together* that gives power to the winds, weight to the waves, heat to the sunbeams, and stability to the mountains. It is the 'clinging together' which throws our syllables into words, gives metre to poetry, and mel-

ody and harmony to sound. Indeed, the clinging together of sounds, as seized by the ear in *time*, with the ever forming and living ebb and flow of widely different rhythms, exerting the most mysterious influences upon the soul, is not less remarkable than its more familiar history in space.

Manifold, indeed, would be the generalizations of the different species of unity, for it is the secret link of all being.

We have the unity of separate things subjected to one and the same influence, as the unity of clouds as they are driven by parallel winds, or ordered by electric currents: there is the unity of myriads of sea waves, of the bending and undulating of forest masses.

In creatures capable of will, there would be the unity of acts controlled, in all their apparent variety, by its directing power; and the unity of emotions in the masses, when swayed by some common impulse.

There is also the unity of the origin of things arising from one source, always suggesting their common brotherhood: in matter this is manifested in the unity of the branches of the trees, of the petals and starry rays of flowers, of the beams of light, of heat, &c., &c.; in spiritual creatures it is their filial relation to Him from whom they have their being.

There is the unity of sequence, which is that of things which form links in chains, steps in ascent, and stages in journeys; this, in matter, is the unity of communicable forces in their continuance and propagation from one thing to another; it is the passing upward and downward of beneficent effects among all things; it is the melody of sounds; the beauty of continuous lines; and orderly successions of motions and times. In spiritual creatures, it is their own constant building up by true knowledge and consecutive efforts to higher perfection, and the singleness and straightforwardness of their tend-

encies to more complete union with God.

There is the unity of membership, which is the union of things separately imperfect into a perfect whole; this is the great unity of which all other unities are but parts and means. In matter it is the consistency of bodies, the harmony of sounds;—with spiritual beings, it is their love, happiness, and life in God. But this unity cannot subsist between things *similar* to each other. Two or more equal or like things cannot be members the one of the other, nor can they form one or a whole thing. *Two* they must remain both in nature and in our conception unless they are united by a *third*. Thus the arms, which are like each other, remain always *two* arms in our conception, and could not be united by a third arm, but must be linked by something which is not an arm, and which, imperfect without them as they without it, will, with them, form one perfect body. Nor is unity even thus accomplished without a difference and opposition of direction in the setting on of members. Therefore, among things which are to have membership with each other, there must be difference or variety; and though it is possible that many like things may be made members of one body, yet it is very remarkable that this structure appears rather characteristic of the lower creatures than the higher, as the many legs of the caterpillar, and the arms and suckers of Radiata seem to prove. As we rise in the order of being the number of similar members becomes less; their structure appearing based on the principle of two things united by a third;—a constant type even in matter of the Triune Existence.

Out of the necessity of *unity* arises that of *variety*, a necessity vividly felt, because it lies at the surface of things, and is assisted by our love of change and the power of contrast. It were a mistake to suppose that mere variety,

without a linking principle of unity, is, necessarily, either agreeable or beautiful.

'All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I could not bring home the river and
sky ;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my seaborne treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild up-
roar.'

It is not mere unrelated variety which charms us, for a forest of all manner of trees is poor in its effect, while a mass of one species of trees is sublime;—the swan, with its purity of unbroken whiteness, is one of the most beautiful of creatures. It is, indeed, only harmonious and chordal variety, that variety which is necessary to secure and extend unity (for the greater the number of objects which by their differences become members of one another, the more extended and sublime is their unity), which is essentially beautiful. *Variety* is never so conspicuous as when united with some intimation of *unity*. For example, the perpetual change of clouds is monotonous in its very dissimilarity, nor is difference ever striking where no connection is implied; but if through a range of barred clouds crossing half the heavens, all governed by the same forces, and falling into one general form, there be yet a marked and evident dissimilarity between each member of the great mass—one more finely drawn, the next more delicately moulded, the next more gracefully bent—each broken into differently modelled and variously numbered groups,—the *variety* is doubly striking because con-

trasted with the perfect *unity* and *symmetry* of which it forms a part.

Now, of that which is thus necessary to the perfection of things, all types and suggestions must be beautiful in whatever way they may suggest or manifest it. To the perfection of beauty in lines, colors, forms, masses, or multitudes, the appearance of unity is absolutely essential. Let the artist look to it, that our pictures may gain expression; our music cease to weary us through the unceasing dissimilarity of its parts, highly adorned arabesques running into each other, graceful, but without significance, without any perceptible principle of unity in the jarring '*motifs*;' and our poems have some certain theme, that their highly wrought details may not confuse and bewilder the spirit always in search of some central unity. Like the burning sands which, clinging not together in any sweet union of fellowship, blind and confuse us with their drifting masses, are all such essays in art; for an idea capable of quickening an artistic creation must be vitally One, and every great work, notwithstanding its variety and the manifold complexity of its parts, must form a Whole.

The *association of ideas*, upon which is based the *unity* of the continuous life of the individual, with the pervading sense of personal identity, has been aptly called the '*cohesion of the moral world*.' It is not less powerful, less irresistible, than that of the physical world. The association of ideas is a constituent and necessary phase of the *unity* of our mental and moral being, the indispensable condition of all development, whether of mind or soul. Without the power of association, the intellect would strive in vain to construct consecutive trains of thought; it would indeed be condemned to eternal infancy, because, as it ascertained new relations, those already acquired would escape, and a labor constantly renewed would be requisite to regain them.

Without association of ideas, no voluntary virtue would be possible; and at the end of long years of effort and self-restraint, we would have gained no additional control over the course of our impetuous passions.

The fact that much of the difference in intellectual capacity so strongly characterizing different individuals arises from their various powers over the flow and logical association of ideas, has scarcely elicited the attention it so well deserves. It is of immense importance in the history of mental development. If an individual connects his ideas with difficulty, or can continue to chain them in rational sequence only with the most laborious efforts, he will have either a dull and heavy, or flighty and illogical, mind.

If another has great trouble in modifying or arranging the association of ideas which arise spontaneously in the soul, he will suffer himself to be ruled by them, in place of exercising rational domination over them; he will pursue every chimera; he will trust every impulse; he will but dream, even when he tries to think; and will be of a weak and fickle, but obstinate and self-opinionated, intellect. His whole exhaustive logic will consist in clothing in exact and reiterated assertions the heterogeneous order in which ideas are arbitrarily, accidentally, and spontaneously associated in his own imagination.

Another will associate his ideas in logical sequence, yet with startling rapidity; in a manner and through subtle relations quite unknown to common men, incapable of such vivid, rational, and consequential combinations; and will, in consequence, be a man of clear and vivid intellect.

The wonderful faculty of improvisation so often seen in Italy, is an example of the power of appropriate and rapid association. There is no doubt that this power is susceptible of development and cultivation, and that much that is brilliant in intuition is lost

through the want of it. In spite of this, no system has as yet been devised for its culture. Let him who would labor for the real improvement of humanity think of it, write for it, and aid us in its development: as the law of *internal unity* with regard to the immense range of possible associations is so vital to our moral well being, so essential to our intellectual sanity, let our deepest thinkers devote themselves to its culture in the race!

We may distinctly trace the intuitive strivings of the human spirit for *unity* even in the theology of nations without revelation. In one of the ancient fragments of Greek poetry known as Orphic Hymns, we find them thus articulated:

'Jupiter is the First and Last; Jupiter is man and immortal Virgin; Jupiter is the base of Earth and Heaven; Jupiter is the living breath of all beings; Jupiter is the source of Fire; the root of the Sea; Jupiter is the Sun and Moon; Jupiter is King of the universe; He created all things; He is a Living Force; a God; the Heart of all that is;—a supernal Body which embraces all bodies, fire, water, earth, air, night, day, with Metis the first Generatrix, and Love, full of magic. All that is, is contained in the immense Body of Jupiter.'

The reader will not fail to observe how much this Greek hymn resembles in its spirit the extract we have already given him from the Vedas; how closely it coincides with the transcendental philosophy of the Hindoos.

But the idea of God, vague and indeterminate apart from revelation, soon lost its *pantheistic* unity in the wildest *polytheistic* variety. The primitive idea of unity, passing through the distorting prism of the fallen and corrupt human imagination, was divided, decomposed, clothed in a thousand colors and forms to allure and satisfy the senses. Thus there was no part of nature without its appropriate god, invested with supreme power over the class of being subjected to its care. No one had ever seen any one of these gods, but the people had no doubt of their existence. Names in

close accordance with their separate functions were given them; these names became symbols destined to represent the different active principles of the physical world.

Thus in their literary and sacred language they substituted the names of Jupiter, Hyades, Hamadryads, Apollo, for those of Air, Fountains, Forests, and Sun. Nature almost disappeared under this traditional language, which, giving play to the lighter fancy, chilled the imagination, and singularly limited the view. Indeed, it so amused and allured the fancy by its diversity that the mind scarcely cared to rise from this fantastic and grotesque world to seek the sublime principles of Infinity, of Unity. If the ancients had regarded nature as a vast system of signs designed to manifest the ideas of the Great Artist; if they had at all understood the marvellous Unity of the Divine Works, it would have been worse than idle in them to have invented a language which thus lowered nature, robbing it of its solemn majesty, its august dignity. As all these divinities had the human figure, God was banished from His own universe, man everywhere substituting his own personality. Speaking of the great dearth of vivid descriptions of natural scenery among the ancients, Chateaubriand says: 'It must not be supposed that men as full of sensibility as the ancients wanted eyes to see nature, or talent to depict it, if some powerful cause had not blinded and misled them; this cause was their mythology, which, peopling the universe with graceful phantoms, robbed creation of its solemnity, of its sublime repose. Christianity came—and fauns, satyrs, and wanton nymphs disappeared; the grottoes regained their holy silence; the dim woods their mystic reveries; the vast forests their vague and sublime melancholy; the streams overturned their petty urns to drink only from the mountain tops, to pour forth only the waters of the abyss. The true and One

God, in reappearing in His own mystical works, again breathed through the voice of nature the secret thrill of His perfect Unity, His incomprehensible Infinity.'

'Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot race is run!
Look up, poets, to the Sun!
Pan, Pan is dead.

'Christ hath sent us down the angels;
And the whole earth and the skies
Are illumed by altar candles
Lit for blessed mysteries;
And a Priest's hand through creation
Waveth calm and consecration—
And Pan is dead.

'O brave Poets, keep back nothing;
Mix not falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest truth, the fairest Beauty!
Pan, Pan is dead.'

As we have already intimated, Pantheism is the negation of the Divine Personality in order to arrive at Unity; Polytheism is the negation of the Divine Unity, which is fractioned and divided that its multitudinous action may be conceived. The light fancy was delighted with such divisions, resulting in varied gods and goddesses; but the soul could find no satisfaction for its deeper needs in such conceptions; urged on by its secret instincts, it sought to recompose the broken unity of the divine nature.

All government requires a Head; and when an attempt was made to apply the heterogeneous qualities and contradictory powers of the gods to the regulation of society—when it was necessary to find in an Olympus filled with quarrels and scandals, a steady Power capable of directing the destinies of a great people toward a single aim—men were again forced to recompose the fractioned Unity, to form an idea of one God superior to those with whom they had peopled earth and

heaven. They were thus forced upon the conception of a Being superior to Jupiter, who subjected all the gods to his inflexible laws; and giving wings to those instincts of dread always present in the soul of a fallen race, they invented an invisible Divinity who never manifested himself to men; who dwelt in inaccessible and dreadful regions, in which an inscrutable Horror forever reigned; and through this new Terror, Unity was again brought into the design of creation, for all beings were, in despite of themselves, forced to fulfil the decrees of its pitiless will. All struggle was vain, all effort useless, prayer was without avail, and human anguish utterly unheeded by this terrific phantom of irresistible and crushing Power without a heart!

It is this dread idea which, pervading the pages of Eschylus, gives them that peculiar character of simplicity and grandeur, with which no other tragedies are marked in a like degree. Such was the source of the inspiration of classic tragedy, the spring of that stern and severe poetry which throws the lurid hues of a melancholy so profound upon the pallid and affrighted face of humanity. Man, struggling with all the gloomy energy of despair against this vague but formidable Horror, which no virtue or agony could conciliate—this dark Fate, the creation of his own misled and perverted intuitions—and vainly seeking to escape from the inflexible circle which he had traced around himself, is an object which cannot fail to awaken the deepest pity. He asks from his fellow men, from nature, from the gods, the meaning of the dire enigma of life. Alas! they leave him to struggle in the stony hands of an unbending Fate! no reply is ever given to his wild demand, and the 'veil of Isis is never raised!' The world quivered under some strange anathema; a mystic malediction wreathed its thorns round the anguished heads of men; even in the midst of their festivals, when seeming

to drink deep of joy from the brimming cup of life, the invisible hand of a Gorgon Fate was forever felt tracing upon their walls the decrees of a dark, inscrutable, inflexible, and terrible destiny!

Yet there are poets among us, who would willingly return to the days of Paganism, and resuscitate the gods of Greece!

'Get to dust as common mortals,
By a common doom and track!
Let no Schiller from the portals
Of that Hades call you back,
Or instruct us all to weep:
Everlasting be your sleep!

Pan, Pan is dead!

'Twas the hour when one in Zion
Hung for Love's sake on a cross—
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss;
When His priestly blood dropped downward;
And His kingly eyes looked homeward—
Then Pan was dead!

The Prometheus of the rock, the Tantalus of the fable, man, plunged in this world of woe with his lips thirsting for happiness, stretches out his hand to pluck the bitter Dead-Sea fruits of this earth. With his profound instincts of the Infinite, his craving for the Absolute, he seizes madly upon every object which suggests their image to him; the foul fiend, adapting his temptations to the nature of the tempted, still whispers, as into the ear of the mother of mankind: 'Ye shall be as gods;'—but the phenomenal flies before him, and he everywhere falls upon the thorns closely hedging in the narrow circle of the actual. Without Faith, the artist is among the most miserable of men, for through the illimitable horizons of the Infinite, genius catches secrets which it can never fully utter; symbolic signs, whose sense it cannot articulate; while the voice of the invisible Love loads every breeze. What profound and mournful aspirations for that *Unknown* which the mortal may not see, surge through the soul of the imaginative!

'E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast charmed for his despair.'

While the artist strives to incorporate with the works which their presence shall render immortal, suggestions of Infinity, of Unity, let him hopefully turn to the Author of all Beauty for true inspiration and peace.

As satisfaction and response to the longings of the spirit, the Gospel has brought Life and Immortality to light. The assurance that 'God is Love' responds to the inmost wish of the soul. The problem of antiquity, the possible union of the finite with the Infinite, has been solved in the most marvellous manner. No longer are we oppressed with the loss of all personal identity, all moral responsibility, as in pantheism; nor confused by the debasing fractioning of the Divine Unity, as in polytheism; nor bound hand and foot under the crushing despotism of a pitiless Fate;—but in the Glorified Humanity of Christ these perplexing problems of the soul are answered, and the incomprehensible union of the Infinite and finite at last accomplished, He took our nature upon Him that Infinite Love might pass through all degrees of suffering, even to the last dying gasp of agony, to release us from the horrors of the 'second death.' Every human feeling is known to Him, but in infinite purity; the Real and Ideal are in equal perfection. Far higher, indeed, than

the most sublime conception that uninspired thought could ever have engendered; human, yet far above humanity; ruling all ages; winning all adoration; sublime in tender simplicity—behold the meek Lamb of God, the Holy Son of the Blessed Virgin!

Oh, eternal, immaculate Beauty! if in this world Thou but sufferest us to divine Thy Perfections; if Thou hast given us ephemeral delights which always escape our eager grasp at the very moment we dream of their full enjoyment; if the flower fades so fast—the days of spring are so fleeting; if nature, like a thick veil thrown between this world and the next, suffers but a few rays of Thy glory to pierce its folds, while it keeps us from Thee even in kindling the flame of desires which it never satisfies—it is because Thou knowest that in the inexhaustible richness of Thy Being there are everlasting fountains to quench the insatiate thirst of the human soul, when in the bosom of infinite splendor we may contemplate and adore Thee forever and ever!

'That they *all* may be *One*, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee: that they also may be *one* in us.'

Oh, inconceivable and glorious Unity! What wonder that thy types on earth are so full of meaning—so rich in delight!

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA.

II.

A STILL more terrible name to the Spaniards, as a leader of the buccaneers, was Francis Lolonois, a Frenchman, who in his youth was transported as a slave to the Caribbean Islands. Passing thence to Tortuga, he became a common mariner, and conducted himself so well in several voyages as to win the confidence of the governor, M. de la Place, who gave him a ship in which

to seek his fortune. The beginning of his career on his own account was favorable; but his cruelties toward the Spaniards were such as to make his name terrible throughout the Indies; and the Spanish mariner preferred death in any form to falling into his hands. Fortune, however, being ever inconstant, Lolonois did not escape reverses. Encountering a tempest on

the coast of Campeachy, his ship was wrecked, and himself and crew cast on shore. Scarcely had he dried his dripping clothes when he was met by an armed force, and defeated in a severe battle. Being wounded, and concealing himself among the dead bodies of his companions, he escaped, and arrived at Campeachy in disguise, in time to take part in the thanksgiving and religious rejoicings of the Spaniards on account of his supposed death. Here he succeeded in enticing some slaves from their masters, with whom he again put to sea, with the design of ravaging the small town of De los Cayes, on the south side of Cuba. Divining his project, however, some fishermen conveyed information to the governor at Havana, who immediately despatched a vessel of war of ten guns in pursuit, with orders not to return until the pirates were captured, and every man executed except Lolonois himself, who was to be brought to Havana. This vessel entered the port of De los Cayes while the pirates were yet at sea; but they were advised of every particular of the pursuit, and concerted their measures accordingly.

It was on a clear, starlight night, when the Spaniard lay quietly at anchor in the glassy waters of the bay,

‘Secure that nought of evil could delight

To walk in such a scene on such a night,’

that the pirates entered the harbor in two canoes. Stealing upon their intended prey so silently as to escape observation, they boarded her on both sides at once, and, after a sharp conflict, succeeded in her capture. Lolonois then informed the prisoners that he knew their orders, and it was his purpose to execute them upon those who were to have enforced them upon him. Supplications and entreaties were in vain. He successively struck off the heads of every one with his own hand—sucking, at each stroke, the drops of blood that trickled from his sabre. Only one person was saved, whom he sent back to the governor with a letter

stating what he had done, and declaring his determination thenceforward to show no quarter to a Spaniard, adding: ‘I have great hopes I shall execute on your own person the punishment I have upon those you sent against me. Thus have I retaliated the kindness you designed to me and my companions.’ The governor was much troubled at the message, and declared that no quarter should ever again be granted to a pirate; but knowing who would have the advantage in such a war of retaliation, the inhabitants induced him to change his determination.

Encouraged by his success, Lolonois forthwith set about organizing a force to make a descent upon the main, with a view of taking Maracaibo itself. While engaged in these preparations, he formed a connection with Michael de Basco, who, having retired from the sea, was living upon his gains. De Basco had served in the wars of Europe as an officer with distinguished gallantry; and he now engaged with Lolonois as the land commander. When the expedition sailed, it consisted of eight vessels and six hundred men. On their passage they fell in with a Spanish armed ship from Porto Rico for New Spain. Lolonois parted from the fleet and insisted on engaging the Spaniard alone. He did so, and carried the ship after an engagement of three hours. She mounted sixteen guns, carried a crew of sixty men, and was, moreover, richly laden with specie, jewels, and merchandise. Shortly after another vessel was taken, when on her voyage to Hispaniola to pay the troops. This was a valuable capture, the prize being laden with arms and ammunition as well as specie. The prize vessels were sent into Tortuga, where they were unladen; and one of them was immediately armed and sent back to join the main squadron as the flagship. Their marine thus augmented, they sailed first into the Bay of Venerada, the fort guarding the entrance to which was taken, the guns

spiked, and the garrison, numbering two hundred and fifty men, put to the sword. The pirates next sailed into the Lake of Maracaibo, landed their forces, and proceeded at once to attack the castle that guarded the entrance to the harbor. The governor had made judicious dispositions for its defence, having formed an ambuscade for the purpose of bringing the pirates between two fires. His design, however, in this respect, was frustrated, for those forming the ambuscade, being discovered and routed, fled to the town, the inhabitants of which, remembering the former visitation of the pirates, deserted in wild consternation, and fell back upon Gibraltar, thirty leagues distant. Meantime the pirates, though armed with swords and pistols only, attacked the castle with such impetuosity as to compel its capitulation. The slaughter was great. After the surrender the guns were spiked, and the castle demolished. The next day the invaders advanced upon the town, which they found desolate. It was well stored with provisions, but all the valuables had been removed or buried. Lolonois demanded information of the prisoners where the plate, jewels, and money were concealed, and attempts were made to extort confessions by the rack, but to little purpose. He then hacked one of the prisoners to pieces with his sword, declaring that such should be the fate of all, unless the hidden treasures of the town should be forthcoming. But the poor wretches were unable to give the information, as the owners had fled as best they could, changing their own hiding places, and taking away their valuables. Having remained fifteen days in Maracaibo, and supposing that the people had carried their treasures with them to Gibraltar, Lolonois determined to sail to that town. The deputy governor, however, without the knowledge of the pirates, had made vigorous preparations for its defence; and accordingly, on their arrival in sight of the town, they unex-

pectedly discovered the royal standard floating from two strong batteries guarding a very narrow channel through which the pirate squadron must pass. A council of war was called, at which, after a spirited speech from Lolonois, it was agreed to land and carry the works by storm—the leader declaring that he would pistol any man who should flinch, with his own hand. The Spanish forces numbered eight hundred men, well appointed; but nothing could daunt the resolution of the pirates. The Spaniards conducted themselves bravely; and not until five hundred of their number had fallen did they yield. The buccaneers had eighty killed and wounded, not one of the latter recovering—an evidence of the desperation with which they fought. The town of Gibraltar, of course, fell into their hands; but it was a bootless conquest, inasmuch as during the time the pirates had wasted at Maracaibo, the people had secured their treasure by carrying it away. To save the town from the torch, however, the inhabitants paid a ransom of ten thousand pieces of eight, yet not until a portion of it had been burned. After spending two months on shore, the buccaneers reëmbarked, carrying away all the crosses, pictures, and bells of the churches, for the purpose, as they alleged, of erecting a chapel in the island of Tortuga, to which pious object a portion of the spoils was to be consecrated. The amount of their booty, during their expedition, was two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, together with vast quantities of plate, jewels, and merchandise—most of which was soon dissipated, after their return, in debauchery, and other rude pleasures of such a ruffian race.

The next exploit of Lolonois was the capture, in the mouth of the Guatemala river, of a Spanish ship, carrying forty-two guns, and manned by one hundred and thirty fighting men; the pirate carrying only twenty-two guns, and being attended by a single small vessel.

The Spaniard made a good defence, and the pirate chief was at first repulsed. Yet afterward, under cover of a thick mist, rendered more dense by the smoke of the powder, the pirates boarded the Spaniard from their small craft, and bravely accomplished their purpose.

The career of this desperado was soon to come to an end. Shortly after this last exploit, while cruising in the Bay of Honduras, his own ship was wrecked, and he, together with his crew, were thrown upon an island. Their next business was to build a boat from the remains of the broken ship—a work which occupied them six months, and when finished she would carry but half their number—the other half remaining behind by lot. Lolonois then directed his course for Carthagea; but venturing ashore at Darien, he was made prisoner by a wild tribe of Indians, who became the instruments of divine justice in avenging his many cruelties. They were not ignorant of his character, and, believing that no trace or memorial of such a wretch ought to remain upon earth, they tore him in pieces alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire, and afterward scattering his ashes to the winds. Fitting death for such a horrible monster!

But the career of the most formidable chief in this bloody catalogue remains yet to be described. It was that of Henry Morgan, whose very name, as it has been justly remarked, 'spread such terror abroad, that with it the old women frightened their children asleep, and then lay awake themselves through fear.' Morgan was the son of a wealthy farmer in Wales, but not satisfied with his secluded condition, he sought a seaport, and sailed for Barbadoes, where he was sold for a term of years for his passage. The term of his service having expired, he repaired to Jamaica, where the temptations spread before him by the buccaneers of rapidly arriving at wealth and fame, induced him

to join their community. In the course of several voyages, which were attended with great success, he evinced so much intrepidity, skill, prudence, and judgment, as to win the confidence of his companions, several of whom proposed the purchase of a ship on joint account, the command of which was conferred on him. About this time, also, Morgan became acquainted with Mausvelt, an old pirate, and who had now on foot an expedition destined for a descent upon the Spanish main. Mausvelt induced Morgan to join him as his vice-admiral, and they were shortly at sea with a fleet of fifteen sail, great and small, and five hundred men, chiefly French and Maroons. Their course was first directed against the two small islands, nearly contiguous, of St. Catharine's, on the coast of Costa Rica. These, though strongly fortified, were easily taken, by reason of the inefficiency both of the commander and his troops, superinduced by the terror inspired by the very name of the pirates. The design of Mausvelt in the acquisition of these islands, was to fortify and hold them as a place of rendezvous. Leaving, therefore, a garrison of one hundred men in the forts, Mausvelt and Morgan continued their course to the main; but as a knowledge of their intentions had preceded them, such preparations had been made by the Spaniards on the coast for their reception, as induced them to return to St. Catharine's. Thence they sailed back to Jamaica for recruits; but not being favored by the governor, Mausvelt repaired to Tortuga, where he died. The command now devolved upon Morgan, who endeavored to prosecute the designs of his predecessor; but the Spaniards having regained possession of St. Catharine's, his projects were for a time defeated. Not only had the Spaniards recovered the island, but a large English ship, despatched thither from Jamaica for the aid of the buccaneers, and well supplied with arms, men, provisions, and women,

also fell into their hands. This was a severe disappointment to Morgan, who had made extensive arrangements for preserving St. Catharine's as a storehouse and place of refuge, and had opened a correspondence with Virginia and New England upon the subject. These events took place in 1665.

But, far from relinquishing the profession he had chosen, Morgan had only just entered upon it. He soon succeeded in organizing another fleet of nine sail of different-sized vessels, manned by four hundred and fifty men. With these he made sail for Porto Bello, the third strongest post at that time in the American dominions of Spain. In order to secure secrecy, Morgan had communicated his purpose to no living soul, until he came almost in view of the town. Some of his bold spirits then faltered for a moment; but he had the power to dissipate their doubts of success, even against odds so great. Landing his forces in the night, Morgan arrived at the very citadel before he was discovered, having taken captive the sentinel so suddenly as to prevent the least alarm. The castle was summoned to surrender on pain of putting every man found therein to death. The summons being disregarded, the assault was begun, and bravely repelled for a time; but the fortress was at length compelled to yield to the impetuous assaults of the pirates. But there were yet other castles, and one of the strongest, to be subdued. With this latter Morgan was hotly engaged from daylight until noon—losing many of his men, and at times almost despairing himself of success. At length another of the lesser castles gave way, and Morgan was encouraged and strengthened by the return of the detachment that had been engaged against it. As a device, moreover, to compel the Spanish governor to yield the principal castle, the pirate chief caused its walls to be planted round with scaling ladders, upon which, in front of his own men, the religious prisoners in his hands,

priests and nuns, were forced to ascend. But although these people called to the governor in the name of all their saints to yield and save their lives, his determination was inflexible. He declared he would yield only with his life, and that the castle should be defended to the last. Night approached, and the contest yet raged; but finally, after performing prodigies of valor, the assailants succeeded in scaling the walls, and the castle was entered sword in hand. The garrison thereupon submitted, all but the governor, who, deaf to the entreaties of his wife and daughter, fought on, killing several of the pirates with his own hand, and also some of his own soldiers for surrendering, until he was himself killed. The entire town was now in possession of the rapacious invaders; and all the treasures of the churches, having been placed in the castles for safety, of course fell into the hands of the victors, as also did a vast amount of money and plate.

Amazed that a town so strongly fortified as Porto Bello, and so well garrisoned, should have been captured by so small a force, the president of Panama sent a message to Morgan, desiring a pattern of the arms by which he had performed so desperate an exploit. Morgan treated the messenger with courtesy, and returned to the president a pistol and several bullets, as a slender pattern of the arms he had used, requesting his Excellency to preserve them carefully for a twelvemonth, when he promised to come to Panama and bring them away. The president, however, sent the articles back again, to save the pirate chief the trouble of coming after them. He also sent him as a gift a gold ring, with a civil request that he would not trouble himself to come to Panama at the time mentioned, since he would not be likely to fare so well as he had at Porto Bello. Morgan, after having destroyed the military walls at Porto Bello, reëmbarked with his numbers greatly dimin-

ished by battle, debauchery, and disease, and returned to Jamaica.

The fame of exploits like these caused the name of Morgan to resound throughout Europe; and large numbers of the English chivalry, men of family and rank, hastened to the New World, either to mend dilapidated fortunes, or to acquire new ones, and to participate in the unlawful glory which even the darkness of the deeds by which it was won could not eclipse. These recruits attached themselves to Morgan, and eagerly accepted commands under him. The bold rover gave them commissions in the name of the king of England, authorizing them to commit hostilities against the Spaniards, whom he declared to be the enemies of the British crown. To such an amazing extent did the buccaneering system increase, that more than four thousand men were now engaged in it, two thousand of whom were under Morgan, with a fleet of thirty-seven vessels, divided into squadrons, and appointed with all the formality of an independent sovereignty. Their place of rendezvous was between Tortuga and St. Domingo, the coast of the latter being plundered for provisions. A squadron of four sail was also sent to the region of the Rio de la Hacha upon the same errand, where a large ship was captured, the coast successfully ravaged, and many prisoners put to death, as in former instances, by the most exquisite tortures.

All things being in readiness, the expedition sailed in December, 1670, the ultimate destination of which was to pay the promised visit to the governor of Panama—the richest city of Spanish America. Preliminary, however, to their landing upon the isthmus, a detachment of the fleet was sent against a fortress at the mouth of the Chagu—which river it was necessary to ascend before disembarking for Panama. This fortress was built upon a steep rock, against which the waves of the sea were continually breaking, and was de-

fended by an officer of distinguished ability and courage, and by a garrison in all respects worthy of such a commander. For a time the contest was doubtful, but the fates favored the freebooters. The Spanish commander was slain, and, the fort taking fire, the position fell into the hands of the besiegers. The manner in which the fire was communicated to the fortress was very remarkable. During the fight, an arrow from the bow of one of the garrison was lodged in the eye of one of the pirates, standing near his chief. Extracting the barbed shaft from his head with his own hand, and binding some cotton around the missile, he set it on fire, and shot it back into the fortress from the barrel of his gun. The burning arrow fell upon the roof of a house thatched with palm leaves, which were dry, and a conflagration ensued, which the garrison strove in vain to resist. But for this untoward occurrence, it was believed that Brodley, the pirate vice-admiral, would have been repulsed.

Brodley was now joined by the main fleet under Morgan himself; and the vessels, having been brought to anchor, were left with a sufficient guard, while the commander, with twelve hundred men, embarked in boats and canoes, and commenced the ascent of the river toward the capital, the sacking of which was to be the crowning act of his career of outrage and blood. They were compelled soon to leave their boats; and their march for nine days was one of the severest operations ever successfully encountered by man. The country was desolate, villages and plantations being alike deserted, and in the flight of the people nothing had been left behind that could possibly be converted into food, or in any wise minister to the cupidity of the invaders. The hardships they underwent in climbing mountains almost inaccessible, and traversing morasses nearly impassable, while in a state bordering upon starvation, exceed the power of language to describe. The carcass of an ass found

by the way afforded an uncooked tempting meal; and such cats and dogs as did not flee with their owners, were considered delicious morsels.

On the eighth day a narrow defile was feebly defended by a company of Indians, by whom ten of the pirates were killed, and fourteen others wounded. On the ninth, having gained the summit of a lofty mountain, to their infinite delight they came in view of the great Southern ocean, and saw beneath them the glittering spires of Panama, and the shipping in the harbor. The despondency which had been brooding over them for several days, was now lighted up by the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. They leaped, and sang, and threw up their hats, and blew their trumpets, and beat their arms, as though the prize were already their own without a struggle. Seemingly refreshed in strength by the sight of the object of their desires, the pirates rushed eagerly forward, and before nightfall encamped upon the great plain on which stood the city, dispersing with ease several strong reconnoitring parties who had thrown themselves in their way. The Spaniards had evidently been preparing for their reception, and they played their artillery upon the invaders all night, but with little effect; the pirates sleeping on the grass with great composure, anxious for the arrival of the day which was to reward their sufferings with untold riches.

The invaders were early on foot on the morning of the tenth day, and in full march for the city. Arriving upon the summit of a little hill, they were brought to a pause by a force which they saw advancing to meet them. Their own numbers had been reduced on the march to less than a thousand effective men; and they now beheld an army consisting of two squadrons of horse, and four regiments of foot, led by the governor in person, and preceded by a large herd of wild bulls, the design of which singular description

of light troops was to throw the buccaneers into confusion. Beyond these, in immediate proximity to the city, they discovered the people of Panama in arms, in yet greater numbers. The action with the advanced army, under the governor, soon commenced, the wild cattle being of no avail against the pirates, who shot them all down in a very brief space of time. But the Spaniards, especially the cavalry, fought bravely for more than two hours. The horse having at length been compelled to yield, the infantry fled, after a brief resistance. Six hundred Spaniards lay dead upon the field, and the buccaneers suffered so severely that they were forced to desist from an immediate pursuit, and obtain some rest. From a prisoner they ascertained that the city was defended by two thousand five hundred men, with a large number of heavy guns, planted at different points. But the buccaneers, though sadly diminished in numbers, were determined to finish the work they had begun on the same day; and taking an oath that they would stand by each other to the last, they again advanced, and a second fierce and bloody encounter took place at the very gates of the city, which, after a resistance of three hours, fell into the hands of the buccaneers. Neither party gave or received quarter, and after the conquest the pirates killed nearly all who fell into their hands, sparing neither ecclesiastics nor women.

The city was at that time one of remarkable splendor, containing two thousand houses of great magnificence. The private dwellings were chiefly built of cedar, and embellished with hangings, paintings, and everything that luxury and taste could supply. It was the see of a bishop, with two large churches, and seven monasteries, all richly adorned with altar pieces, paintings, gold, silver, and precious stones. But the gorgeous palaces and solemn temples were doomed to the flames by the order of Morgan himself, although he afterward endeavored to fix the act

of vandalism upon others. They were probably burned in revenge because found empty, for many of the inhabitants had sought refuge in flight, carrying away such of their valuables as they could. Still, by the horrible processes of torture, immense discoveries were made of treasures concealed in the wells and caves, and in the woods. Some valuable freights were taken from boats in the harbor, which had been left aground at low water; and rich deposits were frequently discovered in the earth, under the excruciating tortures of the rack.

Morgan lingered at Panama for a considerable period, until, indeed, his men began to murmur at their protracted inactivity. The cause of this inaction will hardly be divined from the character thus far developed of this stupendous freebooter; but it was the tender passion! He had among his prisoners a beautiful Spanish lady, who attracted his particular attention. She was a native of Spain, and the wife of an opulent merchant, whose business had some time before called him to Peru. According to the historians of that day, she was still in the bloom of youth; 'Her cheeks, naturally ruddy, were heightened by a tropical sun into a warmer glow; and her fine black eyes, dazzling with uncommon lustre, gave animation to the noblest countenance that ever the hand of nature delineated, or poet's fancy conceived. The interest which her unhappy situation excited was heightened into admiration by her elevated mien; and her whole deportment indicated a soul incapable of being degraded from its native rank, by any reverse of condition, or any depth of misery.' Morgan, rude as he was, and unused to the melting mood, was nevertheless charmed with her conversation, and the admiration which he felt for her bearing was ere long changed into yet more tender emotions. He provided a house for her, and assigned to her service a retinue of domestics. Shortly afterward he attempted

to open such a correspondence with her as might favor his desires, but failing in this, he proceeded to usurp some freedoms, at which her delicacy revolted. Her rebuke, firm and noble, drove him back abashed; but his impetuous temper could not well brook disappointment, and in the ardor of his passion he subsequently attempted to force her into compliance with his brutal desires. But with a virtue as exalted as that of the Roman matron, who resisted, but in vain, the advances of the son of Tarquin, and with a yet higher courage, she sprang from his attempted embrace, exclaiming, 'Stop! Thinkest thou, then, that thou canst ravish mine honor from me, as thou hast wrested from me my fortune and my liberty? Be assured that I can die and be avenged!' Having said this, she drew from her bosom a poniard, which she would have plunged into his breast, had he not avoided the blow. From that moment she became an object not only of his hate, but of his cruelty, until at length she was ransomed by some of her friends. History has not preserved the name of this lofty specimen of female purity and honor; but, like that of Lucretia, it deserves the topmost niche in the temple of virtue.

At length, in the month of February, Morgan took his departure from Panama, having one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden laden with silver and gold, jewelry, and other precious things. He also took with him six hundred prisoners, men, women, and children, for the purpose of extorting enormous ransoms for them by the way; the cries of the women and children were pitiful to hear; but the freebooter's heart was steeled against every humane emotion. Returning down the river Chagre, he destroyed the castle at its entrance, and prepared to reëmbark for Jamaica. Before going on board, however, a division of the plunder was made, which gave great dissatisfaction. It seemed unaccountable to his men that so large an apparent amount of

booty should yield only about two hundred pieces of eight *per capita*, and rumors of foul play were rife. Meantime he had richly laden his own ship with merchandise; and in the course of the following night, while his companions were in a deep sleep, he put to sea and escaped to Jamaica, and thence to England. Such an instance of treachery had never been before known among the buccaneers, and the rage and resentment that ensued cannot be described. His departure was the signal for the dispersion of the fleet. The French returned to Tortuga. Some of the English attempted to overtake the mighty robber and make him disgorge, but were unsuccessful. Others of the crews dispersed with their vessels to seek their fortunes as best they might. Morgan ultimately returned to England laden with wealth, and was well received. He afterward became a commander in the naval service of his country, and obtained the honor of knighthood from William III.

The capture of Panama, however, was the last great land expedition successfully undertaken by the buccaneers. A few other land expeditions, it is true, were begun by chiefs of lesser note; but the indifferent success which attended these, induced the freebooters insensibly to confine their operations more exclusively to the water, and there was no sea left untraversed by them, from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean. The commerce of almost all nations was annoyed by them, although their depredations continued more particularly to be directed against the first objects of their hate, the Spaniards. It is a curious fact, illustrating the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church at that time, that in one of the Spanish ships captured while on her way to South America, by an Englishman named White, there were found no less than two millions of Papal bulls, granting indulgences to the Spaniards of the New World! These were a royal trade, and had been purchased by the king

of Spain for three hundred thousand florins, *prime cost*, and by him were designed to be retailed for five millions. Thus, by their capture, his Catholic Majesty lost the benefit of a fine speculation. Had these indulgences been captured by Yankees, they would have contrived to barter them away at a profit; or had the captors been good Catholics, they might have ravaged the whole continent with very quiet consciences, having the Pope's pardon already in their pockets.*

It is a curious fact, not, I believe, very extensively understood, that the great English circumnavigator Dampier was for a considerable period connected with the buccaneers after the flight of Morgan. Dampier found himself among them at first by accident, having gone ashore on the Spanish main in great distress to procure provisions. Falling in with a party of the marauders, he was induced to join them. He was at the taking of Porto Bello; and afterward crossed the Isthmus of Darien with Sawkins, Sharp, and others. Sawkins, the commander, was killed in an attack on Puebla Nova in 1679. Dampier, in his 'Voyages,' gives an interesting account of their subsequent course along the coasts, and among the islands of the Pacific, which was rather disastrous. A mutiny, however, occurring among those of the buccaneers engaged in the expedition, Dampier returned across the Isthmus and came to Virginia in July, 1682, where, after he and his companions had dissipated all their wealth, they fitted out another piratical expedition for the South seas, doubling Cape Horn in the spring of 1684. Proceeding northward to Panama, Dampier's party were joined by large numbers of buccaneers who had just crossed the Isthmus; and obtaining a number of additional vessels, they

* An indulgence was never granted in advance of any crime yet to be committed. It was simply a remission or commutation of a part of the temporal penalty attached to crime, after the sin itself had been repented, confessed, renounced, and forgiven. Two millions of Papal bulls !!!—Ed.

prepared to intercept the Plate fleet on its departure from Lima for Spain. After a few successes, and several disasters, Dampier and his companions sailed to the Philippine Islands in 1686; and subsequently visited most of the islands in the Pacific, sometimes rioting in luxury, and at others brought to the verge of starvation. Dampier quitted the buccaneers at the island of Nicoba, in the spring of 1688. Subsequently, however, he again joined them, as the commander of a fine vessel; but the treachery of his officers and crew defeated the objects of the cruise. Returning from this bootless voyage, he was presented to Queen Anne, and well received. He subsequently made a fourth voyage to the Pacific, during which he discovered and took from the island of Juan Fernandez the celebrated Alexander Selkirk, the hero of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*—a story ever delightful and ever new to readers old and young. The actual experience of Selkirk, as related by Dampier, corresponds more closely with the narrative, probably, than has generally been supposed.

The last great enterprise of this remarkable race of men was directed against Carthægena in 1697. It was planned in France, from one of the ports of which a squadron of twelve vessels sailed, under the command of Pointis. It was joined by twelve hundred buccaneers in the West Indies; and although Carthægena was then the strongest city in the New World, its forts and castles were carried by storm in rapid succession. The booty thus acquired by Pointis amounted to one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, with which he embarked and made sail. But they had not been long at sea before the buccaneers discovered that their rapacious commander was meditating how he should deprive them of their share of the plunder. Exasperated at this treatment, they at first determined to put him to death. This purpose, how-

ever, was diverted by a suggestion to return to Carthægena and demand a heavy ransom to save the city from destruction, that they might fill their pockets in that way. This project was carried into execution. Entering the city without resistance, the men were confined in the great church, and a ransom demanded of more than two hundred and eighteen thousand pounds sterling. A venerable priest ascended the pulpit, and by his eloquent address persuaded the people to comply with the demand, by surrendering all their remaining money and jewels. But the amount fell short of the demand, and the city was sacked a second time. Having amassed all the wealth they could find, the adventurers once more put to sea. But they did not long enjoy their ill-gotten riches. Meeting with a fleet of ships belonging to England and Holland, both of which nations were then in alliance with Spain, an engagement ensued, in which several of the pirates were taken and sunk, and among them were lost the treasure ships, so that the booty went to the bottom of the sea. This was the last memorable event in the history of the buccaneers of America, although a lower order of piracy prevailed, both in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, for many years afterward.

There had been for the most part a separation between the English and French buccaneers on the revolution of 1688, which brought William and Mary to the throne of England, and terminated the friendly relations between that nation and the Gauls. By the peace of Ryswick, moreover, in 1697, peace was restored between France and Spain, and it then became the interest as well as the policy of Europe to put an end to the associated existence of the most extraordinary combination of men who ever trod the earth. History affords no parallel to the buccaneers. 'Without any regular system, without laws, without any degree of subordination, and even without any fixed reve-

nue, they became the astonishment of the age in which they lived, as they will be of posterity.' In their actions is to be found a mixture of the most opposite feelings and principles. They were at once undauntedly brave, and cowardly brutal; full of justice and honor to each other, and yet a lawless banditti. As an evidence of their feelings of honor, it is related that on a certain occasion a company of their fraternity—'Brothers of the Coast,' as they styled themselves—had stipulated, for a certain sum, to escort a Spanish ship richly laden. One of them ventured to propose to his companions to enrich themselves at once by taking the ship. Montauban, the commander of the troop, had no sooner heard the proposal, than he desired to resign his command and be set on shore. 'What!' replied the freebooters, 'would you then leave us? Is there one among us who approves of the treachery you abhor?' A council was thereupon called, and it was agreed that the person who had made the proposition should be thrown upon the first coast they should reach. 'The history of past times,' says a quaint writer, 'doth not offer, nor will that of future times produce, an example of such an association, almost as marvellous as the discovery of the New World. Their swords and their daring spirit, which they exercised with such terrible effect, were the only fortune they possessed in Europe. In America, being enemies of all mankind, and dreaded by all, perpetually exposed to the most extreme dangers, and considering every day as their last, their wealth was dissipated in the same manner in which it was acquired. They gave themselves up to all excesses of debauchery and profusion, and on returning from their expeditions, the intoxication of their victories accompanied them in their feasts: they would embrace their mistresses in their bloody arms and fall asleep for a while, lulled by voluptuous pleasures, from which they were aroused to proceed to fresh

massacres. It was a matter of indifference to them whether they left their bodies upon the earth or beneath the waters, and they consequently looked upon life and death with the same composure. Ferocious in mind, misguided in conscience, destitute of connections, of relatives, of friends, of fellow citizens, of country, of an asylum; without any of those motives which moderate the ardor of bravery by the value which they attach to existence, they were ever ready to rush, as without sight, upon the most desperate attempts. Equally incapable of submitting to indigence or quiet; too proud to employ themselves in common labor; they would have been the scourge of the Old World, had they not been that of the New.'

In closing this paper, it remains to glance for a moment at the real history of William Kidd, the buccaneer of the American colonies, whose name, as remarked in the former part of this article,* has for a hundred and fifty years stood at the head of the pirate legends of the North, but who, in reality, must have been one of the smallest members of the fraternity. I have not been able to ascertain the place of Kidd's nativity. He was, however, the captain of a merchant vessel, trading between New York and London, and was celebrated for his nautical skill and enterprise. The first mention of him, in our authentic criminal history, occurs in 1691, in which year, as we learn from the journals of the New York Assembly, much was allowed to be due him 'for the many good services done for the province in attending with his vessels.' But in what capacity, or for what object, he 'attended with his vessels,' does not appear. It was also declared that he ought to be suitably rewarded. Accordingly, in the same year, it was ordered by the Assembly 'that the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds be paid to Captain Kidd, as a

* See CONTINENTAL for June, 1863.

suitable acknowledgement for the important benefits which the colony had derived from his services.' The presumption is, that those services were in some way connected with the protection of the colonial merchant ships from the attacks of the pirates, who were even yet hovering along the coasts of the Northern colonies. Indeed, the harbor of New York itself was no stranger to the pirate vessels, and the commerce between them and the 'people of figure' in the city was not inconsiderable. It was no secret that the pirates were freely supplied with provisions by the inhabitants of Long Island. Further yet, it was well known in the year 1695, that the English pirates had fitted out the vessels in the harbor of New York. On the arrival of the pirate vessels from their cruises, their goods were openly sold in the city, and the conduct of the Colonial Government was such, that collusion, if not actual partnerships between them and the public authorities, was not doubted. Colonel Fletcher, a poor and profligate man, was governor at that time. He was beyond doubt concerned with the freebooters, as also was William Nicoll, a member of the privy council. Complaints upon this subject having reached England, Fletcher was succeeded, in 1695, by the Earl of Bellamont, the appointment being made in the belief that, from his rank and the wealth of his character, he would be able to retrieve the character of the Colonial Government.

Justice, however, to the memory of Kidd requires it to be said that he was not at that period, so far as it is known, a pirate himself. Before Lord Bellamont sailed from England for his government, he met with Robert Livingston of New York—the ancestor of the Livingstons of Livingston's Manor—with whom he held a conversation respecting the pirates, and the best means that could be adopted to put them down. The project of employing a swift-sailing armed ship of thirty

guns, and one hundred and fifty men, to cruise against them, was spoken of; and Livingston recommended his lordship to Kidd, as a man of integrity and courage, acquainted with the pirates and their places of rendezvous, and as one in all respects fit to be intrusted with the command of a vessel engaged in such a difficult service. He had, indeed, commanded a privateer, in regular commission, against the pirates in the West Indies, in which service he had acquitted himself as a brave and adventurous man. The project not being entertained by the Board of Admiralty, a private adventure against the pirates was suggested by Mr. Livingston, one fifth part of the stock of which he would take himself, besides becoming security for the good conduct of Kidd. The proposition was approved by the king, who became interested to the amount of one tenth; and the residue of the expense was supplied by Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earls of Romney and Oxford, and Sir Edmund Harrison and others. The ship having been procured and equipped, Kidd sailed for New York under a regular commission, in April, 1696—the direction of the enterprise being committed to the Earl of Bellamont and himself. For a time he served faithfully and with advantage to the commerce of the colonies and mother country; for which services he received much public applause, and another grant from the colony of two hundred and fifty pounds. Tradition, moreover, says that, on visiting the government house, he was received with public honors, and invited to a seat with the speaker of the House of Assembly.

On his next voyage, however, he stretched away to the Indian ocean, and turned pirate himself. Selecting the island of Madagascar as his principal place of rendezvous, and burning his own ship after having captured one that suited him better, his depredations upon the commerce of all nations were

represented to have been great. It is said that he 'ranged over the Indian coast from the Red sea to Malabar, and that his depredations extended from the Eastern ocean back along the Atlantic coast of South America, through the Bahamas, the whole of the West Indies, and the shores of Long Island.' But it will presently be seen that this statement must have been an exaggeration, as time was not afforded for operations so extensive before his arrest.

It is beyond doubt true that Long Island contained several of his hiding places. 'Kidd's Rock' is well known at Manhasset, upon Long Island, to this day. Here he was supposed to have buried some of his treasures, and many have been the attempts of the credulous to find the hidden gold, but it could not be found. There is also no doubt that he was wont to hide himself and his vessel among those curious rocks in Sachem's Head Harbor, called the Thimble islands. There is also upon one of those rocks, sheltered from the view of the Sound, a beautiful artificial excavation of an oval form, holding perhaps the measure of a barrel, called 'Kidd's Punch Bowl.' It was here, according to the legend of the neighborhood, that he used to carouse with his crew. It is a fact, however, beyond controversy, that he was accustomed to anchor his vessel in Gardner's bay. On one occasion, in the night, he landed upon Gardner's island, and requested Mrs. Gardner to provide a supper for himself and his attendants. Knowing his desperate character, she dared not refuse, and fearing his displeasure, she took great pains, especially in roasting a pig. The pirate chief was so pleased with her culinary success, that, on going away, he presented her with a cradle blanket of gold cloth. On another occasion, also, when he landed at the island, he buried a small casket of gold, silver, and precious stones in presence of Mr. Gardner, but under the most solemn injunctions of secrecy.

Repairing soon afterward to Boston, where Lord Bellamont happened to be at the time, he was summoned before his lordship, and directed to give a report of his proceedings in the service of his company. Refusing to comply with this demand, he was arrested on the third of July, 1699, on the charge of piracy. He appears to have disclosed the fact of having buried the treasure at Gardner's island, for the same was demanded by his lordship, and surrendered by Mr. Gardner. I have conversed with a gentleman who has seen the original receipt for the amount, with the different items of the deposit. The amount was by no means large, and affords evidence of no such mighty sweepings of the seas as have been told of in story and in song. Of gold, in coins, gold dust, and bars, there were seven hundred and fifty ounces. Of silver, five hundred and six ounces, and of precious stones about sixteen ounces.

Lord Bellamont wrote home for a ship of war, to carry Kidd to England for trial. The 'Rochester' was despatched upon that service, but being obliged to put back, a general suspicion prevailed in England that there was collusion between the pirates and the ministers, and, in fact, that they dared not bring the sea robber home for trial, lest it should be discovered that the Lord Chancellor and his noble associates in the enterprise were confederates in the piracies also. Party spirit ran high, and the opponents of the ministers brought a resolution into the House of Commons for excluding from place all the partners of Kidd in the original enterprise. And although this resolution was voted down, yet the Tories contrived afterward to impeach the Whig lords upon the charge of having been concerned with Kidd. But the articles were not sustained. Meanwhile Kidd had been taken to England, tried on an indictment for piracy and murder, and hung in chains, with six of his crew. In addition to the indictment for piracy, he was indicted

for the murder of one of his own subordinate officers, named Moore, whom he killed in a quarrel, by striking him over the head with a bucket. He was convicted upon both charges, but protested to the last that he was the victim of conspiracy and perjury.

But, after all, suspicions were entertained by the public that the execution was a sham—that the Government dared not put him to death; and that, to avoid disclosures, a man of straw was hung in his place. In proof of this assertion, it was gravely and

strongly alleged that Kidd had been seen alive and well, many years afterward, by those who could not be mistaken as to his identity. I think there is no doubt, however, of his having been honestly hung at 'Execution Dock,' in London, on the 12th of May, 1701. Yet, when compared with the nobler villains, Lolonois and Morgan, Kidd must have been a pirate upon an insignificant scale—a mere bottle imp by the side of Satan, as portrayed in stupendous grandeur by Milton!

UNDER THE PALMETTO.

ON Saturday, the 31st of January, 1863, the steamer 'S. R. Spaulding,' flagship of General Foster's fleet, left the harbor of Morehead City, N. C., on a supposed expedition to some point on the Southern coast. For two days we had watched from her deck the long procession of vessels moving slowly round Fort Macon, and then, with all sails set, or under full head of steam, passing proudly on in their southward course. Only those who have witnessed such scenes can realize the eager interest and intense excitement which attend the preparation for a naval expedition. Then, too, there were glories of the past to kindle hope and stimulate ambition. The successes of Burnside, Du Pont, and Farragut were fresh in memory, and why should not we win new laurels for the old flag, and place our commander's name high on the list of fame? And so, with feelings of pride and expectation, we gladly saw the shores of North Carolina with their forests of pines recede from sight, as, under a cloudless sky and over a waveless sea, we glided on toward the hated mother State of the rebellion.

The sequel of the 'Foster Expedition' is well known. We anchored, on the 2d of February, in the capacious harbor of Port Royal, and were flagship no longer. Fortunately, the long interval between our arrival and the final departure for Charleston under another commander, gave abundant opportunities for studying new phases of life and character, and for learning something of the 15,000 freedmen who compose the loyal population of the Sea islands.

ON THE PLANTATIONS.

A geographical description of these outlying islands of South Carolina is hardly necessary at a time when we are studying the map of the republic under the guidance of bayonets and rifled cannon; and the guns of Admiral Du Pont revealed more of Port Royal and its surroundings than we should ever have learned from our geographies. Previous to the rebellion these islands seem to have been rarely visited—so rarely, indeed, that the presence of one of our naval vessels in the Beaufort river, a few years ago, was the signal for a week's festivities and a general

gathering of all the inhabitants to see the strangers—while the 'cotton lords' vied with each other in entertaining the distinguished guests. For the most part the islands are low, abounding in salt-water creeks and marshes, and covered, here and there, with forests of pine and live oak. The climate in winter is delightful, and the rapid advance of vegetation in March and April—the sudden bursting into bloom of a great variety of flowers and flowering shrubs—lends additional charms to the early spring. Sitting, on one of those delicious April days, in the upper piazza of an old plantation house—the eye resting on the long stretch of the cotton fields, now green with the growing plant—or tracing the windings of the creek through the numerous small islands, till it is lost in the haze which covers all the distance—or, again, watching the shadows as they pass over the groves of oak and pine—while over the whole scene there broods the stillness of a midsummer's noon—I could but wonder at the madness which had driven the former dwellers in such a fair land into the desperate hazards and unaccustomed privations of civil war.

These who visit these islands to-day, must not expect to realize, in the altered condition of affairs, their ideal of plantation life, however that ideal may have been formed. The change which has been wrought in little more than a year, is truly wonderful. The traces of slavery may indeed be found in an exhausted soil and an exhausted race, but all outward signs of the institution have been removed. 'The whip is lost, the handcuff broken,' the whipping post destroyed, and the cotton gins broken down. At the 'great house' you find, instead of the master and overseer, the superintendent and school teacher. In the field, the cotton tasks are comparatively small, but the garden patch in the rear of the cabin is large, well fenced in and well cultivated. If you see few indications of positive happiness, you find no appearances of over-

burdened misery. There is about the whole place something of the air of a New England farmstead, where labor, being honored, crowns even the humblest with dignity and peace. You take unspeakable comfort in the fact, that, open what door you may into the life of these people, there is no *skeleton* of oppression to startle and haunt you. Go with me, then, on this calm, bright day of early March, to visit one of the plantations on Port Royal Island, a few miles out of Beaufort. The quarter-master kindly furnishes us with a carriage, somewhat shabby and rickety to be sure, but one of the best that 'Secesh' has left for our use. Our steeds, too, are only slow-moving Government mules, but there is one aristocratic feature of our establishment to remind us of the life that was, viz.: a negro coachman 'educated to drive,' under whose skilful guidance many a happy family party have been conveyed from plantation to plantation on social visits like ours to-day. Uncle Ned speaks kindly of his 'ole massa,' and says he 'would hab stayed wid 'um, ef massa hadn't run away from heself.'

'But why didn't you go with him, uncle?'

'Oh, sah, I could nebber go to de Secesh.'

Doubtless many more of the house slaves and body servants of the planters would have followed their masters, had they not been deterred by fear of the rebel soldiers and hard work in the trenches.

'Use your whip, uncle,' and away we go at a respectable trot over the principal road on the island, which, from the fact of its having been made of oyster shells, is called the 'Shell road,' and extends ten miles to Port Royal Ferry, at the extreme western point of the island. Timely showers have laid the dust, and all the trees and bushes wear clean faces. In the yards there are peach trees in bloom, beautiful crimson japonicas, the jonquil and snow-drop; while everywhere by the road-

side we see the ungainly form and coarse flower of the prickly pear. Passing the rifle pits and picket station, we soon turn off from the Shell road, and pass through what was formerly a handsome forest of pines, but which now has been cleared by the soldier's axe, and rejoices in the title of 'pickpocket tract.' Few of the plantations lie on the main road, and many of them, like the one we are now seeking, are approached only by going over several cross roads and by lanes. Our last turn takes us into a handsome avenue of live oaks, whose overarching branches are adorned with long ringlets of the graceful Spanish moss. In the woods on either side of the drive way are dogwood and Pride-of-Asia trees in full blossom, wild honeysuckle, and the sweet yellow jasmins which fills the air with its delicious fragrance. As we drive into the yard, the plantation house suddenly appears to view, half hidden by the dense foliage of magnolia and orange trees. Although called one of the finest residences on the island, the house is inferior to many of our larger farmhouses in New England, and is a simple two-story structure of wood, resting on brick piles, with a veranda in front. Just beyond the path that leads by the house, is a handsome flower garden, while both in the rear of the 'great house' and beyond the flower garden are rows of negro huts. We are soon greeted by our hosts—one, a brave Vermonter, who served faithfully in the army till disabled, the other, a Quaker of Philadelphia, who has left family and friends to labor for the freedman—and ushered into the principal room of the house, where we are presented to a party of the neighboring superintendents and school teachers. Dinner is all ready, and we sit down to a right royal entertainment, the chief dishes of which are portions of an immense *drumfish* cooked in various fashion. Few entertainers can prove more agreeable than Northern men with Southern hospitality, and

we eat and make merry without even a thought of Colonel Barnwell, whose home we have thus 'invaded,' and who, perchance, is shivering in the cold, and suffering the privations of a rebel camp in Eastern Virginia. We must not omit the praise due to our cook, a woman taken from the 'field hands,' and whose only instructors have been our hosts, neither of whom can boast of much knowledge of the art of cooking. It would, however, be hardly safe to trust to an untutored field hand, as I once learned to my cost, when my contraband of the kitchen department called me to dinner by announcing that the eggs had been boiling for an hour, and the oysters stewing for twice that time!

HOME LIFE OF THE FREEDMEN.

After dinner we visit the negroes in their cabins. The *home life* of the freedmen is at once the most noticeable and most interesting feature of their new condition. Even in former days, however often the sanctity of their homes may have been violated, with however weary limbs and suffering souls they may have gone to them, yet here they must have found their chiefest joy. Now, the humble cabins have become transfigured, and we find therein not only joy, but peace and comfort, and, indeed, in greater or less degree, every element of that domestic order which makes the home the corner stone of our free institutions. I have frequently, when conversing with the freedmen about the flight of their former masters, asked them why they did not accompany them, and have invariably received the reply, 'Oh, sah, we couldn't do dat. We belongs yere. *Dese are our homes.*' This strong attachment to the soil, which has been made still stronger by the removal of everything which could in any way remind them of their former condition, has proved to be the great *lever* to raise them into the dignity of free laborers. It is true their cabins are not yet free-

holds; but the assurance that, unless the Government itself fails, no fault or misfortune of another can ever deprive them of their homes, puts them at once on their good behavior, that they may retain in their possession what they prize so dearly. The good results of this transformation of the home are seen in every direction. The marriage relation is observed with a constantly increasing strictness. Family ties are knitted more closely together. Parents take a deep interest in the education of their children, and the children become in turn teachers to the parents of much that is improving and civilizing. In the field there are generous rivalries between families to see which will cultivate the largest patches of corn and cotton. Greater neatness and order are observable about the dwellings, and wherever new cabins have been erected—always by negro carpenters—there has been marked improvement in the style and comfort of the buildings. Freedom has also created new wants, and the freedman purchases from time to time, as he has ability, articles of luxury and of ornament for his home.

I must, however, acknowledge a feeling of disappointment at not finding the negroes more joyous in this new condition of freedom and progress. Those who know them best—the superintendents and teachers—testify to the happiness of their daily lives and their light-hearted enjoyment of all their blessings; but to the casual observer there seems to be a general absence among the freedmen of that cheerfulness and mirth which he naturally expects to find in their homes. A simple explanation of this fact may be found in the *sense of insecurity* which the uncertain issue of the civil war that rages about them creates in their minds. They have seen one after another of those islands which have been in our possession given up to the occupation of the rebels; the disastrous battles of James's Island and Pocotaligo and the fruitless campaigns in Florida

are fresh in their minds; while that wearisome waiting for something to be accomplished which spreads such a spirit of restlessness and discontent among our soldiers, is felt even more keenly by the freedmen. There is very much in the uncertainties of their present condition to justify the favorite allusion of their preachers, who often compare the freedmen to the children of Israel before they had fairly gained the promised land. Until a permanent peace shall give to these people that feeling of security, without which, though there may be contentment, there can be little joyousness, it is absurd for us to 'require of them mirth,' or ask them to sing songs of gladness.

FREE LABOR.

Cochin, in his admirable work on the 'Results of Emancipation,' asserts of the negroes: 'This race of men, like all the human species, is divided into two classes, the diligent and the idle; freedom has nothing to do with the second, while it draws from the labor of the first a better yield than servitude.' Has this statement proved true on the Sea Islands? The prejudiced are ready with their negative answer, and point to the comparatively small amount of cotton raised during the past year. By such persons no allowance is made for the peculiarly unfavorable circumstances under which the experiment of free labor thus far has been tried, and they are only too happy to charge upon emancipation all the evils which labor has suffered from the presence of our soldiers and the continuance of the war. The causes of the smallness of the cotton crop produced last year, are obvious to the most careless observer. Owing to the late arrival of the first company of superintendents who were sent from the North, no preparations were made for planting till more than two months after the usual time. On many of the plantations the seed used was of a poor quality, while it was almost impossible to find any im-

plements of culture or to obtain the necessary mules or horses. As a consequence of the late planting, the cotton was not sufficiently advanced to resist the attacks of the caterpillars in September, and for a month these insects held grand carnival on the yet immature plants, causing widespread damage to the crop. The low wages offered to the freedmen by Government were no offset to the attractions of trading with the army and navy, and all the negroes were ambitious to have some connection with camp life. As a natural result of this condition of things, both the industry and interest of the freedmen were drawn away from the cotton fields. Early in the season, also, when the young crops required constant attention, all the able-bodied men were drafted into General Hunter's regiments, and kept in camp till the fall. The influence of the draft upon those who remained at home, added to the delay and smallness of the Government payments, made the laborers discouraged at their prospects, disaffected toward the superintendents, and careless at their work.

The obstacles in the way of successful agricultural operations, produced by the military occupation of the islands, are still further evident from the fact that both provision and cotton crops improved in proportion to the distance from the camps. Thus, on Port Royal and Hilton Head Islands, where most of the troops were encamped, very little cotton was raised, and so small a crop of provisions, that it became necessary for Government to ration many of the freedmen during a brief period. On Ladies' and St. Helena Islands, away from the immediate vicinity of the camps, very fair crops of cotton were raised, and nearly enough provision for the support of all the laborers. The rations furnished by Government, and which have given rise to so much unfriendly comment, were called for, either by the refugees from the mainland and adjacent islands,

many of whom had at first no means of subsistence, or by the freedmen on those plantations so exposed to the camps and so harassed by the soldiers, that the crops which they were able to gather failed to last them through the year. In one district on St. Helena Island, including three plantations, which was under the care of a capable and judicious superintendent, of sufficient means to advance his private funds to the payment of the laborers, the total receipts from the sale of the cotton and the surplus provisions raised were more than double all the expenses incurred in wages, clothing, and superintendence.

Such were the results of the first year's experiment. Early in the present year several of the plantations passed into the possession of private individuals, and thus an important change has been effected in the aspect of the free-labor problem. On the Government plantations, which are under the care of salaried superintendents as last year, a uniform system of labor has been adopted, embodying the results of previous experience. Under this system, the laborers agree as to the amount of cotton land which they will cultivate, and are then paid twenty-five cents a day for their work. At the end of the year they are to receive a bonus of two cents per pound of unginned cotton for picking. This additional reward at once stimulates them to exertion, and teaches them that steady and continued labor brings the best return. In addition to raising the amount of cotton agreed upon, each freedman is responsible for cultivating corn and potatoes enough for his own subsistence, and land is allotted for this purpose. The laborers are also required to produce corn enough for the subsistence of the plantation mules and horses, for the use of the superintendents, and for the subsistence of all the old and disabled persons for whom provision is not otherwise made. As regards payments, the Government theory is most

excellent, inasmuch as it provides for partial payments while the work is going on, so as to furnish the freedman enough money for his immediate wants, and then, by the bonus which is paid at the end of the year, supplies him with an amount greater than his wages, to be laid up or put out at interest. Unfortunately the practice of the Government has been most injurious. The delay in the monthly payments during the past year, sometimes for as long a period as six months, caused the laborers to become discouraged, discontented, and suspicious. Unlike the soldier, the freedman is not clothed or fed by Government (except in the case of those who are utterly destitute), nor can he, like other laborers, obtain credit to the extent of the wages due him. Under these circumstances, the delay on the part of the Government in paying the freedman has been not only unjust to the laborers but disastrous to the workings of the free-labor system.

On the purchased plantations we find a wholly different state of things, and, as might be expected, a great variety of systems of labor. Some of the best managers keep up the Government scale of prices, but pay the laborers more promptly, and increase their wages by many indirect means, such as giving them bacon and molasses in proportion to the amount of cotton land which they cultivate, providing a store for the plantation, where the freedmen can purchase articles at a much lower rate than elsewhere, keeping the cabins in good repair, building new ones, and having always on hand the necessary plantation implements for facilitating the culture of the cotton. Others pay higher wages, and also increase the bonus which is paid for picking the cotton. Some promise the freedmen so much per pound for the cotton which they shall raise, and see that all their wants are supplied till the crop is gathered; while still others, from lack of judgment or capital, offer the negroes a certain portion of the

crop—in some cases as high as two thirds—in return for their labor. On all these plantations the freedmen are doing better than on those which are still retained by Government. The average amount of cotton land which has been planted this spring is from an acre and a half to two acres for each 'full hand.' Under slavery a full hand took care on an average of three acres, but it must be remembered that all the able-bodied negroes, excepting only a foreman to each plantation, have been drafted into the army, or are working in the Quartermaster's Department.

At the present time all indications point to a successful season. Riding over many of the plantations, I have seen the negroes at work breaking up the ground or planting the seed, and everywhere found them laboring diligently, and even showing a manly emulation in their tasks. Yet it would be unreasonable to expect too much where so many obstacles beset the way. As one of the new planters writes: 'For success in an experiment of free hired labor among ignorant blacks just emancipated, conditions of peace and quiet are absolutely necessary. However, the difficulties in our way are purely natural workings, and merely show that black is more nearly white than is usually allowed.' Perhaps the greatest of these obstacles is the vicinity of the camps at Beaufort and Hilton Head, which tempts the freedmen to leave their regular employments and obtain an easy livelihood by the sale of eggs, chickens, fish, oysters, &c. Such markets affect the blacks on the plantations just as the California fever affected the laboring men of the North a few years ago; and it is a matter of surprise and congratulation that the presence of the soldiers has not produced a greater demoralization among the negroes than we find to be the case.

Five of the plantations were bought by the freedmen themselves, who are now carrying them on as independent cultivators. Everywhere the freedmen,

on hearing that the lands were to be sold, were eager to buy, and it was found in many cases that they had saved considerable sums of money from their earnings of the previous year. This almost universal desire of the negroes to become landowners, is a complete refutation of the charge that sudden emancipation from forced labor opens the door for the return of the blacks to barbarism.

The conditions under which the trial of free labor is now carried on in South Carolina, are unparalleled in history. Those who are familiar with the results of emancipation in the French and English colonies, will find few points of comparison between those results and the present workings of freedom on the Sea Islands. Consider that at no previous time, and in no other country, has there ever been an immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. France, in the frenzy of the Revolution, declared that slavery was abolished, but was forced to reestablish it under the Consulate; and, during the half century which followed before the complete and final emancipation of the slaves in 1848, we find continually acts and measures adopted which gradually paved the way to this ultimate success. England, too, after the abolition of the slave trade, made repeated efforts to ameliorate the condition of the slave population of her colonies, and when, in 1833, the Act of Emancipation was passed, it was found that, while declaring all slaves on English soil to be instantly free, it made provisions for transforming them into apprenticed laborers. In South Carolina, emancipation, proclaimed by the guns of Admiral Du Pont, was instant, unlooked for, and without conditions. However ardently it may have been desired by the slaves themselves, they surely could not have expected it, at a time when the belief universally prevailed among the planters that the forts which defended their islands were impregnable.

In the colonies of France and England, there was no civil war, bringing into the midst of the plantations the demoralizing influences of the camp, harassing the simple-minded freedmen with constant fear of reverses, which would consign them to a worse bondage than they had ever known, and tending, in the absence of all civil law and the restraints of a well-ordered society, to draw away the laborer from the cultivation of the soil. In South Carolina, moreover, no masters or overseers were left, as in the French and English colonies, to direct the negroes in their labor; and, in consequence, their guidance has been intrusted to a body of superintendents from the North, most of them young men, and all without experience, either in the management of the blacks or the culture of the cotton. This complete separation of the freedmen from their former masters, by reason of the flight and escape of all the planters, has been, in many respects, most favorable to their progress in liberty. Consider for a moment what would have been the result if, at any time during the past thirty years, it had been possible to effect the abolishment of slavery in these islands by an act of the General Government. Who can doubt that such an act, passed against the wills of the slaveholders, would have produced the most disastrous consequences, and that such an experiment of free labor as is now going on would have been utterly impossible? Those, at least, who have had opportunities for observing the bitter hate engendered toward the negroes, among those masters whom the proclamation of the 1st of January deprived of their former 'chattels,' cannot but regard with satisfaction such peaceful solutions of this fearful problem as that effected at Port Royal, where the shot and shell of our gunboats, in breaking the chains of the slave, at the same moment compelled the master to flight.

RELIGION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The religious condition of the South Carolina freedmen presents many peculiar and interesting features. Whether, like the negroes in the 'old North State,' they celebrated their new birth into freedom by services of praise and thanksgiving at the altar, I have been unable to learn; but certain it is, that the wonderful tranquillity of their sudden transition from bondage, and the good use which they have made of their liberty, are owing in great measure to their deep religious earnestness. This earnestness, it is evident, is not the result of conviction or enlightenment, so much as of the strong emotional nature of the blacks, intensified by sympathy, and kept alive to religious feeling by their frequent meetings for prayer and praise. Yet, to the careful observer, the blind and often superstitious worship of these people, which, as is now so plainly seen, was fostered by slavery, is one of the saddest results of the system. Those who are now permitted to watch over the religious progress of the freedmen, can bring new and abundant proof to the assertion of De Tocqueville, that 'Christianity is a religion of *freemen*.' The present opportunities for religious worship which the freedmen enjoy consist of their 'praise meetings'—similar in most respects to our prayer meetings—which are held two or three times a week on the plantations, and the Sunday services at the various churches scattered about the islands. These services are usually conducted by white preachers, and are attended not only by the negroes, but also by the superintendents, teachers, and many casual visitors from the camps. At Beaufort and Hilton Head large and flourishing Sunday schools are in operation. Most of the freedmen belong either to the Baptist or Methodist denomination, and the fervor and zeal of the preachers of the latter persuasion always find a response in the excitable and impulsive nature of the blacks. It is not a

little singular that, while Cochin can write concerning the freedmen in the French colonies that 'the *Catholic* worship has incomparable attractions for the blacks,' we find the negro in our own country everywhere attracted toward that sect of Protestants which has always been the most powerful antagonist to Romanism.

On Sunday, the 15th of March, in company with a party of superintendents and teachers, I attended a service held for the freedmen on St. Helena's Island. Our ride from the plantation took us through field and wood, till we reached the main road on which the church is situated. It is a simple, unpretending structure of brick, shaded on all sides by handsome live oaks. Near by is the small cemetery, and the drooping moss from the oaks hangs in sombre beauty over the graves. Under the trees is a group of superintendents discussing the news and the last order of General Hunter. As we ride up, a party of officers comes galloping in from camp, while from the other direction is seen approaching a venerable carryall, conveying a party of lady teachers from a distant plantation. The service has already begun, and the church is crowded with the dusky auditors, while here and there may be seen a pew filled with 'white folks.' The day is warm, so we can stand by the open window and take in the whole scene at a single glance. No danger to-day of any manifestations of overwrought feelings; no groans nor excited shoutings of 'Amen.' The preacher has taken his text from the first chapter of Genesis, and he is describing the wonders of the creation. His sermon might properly be entitled a 'Disquisition upon the Universe.' It is evident that his colored hearers fail to see the 'beauty and mysterious order of the stellar world' which he is portraying, for most of them are already dozing, and the rest are nodding their heads as if in sleepy assent to the undoubted truth of the good man's words. He has overreached his mark, and hits

neither the heads nor the hearts of his congregation. At length the discourse is ended, and all rise to join in the closing hymn, which is 'deaconed off' by the minister, and responded to by the negroes in a monotonous '*yah, yah.*' They have not recovered from the soporific effect of the sermon, and, besides, can hardly be blamed for not catching the feebly uttered words. But their time is coming. No sooner is the benediction pronounced, than one of the negro elders strikes up a well known hymn, and, suddenly rousing from their stupor, the whole congregation join in singing in clear and ringing tones verse after verse of the jubilant song. Then follow other hymns and chants peculiar to the negro worship, the crude expressions of their deep emotional feeling. As we leave the church, we are convinced that the religious teachers of the newly freed blacks are sadly at fault in repeating so much the kind of preaching to which the negroes were accustomed under the old system, and in neglecting to pour into their perceptive souls both the light and warmth of the Gospel. As an officer remarked who had stood at our side listening to the service: 'These people had enough of the Old Testament thrown at their heads under slavery. Now give them the glorious utterances and practical teachings of the Great Master.'

At some of the meetings of the freedmen, they are addressed by negro preachers, who never fail to speak with great effect. In Alexandria, Va., I was told by the superintendent of the freedmen of an old negro teacher and exhorter, the self-elected pastor of all the blacks there, going about from house to house to minister to the wants of the sick and afflicted, teaching the young, and speaking in all the meetings. 'This old negro,' said the superintendent, 'has more influence over the blacks, and does more good among them, than all the missionaries and chaplains who have been sent here.'

To the same effect is the testimony of all who have listened to the colored preacher at Port Royal, and who know the great power which the chief elders of their churches possess over the rest of the negroes. A verbatim report of an exhortation given, just before the expedition to Jacksonville, Fla., to the soldiers of Colonel Higginson's 1st South Carolina Volunteers, by one of these negro preachers, would be worthy a place in 'American Oratory.' I remember only one striking passage, where, in his appeal to the troops to fight bravely, he urged them to seek always the post of danger, since heaven would be the immediate reward of all who should be killed in battle; for, said he, as if moved by an oracle: 'What hab been, dat will be. He who is de fust man to get into de boat, and de fust to jump on shore, him, if he fall, will be de fust to get to heaben.' Then, as if standing already in the midst of the fight, and with all the feelings of his nature roused against his enemies, he added: 'An' when de battle comes—when you see de Kunn'l put his shoulder to de wheel, and hear de shot and shell flying all round like de rain drops, den remember dat ebery one ob dose shot is a bolt ob de Almighty God to send dem rebels to deir eberlasting damnation.' Such fervent utterances are not uncommon among the negro preachers, and are well calculated to produce a powerful effect upon the susceptible natures of their hearers, 'deep answering unto deep.'

NEGRO 'SHOUTS' AND SHOUT SONGS.

At the 'praise meetings' on the plantations, one of the elders usually presides, and conducts the exercises with great solemnity. Passages of Scripture are quoted from memory, and the hymns, which constitute the principal feature of the meeting, are deaconed off as at church. Sometimes the superintendent or one of the teachers attends these meetings, and is then expected to conduct the exercises and make an address. After the praise meeting is over,

there usually follows the very singular and impressive performance of the 'Shout,' or religious dance of the negroes. Three or four, standing still, clapping their hands and beating time with their feet, commence singing in unison one of the peculiar shout melodies, while the others walk round in a ring, in single file, joining also in the song. Soon those in the ring leave off their singing, the others keeping it up the while with increased vigor, and strike into the shout step, observing most accurate time with the music. This step is something halfway between a shuffle and a dance, as difficult for an uninitiated person to describe as to imitate. At the end of each stanza of the song the dancers stop short with a slight stamp on the last note, and then, putting the other foot forward, proceed through the next verse. They will often dance to the same song for twenty or thirty minutes, once or twice, perhaps, varying the monotony of their movement by walking for a little while and joining in the singing. The physical exertion, which is really very great, as the dance calls into play nearly every muscle of the body, seems never to weary them in the least, and they frequently keep up a shout for hours, resting only for brief intervals between the different songs. Yet, in trying to imitate them, I was completely tired out in a very short time. The children are the best dancers, and are allowed by their parents to have a shout at any time, though, with the adults, the shout always follows a religious meeting, and none but church members are expected to join. It is to one of these shouts of the negro children that Mr. Russell alludes in his *Diary* when describing a visit which he paid to a plantation near Charleston in April, 1861. He speaks of the children as a set of 'ragged, dirty, and shoeless urchins, who came in shyly, oftentimes running away till they were chased and captured, dressed into line with much difficulty, and, then, shuffling their flat feet, clapping

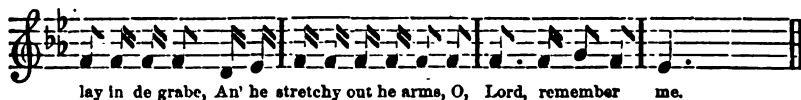
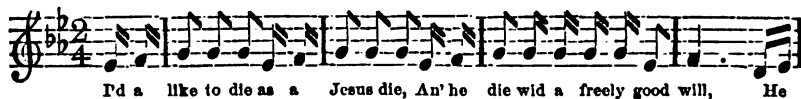
their hands, and drawing out in a monotonous sort of chant something about the 'River Jawdam.' Such a sketch conveys no idea of the shout as it may be witnessed to-day on any of the plantations among the Sea Islands. You will find the children clean, and, in general, neatly dressed, coming into the room when asked by the superintendent, rendering their impressive and oftentimes pleasing melodies in a manner seldom surpassed in our schools at the North, while their 'shouting' reveals a suppleness of limb and peculiar grace of motion beyond the power of our dancing masters to impart.

There are many features of the negro shout which amuse us from their strangeness; some, also, that strike the observer as wholly absurd. Yet, viewed as a religious exercise—and in this light it is always considered by the older negroes—I cannot help regarding it, in spite of many of its characteristics, as both a natural and a rational expression of devotional feeling. The negroes never indulge in it when, for any reason, they feel downhearted or sad at their meetings. The shout is a simple outburst and manifestation of religious fervor—a 'rejoicing in the Lord'—making a 'joyful noise unto the God of their salvation.'

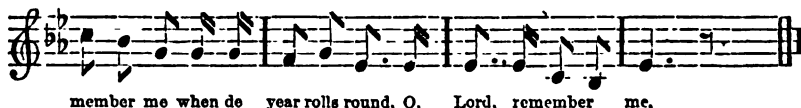
The words of the shout songs are a singular medley of things sacred and profane, and are the natural outgrowth of the imperfect and fragmentary knowledge of the Scriptures which the negroes have picked up. The substitution for these crude productions of appropriate hymns, would remove from the shout that which is now the chief objection to it in intelligent minds, and would make of the dance, to which the negroes are so much attached, a useful auxiliary in their religious culture. The tunes to which these songs are sung, are some of them weird and wild—'barbaric madrigals'—while others are sweet and impressive melodies. The most striking of their barbaric airs it would be impossible to write out,

but many of their more common melodies are easily caught upon being heard a few times. This music of the negro shout opens a new and rich field of melody—a mine in which there is much rough quartz, but also many veins of sparkling ore.

What, for example, could be more animated, and at the same time more expressive of the thought conveyed in the verse than the following chorus?—the introduction to which is a sort of recitative or chant :



CHORUS. *Lively.*



The words of the chant are evidently a very childlike expression of the wish to die with the same good will and spirit of forgiveness which were manifested in the Saviour's death.

Of a very different character is the following verse, sung to the same recitative :

'O, Death he is a little man,
He goes from do' to do',
He kill some soul, an he wounded some,
An' he lef' some soul for to pray.'

A most striking contrast between the recitative and chorus, is presented in the following :

RECITATIVE (*Sung to one note like a chant, with a cadence at the end*) :—

'I wonder why Satan do follow me so ?
Satan hab noting 't all for to do; long 'wid me.'

CHORUS. *Slow and forcibly.*



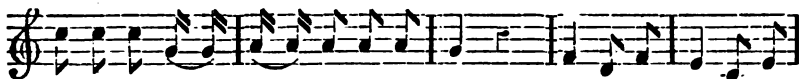
The next song presents a greater variety in melody, as well as in the different verses, which seem to have no connection whatever with each other. The

'Parson Fuller' referred to is the Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, who owns a plantation on one of the islands :

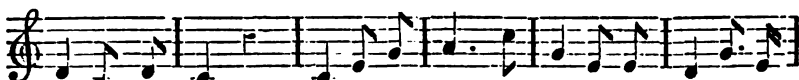




meetin' here to - night, I hope to meet you dar. { 1. Parson Fuller sittin' on de
2. Little children learn to
3. Let no angry word or



Tree of Life, An' he heary when Jordan roll.
fear de Lord, An' let your days be long. } Roll, Jordan, roll, Jordan,
spiteful boast Be heard up - on your tongue. }



Roll, Jor - dan, roll, Roll, Jordan, roll, O roll, Jordan, roll, O my



soul will rise to heab'n above, An' heary when Jordan roll.

The following has evidently been composed since the negroes became free, and expresses very forcibly their feelings toward 'driber, massa, and missus':



Done wid driber's dribin', Done wid driber's dribin',



Done wid driber's drib - in', Roll, Jordan, roll.

2. Done wid massa's hollerin',
Done wid massa's hollerin',
Done wid massa's hollerin',
Roll, Jordan, roll.

4. Sins so heaby dat I cannot get along,
Sins so heaby dat I cannot get along,
Sins so heaby dat I cannot get along,
Roll, Jordan, roll.

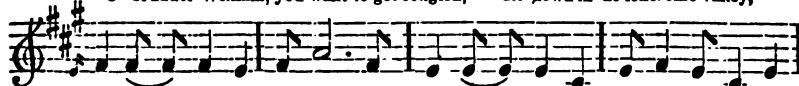
3. Done wid missus' scoldin',
Done wid missus' scoldin',
Done wid missus' scoldin',
Roll, Jordan, roll.

5. Cast my sins to de bottom ob de sea,
Cast my sina to de bottom ob de sea,
Cast my sins to de bottom ob de sea,
Roll, Jordan, roll.

Perhaps the best illustration of the in the 'Lonesome Valley,' the music Scriptural patchwork which charac- of which is very quaint and plain- terizes many of the shout songs, is seen tive:



O brudder William, you want to get religion, Ri' down in de lonesome valley,



1. Down in de lonesome valley, Go down in de lonesome valley, my Lord, Ri'
2 You feed on milk and honey, You feed on milk and honey, my Lord, You



down in de lonesome valley,
feed on milk and honey,

You meet my Jesus dere.
And meet my Jesus dere.

The third and fourth stanzas are :

3. When Johnny brought a letter,
When Johnny brought a letter, my Lord,
When Johnny brought a letter,
He meet my Jesus dere.

4. An' Mary and Marta read 'em,
An' Mary and Marta read 'em, my Lord,
An' Mary and Marta read 'em,
Dey meet my Jesus dere.

The example above given will convey a good idea of the general character of the shout songs. Apart from these religious songs, there is no music among the South Carolina freedmen, except the simple airs which are sung by the boatmen, as they row on the rivers and creeks. A tinge of sadness pervades all their melodies, which bear as little resemblance to the popular Ethiopian melodies of the day as twilight to noonday. The joyous, merry strains which have been associated in the minds of many with the Southern negro, are never heard on the Sea Islands. Indeed, by most of the negroes, such songs as 'Uncle Ned' and 'O Susanna' are considered as highly improper. In the schools, many of the best songs which are sung in our Sunday and public schools have been introduced, and are opening new sources of pleasure to a race so musical by their very nature as are the negroes of the South.

While in Beaufort, I attended a concert given by a band of genuine 'negro minstrels.' The company had taken the name of the 'Charleston Minstrels,' and was composed mainly of refugees from Charleston, who were then servants to various officers in General Saxton's Department. The concert was held in the Episcopal Church, and the proceeds devoted to the benefit of the sick and wounded of the First South Carolina Volunteers. The first view of the performers, as they sat round the stage, a dozen finely formed and good-looking negroes, caused the spectator to fancy himself in the presence

of the famous band of Christy, or some other company of white Ethiopian serenaders. Soon, the opera glass revealed the amusing fact, that, although every minstrel was by nature as black as black could be, yet all the performers had given their faces a coating of burnt cork, in order that their resemblance to Yankee minstrels might be in every respect complete. There were excellent voices among the singers, and some of the players handled their instruments with surprising skill; but the presence of an audience composed entirely of white people, and including many of the highest officers in the Department, evidently caused great embarrassment to performers so unaccustomed to the stage. Not a single song which could be called comic was included in the programme; and, with the exception of a few patriotic airs, the songs were of the 'Lily Dale,' half-mournful sort. Between the pieces there was the customary telling of anecdotes and cracking of jokes, some of which were quite amusing, while others excited laughter from the manner in which they were told. As an imitation of our Northern minstrelsy given by a band of uneducated negro musicians, the performance was a wonderful success. Yet the general impression left upon the mind of the hearer was far from pleasing. One could not help feeling that a people, whose very natures are attuned to harmony, are capable of something better than even the most perfect imitation of those who have so grossly caricatured their race.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION AMONG THE
FREEDMEN.

The education of the children of the freedmen was begun simultaneously with the work of employing the negroes as free laborers. Teachers, both men and women, from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, accompanied the superintendents who were sent to Port Royal in March, 1862. The results of their labors during the past year have been most encouraging, in spite of the changes and confusion caused by the war and the numerous obstacles in the way of a steady and continued application on the part of the children. The teachers in their reports all unite to attest the 'universal eagerness to learn, which they have not found equalled in white persons, arising both from the desire for knowledge common to all, and the desire to raise their condition now so very strong among these people. The details of these reports present few points of special interest to the common reader. A common mistake, both of those who visit these schools for the first time, and of others who have merely heard of their existence, arises from comparing the negro schools, where children of all ages are to be seen, with our district schools in New England, where difference of age implies a corresponding difference in attainments. 'What are your most advanced classes studying?' is very often asked of the teachers, when a moment's reflection would convince the inquirer, that the Primer and First Reader are the only books which we expect to see in the hands of children who have but just learned their letters. Viewing the rapid progress which these colored children have made in learning to read during the past year—many of them being obliged to leave school and work in the field during a considerable portion of the time—the retentive memories which they have shown in their studies, and their great eagerness to learn, which requires no urging from parents or teachers, and which manifests itself in the

punctual attendance even of those who are obliged to walk from long distances to the school house—we may well be satisfied with what has already been accomplished, and with the prospects for the future.

As a general rule, the *adults* are as eager to learn as the children, and the reading or spelling book is the almost invariable companion of the freedmen when off duty. On the wharves, in the intervals between labor—in the camp, whenever a leisure moment is found—on the plantations, when work is done—everywhere, you will see the negroes with book in hand, patiently poring over their lesson, picking the way along as best they can, or eagerly following the guidance of some kind friend who stops to teach them. Probably few of these adult students will ever advance beyond a simple knowledge of reading, and many, doubtless, will stop short of this, lacking the perseverance necessary to attain success. Most of the freedmen, however, are so earnest and determined in their pursuit of knowledge, so patient and untiring in their efforts to learn, and, withal, enjoy such keen pleasure in this awakening to consciousness of their mental powers, that they cannot fail to elevate themselves thereby, and also to feel an increased interest in the education of their children.

IN CAMP.

Negro soldiers on the Sea islands have long since ceased to be objects of wonder or curiosity, and may be seen to-day in camp, on picket, or on detached service, everywhere doing their work in a quiet, soldierly manner, and attracting no more attention than the white troops about them. Through many difficulties, and against great opposition, they have conquered their present honorable position in the Department of the South. The untimely draft of the freedmen made by General Hunter in May, 1862, the violence and deception with which the order was en-

forced, as well as the refusal of the Government to receive these regiments into the service, causing the dispersion of the troops without pay and without honor, was enough to discourage all further enlistment. But when, last winter, General Saxton called for volunteers, an entire regiment was soon raised, and early in the present year, the 1st South Carolina Volunteers were ready to take the field. Fortunately for the regiment and for the country, the services of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., were secured as commander of this first regiment of Union soldiers raised in South Carolina. 'The right man in the right place' has not become so common a sight in our army, as to prevent our being thankful that so fit an appointment was made and accepted. Surely we are but just beginning to learn what heroes we have, when we see a man of high literary attainments, whose eloquent words, both spoken and written, have contributed so largely to the physical, mental, and moral culture of his countrymen, laying down the pen for the sword at the call of duty, and winning at once by his wisdom and skill the two highest objects of an officer's ambition, the devotion of his men, and the commendation of his superiors.

Soon after arriving at Port Royal, I paid a visit to Colonel Higginson's regiment, then encamped about four miles from Beaufort. Setting out on horseback in company with one of the superintendents, our ride took us along the banks of the Beaufort river, past cotton plantations, and through pleasant woods bright with the golden blossoms of the pines. Although it was early in February, we saw the negroes at work in the fields, 'listing' the ground—a process of breaking up the soil with hoes—while here and there a solitary palmetto stood, like a scarecrow, as if to warn away all invaders. We soon reached 'Camp Saxton,' which we found pleasantly situated near

a large and magnificent grove of live oaks, just at the bend of the river, where a fine view is given of the winding stream, the harbor of Port Royal, and the low-lying islands in the distance. The grove, which is the handsomest on the islands, was formerly part of a plantation belonging to a master well known by his cruelty toward his slaves, and the tree which served as the whipping post is still pointed out. A short distance from the camp, by the river side, may be seen the remains of an old Spanish fort, built of oyster shells, and said to have been erected in the year 1637.

To one accustomed to notice the sanitary appearance of camps, the neatness observable both in the streets and tents of 'Camp Saxton' was an agreeable surprise. Few camps in any department of the army are better policed, or present to the visitor such a general air of order and cleanliness as this first encampment of Colonel Higginson's regiment. As we enter one of the streets a company inspection of arms is going on, which displays to good advantage the proficiency of the colored soldier in the minutiae of his work. Soon after, we are summoned to witness a battalion drill, and my companion, who has been both an army officer and a 'Democrat,' is extravagant in his praise of the movements and evolutions of the troops. Before leaving the camp we visit the snug and comfortable hospital into which Yankee ingenuity has metamorphosed the upper story of an old ginhouse. The surgeon informs us that the most common disease in the regiment is *pneumonia*, and that, in order to guard as far as possible against this, he has the middle board of the tent floor taken up just at night, and a fire built on the ground, to remove the dampness.

We are careful to make our exit at the proper place, as negro soldiers on guard observe unwonted strictness, and we hear of their having threatened to shoot the commanding general himself

for attempting to pass out at some other than the regular passage way.

I have seen the soldiers of Colonel Higginson's regiment on several other occasions than the one above described, and have always found them displaying the same soldierly qualities. Their picketing of Port Royal island has not been surpassed by any white regiment for the rigor and watchfulness with which it was enforced. 'Will they fight?' is a question which the events of the war are fast answering in the affirmative. The South Carolina volunteers have not as yet met the rebels in close conflict; but, in holding captured places against large numbers of the enemy, in passing rebel batteries on the Florida rivers, and in hazardous excursions into the heart of the enemy's country, where they have been constantly exposed to the fire of sharpshooters and guerillas, they have behaved as bravely as any other regiments in the service; while they have united to their ready obedience and prompt execution of orders, a dash and fierceness such as might have been expected from their excitable nature when under the stimulus of actual warfare. In view, therefore, of the admirable manner in which these freedmen have performed all the duties of a soldier's life which have thus far been required of them, it is fair to presume that in the fierce shock of open battle, they will acquit themselves like men. A striking illustration of the wide difference between the theories of those who oppose the use of the negro as a soldier, and the facts which the war is constantly revealing, was furnished on our passage from North Carolina to Port Royal. 'Will the negro troops be clean?' was asked of an officer of the regular army, and his reply was a highly wrought and imaginary description of the horrible condition of the garrisons, and the fearful epidemics, which would be occasioned by placing black soldiers in

the forts on our Southern coast. The facts of the case in reference to the comparative cleanliness of white and black troops showed that, while the companies of regulars under this officer's care habitually neglected on ship-board the simplest sanitary regulations, such as sweeping and washing the decks, the negro soldiers who had been taken on our Government transports to various points on the Florida coast, daily observed these important rules, gaining thereby the commendation of the ship's officers, and promoting at the same time their own health and comfort. The explanation of this fact is found in the prompt and unquestioning obedience of the black soldier, the peculiar characteristic of those who have been accustomed in a state of servitude to execute the commands of those who were over them.

The tide of public opinion is setting so strongly in favor of the use of negroes as soldiers, that the present danger seems to lie in the direction of our indulging in too extravagant expectations of their efficiency. We must not overlook the fact that, in the case of the former slaves, as much depends upon the character of their officers as upon the valor of the men. Nor should it be forgotten that among the freedmen who come within our lines, there is only a small proportion of able-bodied men capable of enduring the hardships of the service. In too many instances slavery has sapped the vigor of their lives, and the examinations of our surgeons have revealed an extent of physical weakness which is truly surprising. There can, however, no longer be any doubt in the minds of candid and loyal men, that the freedmen who are able to bear arms will prove themselves valiant soldiers, jealous defenders of their own and their country's liberties, and a terror to their enemies, who have so madly attempted to destroy both 'Liberty and Union.'

A SPIRIT'S REPROACH.

I stood beside the altar with a friend,
 To hear him plight his faith to a young bride,
 A rosy child of simple heart and mind.
 Yet two short years before, on that same spot,
 I heard the funeral chant above the bier
 Of a first wife—a woman bright as fair,
 Or blessed or cursed with genius, full of fire—
 Who loved him with a passion high and rare;
 Whom he had won from paths of fame and art
 To walk unknown life's quiet ways with him.
 My mind was with the past, when the loud swell
 Of music rose to greet the childlike bride,
 The organ quivering as with solemn joy:
 Alas! another voice breathed through it all,
 Reproachful, haughty, wild, but very sad;
 Near, though its tones fell from that farthest shore,
 Where the eternal surge beats time no more!
 Sadly I gazed upon my friend, to mark
 If his new joys were quelled by the weird strains:
 He heard it not—he only saw the face,
 Blushing and girlish, 'neath its bridal veil;
 Saw not the stronger spirit standing by,
 With immortelles upon its massive front,
 And drooping wings adown its snowy shroud,
 And sense of wrong dewing its starry eye;
 Nor heard the chant of agony, reproach,
 Chilling the naïve joy of the marriage song.

* * * * *

' Say, canst thou woo another for thy bride,
 Whilst I am living—ever near thee still!
 Renounce the faith so often pledged to me,
 Forget me, while I dream of thee in heaven!
 When the word *love* first fell upon my ear,
 I was a dreamer wrapped in pleasant thoughts,
 Dwelling in themes apart from common life,
 Nor needed aught for bliss save my still hours,
 My studies, and the poet's golden lyre.
 The stars revealed to me their trackless paths,
 The flowers whispered me their secrets sweet,
 And science opened her ways of calm and light.
 Yet love, like ancient scroll, was closely rolled;
 I had no wish to read its mystic page;
 Its wooing awakened in me wondering scorn,
 Its homage insult to my virgin pride;
 If lovers knelt, 'twas but to be denied.

And yet it pleased to know myself so fair,
 Because I loved the Beautiful. We met !
 Dark, fierce, and full of power thy features were,
 Yet finely cut, chiselled and sculptured well,
 Reminding me of antique demigod.
 The dream of the wild Greek, maddened with light
 From Beauty's sun, before me living stood.
 Ah ! not of marble were thy features pale !
 Like summer's lightning, lights and shadows danced
 As feelings surged within thy stormful soul.
 Full of high thoughts and poetry wert thou :
 I left the paths of thought to hear thee speak
 Of love and its devotion, endless truth.
 All nature glowed with sudden, roseate light ;
 The waves of ocean, mountains, forests dim,
 The waterfall, the flower, the clinging moss,
 Were woven in types of purity and peace,
 To etherealize and beautify thy love.
 Marriage of souls, eternal constancy,
 Gave wildering love new worth and dignity.
 My maiden pride was soothed, and if I felt
 Repelled by human passion, still I joyed
 In sacrifice that made me wholly thine.
 We wedded—and I rested on thy heart,
 Counted its throbs, and when I sadly thought
 They measured out the fleeting sands of life,
 I smiled at Time—*Love lives eternally !*
 I was not blind to my advantages,
 Yet I became a humble household dove,
 Smoothing to thy caress the eager wings
 Which might have borne me through the universe.
 All wealth seemed naught ; had stars been in my gift,
 I would have thrown them reckless all to thee !
 Two happy years—how swift they fled by !—
 And then I felt a fluttering, restless life
 Throbbing beneath my heart ; and with it knew
 (I ne'er could tell you how such knowledge came)
 That I must die ! A moment's dread and pang
 O'ercame me—then the bitter thought grew sweet :
 My passing agony would win the boon
 Of life immortal for *our* infant's soul ;
 The innocent being, through whose veins would flow
 Our mingling hearts for ever—ever—one !
 We spoke of death, and of eternal life ;
 Many and fond the vows then pledged to me :
 ' If cruel death must sever us on earth,
 Rest calmly on my never-changing love ;
 Now and forever it is solely thine !
Thou art my soul's elect—my Bride in Heaven ! '

A Spirit's Reproach.

So deeply did I trust thy plighted faith,
 I nerved my ardent soul to bear it all,
 And calmly saw the fated hour approach,
 Nor quailed before the pangs of death to give
 Our living love to a fond father's kiss :
 Smiling I placed him in thy arms—then died.
 The songs of angels wooed me high above,
 But my firm soul refused to leave its loves !
 I won the boon from heaven to hover near,
 To count the palpitations of thy heart,
 And speak, unseen, to thee in varied ways.
 I breathed to thee in music's plaintive tones,
 I floated round thee in the breath of flowers,
 I wooed thee in the poet's tender page,
 And through the blue eyes of our orphaned child
 I gazed upon thee with the buried love
 So fraught with faith and haunting memories.
 With spirit power I ranged the world of thought
 To twine thee with the blue 'Forget me not !'

* * * * *

Oh, God ! thine eye seeks now a fresher face,
 Thy voice has won another's earnest love,
 Her head rests on the heart once pledged to me,
 And I have poured my worship on the dust !
 He loves again, and yet I gave him all—
 Been proud—is this 'the worm that never dies ?'
 Ah, what am I ?—a ruined wreck adrift
 Upon a surging sea of endless pain !
 Are human hearts all fickle, faithless, base ?
 Does levity brand all of mortal race ?
 When we shall meet within the Spirit's land,
 How wilt thou bear my sorrow, my despair ?
 Wilt strive to teach me there thy new-found lore—
 Forgetfulness ? I could not learn the task !
 Wilt seek to link again our broken ties ?
 Away ! I would not stoop my haughty brow
 To thing so false as thou ! I love—yet scorn !
 We give ourselves with purity but once ;
 The love of soul yields not to change of state ;
 Heaven's life news the broken ties of earth ;
 There is no death ! all that has *truly* lived,
 Lives ever ; feeling cannot die ; it blooms
 Immortal as the soul from which it springs !
 Why do I shrink to own the bitter truth ?
I never have been loved—'twas mockery all !'

* * * * *

Thus sang the tortured spirit, while the chant
 Of the new bridal filled the quivering air.

The ring of gold upon the finger placed,
 The girlish blushes, the groom's joyous smile,
 Told all was over, and the crowd dispersed :
 But the high face of the wrung spirit pressed
 Upon my heart, haunting me with its woe.
 What was her doom ? Was she midst penal fires,
 Whose flames must burn away the sins of life,
 The hay and stubble of idolatrous love ?
 Ah, even in its root crime germs with doom !
 Must suffering consume our earthly dross ?
 Is't pain alone can bind us to the Cross ?
 She worshipped *min* ; true to his nature, he
 Remained as ever fickle, sensuous, weak.
 'Love is eternal !' True, but God alone
 Can fill the longings of an immortal soul :
The finite thirst is for the Infinite !

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION.

LETTER OF HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
 June 30th, 1863.

Soon after my arrival in London from New York, my attention was called, by some English, as well as American friends, to an article which had appeared more than a month previously in the *London Times* of the 23d of March last. In the money article of that date is the following letter from the Hon. John Slidell, the Minister of Jefferson Davis at Paris.

'MY DEAR SIR :

'I have yours of yesterday. I am inclined to think the people of London confound Mr. Reuben Davis, whom I have always understood to have taken the lead on the question of repudiation, with President Jefferson Davis. I am not aware that the latter was in any way identified with that question. I am very confident that it was not agitated during his canvass for Governor, or during his administration. The Union Bank bonds were issued in direct violation of an express constitutional

provision. There is a wide difference between these bonds, and those of the Planters' Bank, for the repudiation of which, neither excuse nor palliation can be offered. I feel confident that Jefferson Davis never approved or justified that repudiation. What may have been his private opinions of the refusal to consider the State of Mississippi bound to provide for the payment of the Union Bank bonds, I do not know.

Yours truly,

'JOHN SLIDELL.'

It is due to the editor of the *Times* here to state, that, in his money article of the 23d March last, he refers to the controversy of that press with Jefferson Davis on that question in 1849, and, as regards the suggestion of Mr. Slidell, that it might have been Reuben Davis who was the repudiator in 1849, instead of Jefferson Davis, the editor remarked, 'it is to be feared that the proof in the other direction is too strong.' Indeed, the editor might well be astonished at the supposition that Jefferson Davis,

who subscribed the repudiation letter in question of the 25th May, 1849, as well as a still stronger communication of the 29th August, 1849, should have been confounded, during a period of near fourteen years, by the press of Europe and America, with Reuben Davis, and that the supposed mistake should just now be discovered, especially as Reuben Davis never was a Senator of the United States from Mississippi, or from any other State.

I was asked if it really was Reuben or Jefferson Davis who was the author of the letter in question advocating the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds of Mississippi, their recollection being, that it was the latter. I said that the repudiation letter in question of the 25th May, 1849, was subscribed and published at its date in the *Washington Union*, by Jefferson Davis, as a Senator of the United States from Mississippi, which position he then held, that he was personally well known to me for nearly a fourth of a century, as was also Reuben Davis, and that the latter never had been a Senator of the United States from Mississippi, or any other State, as was well known to me, and would be shown by reference to the Journals of the United States Senate. I stated, that I had represented the State of Mississippi in the Senate of the United States from January, 1836, until March, 1845, when, having resigned that office, I was called to the Cabinet of President Polk, as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and remained in that position until the close of that administration in March, 1849. I added, that I was in Washington City, the capital of the Union, and residing there as a counsellor at law in the Supreme Court of the United States, when the first repudiation letter of Jefferson Davis, communicated by him to the editor of the *Union* (a newspaper of that city), was published, on the 25th May, 1849, in that print, and very generally throughout the United States. It was remarked by me, that it was

well known to myself personally, and I believed to every prominent public man of that date, especially those then in Washington, that Mr. Jefferson Davis was the author of that letter then published over his signature, and that he defended its doctrines, with all that earnestness and ability for which he was so distinguished. I was also residing in Washington, when Mr. Jefferson Davis published, over his signature, as a Senator of the United States from Mississippi, his well-known second repudiation letter, dated at his residence, 'Brierfield, Miss.,' August 29, 1849. This letter was addressed to the editors of the *Mississippian*, a newspaper published at Jackson, Mississippi, and was received by me in due course of mail. This letter extended over several columns, and was an elaborate defence of the repudiation of Mississippi. This letter also was generally republished throughout the United States. These views of Mr. Jefferson Davis attracted my most earnest attention, because, after a brief interval, he was one of my successors in the Senate of the United States, from Mississippi. I had always earnestly opposed the doctrine of repudiation in Mississippi, and the Legislature of 1840-'41, by which I was re-elected, passed resolutions by overwhelming majorities (hereafter quoted), denouncing the repudiation either of the Union Bank, or Planters' Bank bonds.

At the period of the conversations before referred to, late in April or early in May last, I was, on this recital of the facts, strongly urged to make them known in Europe, to which my consent was given.

After some investigation, however, the necessary documents fully to elucidate the whole subject could not be obtained here. It was necessary, therefore, to write home and procure them. This has been done, and I now proceed to a narrative of these transactions from the authentic historical public documents.

The first letter of Mr. Jefferson Davis before referred to, of the 25th of May, 1849, was published by him as a Senator of the United States from Mississippi, over his signature, in the *Union*, a newspaper published at Washington City. That letter is in these words:

'DAILY UNION, WASHINGTON CITY,
May 25th, 1849.

'*Statement furnished by Jefferson Davis,
Esq., Senator of the United States.*

'The State of Mississippi has no other question with bondholders than that of debt or no debt. When the United States Bank of Pennsylvania purchased what are known as the Union Bank bonds, it was within the power of any stock dealer to learn that they had been issued in disregard of the Constitution of the State whose faith they assumed to pledge. By the Constitution and laws of Mississippi, any creditor of the State may bring suit against the State, and test his claim, as against an individual. To this the bondholders have been invited; but conscious that they have no valid claim, have not sought their remedy. Relying upon empty (because false) denunciation, they have made it a point of honor to show what can be shown by judicial investigation; i. e., that there being no debt, there has been no default. The crocodile tears which have been shed over ruined creditors, are on a par with the baseless denunciations which have been heaped upon the State. Those bonds were purchased by a bank then tottering to its fall—purchased in violation of the charter of the bank, or fraudulently, by concealing the transaction under the name of an individual, as may best suit those concerned—purchased in violation of the terms of the law under which the bonds were issued, and in disregard of the Constitution of Mississippi, of which the law was an infraction. To sustain the credit of that rickety bank, the bonds were hypothecated abroad for interest on loans which could not be met as they became due.

'A smaller amount is due for what are termed Planters' Bank bonds of Mississippi. These evidences of debt, as well as the coupons issued to cover accruing interest, are receivable for State lands; and no one has a right to assume they will not be provided for

otherwise, by or before the date at which the whole debt becomes due.

'JEFFERSON DAVIS.'

To this letter the *London Times*, in its money article, of the 18th July, 1849, replied as follows:

'The case of Mississippi stands thus: In 1838 the State issued bonds for five millions of dollars, to establish the Union Bank. These bonds were dated June, 1838, bearing five per cent. interest from date, and it was stipulated with the bank that they should not be sold under their par value. On the 18th August following, the bank sold all these bonds to the United States Bank for five millions of dollars, payable in five equal instalments in November, January, March, May, and July, but without interest. The money was punctually paid to the Mississippi Bank, and the Legislature of Mississippi, on the terms of the sale being communicated to them,' resolved, '*That the sale of the bonds was highly advantageous to the State, and in accordance with the injunctions of the charter, reflecting the highest credit on the Commissioners, and bringing timely aid to an embarrassed community.*' In little more than two years, however, the Mississippi Bank became totally insolvent, having lost the entire five millions invested in it by the State. Immediately on this having transpired, the Governor of the State sent a message to the Legislature recommending them to *repudiate* (this was the first time the word was used) their obligations, being founded on the plea, that as the bonds were issued with interest payable from the date, and they had been sold to the United States Bank for their nominal amount only, the stipulation that they should not be disposed of below their par value had been departed from. He further urged that although the bonds had been sold ostensibly to Mr. Biddle, the president of the United States Bank, the sale was actually to the bank itself, which, by its charter, could not legally purchase them. Hence, although Mississippi had received the money for the bonds, it was thus proposed to refuse to repay it, on the ground that the purchaser had no right to buy them. The Legislature, however, was not quite prepared for this, and accordingly, in responding to the Governor's message, they resolved: '1st. That the State of Mississippi is bound to the holders of

the bonds of the State sold on account of the bank for the amount of principal and interest. 2d. That the State of Mississippi will pay her bonds, and preserve her faith inviolate. 3d. That the insinuation that the State of Mississippi would repudiate her bonds and violate her plighted faith, is a calumny upon the justice, honor, and dignity of the State.' But after this, the pecuniary condition of the State became rapidly worse, and the disposition to pay diminished in proportion. Accordingly a joint committee of the Legislature appointed in 1842, reported that the State was not bound to pay the bonds, advancing the reasons before mentioned, and also another, namely, that the bonds had not been sanctioned in the manner required by the Constitution, since, although the provision that no loan should be raised, unless sanctioned by a law passed through two successive Legislatures, had been complied with, and the bonds had been legally authorized, the act also prescribed certain conditions regarding the Bank of Mississippi, which conditions had been altered by a subsequent act, that had only passed through one Legislature.

'In addition to the five millions thus repudiated, Mississippi owes two millions which she recognizes. It has always, however, been a difference without distinction, since she pays no dividends on either. From the period of repudiation up to the present moment, all representations of the bondholders have been treated with disregard. About a year and a half back, however, one of the citizens of Mississippi, a Mr. Robbins, admitted the moral liability of the State, and proposed that the people should discharge it by voluntary contributions.

'The next step is the appearance of the letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, with whom we are now called upon to deal. This statement, which was transmitted by him to the *Washington Union*, in reply to our remarks of the 23d February last, runs as follows.'

Here the *Times* inserts Mr. Jefferson Davis's repudiation letter before quoted.

'The assurance in this statement that the Planters' Bank, or non-repudiated bonds, are receivable for State lands, requires this addition, which Mr. Jefferson Davis has omitted, that they are

only so receivable upon lands being taken at three times its current value. The affirmation afterward, that no one has a right to assume that these bonds will not be fully provided for before the date at which the principal falls due, is simply to be met by the fact that portions of them fell due in 1841 and 1846, and that on these, as well as on all the rest, both principal and interest remain wholly unpaid.

'Regarding the first part of the statement no comment could be made which would not weaken its effect. Taking its principle and its tone together, it is a doctrine which has never been paralleled. Let it circulate throughout Europe, that a member of the United States Senate in 1849, has openly proclaimed that at a recent period the Governor and Legislative Assemblies of his own State deliberately issued fraudulent bonds for five millions of dollars to 'sustain the credit of a rickety bank;' that the bonds in question, having been hypothecated abroad to innocent holders, such holders had not only no claim against the community by whose executive and representatives this act was omitted, but that they are to be taunted for appealing to the verdict of the civilized world, rather than to the judgment of the legal officers of the State by whose functionaries they have been already robbed; and that the ruin of toilworn men, of women, of widows, and of children, and the 'crocodile tears' which that ruin has occasioned, is a subject of jest on the part of those by whom it has been accomplished; and then let it be asked if any foreigner ever penned a libel on the American character equal to that against the people of Mississippi by their own Senator.'

To this reply of the London *Times*, which (except in portions of Mississippi) was generally approved throughout the Union, Mr. Jefferson Davis responded in a very long letter, dated from his residence, Brierfield, Mississippi, August 29, 1849, addressed to the editors of the *Mississippian*. He begins as follows:

'The London *Times* of July 13, 1849, contains an article which most unjustly and unfairly attacks the State of Mississippi and myself, because of a statement I made in refutation of a for-

mer calumny against her, which was published in the same paper.'

This article of the London *Times* Mr. Davis denounces as 'a *foreigner's slander* against the government, the judiciary, and people of Mississippi;' 'very well for the high Tory paper as an attack upon our republican government;' as 'untrue;' 'the hypocritical cant of stockjobbers and *pensioned presses*' 'reckless of reputation;' 'hired advocates of the *innocent* stock dealers of London 'Change;' 'a calumnious imputation.' These are pleasant epithets which Mr. Jefferson Davis applied to the London *Times* and the London 'Change. But Mr. Jefferson Davis was very indignant, not only with London, but with all England; for he says,

'With far more propriety might *repudiation* be charged on the *English Government*, for the reduction of interest on her loans when she consolidated her debts; for the income tax, which compels fundholders to return part of the interest they receive on their evidences of public debt, for the support of the Government which is their debtor.'

According, then, to Mr. Jefferson Davis, the London *Times* and the London 'Change are great reprobates, and it is not Mississippi, but 'THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT' which has repudiated their own public debt.

From such angry epithets and fierce denunciation, the reader will be prepared to find very little argument in Mr. Jefferson Davis' second letter. He denies that Mississippi received the money. But a bank, of which she was the sole stockholder, and whose directory was all appointed by her, received it. They received it also for her exclusive benefit, for she, *as a State*, was to derive large profits on the stock of the bank, which was hers exclusively, and was paid for entirely by the proceeds of these bonds. Mississippi then, as a State, through her agents appointed by her, received this money. All governments must act through human agency, and the agency in this case, which received the money, was appointed en-

tirely by the State. But this is not all. The Bank, which was exclusively a State bank, and based entirely on the proceeds of these State bonds, with no other stockholders, was directed by the charter to loan this money, the proceeds of these bonds, only to 'the citizens of the State,' sec. 46, and so the loans were made. The State, then, through an agency appointed exclusively by itself, received this money, the proceeds of the State bonds, and the State, through this same agency, loaned this money to 'the citizens of the State,' who never repaid the loans. The State then received the money and loaned it out to its own citizens, who still hold it; and yet this money, obtained on the solemn pledge of the faith of the State, her citizens still hold, and the State repudiates her bonds on which the money was received, and Mr. Jefferson Davis sustains, indorses, and eulogizes this proceeding. Never was there a stronger case.

Mr. Jefferson Davis reiterates in this letter his arguments contained in his previous communication of the 25th May, 1849, so fully answered by the editors of the London *Times* in their money article before quoted of the 18th July, 1849. He elaborates, particularly, the legal position, that the bonds were invalid, because he says not sanctioned by two successive Legislatures as required by the Constitution of Mississippi. This statement is erroneous, because the loan, in the precise form in which the bonds were issued, was sanctioned by two successive Legislatures in perfect conformity with the Constitution. This is shown, as will be proved hereafter, by reference to the laws passed by the State, and such was the decision on this very point by the highest judicial tribunal of Mississippi, in 1842 and 1853. But let us suppose that there was some technical legal informality as to the law, would that justify the repudiation of these bonds? The Legislature had passed laws in 1837 and 1838 authorizing the issue and

sale of these bonds, those acts had been all signed and approved by the Governor of the State, the bonds had been signed by the Governor and Treasurer of the State, the broad seal of the State had been affixed to them by the Governor, they were placed in the hands of the authorities of the State for sale, they were sold by them, and the full amount paid over to the agency appointed by the State, and by that agency the money was loaned to the 'citizens of the State' and still retained by them. When the sale of these State bonds in August, 1888, together with all the facts and documents, were placed by the Governor before the Legislature in 1889, they ratified and highly approved the sale, as before quoted by the *Times*, and again still more decidedly in 1841. And yet the State, on the technical grounds stated by Mr. Davis, repudiated their bonds. It was unconstitutional to return the money which they had borrowed and used! Could anything be more absurd or dishonorable than this? The law says, if a man borrows money without certain legal authentications, he shall not be forced to repay; but if he receives and uses the money, and then interposes such technical pleas, he is justly deemed infamous. He has violated his honor. And is the honor of an individual more sacred than that of a state or nation? State and national debts rest upon faith, they repose upon honor, the obligation is sacred, and must be fulfilled. It can never be illegal or unconstitutional to *pay a debt*, where the money has been received by a state or a nation. And, where a State, acting through its supreme Executive and Legislature, has issued its bonds and affixed its seal, and they have passed into the hands of *bona fide* holders, the obligation must be fulfilled. For a state or nation, having issued its bonds under its highest legislative and executive sanction, to say, that their own functionaries mistook some of the formalities

of the law, and refuse payments, is a fraud upon the *bona fide* holders, and can never be sustained before the tribunal of the world. But when, besides the Legislature and Executive of the State, its highest judicial tribunals have declared the bonds perfectly constitutional and valid, and to have been sold in accordance with the terms of the law, for such repudiation of such bonds it is difficult to find any language sufficiently strong to mark the infamy of such a transaction.

If indeed the formalities of the Constitution had not been complied with, and this were not a mere pretext, how easy would it have been to have passed a new act in conformity with the constitutional formalities, assuming the debt, or providing for the issue of new bonds to be delivered to the holders on the return of those alleged to be informal. But the truth is, this alleged unconstitutionality was a mere pretext for repudiating a just debt: it never occurred to the Legislatures which passed these laws in 1837 and 1838, or to the Governor, who signed them, and was rejected by the Legislature in 1839, and again, in the most solemn form, in 1841.

And now let me trace the history of this transaction chronologically. The original act chartering the bank, with the 5th section authorizing the loan, was passed by the Legislature January 21st, 1837, and again, in strict compliance with the provisions of the Constitution, reenacted in the same words on the 5th of February, 1838. Now the bonds issued are in strict conformity with this law, and an exact copy of the form of the bonds prescribed by the law. If then, the supplemental act of the 15th February, 1838, was unconstitutional, null, and void, as contended by the repudiators, then the whole original act remained in full force, and the bonds were valid under that law, and such was the unanimous decision of the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, as will be shown hereafter. It was contended before the

court (and by Mr. Davis in his last letter) that, under the original law, certain acts were to be performed before the bonds could issue. But here again, it is plain on the face of the law, and so the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi unanimously decided, that these acts were not required to be performed as *conditions precedent* to the issue of the bonds, and that the issue and sale of the bonds were perfectly valid before these acts had been performed. The bonds then are in exact conformity with a law, which was passed by two successive Legislatures, precisely as provided by the Constitution.

In 1836 there was a great pecuniary embarrassment in Mississippi, attributed by many to what was called the *specie circular*, and soon followed a suspension of the banks. Under these circumstances there was an almost universal demand in Mississippi for relief measures. As a consequence, the attention of the Legislature was absorbed almost exclusively in the consideration of remedies for the existing embarrassments. The result was the enactment, on the 21st January, 1837, of the law, creating the Union Bank of Mississippi. This bank was based upon loans to be obtained upon bonds of the State, the proceeds of which, when sold, were to constitute the capital of the bank, which money, by the terms of the charter, was to be loaned to the '*citizens of the State,*' to relieve the existing embarrassments.

The fifth section of the act was the only one in which any authority was given for a loan by the State, and any power to pledge its faith. That section, entire, was as follows :

'That, in order to facilitate the said Union Bank for the said loan of fifteen millions five hundred thousand dollars, the faith of this State be, and is hereby pledged, both for the security of the capital and interest, and that 7,500 bonds of \$1,000 each, to wit : 1,875 payable in twelve years ; 1,875 in fifteen years ; 1,875 in eighteen years ; and 1,875 in twenty years, and bearing in-

terest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, shall be signed by the Governor of the State to the order of the Mississippi Bank, countersigned by the State Treasurer, and under the seal of the State ; said bonds to be in the following words, viz :

'\$2,000. Know all men by these presents, that the State of Mississippi acknowledges to be indebted to the Mississippi Union Bank in the sum of two thousand dollars, which sum the said State of Mississippi promises to pay in current money of the United States to the order of the President, Directors, and Company in the — year — with interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, at the place named in the indorsement hereto, viz : — on the — of every year until the payment of the said principal sum : in testimony whereof the Governor of the State of Mississippi has signed, and the Treasurer of the State has countersigned these presents, and caused the seal of the State to be affixed thereto, at Jackson, this — in the — year of our Lord.

' Governor.

' Treasurer.'

The whole act, of which this section was a part, was passed by the Legislature and approved by the Governor in 1837, and the entire section as to the loan as required by the provision of the Constitution of the State, was referred to the action of the next succeeding Legislature. That succeeding Legislature was chosen in November, 1837, and assembled, at its regular session, in January, 1838. After full discussion in both houses, this act of 1837 was passed by large majorities in both branches of the Legislature, and approved by the new Governor, A. G. McNutt, on the 5th of February, 1838. The act of 1837, including the 5th section, before quoted, was thus reenacted by the succeeding Legislature, without any change whatever. There was then a full, complete, and undisputed compliance with the requirements of the Constitution, and, under this act, thus sanctioned by two successive Legislatures, it is conceded that the faith of the State was pledged, and that the

bonds might be issued and sold. But it is contended by Mr. Jefferson Davis in his first, as well as his second letter, before quoted, that the bonds are invalid, because of the supplemental act of the 15th of February, 1838. Now, it will be observed, that no change whatever was made by this supplemental act, in this 5th section of the original act, before quoted, by which alone the faith of the State was pledged for the payment of these bonds, and which section alone, as required by the Constitution, had been referred to the action of the succeeding Legislature. No change whatever was made by the supplemental act in that section of the original act, the bonds were issued and sold in precise conformity with its provisions, and, indeed, these bonds, thus actually issued and sold, are a precise and literal copy of the form of the bonds as given in the original act, as before quoted. The supplemental act changed only some of the 'details' of the charter of the Bank, but made no alteration whatever in the 5th section. This supplemental act, which is now denounced by Jefferson Davis as unconstitutional, was passed, after the fullest investigation of this question, as to the power of the Legislature, with favorable reports as to the constitutional power by the joint Committee of both Houses. The Committee reported to the Senate, that, by a 'supplemental bill' 'it is competent for this Legislature to alter and amend the details of the bill, incorporating the subscribers to the Mississippi Union Bank, passed at the last session of the Legislature of this State.' (Senate Journal, 103.)

The report of the Committee to the House was as follows: 'The said Committee are of the opinion, that it is within the province of the Legislature to amend or change the details of the said Mississippi Union Bank Charter,' &c. (House Journal, p. 117.) Such was the opinion of the joint Committee of both Houses of the Legislature, which reported this supplemental act, which

act was passed by the vote of 22 to 3 in the Senate (Journal, 820), and 55 to 22 in the House. (Journal, 829-30.) It would appear, then, that in the opinion of an overwhelming majority of both branches of the Legislature of Mississippi, the supplemental act was constitutional; and the act was approved by A. G. McNutt, the Governor of the State, and thus became a law on the 15th of February, 1838. Indeed, the idea that a subsequent Legislature could change none of the details of a bank charter, because there was embodied in the act a separate and distinct section authorizing a loan of money by the State, seemed to me never to rise to the dignity of a question. Such, we have seen, was the view of the Legislatures of 1838, 1839, and 1841, and such was the unanimous decision, hereafter quoted, of the Chancellor and Circuit Judge of Mississippi, and of the supreme judicial tribunal, the High Court of Errors and Appeals of the State, in two decisions, on this very point, and in favor of the constitutionality of this law. One of these decisions was made in January, 1842, and the other in April, 1853. These decisions were conclusive against the State, and binding upon the Legislature, the Governor, and the people, for the following reasons. The Constitution of the State of Mississippi contains the following clause:

'ARTICLE II. Distribution of Powers.

'Sec. 1. The powers of the Government of the State of Mississippi shall be divided into three distinct departments, and each of them confided to a separate body of magistracy; to wit, those which are legislative to one, those which are judicial to another, and those which are executive to another.

'Sec. 2. No person or collection of persons, being of one of these departments, shall exercise any power properly belonging to either of the others, except in the instances hereinafter expressly directed or permitted.'

It is not pretended that any exception

was made for his case. The contrary has always been held by the courts of Mississippi. Indeed, as late as October term, 1858, this very question was decided by the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, when it was ruled by the court that 'the Legislature may not, therefore, exercise powers which in their nature are judicial.' (Isom. v. Missis. R. R. Co., 7 George 814.)

In the 9th section of the 7th article of the Constitution of Mississippi is found the provision on which Mr. Jefferson Davis relies requiring the assent of two successive Legislatures to pledge the faith of the State. Immediately succeeding this provision is the following: 'The Legislature shall direct by law in what courts suits may be brought against the State.'

These two consecutive sections of the same article of the Constitution, being in *pari materia*, are to be construed together. Indeed, it is a well known historical fact, that this 9th section, as regards the pledge of the faith of the State, which is now perverted to a wholly different purpose, was intended to give greater solemnity and a higher credit to the bonds of the State, as was likewise the provision in the same Constitution of 1832, sanctioning by name the Planters' Bank bonds of the State (now unpaid), in consequence of which, they were sold at a premium of thirteen and a half per cent. In pursuance of the provision of the Constitution before quoted, the Legislature of Mississippi, in 1838, passed an act, designating the Court of Chancery as the one in which suits might be brought against the State, with the right of appeal by either party to the High Court of Errors and Appeals. That act was passed in 1833, in pursuance of this *mandatory* provision of the Constitution before quoted. That act provided, that, if the decree of the court should be against the State, the Governor shall issue his mandate to the Auditor to draw on the Treasurer to pay the decree, but 'no execution whatever shall

ever issue on any decree in chancery against the State of Mississippi, whereby the State may be dispossessed of lands, tenements, goods and chattels.' (Howard's Dig. 523, 524.)

Here, then, are the two consecutive provisions of the Constitution in *pari materia*, the one designating the mode by which the bonds of the State might be issued, and the other the judicial tribunals in which all disputes as to such bonds might be *definitively* settled, and payment made, if the decree were against the State. That Constitution vested the *whole judicial power of the State* in the courts, it vested nothing but 'legislative power' in the Legislature, and it prohibited the Legislature and Executive from exercising judicial power; it adopted the great fundamental principle of constitutional government, separating the executive, legislative, and judicial power. Indeed, it is the great doctrine of American law, that the concentration of any of these two powers, in any one body or functionary, is dangerous to liberty, and that the *consolidation* of all of these powers creates a despotism. The interpretation of a law, and particularly of a constitution, which is made the 'supreme law,' the *lex legum*, has uniformly been regarded as exclusively a judicial, and not an executive or legislative function. In this case, however, it has been made clear by an express provision of the Constitution separating these functions, and designating, under its mandate, the courts in which suits shall be brought against the State, and the form of the decree to be rendered, and requiring payment to be at once made. A suit is a judicial act, and so is the decree of a court. Well, then, the highest judicial tribunals of Mississippi have twice decided this question; they have declared this supplemental act constitutional, these bonds valid, and the sale of them to be in conformity with the law; and, in a suit on one of these very bonds, after the fullest argument, the court entered a decree of

payment, overruling every point made by Jefferson Davis; and yet the State still repudiates, as well after the first decision in 1842, as the second in 1853. It is difficult to imagine a more palpable infraction of the Constitution, or a clearer violation of every principle of justice than this.

The State prescribes certain forms under which her bonds may issue; she adds to this, in the very *next section*, a provision *commanding* the Legislature to designate the judicial tribunals in which suit may be brought on such bonds against the State; those tribunals are designated by the Legislature, namely, the Court of Chancery, with appeal to the High Court of Errors and Appeals of the State; both those tribunals (including the Chancellor) have unanimously decided against the State, and a decree is entered for payment of the bonds. And yet the State persists in repudiation, and Jefferson Davis defends her course. When the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi first decided this question, it was composed of Chief Justice Sharkey, and Justices Turner and Trotter (one of the framers of the Constitution). When, again, in 1851, suit was brought against the State on one of these repudiated Union Bank bonds, and a decree for its payment rendered by the Chancellor, that decree, on full argument on appeal, was unanimously confirmed by the highest judicial tribunal of the State, composed entirely of different judges, namely, Chief Justice Smith, and Justices Yerger and Fisher. Here, then, are eight judges, all chosen by the people of Mississippi, concurring in 1842, as well as in 1853, as to the validity of these bonds; and yet Jefferson Davis justifies their repudiation. The judges of Mississippi all take an oath to support the Constitution, and it is made their duty to interpret it, and especially this very clause: the Legislature is confined to law making, and forbidden to exercise any judicial power; the expounding this supplemental

law, and the provisions under which it was enacted, is exclusively a judicial power, and yet the Legislature *usurps* this power, repudiates the bonds of the State, and the acts of three preceding Legislatures, and the decision of the highest tribunals of the State: Jefferson Davis sustains this repudiation, and the British public are asked to take new Confederate bonds, issued by the same Jefferson Davis, and thus to sanction, and encourage, and offer a premium for repudiation. These so-called Confederate bonds are issued in open violation of the Constitution of the United States; they are absolute nullities, they are tainted with treason, they never can or will be paid, and yet they are to be thrust on the British public under the sanction of the same great repudiator, Jefferson Davis, who applauds the non-payment of the Mississippi bonds, and thus condemns hundreds of innocent holders, including widows and orphans, to want and misery. Talk about *faith*, about *honor*, about *justice*, and the *sanctity of contracts*. Why, if such flagrant outrages, such atrocious crimes, can be sustained by the great public of any nation, small indeed must be the value of their bonds, which rests exclusively on good faith.

Suppose some astute lawyer could find some informality in the law authorizing the issue and sale of the bonds representing the British consols; would any member of either House propose in Parliament to repudiate such bonds, and would not such a motion cause his immediate expulsion? Yet, this is what the Legislature of Mississippi has done, what Jefferson Davis approves and applauds, and what, *he says*, the 'English Government' *has done*.

The London *Times* has heretofore quoted the proceedings of the Legislature of Mississippi in 1839, approving the sale of these bonds and eulogizing the transaction. It has also referred to the Message of Governor McNutt, of 1841, nearly three years after the sale of the bonds, first recommending

their repudiation, and to the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi of that date, affirming the legality of these bonds and the duty of the State to pay them. As these resolutions are of great importance, and ought to have closed the whole controversy, I will state, what is shown by the Journals of the Senate and the House, that they passed both Houses, in great part *unanimously*, and for the remainder, by large majorities. (Sen. Jour. p. 312; House Jour. pp. 416-417, 249, 324-329.)

The objections made by Governor McNutt in 1841, were as follows:

'1st. The Bank of the United States is prohibited by its charter from purchasing such stock, either directly or indirectly.

'2d. It was fraudulent on the part of the bank, inasmuch as the contract was made in the name of an individual, when, in fact, it was for the benefit of the bank, and payment was made with its funds.

'3d. The sale was illegal, inasmuch as the bonds were sold on a credit.

'4th. Interest to the amount of about \$170,000 having accrued on those bonds before the purchase money was stipulated to be all paid, the bonds were, in fact, sold at less than their par value, in direct violation of the charter of the bank.' (House Journal, p. 25).

It will here be remarked, that the great objection now urged by Jefferson Davis against these bonds, namely, that the act under which they were alleged to have been issued was unconstitutional, is *not enumerated* by Governor McNutt. Surely if such an objection existed to the payment of the bonds, it must have found a place in this celebrated message. Is not this conclusive proof that this constitutional objection was a mere afterthought and pretext of Jefferson Davis and his associate repudiators?

Let us examine the Governor's objections. As to the 1st and 2d—the bank did not make the purchase; the contract was made by an individual, although the performance was guaranteed by the bank. As this is a mere

technical objection, surely the Bank guarantee, even if void, could not affect the contract itself. 2d. The purchase, even if made by the bank, was not of *stock*, but a *loan* made upon *bonds*. 3d. The right of the bank to make the purchase is immaterial, if the money was paid, as in this case, the bonds received, payable to bearer, and passed for value, into the hands of *bona fide* holders. What an objection to the refunding the money—that, although it was received, the purchaser of the bonds had no right to buy them, and therefore the *bona fide* holders should lose the money. It might have been in violation of its charter for the bank to purchase the bonds, but it was '*fraudulent*,' when the money was received by the State, to retain it, on the allegation, that the bank could not legally make the purchase, especially when the bonds, in the mean time, had passed into the hands of *bona fide* holders. As to the 3d objection—as the money was paid before the objection was made, and the Union Bank authorized to draw *at once* for the amount, at a point beyond the limits of the State, which it did do, and realized a large premium on the exchange, and profit on the transaction, the objection is as unfounded in law as it is in morals or good faith; especially as the bonds were payable to bearer, upon their face, in exact conformity to the law, and had passed, for value, into the hands of *bona fide* holders. Besides, there was no such restriction in the charter. The only restriction in the supplement was, that they should not be sold *below par*. Suppose the bonds for five millions of dollars had been sold for five millions and a half, payable in sixty days, and the money paid at the time, it is equally absurd and fraudulent to contend, that for such a reason, the whole money could be retained, and bonds repudiated. As to the 4th objection, the original 5th section which passed two successive Legislatures, did not require that the bonds should not be sold for '*less than their*

par value.' If, then, as contended by Jefferson Davis, the supplemental act containing this provision, was unconstitutional, null and void, then no such restriction existed, and the sale was valid under the original act. But the truth is, the bonds were not sold *below par*, but *above par*, as shown by the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, in the decision hereafter quoted by me. Indeed, all these four objections of the Governor, as well as those of Jefferson Davis, are shown in that decision to be as unfounded in fact, as they were in law or morals.

But suppose the bonds were sold below par, that is, that the State had lost \$170,000, or less than four per cent., on bonds for five millions of dollars. Was that a just or valid ground for repudiating the whole, principal and interest? The plea of *usury* is always disgraceful, even if true, especially where the security was negotiable to bearer and had passed, for full value, into the hands of *bona fide* holders. But if such a plea is disgraceful to individuals, what shall be said when it is made on behalf of a State? And what shall be thought of those who make such an objection? What of a Governor, or of a United States Senator, who urges such objections on behalf of a State? Do we not feel as if the State were some miserable culprit on trial, and some pettifogging lawyer was endeavoring to screen him from punishment, by picking a flaw in the indictment. Yet such are the pleas on behalf of a State, urged by Governor McNutt and Senator Jefferson Davis. On reference to the letter before referred to, of Jefferson Davis, it will be found that he does not confine himself to the constitutional objections. In his first letter, before quoted, of 25th May, 1849, Mr. Jefferson Davis says, 'Those bonds were purchased by a bank then tottering to its fall—purchased in violation of the charter of the bank, or fraudulently, by concealing the transaction under the name of an individual, as may best suit

those concerned, purchased in violation of the terms of the law under which the bonds were issued, and in disregard of the Constitution of Mississippi, of which the law was an infraction.' These positions are deliberately repeated by Jefferson Davis, in his second letter, before referred to, of the 29th August, 1849. That is, the State should pay *none* of the money received, because the purchaser, as alleged, had no right to buy the bonds—and because the sale was, as erroneously stated, an infraction of the law, that is *usurious*, or a sale below par. He insists the money was not received by the State, because, he says, 'Mississippi had no bank, and could not have a bank of issue, because forbidden by the tenth section of the first article of the United States Constitution—'no State shall emit bills of credit.' Surely Mr. Davis must have known, that in the case of the Bank of Kentucky, a State bank of issue owned exclusively by the State, it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, that such a bank was constitutional, and no politician of the secession school can object to that decision. (2 Peters 257.) But however this might be, what kind of a plea is this? Why, if, as alleged by Mr. Davis, Mississippi had violated the Federal Constitution, by establishing a bank of circulation, that therefore the *bonds* of the State should be repudiated. Is it not incredible that a Senator should assume such a position on behalf of his State? But, if this be sound, it clearly follows, that, inasmuch as the Confederate bonds are issued in plain violation of the Constitution of the United States, those bonds should be repudiated; so also if they were sold below par, or if there be any other technical objection. Nor will it avail that the bonds may have passed into the hands of *bona fide* holders, for, Mr. Jefferson Davis says, in his letter of the 29th August, 1849, 'If the bonds have passed into the hands of innocent holders, the fact does not vary the legal

question, as the purchaser could not acquire more than the seller had to dispose of.' And again, he says, referring to the alleged inability of the first purchaser to buy the bonds, 'The claim of foreign holders is as good, but no better, than that of the first purchaser.' It is difficult to say which is most astounding, the law or the morals of this position. At all events, 'the foreign holders' of Confederate bonds are informed by Jefferson Davis, that this is the law. Indeed it is a singular coincidence, that one of the objections made to the payment of the Union Bank bonds by the Governor, was, as he alleged, 'the monstrous assumption of power on the part of the bank, in seeking to monopolize the *cotton crop* of the State, and becoming a *factor* and *shipper* of our great staple.' (Senate Journals, 29.) Why, this is what is being attempted by these Confederate cotton bonds, although the State-rights strict constructionists of alavedom would in vain look for any clause in their so-called constitution, authorizing any such transactions in cotton. And here, let me say, that the objection of a Senator from Mississippi to the payment of her bonds, that, in issuing them, her Governor and Legislature had violated *their own Constitution*, proposes to cure one fraud, by committing another far more stupendous. The bonds were issued by the highest legislative and executive functionaries of the State, the broad seal of the State attached, the bonds sold, and the money received. In such a case, there is a legal, as well as a moral estoppel, forbidding such a plea, for, by the English, as well as by the American doctrine, an estoppel excludes the truth, whenever such proof would enable the party, who obtained money on false pretences, to commit a fraud on third persons, by disproving his own averment. This is not a mere technical rule, but one which is based upon experience, and sustained by the most exalted morality.

I have given the several objections made by Governor McNutt and Senator Davis to the payment of these bonds, with one exception. This will be found in the following extract from the executive message of Governor McNutt, (p. 502): 'The bank, I have been informed, has hypothecated these bonds, and borrowed money upon them of the Baron Rothschild; the blood of Judas and Shylock flows in his veins, and he unites the qualities of both his countrymen. He has mortgages on the silver mines of Mexico and the quicksilver mines of Spain. He has advanced money to the Sublime Porte, and taken as security a mortgage upon the holy city of Jerusalem, and the sepulchre of our Saviour. It is for the people to say, whether he shall have a mortgage upon our cotton fields and make serfs of our children.' I trust the baron will have the good sense to smile at such folly, and realize how universally, at least throughout the North, the malice and dishonesty of these suggestions was condemned and repudiated. We have no such prejudices, worthy only of the dark ages, against 'God's chosen people,' 'the descendants of the patriarchs and prophets,' and the 'countrywomen of the mother of our Lord.'

But this whole question has been twice unanimously decided by the highest judicial tribunal of Mississippi against the State, and every point made by Governor McNutt and Jefferson Davis overruled by the court. One of these decisions was in January term, 1842, more than seven years before the date of Jefferson Davis's letters, and the other was at April term, 1853, nearly four years subsequently.

The first decision, at January term, 1842, is in the case of Campbell et al. v. Mississippi Union Bank (6 Howard 625 to 633). In this case it was pleaded 'that the charter of the Mississippi Union Bank was not enacted and passed by the Legislature in compliance with the provisions of the Constitution of the State, in this, that the

supplemental act of 15th February, 1838, the same being a law to raise a loan of money on the credit of the State, was not published and submitted to the succeeding Legislature, according to the provisions of the Constitution in 9th section, 7th article.' Here the direct constitutional question was presented, requiring the decision of the Court. The case was most elaborately argued on both sides. The able and upright circuit judge, Hon. B. Harris, had decided that the supplemental act was constitutional, and the bonds valid, and the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, after full argument on both sides, unanimously affirmed that decision. In delivering the opinion of this highest judicial tribunal of the State, and the one designated by the Legislature in 1838, under the *mandatory* clause of the Constitution, Chief Justice Sharkey said:

'The second plea is, in substance, that the act supplemental to the charter of the Union Bank, was not agreed to by a majority of each House of the Legislature, and entered on the journals with the yeas and nays, and referred to the next succeeding Legislature, after publication in the newspapers, according to the provisions of the 9th section of the 7th article of the Constitution; but the said supplemental act made material alterations in the original act, and was only passed by one Legislature, and that no loan of money can be made on the faith of the State without the assent of two Legislatures, given in the manner prescribed by the Constitution.'—'I shall then proceed to notice the constitutional provision, and to inquire, by an application of it to the bank charter, whether the position can be sustained. The 9th section of the 7th article (of the Constitution) is in these words: 'No law shall ever be passed to raise a loan of money on the credit of the State, for the payment or redemption of any loan or debt, unless such law be proposed in the Senate or House of Representatives, and be agreed to by a majority of the members of each House, and entered on their journals, with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and be referred to the next succeeding Legislature, and published for three

months previous to the next regular election, in three newspapers of the State, and unless a majority of each branch of the Legislature, so elected after such publication, shall agree to pass such law, and in such case, the yeas and nays shall be taken, and entered on the journals of each House.'

'The 5th section of the original act provides—'That in order to facilitate the said Union Bank for the said loan of fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars, the faith of this State be and is hereby pledged, both for the security of the capital and interest,' &c. It appears that the original charter in which this provision is contained, was passed in accordance with the provision in the Constitution. The supplemental act makes no alteration whatever in regard to this section. It changes in some respects the mere details of the original charter, in the mode of carrying the corporation into successful operation, and authorizes the Governor to subscribe for the stock on the part of the State. The object of the pledge is not changed; on the contrary, the supplemental act was passed in aid of the original design. In applying the constitutional test to the 5th section, I am not able to perceive any reason which to me seems sufficient to justify the conclusion that it is unconstitutional.'

'The plea presents no bar to the action.'

Justices Turner and Trotter concurred.

Mr. Howard, the distinguished State reporter, gives, in the heading of the case, the following as the decision of the court. 'The act supplemental to the charter of the Union Bank, being in aid of the charter, and changing the same only in some of the mere details, is a constitutional act.'

Surely this decision should have settled the question. But it did not. The Governor, A. G. McNutt, who had signed the laws authorizing these bonds, and the bonds themselves, anticipating the decision of the court (as he indicates in his message) in favor of 'the holders of certain bonds heretofore issued to the Planters' and Union Bank,' recommends the Legislature, in his message of January, 1842, to create a

'revenue court,' the judge of which shall be appointed 'by the Executive or Legislature,' to which such cases should be transferred. (Sen. Jour. p. 22.) Thus the case, on the bonds, was to be taken from the high tribunal (where it was then pending) created by the Constitution, and chosen by the people, and transferred to a revenue judge to be appointed by the repudiating Governor and Legislature of 1842, of course a mere executive parasite, or legislative minion, placed on the bench to repudiate the bonds. Fortunately, such an appointment was forbidden expressly by the Constitution, and would have been disregarded by the court; so this attempted usurpation failed.

The Governor says in that message:

'It never was intended by the framers of the Constitution, that every public creditor should be permitted to harass the State at pleasure by vexatious suits. Neither the judgment of a court nor the decree of the Chancellor *can be obligatory on the Legislature,*' &c. (P. 17.)

In conformity with this recommendation of the Governor, the Legislature passed a series of resolutions declaring that 'the Legislature is the exclusive judge of the objects for which money shall be raised and appropriated by its authority,' &c.; that the Legislature has no right to 'levy or appropriate money for the purpose of executing the object of a law, by them deemed repugnant to, or unauthorized by the Constitution;' that the 'Supplemental (Union Bank) Bill is unconstitutional;' that 'the bonds delivered by said bank, and by it sold to Nicholas Biddle on the 18th August, 1838, are not binding upon the State,' &c. (Acts of 1842, ch. 127.) But, unfortunately for these positions, the Constitution of the State had deprived the Legislature of all 'judicial power;' it had vested this power exclusively in 'the courts;' it had, in the very case of all bonds of the State, required and commanded the Legislature to designate the *courts* in which such cases should be decided; it had, by the

act of 1838, passed in obedience to the imperative mandate of the Constitution, referred all such cases to the decision of the Court of Chancery, with appeal to the High Court of Errors and Appeals; it had made their decision conclusive; it had already appropriated the money, to pay *all such decrees*, and made it the *duty* of the Governor to command the Auditor to draw his warrant on the Treasurer for payment: this was the constitution of the law when these bonds were issued and sold in 1838—such was the *contract* of the State, in regard to which the Federal Constitution declares, 'no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts'—which clause has been uniformly held by all the Federal as well as State Courts, to apply to contracts of a State—and yet, in flagrant defiance of the highest duties and the most sacred obligations, the Legislature passed these resolutions, to nullify the anticipated decisions of the court. We have seen, however, that this executive and legislative usurpation was ineffectual. The court stood firm, not a single judge wavered, and, by a unanimous decree, reversed the legislative and executive repudiation—vindicated the majesty of the law and the Constitution—upheld the sacred cause of truth and justice—resisted the popular frenzy, and defied the unprincipled demagogues by whom the people of the State had been deceived and deluded. It was a noble spectacle, when those three upright and fearless Judges, Sharkey, Turner, and Trotter, entered the temple of justice, and declared to the people, by whose ballots they were chosen, that the State was bound to pay these bonds, and decreed accordingly. The same sublime scene was reenacted by a similar decree, in a suit against the State, on one of these bonds, by the same court, in 1858, then composed of different judges—Smith, Yerger, and Fisher. And not one judge or chancellor of the State ever wavered. Amid all this heaven-daring iniquity, thank

God! the judicial ermine was unstained. Whilst constrained to denounce the repudiating Legislature, Governor, and Senator of Mississippi, let me point to another green spot amid the moral waste and desolation of that dreadful period.

With scarcely an exception, the *Bar of Mississippi* was true to the cause of honor, law, and justice. They knew the objections of McNutt and Davis were wretched pretexts, and they vindicated the reputation of that noble profession, which, in all ages, has been the champion of constitutional liberty. They were men of the same stamp as their illustrious English ancestry, Hampden, Sidney, and Russell, whose names cover the map of my country, and whose deeds have exalted the character of man; and although the blood of our anti-repudiating heroes did not flow like that of the British martyrs, as a sacrificial offering on the altar of freedom, they sacrificed ease, and affluence, and ambition, and political preferment, and endured obloquy and reproach. I rejoice in the recollection, that, during this contest they should have selected a sentence from my address against repudiation, and placed it on their banners, and at the head of their presses, in these words: 'The honor of the nation and of every State is the birthright of every American—it is the stainless and priceless jewel of popular sovereignty—it has been preserved unsullied, in all times that are past, through every sacrifice of blood and treasure, and it must be maintained.' Ay! and it will yet be maintained. The time will come, when repudiation will be repudiated by Mississippi—when her wretched secession leaders, the true authors of her disgrace and ruin, will be discarded—when her insolent slaveholding oligarchy will be overthrown, when the people will break the chains of their imperious masters, and labor, without regard to color, will be emancipated. *Secession, repudiation, and slavery* are the same in

principle and had the same leaders. Jefferson Davis carried the repudiation banner in 1849, as he now does that of secession and slavery. Secession is a repudiation of law, of constitution, of country, of the flag of our forefathers, and of the Union purchased by their blood. Driven at home within a circle of fire, which narrows every day, it is crouching before foreign rulers, and imploring their aid to accomplish the ruin of our country. It appeals to their ambition, their avarice, their fears, their hatred of free institutions and of constitutional government. It summons them to these English shores, it unsheathes the imperial sceptre in the House of Commons, denounces the Ministry of England, and dictates the vote of Parliament on the most momentous question in the history of the world. Why, when these sentiments were uttered, I almost expected to see the shades of Burke and Fox, and Pitt and Chatham, and Peel and Wellington, rise in the midst and denounce the degenerate bearer of such a message. What! the British Commons become the supple tools, the obsequious minions, the obedient parasites, to do the bidding of a foreign master, and tremble when his envoy should stamp his foot and wave the imperial banner in the halls of Parliament. From whom was this message, and to whom? Was it to the England of Trafalgar and the Nile? Was it to the descendants of the men who conquered at Agincourt and Cressy, and changed for ages at Waterloo the destiny of the world? Why, Nelson would speak from his monument, and the Iron Duke from his equestrian statue, and forbid the degradation of their country. But there stood the Confederate messenger, delivering the mandate of a foreign power to the House of Commons, describing England as a crawling reptile, exalting the Government he professed to represent, as controlling the Continent, and fearing lest the Imperial Eagle alone should swoop down upon his prey. And such

language, such sentiments! Was I in Billingsgate, that ancient and illustrious institution, so near the House of Parliament? Why, the whole code of morals and of international law was repudiated in a sentence, and our demagogues distanced in the race. Did the envoy echo the voice of his master, when he announced that the American Union must be dissolved by foreign intervention, because, if reunited, it would be too strong, and bully the world—therefore France and England combined must strike us when we were supposed to be weak and divided. It is not the author of such atrocious and dastard sentiments that would lead the banner of France or of England anywhere except to humiliation and disgrace. 'Non talis auxilii, nec defensoribus ipsis.' No, when England seeks leaders, it will not be the sycophants of power, those who worship alternately democracy and autocracy, who slaver over despotism one day with their venom, and the next with their still more loathsome adulation.

But there was a change. The Ministry, and one of an order supposed to be our most deadly foes, spoke. There were some opinions as to the results in which no American could concur—there was deep devotion to England—but there was also the voice of reason, of justice, of international law: it was not so cosmopolitan as I expected, but the argument of felon force and robber violence was discarded. The scholar, the statesman, the gentleman, the philanthropist addressed the English Commons. Yes, and the nobility of nature also spoke, one who could rise above the reputed prejudices of his order, and do justice to a kindred race of simple republicans, though they may know neither diadems nor coronets. Such examples exalt and dignify the character of man. They teach us republicans a useful lesson—that those who differ from us as to some of the forms of government, may most sincerely support that system which in their judg-

ment will best promote the welfare and happiness of the people. That indeed is the only question. Let England and America work out the problem in peaceful and friendly rivalry. Time and experience will decide the question. If, when slavery is extinguished in our Union, and the only aggressive element of our system is extirpated, we should run a grand and peaceful career of honor and glory and prosperity, we will want no other argument than the results. The blasphemous doctrine of the divine rights of kings was discarded by England in the revolution of 1688. The British throne reposes now on the alleged basis of the welfare and happiness of the people. What form of government will best promote that end—this is the only question. I believe it is ours—but only with slavery extinguished, and universal education—schools—schools—SCHOOLS—common schools—*high schools* for all. Education the criterion of the right of suffrage, not property. I do not believe in a government of ignorance, whether by the many or the few. With the constant and terrible opposing element of slavery, we have certainly achieved stupendous results in three fourths of a century, and to say that our system has failed, because slavery now makes war upon it, is amazing folly. Why predict, that, when reunited, and with slavery extinguished, we would *bully the world*. Who were our bullies? Who struck down Charles Sumner, the Senator of Massachusetts, the eminent scholar and orator, on the floor of the Senate, for denouncing the horrors of slavery? A South Carolinian, whilst all slaverydom approved the deed. Who endeavored to force slavery on Kansas by murder and rapine, and the forgery of a constitution? Who repealed the Missouri Compromise, in order to force slavery upon all the Territories of the United States? Who are endeavoring now to dissolve the Union, and spread slavery over all this wide domain? There is a plain

answer to all these questions. It is the lords of the whip and the chain and the branding iron, who are our bullies—who insist upon forced labor, and repudiate all compensation to the toiling millions of slaves—who repudiate, among slaves, the marital and parental relation, and class them by law as chattels—who forbid emancipation—who make it a crime to teach slaves to read or write—ay, even the Bible—who keep open the interstate slave-trade (more horrible than the African, making Virginia a human stock farm), tearing husband from wife, and parents from children—founding a government boldly announcing the doctrine of *property* in man, based avowedly on the divinity, extension, and perpetuity of slavery—these are our bullies; and when they are overthrown, we shall commence a new career of peaceful progress and advanced civilization. And why sow the seeds of international hatred between England and America? Is war really desired between the two countries, or is it supposed that we will yield to foreign intervention without a struggle? No, the North will rise up as one man, and thousands even from the South will join them. The country will become a camp, and the ocean will swarm with our privateers. Rather than submit to dismemberment or secession, which is anarchy and ruin, we will, we must fight, until the last man has fallen. The Almighty can never prosper such a war upon us. If the views of a foreign power have been truly represented in Parliament, and such an aggression upon us is contemplated, let him beware, for in such a contest, the political pyramid resting upon its apex, the power of one man, is much more likely to fall, than that which reposes on the broad basis of the will of the people.

Returning from this episode, I resume the narrative.

We have seen the repudiating Executive message and repudiating legislative resolutions of January, 1842, and

their failure to influence the decision of the court. And now, we approach another act in the drama. The court having affirmed the constitutionality of the Union Bank bonds, and as the act of 1838 directed their payment, the Legislature of 1844 enacted a new law, in these words: 'That hereafter, no judgment or decree of any court of law or equity having jurisdiction of suits against the State, shall be paid by warrants on the Treasurer, or otherwise, without an appropriation by law, any former law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.' The 'law and usage' were plain, to pay such decrees, as required by the law and Constitution; but both were disregarded, and the act of 1838, for all practical purposes, repealed. It remained in part, on the statute book, only to invite to the gambler's game of 'odd I win, even you lose'—that is, if, under the act of 1838, there should be a decision in any case in favor of the State, it should be conclusive, but if against the State, the money should not be paid, where (as in the case of these bonds) the Legislature differed from the court, and had already repudiated its decision. Such was the action of the Legislature in 1842 and 1844. In 1842, it repudiated, in advance, the decision of the court on these bonds, and, after that decision, repealed so much of the law as required the payment of the decrees of the court. Now, with a full knowledge of these facts, is it not amazing, incredible, that, several years subsequently, Mr. Jefferson Davis should have declared, in his first letter of 1849, 'By the Constitution and laws of Mississippi, any creditor of the State may bring suit against the State, and test his claim as against an individual; but, conscious that they have no valid claim, they have not sought the remedy;' and he repeats this averment, substantially, in his second letter. Now, who would have supposed, that more than five years before the date of Mr. Davis's letters, the highest judicial tribunal of

the State, the one designated by the law and the Constitution, had already unanimously decided that these bonds were valid, and that the State Legislature, instead of paying the money, had *repealed the appropriation*. But there came a new court, all chosen by the people, under the wretched system, in many of the States, of an elective judiciary, but unknown to the independent Federal judicial system. A suit was brought in 1851, under the act of 1833, on one of the Union Bank State bonds and coupons before the Chancellor. After elaborate argument, the Chancellor decided against the State, and entered a decree for the payment of the money. The State, as authorized by the law, appealed from this decision to its own High Court of Errors and Appeals, elected by the people.

Surely, it was supposed, that this new court, so recently chosen by the people, after the legislative repudiation, would be governed by '*a proper regard for the public interest and public opinion.*' Before the Chancellor, as well as the High Court, all the objections made by Governor McNutt and Senator Davis were earnestly pressed by the Attorney-General of the State and associate counsel, but in vain; the decision of the Chancellor was against the State, and it was unanimously affirmed by the High Court. This case will be found reported by the State reporter, *Johnson v. The State*, April term, 1853. (3 Cushman, 625 to 682,—257 pages.)

In this case, the bond sued on is given in the record, and will be found an exact copy of that (heretofore quoted) under the original act, which had passed two successive Legislatures, the principal as well as coupons being payable in Federal currency.

On the reverse side of the bond is the following:

'£450 sterling. The President, Directors, and Co. of the Mississippi Union Bank, do hereby designate the agency of the Bank of the United States in

London, as the place of payment of the within bond and interest, and hereby assign and transfer the same for value received to the bearer, principal equal to £450 sterling, and guarantee the payment of the same at the place designated.

'S. GWIN, *Cashier.*

'H. G. RUNNELLS, *President.*

'Mississippi State Bond, No. 91.

'Redeemable February 25th, 1850.'

As to the place where the bond was made payable, there could be no objection, for the original, as well as the supplemental act, gave full authority to make the bonds payable abroad. But as to the objection that they were said to be payable in sterling, at the rate of four shillings and sixpence to the pound, the answer was, as shown: 1st. That this was the true rate of exchange. 2d. That the bond was payable in Federal currency, and this was all the bondholder ever asked from the State. As to the allegation that the bonds were sold below par, the court showed most conclusively from the facts and agreed case, that they were sold above par, and their constitutionality was fully affirmed.

The argument of the Attorney-General (Glenn) for the State, embraced 82 printed pages; in addition to which was an elaborate argument by his associate, Mr. Stearns. The opinion of Chief Justice Smith embraced 45 pages, the concurring opinion of Justice Yerger, 27 pages, and Justice Fisher concurred. The State was not satisfied, but moved for a reargument, that of Wharton for the State, embracing 54 pages, and that of Mays, on the same side, 82 pages; but the court adhered to their decision, and unanimously affirmed the decree of the Chancellor against the State. The decision of the court, in the heading of the case, is thus given by the reporter.

'The bonds might have been legally issued to the bank, by the Governor, on the 5th June, 1838, pursuant to the provision of the original charter of the bank, and the faith of the State pledged for the purpose of raising the capital.'

'The supplement was not void in consequence of not having been passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution contained in the 7th article, 9th section of that instrument.' 'The object of the original pledge of the faith of the State, was not changed by the supplemental charter, but it was passed in aid of the original charter.' 'Campbell v. Union Bank (6 Howard 625) cited and confirmed.' 'The liability of the State, under the operation of the charter of the bank, attached so soon or whenever the bonds were legally executed to the bank, and the execution of the mortgages was neither a condition precedent to the pledge of the faith of the State, nor the condition on which the State bonds were to be executed and delivered.' 'It does not appear from the facts that the bonds were sold for less than their par value. Held that the sale was neither illegal nor void.' 'If the commissioners in the sale of the bonds received 'sterling money of Great Britain' at the rate of four shillings and sixpence to the pound, that is not such an act on their part as would avoid the bonds.'

Here, then, the whole case was again fully decided in 1853, by the very tribunal to which Jefferson Davis, in 1849, invited the bondholders. And did he or the State then yield or pay the obligations. Not at all, but they adhered to the repudiation of these bonds, disregarded and defied the decision of the court, and have never paid one dollar of principal or interest, and never will, so long as slavery exists in Mississippi.

And now, after the almost unanimous passage of the supplemental act in 1838, the sanction of the Legislature in 1839 and 1841, the decision of the Circuit Court and Chancellor, and of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, how strange is the assertion of Mr. Slidell, that 'The Union Bank bonds were issued in direct violation of an express constitutional provision.' It is a well settled principle of American law, so adjudicated by the State Courts, as well as by the Supreme Court of the United States, that, 1st, To authorize the court to decide that a law is unconstitutional, the repugnance to the

Constitution must be '*plain and palpable*.' 2d, That the interpretation given by the *highest court of a State*, to a State law, or constitution, '*is conclusive*.' But the truth is, as is proved by Mr. Slidell's own letter (having never resided in the State), he knew nothing of the subject, or he never would have spoken of Jefferson Davis as 'Governor,' or alluded to 'his administration,' when he never held that office. But it is of some moment, at least to the unfortunate bondholders, that the minister of Jefferson Davis at Paris, *avows now* that these bonds are *unconstitutional*.

But, Mr. Slidell says, 'There is a wide difference between these bonds and those of the Planters' Bank, for the repudiation of which, neither excuse nor palliation can be offered.'

Now, in a subsequent letter, I will prove conclusively, from authentic documents, that the State of Mississippi has, *most effectually*, repudiated those bonds also, and that Jefferson Davis has sustained that repudiation.

In the case, also, of another slaveholding State, I will prove, from the public documents, that Jefferson Davis volunteered to sustain her in the repudiation of her State bonds, in a case more atrocious, if possible, than that of Mississippi. As Jefferson Davis is now at the head of a slaveholding conspiracy, endeavoring to destroy the Government of my country, and is now also engaged in selling worthless Confederate bonds in this market, I have deemed it my duty to make this publication.

R. J. WALKER.

NOTE.—Since this was written, the supposed menacing message from the Continent has been officially contradicted. Surely, however, I had a right to conclude, after such solemn assurances from a member to the House, that, although acting in the character of a Confederate messenger, and avowing such atrocious sentiments, he at least spoke the truth on that point.

R. J. W.

EVERGREEN BEAUTY.

PERHAPS if my early home had stood upon an island of evergreens, or if I had dreamed my first bright dreams among pine hills and cliffs of laurel, I should have loved their changeless beauty less. But through all my early years I saw but little of our native evergreens, and none of cultured, save a stunted cedar, that grew, or, rather, refused to grow, in our front yard at home; and thus they have ever attracted me exceedingly—the charm of rarity and novelty being added for me to their exceeding beauty.

And yet, if brought up among them, I might but have loved them more. For all I know of philosophy, if I had been earlier familiar with shrubs, hedges, groups, cedared cliffs, and tall forests of evergreens, they might have brought me still nobler conceptions, a more exquisite sense of beauty, than they now do.

Be that as it may, two years 'among the pines' of Virginia and her piny mountains, have enriched my mind with rare pictures of scenic beauty that shall keep fresh and green in memory while memory endures! I am no botanist, I have made no studies of the evergreens, nor shall I attempt to write of them as scholar or critic, but only as a fascinated observer. I neither care to know or tell whether the shrubs and trees in my evergreen pictures are angiosperms or gymnosperms; we have no 'transportation' for text books for students! During these two years, however, I have been charmed with a thousand views of landscape scenery, embracing every form, hue, and combination of our lovely native evergreens, whether on mountain, hill, or plain. I have seen them along winding streams, with backgrounds of bold, rocky bluffs;

sweeping across undulating plains; rising with the uplifting mountains; peering into and over romantic mountain gorges; and growing up through the interstices of bowlder cascades. Or, standing on the mountain peaks, I have seen them sweep away into the vastness and grandeur of mighty, varied, and almost boundless expanse. These are but parts of my evergreen pictures. I have looked upon a simple holly bush when the wind of winter was upon it, scattering in lovely fragments its pure white robe of snow, revealing the gleaming of the rich green leaves, and the half-hidden clusters of the carmine berries. Three distinct colors thrown carelessly together, but no want of harmony—only pure and exquisite beauty!

In the summer months our evergreens are greatly less noticeable. They are overshadowed and eclipsed by the rich and exuberant foliage of our common but noble forest trees; but their beauty is not, even then, lost. They give variety of hues to the forests which they fringe or help to form; variety of shapes, and always exquisite, spicy, and healthful odors. But when the autumn comes, with its infinitely varied tintings of orange and vermilion; when the frost works its wonders, and the wooded hills are clothed with splendor—then the rich groups of our native evergreens rise in their immortality of freshness. How exquisitely their bright unfading green sets off and contrasts with the rich golds, glowing scarleta, russet browns, purples, and crimson, in all their delicate shades and evanescent hues! The forest leaves grow sere and fall from their stems, sailing down singly or in groups, like beves of frightened birds, until the hickory, oak, maple, and elm stand uncrowned,

disrobed, lifting their bare arms to the winter skies; then higher and ever higher rises, as the gloom of winter deepens, the glory of evergreen shrub and tree.

The fields are dull russet, the forests are black, each tree seems a skeleton; all nature, save the evergreen, looks dead. But our mountains of firs, our hills of pine, our groves of cedar, our thickets of holly, our cliffs crowned with laurel, full of life, and covered with unchangeable verdure, keep eternally fresh and beautiful. Then come the great white silent snowflakes, sailing round and falling gently down, alighting on trunk, branch, and leaf, and covering and draping the hills, until they are pure and fair as the hills of Beulah. There is a dreamlike beauty in an evergreen forest mantled with snow. What words could tell the purity of coloring, the gracefulness of form of the pine boughs bending under their white burden of feathery crystals? Especially is this true of the young and pliant trees in hedgerows and thickets, and such as are everywhere springing up over the waste and wornout lands of Virginia.

The old monarch pine stands out like a sculptured column of ebony against the blue sky. Its umbel top, crowned with white, makes a fitting capital for a shaft so noble. It is a picture, in and of itself. The shrubs and young trees, so rich in leaves and verdure, so pliant to the lines and curves of grace, when happily and picturesquely grouped, are almost bewilderingly beautiful. Yet perhaps that which contains in itself the greatest number of the elements of beauty, is the medium-sized pyramidal tree, be it of spruce, Norway pine, or balsam fir. It unites at once, in its pyramidal shape, the strength and majesty of the old, and in its gracefully curved limbs and abundant leaves, the beauty and freshness of the young tree. When loaded down with a spotless burden of snow until its limbs are almost ready to break, no pyramid of

art, no monument chiselled by human hands, can hope to approach its pure and model beauty.

The evergreen itself, however, seems to know no season but spring. In none other does it appear to change, and even then it casts not off the old—it only puts on the new in tenderer and fresher beauty! The new growth of the spruce and fir, the pale yellowish-green tips set in the dark old background, are exquisitely lovely; nor are the light green shoots of the white, yellow, and pitch pine much less beautiful.

Later comes the glory of the laurel bloom, the most beautiful woodflower in our climate. As the other trees put on their leaves successively, the tinting of light, dark, and yellowish green are infinitely varied and pleasing.

Nor must I pass over, in my picture of evergreen, the mosses and ferns of the mountains of Virginia. More fragile than the trees and shrubs, they cannot be considered less beautiful. Indeed, the mosses of Cheat Mountain are the most luxuriant, exquisite, delicate, and richly beautiful things in nature. No dream of fairyland could, to my imagination, be lovelier than are the evergreen heights of these mountains, covered, matted, fringed, heaped, piled as they are with the greatest variety of mosses of the most delicate texture, feathery forms, and wondrously beautiful combinations. No one who has not seen them can have any just conception of mountain mosses, nor of the marvelous luxuriance of beauty with which they clothe rock, and tree, and earth, and everything upon these lone wild slopes and summits. Over the rocks, amid the mosses, hang the long pendent ferns, in richer, darker green. And with the grand old pine and fir trees lifting their heads to the heavens, and the thick tanglewood of shrub and underbrush, there is grandeur, grace, and beauty in bewildering, changeful, and ravishing confusion.

How I have loved, in leisure hours,

to turn aside from the stern duties of the field, or the dull monotony of the camp, to gallop under the great pines, or wind through pathless thickets and native parks of evergreen, feasting my very soul on their eternal freshness and glory! How I have loved to see 'Black Hawk' crush with his feet, and sink up to his fetlocks, in the tender and fairy-like mosses that drape the moun-

tains! How I have delighted to weave the trailing evergreens into wreaths, trellises, and bowers in front of my white tent! And, alas! with hushed and solemn pride, I have planted the holly and the pine on the graves of my dead comrades, hoping they might live in all their wondrous beauty over the quiet mound, and keep green the memory of the brave forever!

DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

I AM dying, mother, dying, in the hospital alone;
With a hundred faces round me, not a single one is known;
And the human heart within me, like a fluttering, wounded dove,
Hungers with a ceaseless yearning for one answering word of love.

Oh, 'tis hard, 'tis hard, my mother, thus to linger day by day,
Dying here, without the music of the battle's fierce array;—
Dying, far from home and kindred, robbed of all life's dearest ties,
With the eager eyes out-gazing but to meet with stranger eyes.

It were sweet to fall, my mother, with the battle raging round,
And to leap from earth to heaven at a single patriot-bound;
It were sweet to feel that glory would check the tears of woe—
That o'er hearts whose griefs were deepest a gush of pride would flow.

But to lie at night, dear mother, and to list the warder's tread,
As it falls upon my heart, I seem a prisoner with the dead;
And I long to lose my sense of pain, to find a calm release,
And to sink each vain, vain longing, in a silent sea of peace.

Oh, could I see, dear mother, the dog that guards our door,
It would make each life throb at my heart beat quicker than before;
And the nursing of your own dear hands, the breath of our old hills,
Would send a flood of fresh life back through all these draining rills.

But it may not be, loved mother: I must die here, all alone;
Where, a hundred faces round me, not a single one is known;
With the human heart within me hungering, like a wounded dove,
For the soft glance of my mother, and her dear home-words of love.

Oh, the heart of man, loved mother, is as dauntless as a rock
 In a time of mortal danger—in the battle's deadly shock ;
 But alone—alone and dying, how he craves affection's ties—
 Craves a woman's strength in weakness, and the lovelight in her eyes !

Oh, the dreams, the dreams, my mother, that have vanished from my sky,
 Like the misty mountain vapors that before the sunlight fly—
 All the golden dreams of glory, with their rainbow tints of fame,
 That would link with deeds of valor my bright, my deathless name !

Where are they now, dear mother ? Like a mirage of the plain,
 Like a bubble on the ocean, like a jewel on the main,
 Like the sweetest flowers of autumn, when they feel the biting frost,
 All those glorious aspirations—they are lost, forever lost !

Yet if I could live, my mother, I know I still should go
 And help to rid our country of her fratricidal foe ;
 For you have taught me, long ago, that he was no true man
 Who would not, in a time like this, step forward with the van.

And though I leave, my mother, no laurel crown of fame,
 There is not linked with my past life a single breath of shame ;
 And though I ne'er shall see your face, I will no more complain,
 For I know that not a sparrow falleth to the ground in vain.

But another dawn, sweet mother, is breaking o'er me now ;
 When to-morrow's sunlight beameth, it will find a calm, cold brow ;
 And another rough, rude coffin will be taken from the door :
 God bless you, dearest mother, and good-by forevermore !

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LITERARY NOTICES.

WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG ; or, Diseases of the Organs of the Chest, with their Home Treatment by the Movement Cure. By DIO LEWIS, M. D. Profusely illustrated. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1863.

DIET, air, sunshine, dress, exercise, and water, are all indispensable hygienic agents, but considerable knowledge and experience are necessary for their proper adaptation to particular cases. Dr. Lewis's work is designed (to a certain degree) to impart such knowledge, and, while the general rules he gives cannot fail to be useful to all, we doubt not there are many instances of the especial malady under consideration in which the proposed mode of treatment would prove entirely efficacious. The numerous and carefully elaborated illustrations contained in the book render the application of the text simple and easy. The feature which especially pleases us is, that arrangements are made for home treatment, for, if there is anything depressing to the human spirit, it is an association of invalids. We do not mean a regular hospital, where people are suffering from acute forms of disease, and are learning and teaching the grand lessons of patience, endurance, and fortitude so necessary to humanity, but a community of individuals, able to walk about, talk to one another, and be generally engrossed with one idea, the pursuit of health. We once spent thirty days in a water-cure establishment, and can truly say that it was one of the most miserable months we ever passed. The totally physical atmosphere, the selfish, material countenances surrounding us, weighed upon our spirit until our nerves gave way, and we wondered which were on the broad road to insanity, our companions or ourselves. We examined narrowly, and found (in the generality of cases) that the angels within the bodies of those men and women had had their wings cut away until nothing remained but the senses and the limited knowledge they are capable of conveying.

Our experience may have been peculiarly unfortunate, but it has rendered us always happy to welcome a rational treatment of disease that may be pursued at home. Self-denial and activity are the two principal lessons inculcated in the work ; and if we be careful to lift them from the body to the soul, we need not fear the slight tinge of materialism that seems almost inseparable from essays on bodily health. We repeat that Dr. Lewis's book abounds in excellent suggestions, essential to all, and its wide circulation will doubtless tend to the improvement of the general health of our people. Those even who, in some points, fail to agree with the author, must acknowledge the usefulness and practicability of the general ideas advanced, together with the simplicity of their application.

LIFE OF CHOPIN, by F. LISZT. Translated from the French by MARTHA WALKER COOK. 12mo, pp. 202. Philadelphia : F. Leyboldt. New York : F. W. Christern and James Miller. 2d Edition.

WE are glad to see that this little work has already gone into its second edition. It gives evidence that, in spite of our domestic afflictions, more interest is felt in this country for art, than is generally believed to be the case, even by the most astute publishers among us. In calling the attention of our readers to this second edition of Liszt's 'Chopin,' we do not think we can do better than place before them the following extracts from a critique which appeared in the *New York Daily Tribune* of June 11th, 1863.

'The lovers of musical art may justly be congratulated on the appearance of this extraordinary biographical study in an appropriate English dress. It is the enthusiastic tribute of a man of noble genius to a kindred spirit, whose mastership he acknowledged, and with whom he cherished a deep and tender friendship, beyond the vitiating touch of personal or artistic rivalry. The volume, indeed, affords a no less admirable illustration of the impulsive, generous, unworldly character of the author, than of the rare and

wonderful gifts of its unique subject. It is the product of the heart rather than the head, and its frequent passages of childlike *natveté*, its transparent revelations of the inmost soul of the writer, and the radiant atmosphere of spiritual beauty in which thoughts and images are melted together with a magic spell, transport it from the sphere of prose composition to that of high poetry. In spite of the trammels of words, it gives expression to the same subtle and ethereal conceptions which inspired the genius of Liszt as a musical artist. As a sketch of the life of the great composer, it possesses an interest with which few biographical works can compare; but no details of incident could imprison the soul of the author; and a fine æsthetic aroma breathes from every page, fragrant with the blossoming out of a rich, original nature, as well as with an exquisite sense of art.

Chopin was born in Poland, near Warsaw, in the year 1810. His boyhood was marked by no events that gave promise of the greatness of his future career. He early became the victim of ill health, which was almost the perpetual torment of his after life. He grew up in simple and quiet habits, surrounded by the purest influences, conversant with bright examples of piety, modesty, and integrity, which gave to his imagination 'the velvety tenderness that characterizes the plants which have never been exposed to the dust of the beaten highways.' Commencing the study of music when he was but nine years old, he was soon after confided to a passionate disciple of Sebastian Bach, who for many years directed his studies in accordance with the prevailing classic models. Through the liberality of a distinguished patron of art, Prince Radziwill, he was placed in one of the first colleges in Warsaw, where he received a finished education in every branch of learning. The following picture, although partaking of the nature of a fancy piece, is introduced by Liszt, from the pen of one of the greatest living writers of fiction, as a just representation of the youthful artist at this period of his life.

'Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely, at fifteen years of age he united the charms of adolescence with the gravity of a more mature age. He was delicate both in body and in mind. Through the want of muscular development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which had, if we may venture so to speak, neither age nor sex. It was not the bold and masculine air of a descendant of a race of magnates, who know nothing but drinking, hunting, and making war; neither was it the effeminate loveliness of a cherub *couleur de rose*. It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the Middle Ages adorned the Christian temples: a beautiful angel, with a form pure and slight as a young god of Olympus, with a face like that of a majestic woman filled with a divine sorrow, and as the crown of all, an expression at the same time tender and severe, chaste and impassioned.

'This expression revealed the depths of his being. Nothing could be purer, more exalted than his thoughts; nothing more tenacious, more exclusive, more intensely devoted, than his affections. . . . But he could only understand that which closely resembled himself. . . . Everything else

only existed for him as a kind of annoying dream which he tried to shake off while living with the rest of the world. Always plunged in reveries, realities displeased him. As a child, he could never touch a sharp instrument without injuring himself with it; as a man, he never found himself face to face with a being different from himself without being wounded by the living contradiction.

'He was preserved from a constant antagonism by a voluntary and almost inveterate habit of never seeing or hearing anything which was disagreeable to him, unless it touched upon his personal affections. The beings who did not think as he did, were only phantoms in his eyes. As his manners were polished and graceful, it was easy to mistake his cold disdain or insurmountable aversion for benevolent courtesy.

'He never spent an hour in open-hearted expansiveness, without compensating for it by a season of reserve. The moral causes which induced such reserve were too slight, too subtle, to be discovered by the naked eye. It was necessary to use the microscope to read his soul, into which so little of the light of the living ever penetrated.

'With such a character, it seems strange he should have had friends: yet he had them, not only the friends of his mother, who esteemed him as the noble son of a noble mother, but friends of his own age, who loved him ardently, and who were loved by him in return. . . . He had formed a high ideal of friendship; in the age of early illusions he loved to think that his friends and himself, brought up nearly in the same manner, with the same principles, would never change their opinions, and that no formal disagreement could ever occur between them.

'He was externally so affectionate, his education had been so finished, and he possessed so much natural grace, that he had the gift of pleasing even where he was not personally known. His exceeding loveliness was immediately prepossessing, the delicacy of his constitution rendered him interesting in the eyes of women, the full yet graceful cultivation of his mind, the sweet and captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the most enlightened men. Men less highly cultivated, liked him for his exquisite courtesy of manner. They were so much the more pleased with this, because, in their simplicity, they never imagined it was the graceful fulfilment of a duty to which no real sympathy entered.

'Could such people have divined the secrets of his mystic character, they would have said he was more amiable than loving—and with respect to them, this would have been true. But how could they have known that his real, though rare attachments, were so vivid, so profound, so undying?

'Association with him in the details of life was delightful. He filled all the forms of friendship with an unaccustomed charm, and when he expressed his gratitude, it was with that deep emotion which recompenses kindness with usury. He will gladly imagine that he felt himself every day dying; he accepted the cares of a friend, hiding from him, lest it should render him unhappy, the little time he expected to profit by them. He possessed great physical courage, and if he did not accept with the heroic recklessness of youth the idea of approaching death, at least he cherished the expectation of it with a kind of bitter pleasure.'

'After completing his studies in harmony with a celebrated master, he complied with the wishes of his parents, who desired that he should travel, in order that he should become familiar with the best musical productions under the advantage of their perfect execution. For this purpose he visited many of the German cities, and was absent from Warsaw on one of his excursions when the revolution broke out in the autumn of 1830. He was thus forced to remain in Vienna, and was heard there in some concerts, but failed to receive the appreciation from the artistic

public of that city which he had a right to anticipate. Leaving Vienna, he repaired to Paris, which was henceforth to be the scene of his brilliant triumphs. His constitution, being frail and delicate, could not long sustain the rude shocks of life unscathed, and we accordingly find Chopin at the age of thirty with rapidly declining health; and for the next decade, his existence was only a continued succession of the alternations of disease. At last, he began to fail so rapidly that the fears of his friends assumed the shape of despair. He scarcely ever left his bed, and spoke but rarely.

His sister, upon receiving this intelligence, came from Warsaw to take her place at his pillow, which she left no more. He witnessed the anguish, the presentiments, the redoubled sadness around him, without showing what impression they made upon him. He thought of death with Christian calm and resignation, yet he did not cease to prepare for the morrow. From week to week, and soon from day to day, the cold shadow of death gained upon him. His end was rapidly approaching; his sufferings became more and more intense; his crises grew more frequent, and at each accelerated occurrence resembled more and more a mortal agony. He retained his presence of mind, his vivid will upon their intermission, until the last; neither losing the precision of his ideas, nor the clear perception of his intentions. The wishes which he expressed in his short moments of respite, evinced the calm solemnity with which he contemplated the approach of death.

The inevitable hour came finally not without a certain strange, romantic beauty in its solemn aspects.

The parlor adjoining the chamber of Chopin was constantly occupied by some of his friends, who, one by one, in turn, approached him to receive a sign of recognition, a look of affection, when he was no longer able to address them in words. On Sunday, the 15th of October, his attacks were more violent and more frequent—lasting for several hours in succession. He endured them with patience and great strength of mind. The Countess Delphine Potocka, who was present, was much distressed; her tears were flowing fast when he observed her standing at the foot of his bed; tall, slight, draped in white, resembling the beautiful angels created by the imagination of the most devout among the painters. Without doubt, he supposed her to be a celestial apparition; and when the crisis left him a moment in repose, he requested her to sing; they deemed him at first seized with delirium, but he eagerly repeated his request. Who could have ventured to oppose his wish? The piano was rolled from his parlor to the door of his chamber, while, with sobs in her voice, and tears streaming down her cheeks, his gifted countrywoman sang. Certainly, this delightful voice had never before attained an expression so full of profound pathos. He seemed to suffer less as he listened. She sang that famous Canticum to the Virgin, which, it is said, once saved the life of Stradella. 'How beautiful it is!' he exclaimed. 'My God, how very beautiful! Again—again!' Though overwhelmed with emotion, the Countess had the noble courage to comply with the last wish of a friend, a compatriot; she again took a seat at the piano, and sang a hymn from Marcello. Chopin again feeling worse, everybody was seized with fright—by a spontaneous impulse all who were present threw themselves upon their knees—no one ventured to speak; the sacred silence was only broken by the voice of the Countess, floating, like a melody from heaven, above the sighs and sobs which formed its heavy and mournful earth-accompaniment. It was the haunted hour of twilight; a dying light lent its mysterious shadows to this sad scene—the sister of Chopin, prostrated near his

bed, wept and prayed—and never quitted this attitude of supplication while the life of the brother she had so cherished lasted.

His condition altered for the worse during the night, but he felt more tranquil upon Monday morning, and as if he had known in advance the appointed and propitious moment, he asked to receive immediately the last sacraments. In the absence of the Abbé —, with whom he had been very intimate since their common expatriation, he requested that the Abbé Jelowski, one of the most distinguished men of the Polish emigration, should be sent for. When the holy Viaticum was administered to him, he received it, surrounded by those who loved him, with great devotion. He called his friends a short time afterward, one by one, to his bedside, to give each of them his last earnest blessing; calling down the grace of God fervently upon themselves, their affections, and their hopes—every knee bent—every head bowed—all eyes were heavy with tears—every heart was sad and oppressed—every soul elevated.

Attacks, more and more painful, returned and continued during the day; from Monday night until Tuesday, he did not utter a single word. He did not seem able to distinguish the persons who were around him. About eleven o'clock on Tuesday evening he appeared to revive a little. The Abbé Jelowski had never left him. Hardly had he recovered the power of speech, than he requested him to recite with him the prayers and litanies for the dying. He was able to accompany the Abbé in an audible and intelligible voice. From this moment until his death, he held his head constantly supported upon the shoulder of M. Gutman, who, during the whole course of this sickness, had devoted his days and nights to him.

A convulsive sleep lasted until the 17th of October, 1849. The final agony commenced about two o'clock; a cold sweat ran profusely from his brow; after a short drowsiness, he asked, in a voice scarcely audible: 'Who is near me?' Being answered, he bent his head to kiss the hand of M. Gutman, who still supported it—while giving this last tender proof of love and gratitude, the soul of the artist left its fragile clay. He died as he had lived—in loving.

His love for flowers being well known, they were brought in such quantities the next day, that the bed in which they had placed them, and indeed the whole room, almost disappeared, hidden by their varied and brilliant hues. He seemed to repose in a garden of roses. His face regained its early beauty, its purity of expression, its long unthought serenity. Calmly—with his youthful loveliness, so long dimmed by bitter suffering, restored by death—he slept among the flowers he loved, the last long and dreamless sleep!

We must not forget to thank the intelligent translator of this volume for the fidelity with which she has executed her by no means easy task. The elevated, almost aerial conceptions of Liszt, often seeming as if they disdained the bonds of language, are presented in lucid, idiomatic English, which derives a certain vital force more from warmth of sympathy with the original than from the use of any of the arts of vigorous expression.

ROCKFORD; or, Sunshine and Storm. By MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED. Author of Southwold. Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

A NOVEL of considerable ability. The characters are well drawn, and the moral unexceptionable. The scenes occur in fashionable life; the descriptions are vivid, the conversations (in which it abounds) are easy and

sparkling, and the pictures of social life varied and interesting.

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS FULLER, D. D. Price, \$1.60. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

COLERIDGE says of Fuller: 'Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether he, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous.'

Thomas Fuller was born in 1608, was a chaplain in the army during the great civil war in England, and died in 1661, so that much of his fifty-four years of life was spent among no very peaceful scenes. He followed the army with a loyal heart and courageous spirit, and wrought earnestly to mitigate the violence of hostile parties. One of the wisest and wittiest divines who have ever ascended the pulpit, he has left behind him a fame second to none who have labored to elevate and make their fellow creatures better. 'Untiring humor seemed the ruling passion of his soul. With a heart open to all innocent pleasures, purged from the leaven of malice and uncharitableness, it was as natural that he should be full of mirth as it is for the grasshopper to chirp or bee to hum, or the birds to warble in the spring breeze and bright sunshine.'

His good thoughts are clothed in pure and beautiful language, are wise, quaint, genial, and witty. Being collected and matured during his marches and countermarches through the country at the time of the great civil war, we look upon their present publication as very timely and judicious, considering the disturbed state of our own suffering country.

THE GENTLEMAN. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Ticknor & Fields. Boston. Price, 75 cts.

A book which we hope will have a wide circulation, and exercise a beneficial influence in this country. It is no superficial essay on external matters of etiquette, or even of mere æsthetic culture: it goes to the very heart of the meaning of the abused word, Gentleman, and proves its root to be *unselfishness*. The author says: 'It is the moral element which, in my conception of the gentleman, is pivotal. Dealing with the highest type, I conceive that in that type not only are morals primary, but that manners result from them; so that where there is not a solid substratum of pure, elevated

feeling there cannot be a clean, high, and unaffected demeanor.' 'The true gentleman is a Christian product.

'The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.'

These views are illustrated with genius and scholarship. Their dissemination among ourselves is especially important, because our ideas of what is requisite to form a gentleman are essentially vague, crude, unformed, and often false.

It is no dull book of commonplace thoughts, but a high and noble essay on an important subject, and we commend it to the attention of our readers. Let him who would look upon the reverse of the gentleman, turn to the Editor's Table of the July issue of *THE CONTINENTAL*, and regard the repulsive sketch of the 'Southern Colonel,' whose ideal seems to be 'Brandy Smash and Cocktails.' Alas! that such ideals too frequently occur among ourselves. Bayard and Sir Philip Sydney are valuable studies for our own young and gallant soldiers.

POINT OF HONOR. By The Author of the 'Morals of May Fair,' 'Creeds,' &c., &c. Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

THIS is no sensational tale. Its interest is not derived from intricacy of plot or mysterious developments; it presents us with admirable studies of male and female character, the traits of which are manifested in the progress of the plot. The portraits are detailed, natural, and living; the heroine feminine and lovely. The moral is good, and the 'Point of Honor' ably displayed.

SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, Author of 'Human Physiology,' 'Child's Book of Nature,' 'Natural History,' &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings. Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

A VALUABLE offering to teachers and pupils. Professor Hooker has published a graduated series of books, carefully adapted to the different periods of the course of study; exceedingly simple for the beginner, stepping carefully from the known to the unknown, and widening their range with the increasing

knowledge and mental growth of the student. The first in the graduated series is the 'Child's Book of Common Things.' Next, the 'Child's Book of Nature,' in three Parts, viz.: 'Plants,' 'Animals,' 'Air, Water, Light, Heat,'—then follow the 'First Book in Chemistry' and 'First Book in Physiology.' The next step in the gradation brings us to three books under one title: 'Science for the School and the Family;' Part I, Natural Philosophy; Part II, Chemistry; Part III, Mineralogy and Geology.

Our author says: 'One grand essential for giving interest to any study is the presentation of the various points in the *natural order* in which they should enter the mind. *They should be so presented that each portion of a book shall make the following portions more interesting and more easily understood.* This principle I have endeavored to observe strictly in the preparation of my volumes.' We believe Professor Hooker has succeeded in the observation of this principle, and that its observation must insure success.

THE STORY OF THE GUARD: A Chronicle of the War. By JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. Knapsack Edition. Price, 50 cts. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

WE are glad to see this little work of affection and patriotism from the hand of a gifted lady (who says: 'For any personal object I should never use my name, which has been to me a *double* charge to keep; but I think my father would more than approve, when it is to do justice, and to aid the widow and the orphan') already passed into the *sixth* edition.

'To do justice to brave men and to aid the widow and orphan!' What nobler motive could there be for publishing a book, than the prevailing one so simply given by Mrs. Fremont in the lines just quoted! Truly the most determined hater of the so much read and so much abused 'women's books,' must cease to sneer in acknowledging that here indeed was inducement sufficient to make the most timid and shrinking of the sex face the frowns of the critic, the scoff of the antagonistic politician, and the astonishment of the fashionable world that one who had long been one of its most brilliant ornaments should condescend to become known as an authoress! We heartily congratulate her on the success of her book, which, as achieving its object, must be dear to her heart. Very charming, too, are the extracts given

from General Fremont's letters. Domestic love and peace are surely holy!

'To do justice to brave men!' 'Major Zagonyi, with one hundred and fifty of the body guard, attacked and drove from Springfield over two thousand rebels, with a loss of only fifteen men.' All honor to the brave Zagonyi! His Hungarian English is strong, graphic, simple, and, like himself, true. With a thorough military education, dauntless courage, untiring energy, and a natural, perhaps national, love for horses and horsemanship, we doubt not he is one of the best cavalry officers in our service. He has long chafed under a forced inaction, and, full of unselfish devotion, burns to do and dare in what he believes to be the cause of freedom and humanity. May he soon add fresh laurels to his glorious Springfield wreath—and may the same gentle chronicler again twine them for his brave brow!

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: An Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By HENRY JAMES. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

WE advise such of our readers as take interest in metaphysical theology, in the vexed questions of the origin of evil, of free will, of God's communication with the spirit of man, of the growth of faith in the soul, to read this book for themselves. We are not Swedenborgians, though we believe Swedenborg to have been a great and good man; we do not deem ourselves able to pronounce upon the truths or errors elaborated in the pages of Mr. James's book, but we feel convinced that its author is as sincere as able, and that he really aims at reaching the heart and marrow of his important subjects. His argument with the German and Scotch philosophies is profound and skilful. He is a believer in revelation, in its unfolding a true philosophy of the Infinite; showing how the infinite is contained in the finite, the absolute in the relative, not spatially or by continuation, but by exact correspondency, as the soul is contained in the body. He always steers clear of the shoals of atheism, and of the dim and chaotic abysses of pantheism. He is often obscure, but has the power to be concise and luminous. His style is vigorous, though we object to the meaning he attaches to two words very dear to the human heart: for *religion* is not *ritualism*, nor is *morality* made of the starched buckram of *selfhood*.

Religion is love to God—morality, love to our neighbor. We differ from him in many of his positions, his standpoint is not ours, but he struggles bravely to rescue philosophy from a degrading bondage to sense, and to restore her to the service of revelation. No analysis within our present limits would avail to combat the errors, to make manifest the truths contained in the book, nor do we feel ourselves competent to undertake the task.

If the lucid and vigorous writer, author of the article entitled 'Mill on Liberty' in our June issue, as well as of some able remarks headed 'Matter and Spirit' published in the Editor's Table of the July number of *THE CONTINENTAL*, would review this book of Mr. James, he might be able to pour a flood of light on many mooted questions, many metaphysical queries; for a clear mind is a marvellous solvent.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE WESTERN LAW MONTHLY. June, 1863.

HON. JOHN CROWELL, WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Editors. Cleveland, Ohio: Fairbanks, Benedict & Co. New York: John S. Voorhies, law bookseller and publisher, No. 20 Nassau street.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER: A Journal of School and Home Education. June, 1863. Boston: Published by the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, No. 119 Washington street.

VERMONT SCHOOL JOURNAL: Devoted to the Educational Interests of the State. HIRAM ORCUTT, Editor and Proprietor, West Brattleboro.

THE ILLINOIS TEACHER: Devoted to Education, Science, and Free Schools. Editors: ALEXANDER M. GOW, Rock Island; SAMUEL A. BRIGGS, Chicago. Published monthly, Peoria, Illinois, by N. I. Nason.

THE HOME MONTHLY: Devoted to Home Education, Literature, and Religion. Edited by Rev. WM. M. THAYER. Boston: Published by D. W. Childs, No. 456 Washington street, corner of Essex.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Science, Literature, and Art. Toronto. Rollo & Adams, publishers. No. 1, May, 1863. *THE BRITISH AMERICAN* contains: North West British America; My Cousin Tom; Early Notices of Toronto; The Bank of Credit Foncier; Holiday Musings of a Worker; The Emigrants; Flowers and their Moral Teaching; Sketches of Indian Life; Given and Taken; The Post Office and the Railway; Insect Life in Canada; Reviews, &c.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. July, 1863, Boston: By the proprietors, at Walker, Wise, & Co.'s, 245 Washington street. Contents: Conditions of Belief; Mrs. Browning's Essays on the Poets; Rome, Republican and Imperial; The Pulpit in the Past; Kinglake and his Critics; The Colenso Controversy; Art and Artists of America; Reviews, &c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. July, 1863. Contents: Traits of Jean Paul and his Titan; Peerages and Genealogies; The Chronology, Topography, and Archaeology of the Life of Christ; Story's Roba di Roma; Liberia College; Samuel Kirkland; Leigh Hunt; Acarnania; The American Tract Society; May's Constitutional History of England; Critical Notices, &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE SUSPENSE.—Seldom, in the eventful course of human affairs, have great nations, with their rich and populous cities, been placed in the attitude of danger and of solemn suspense in which the American people find themselves at this momentous crisis. Even while we write this sentence, a great battle is raging in one of the fairest valleys of Pennsylvania, and although the actual struggle is destined to be decisive in its bearing, there is no possibility of knowing how the strife goes from hour to hour. Issues of immense and incalculable importance are involved in the immediate result: the cities of Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, to say nothing of the existence of the nation itself, so gravely imperilled, on the one hand; and Richmond, with all the desperate hopes and daring purposes of the rebellion, on the other, are the mighty stakes played for in the bloody game now going on upon the chessboard in the vicinity of Gettysburg.

With the overthrow of Lee's army, and its effectual cut off from escape, not only will come the speedy fall of Richmond, but the rebellion itself will be virtually at an end; for it will never be able to recover from the blow. On the other hand, with the complete discomfiture of our own army, we should be temporarily at the mercy of the enemy, as we do not seem to have contemplated the contingency of defeat, and have made little preparation for it. The victorious Lee would drive our shattered forces into Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and would follow close upon their heels with his irresistible columns. Dark would be the day for our country and for human liberty, and terrible would be the struggle made necessary afterward to enable us to recover from so great a disaster. Assuredly we would be able to recover; and in this fact lies our great superiority over the adversary,

who stakes his all upon the issue of this desperate and reckless invasion into the heart of the loyal States. But, with all our confidence in the justice and ultimate triumph of our cause, how great is the patriotic anxiety with which our hearts are burdened, and how intensely earnest are the prayers we offer to the Most High for the success of our noble army in the pending battle! In our excited imaginations, we see only the impenetrable cloud of smoke which envelops the bloody field; we hear the loud thunders of the murderous artillery, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the shouts of infuriated columns as they rush into the jaws of death, and are rolled away on the fiery billows of the mighty conflict. We feel all the frenzy of the deadly strife as if we were in the midst of it; and yet, though we strain our inward vision to the utmost, no ray of light comes from the terrible scene to inform us how the scale of victory inclines. We only know that thousands of our brothers lie on the battle field dead or dying, wounded and suffering, and we anticipate the melancholy wail which their wives and children, their brothers and friends will utter on the morrow. Shall it be mingled with shouts of victory, and softened by the sweet consolation that the death and suffering of so many noble victims have been repaid by the safety of our country, and the reestablishment of liberty under the glorious Constitution of our fathers?

THE RELIEF.—Time rolls on. In spite of anxieties and torturing uncertainties; over broken hearts and ruined hopes; over fields of slaughter, where the harvest of death has been garnered in abundance so great as to sicken the soul of man; over pillaged cities and countries laid waste; over all the works of man, good and bad, time rolls on, careless alike of the joys and sorrows, the victories

and defeats of men and nations. And, with the steady and remorseless march of time, events, however bound up with the mightiest interests of mankind, necessarily hasten to their consummation. The web of fate is unraveled—the tide of battle flows in its irrevocable course, and having stranded the hopes of the defeated power, there is no ebb, no reflux, by which the disaster may be undone, and the ruined cause restored again to prosperity and hope.

Gradually the cloud breaks away from the battle field, and the various incidents and accomplished results of the contest become known. The silent, faithful wires, stretching away to the intervening cities and villages, are burdened with their mysterious messages, to be delivered from time to time to the expectant crowds who await them with eager impatience. With the dawn of Independence Day, some gleams of light come up from the scene of conflict, and some encouraging words are heard from high quarters. In their patriotic assemblages, the people are full of hope and confidence, though still not without intense anxiety with regard to the final result, yet imperfectly made known. Every additional message, with which the wires tinkle, makes the hopeful impression stronger and stronger; and, upon the whole, the 4th of July, 1863, is a day of rejoicing to all those who love their country and desire to see it restored to its pristine vigor and glory. Scarcely a doubt remains that the daring traitors have been defeated and the country saved; though it is yet uncertain whether the victory will be complete and the army of the enemy scattered and destroyed or captured.

If by possibility Lee should again escape and make his way back to the exhausted fields of Eastern Virginia, there may still be some hard work for our armies in order to put a final end to the great rebellion. But the failure of this last desperate enterprise gives the deathblow to the wicked and ambitious power of the usurpers at the head of the pretended confederacy. They may obstruct our march and harass our armies, but they can no longer hope to place any permanent obstacle in the way of our progress toward the restoration of the Union. The tide has turned at last. We have seen the darkest day of our mortal struggle, and the hour of deliverance is at hand.

AGRICULTURE AND WAR.

AGRICULTURE is the foundation of all other industries. It is quite as indispensable for the support of armies in the field as it is for that of commerce and manufactures in the halcyon days of national repose. If those who have gone forth with arms in their hands to do battle for the preservation of our free government are performing services of the highest importance to the nation, those also who remain at home to till the earth are doing work indispensable to the success of our sacred cause. If they do not strike the enemy with their hoes and scythes, they at least sustain and invigorate those who carry the bayonet and meet the shock of actual war.

Under all circumstances the great operations of agriculture must still go on. The seasons do not cease their appointed rounds; the sun does not fail to dispense his genial stores of light and heat; nor do the fertilizing showers of heaven refuse to descend upon the soil, because the fierce passions of man have aroused him to discord and battle. Nature still maintains her serenity in the midst of all the fearful agitations of mankind; and she still scatters her blessings with a lavish hand, though they may be trampled under foot by the gathering hosts of infuriated men. Even, therefore, while the human tempest rages around us, we may well pause to contemplate the peaceful beneficence of nature, and to rejoice in the thought that all the wickedness and violence of man cannot provoke or derange into confusion and disorder the great natural elements which minister to his comfort and happiness—which cause the seed to germinate, the flower to bloom, and the fruit to ripen, regardless of all his passions, and in spite of his ingratitude. The unambitious pursuits of the husbandman may have in them nothing of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war; but they are at least in harmony with the beneficence of God and the permanent interests of man; while they are also of the highest importance to the country, even in the extremity of her peril.

The harvest, now approaching, everywhere gives promise of a bounteous supply of the productions which annually bless our favored land. The vast invading army of the enemy, soon to be driven with disaster out of the loyal States, will have made no serious impression upon the abundance of our overflow

ing stores. There may be some scarcity of labor to secure the maturing crops, but we shall still supply all our own wants abundantly, leaving a large surplus for shipment abroad, and even for meeting the necessities of our suffering brethren in the South, when they shall have utterly failed in their wicked purpose of destroying the Government, and when their sharp cry of hunger and suffering shall appeal to our relenting hearts for succor.

THE EARTH AND THE AIR.

THE great bulk of all vegetation is derived from the atmosphere. The air is always loaded with watery vapor, and it contains a vast quantity of carbonic acid gas, which furnishes the chief material for the woody fibre of all plants, for the starch, sugar, gums, oils, and other valuable compounds produced by them. Nitrogen, also, is one of the large constituents of the air, and is found in it likewise in the form of ammonia. It is wonderful to reflect that of all the vegetable productions of the earth—its vast forests, the flowery clothing of its boundless prairies, the immeasurable productions raised by the industry of the whole human race in its countless fields of labor—that of all this mighty growth which covers and adorns the face of the whole solid globe, more than ninety-five hundredths are derived exclusively from the atmosphere. This vast ocean which surrounds the earth, in which we are immersed, and which is actually the breath of life to us, indispensable to our existence during every moment of our lives, is also the great reservoir from which the mighty vegetable world draws almost the whole of its substance. While we are inspiring the invisible fluid, and with every breath renewing the ruddy currents of the heart and sending them glowing with warmth and vitality to all the extremities of the frame, every leaf in the mighty forest, and every herb, and flower, and blade of grass on the surface of the whole earth, is maintaining a similar commerce with the air, drawing from its boundless stores of carbon, piling up cell upon cell and adding fibre to fibre, until trunk, and branch, and stem, and leaf, with all the gorgeous productions of vegetable life, stand forth in their maturity, filling the bosom of the conscious atmosphere with wonderful creations of beauty and fruits of joy.

But in fact the atmosphere is only an appendage to the solid earth, existing in that plastic form which is necessary to the creation both of animal and vegetable life. It is her breath, by which, as the minister of God, she breathes life into the nostrils of men and animals, and imparts vitality and growth to all plants. But in this life-giving process, she furnishes also a part, minute though it be, of her own proper substance. Consume with fire the trees of the forest, or the grass of the prairie, and though the greater part of the burning mass will disappear and mingle with the air from which it came, there will yet remain the ashes, which cannot be dissipated, but must return again to the earth which gave them. These solid constituents of plants are the contributions of the soil; and though they seem to be comparatively inconsiderable, yet when taken in connection with the large operations of agriculture continued through a series of years, they become so great as to be of the utmost importance. They perform an interesting part in the economy of vegetable life, for they are to the plant what the bones are to the animal. In the stalks of wheat and Indian corn, as indeed of all the grasses, the flinty surface is constituted largely of silex; as the shells of crustacea and the bones of animals are composed mostly of lime. Without these earthy substances, nothing that grows from the soil can come to perfection. They are equally important to animals and to man himself, who receives them from the vegetable world and assimilates them in his own marvellous organization—building up his bony frame with the lime of the earth; filling his veins with its iron; constructing the very seat and citadel of the soul, and flashing its spiritual mandates through the nerves, by the help of the phosphorus which he derives from the soil through the elaboration of plants and inferior animals.

WE'RE NOT TIRED OF FIGHTING YET!

Oh, we're not tired of fighting yet!

We're not the boys to frighten yet!

While drums are drumming we'll be coming,
With the ball and bayonet!

For we can hit while they can pound,

And so let's have another round!

Secesh is bound to lick the ground,

And we'll be in their pantry yet!

Oh, we're not tired of tramping yet—
 Of soldier life or camping yet;
 And rough or level, man or devil,
 We are game for stamping yet.
 We've lived through weather wet and dry,
 Through hail and fire, without a cry;
 We wouldn't freeze, and couldn't fry,
 And haven't got through our ramping yet!

We haven't broke up the party yet;
 We're rough, and tough, and hearty yet;
 Who talks of going pays what's owing,
 And there's a bill will smart ye yet!
 So bang the doors, and lock 'em tight!
 Secesh, you've got to make it right!
 We'll have a little dance to-night;
 You can't begin to travel yet!

Oh, we're not tired of fighting yet,
 Nor ripe for disuniting yet!
 Before they do it, or get through it,
 There 'll be some savage biting yet!
 Then hip, hurrah for Uncle Sam!
 And down with all secesh and sham!
 From Davis to Vallandigham,
 They all shall rue their treason yet!

WE cannot close the present number of THE CONTINENTAL without a few words of fervid congratulation to our readers and countrymen. We may greet each other now with glad hearts and uplifted brows. What a glorious "Fourth" was ours, with our Eagle scattering the heavy war-clouds which hung around us, soaring to gaze once more undazzled at the sun of liberty; our stars again shining down clear upon us from their heaven of light! Joy sparkles in every eye, and high, strong words flash from every tongue. Grant victorious—Vicksburg ours—the army of the Potomac covered with glory—Meade everywhere triumphant, and in full pursuit of our flying and disheartened foe! Heroes and soldiers, your country blesses and thanks you!

Let us now resolve that with every day our Union shall grow closer. Let faction die; political intrigue cease to rear its serpent head; let doubt become trust; suspicion, faith! Countrymen, let us also learn to pity the unhappy race whom this war must

free. You cannot now prevent it; its first tocsin of liberty pealed with the first gun fired at Fort Sumter. After long ages of barbaric night, of slavery, of misery, these beings cut in ebony begin to robe themselves as men; on the battle field they have at last put on the virile toga dyed in blood, not now drawn by the lash from the back of the wretched chattel, but from the heart of the man face to face with his oppressor on the field of righteous battle. Rude and uncultured, they hold up to you hands hard with labor, still bleeding from the scarcely fallen manacles, and implore aid and manly mercy. Let it be granted without stint, and let not the freedom God has given, become a curse to them! You cannot roll back the stately steppings of destiny—and let this great and magnanimous people show its magnanimity now!

And, oh, ye glorious dead, now resting in eternal peace, whom the drum and fife will rouse no more to superhuman effort in our behalf, sweet be your sleep in the heart of the country you died to save, and ever green the laurel above your grassy graves! We will not forget you, wrapped in your gory shrouds for the land ye loved! Never shall our national hymns again greet our ears without awakening tender thoughts of you! Hot, sad tears will mourn your loss in the homes your smiles shall light no more—but your names shall be an heirloom of glory to your mothers, wives, and children, and your country will weep with them! We greet you, holy graves! As the onward path of humanity passes over your new-made mounds, her children will veil their heads and honor the martyrs who lie below. And when the coming centuries shall have covered you with moss and flowers, they will never forget to throw the laurel as they pass, acknowledging that these tombs have made progress and happiness possible! Brothers, the Union shall be sacred which you died to save! In the more intense and glowing patriotism engendered by your sacrifice, we swear it on your blessed sepulchres, and this shall be your deathless epitaph!

M. W. C.

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. IV.—SEPTEMBER, 1863.—No. III.

SOUTHERN HATE OF NEW ENGLAND.

In these days of strange and startling events, of rapid and fundamental changes, of curious and unexpected developments; these days, tremulous with the vibrations of the political atmosphere, and quaking with the fierce earthquake of national war; these days, that are filling up a web of history with more fearful rapidity, more complete, important, and decisive results than any previous epoch in the world's annals,—a history which, if ever truly and worthily penned, will demand a deeper search into moral causes and effects, a closer scrutiny of the philosophy of mind, and a more careful balancing of political judgments, than any drama ever before played on the great world's stage,—in such days as these, I say, it is curious and profitable to subject each new moral phase that presents itself to a rigid analysis, and trace every effect, moral, political, governmental, or popular, to the cause or causes that may, after a fair showing, appear to have produced it. A fair and dispassionate application of true and just principles is as essential to a right political judgment as to a correct moral decision, and he who allows himself to be led by passion, selfishness, prejudice, or a blind adoration of party, instead of the calm

convictions of educated reason and conscience, thereby dishonors himself, and abdicates the right he possesses of acting for the best interests of himself and all. Especially is this true under a democratic form of government—where every citizen is a legislator, virtually,—where opinion leads to political action, and is consequently responsible for the course that action may take, and where each one helps to swell the numbers of those great parties that in their planings and counterplanings make or mar the general good fortune. If this is true of individual citizens, how much more is it true of those mighty engines of the press and of party, that sweep such grand circles of influence, and install, in grandeur or in gloom, such important national conditions. That these are fruitful of evil as well as of good, every great national struggle, every crisis in the affairs of nations and of humanity, bears witness. Every national contest has seen the rise and the fall of an anti-war party, and felt the influence of a press wielded in the interest of that party. These have not, necessarily, always been in the wrong. The contrary has been often true, though their fall, and the opprobrium cast upon them have been none the less

sure. It is only when these have arisen during the progress of a war involving great moral and humanitarian principles in its successful prosecution, that the whole force of such an opposing influence is felt, the whole evil apparent. No cause however just, no war however holy, no trust however high and honorable, but has met the violence of this evil opposition, and the danger of betrayal from this source. Not while men possess the greed of power, place, and gold; not while reason is held in abeyance to passion, is freedom safe without a guardian, or the liberties of mankind able to abide without 'eternal vigilance.' Even our national war, the grandest and holiest of time, both in its purposes and results, is only the last most mournful illustration of this fact. When these contemporaneous judgments, true or untrue, as they shall prove, now in the heat of the time evolved in the thoughts of those who do think, and becoming crystallized in the countless newspapers and periodicals which deluge our land, and in the party records of the hour, come to be thoroughly sifted, and the sure and impartial verdict made up to pass into 'the golden urn of history,' without appeal thenceforth, great will be the glory or the shame of the prominent actors in the drama now enacting before the eyes of the world.

What is the spectacle that our astonished eyes behold? The Genius of Liberty, standing on the threshold of her besieged temple, pale, fettered, betrayed in the house of her very friends, but resolute and dauntless as ever, her eye calm and steadfast, her hand firmly grasping the Magna Charta of our birthright, and the birthright of all the race. While a raging and vindictive foe bays her in front, and the leal and true are pressing in countless hosts around her at her call, a false and craven crew are basely creeping in at undefended passages, and, with lies and slanders and deceitful tongues, endeavoring to undermine the foundations of

her strength. Base sappers and miners! Thank God ye are few! And the number of the people ye are trying to hoodwink and seduce from their allegiance is hourly growing less, as your cunningly devised schemes explode. Do ye not know that the people of the Free States are loyal to the core? That great principles are invincible as fate, say rather, Providence! and that those who will not move in their onward course must be overwhelmed beneath the wheels of their triumphal chariot? Do ye not fear the award of posterity? Let the partisan press of to-day, and those who inspirit and sustain it here at the North, who are vainly and impotently trying to turn back the tide of human progress by aiding and abetting the vilest rebellion against a good government that has been seen since Satan, that arch rebel, chose 'rather to reign in hell than serve in heaven,' shudder at the report the unerring tongue of history will give them, even if they care nought for the good of humanity as bound up in the well being of this land. I have called these men *few*, for it *cannot* be that the great and time-honored organization of which I hope these men are but the calumniators, boasting the grand old names of Jefferson and Jackson as founders, and enrolling in its ranks so many thousands of the substantial yeomanry and solid men of the country, will really prove false to its name and trust, and be willing to descend into history in the robe of horror and infamy which, like the fabled shirt of Nessus, would cling to it forever as the country's betrayer, if it shall not shake itself free from these vile contaminators. No party could survive the weight of the foul imputation of putting barriers in the way of this war, which, we firmly believe, though terrible and bloody while it lasts, is to end by giving a fresh and vigorous impulse to the cause of human redemption and advancement—an impulse that nothing thereafter shall be able to check materially.

Although one only comprehensive principle lies at the bottom of the anomalous condition of things which preceded, and at last culminated in, the tremendous civil contest through which the country is now passing—a fierce baptism of fire and blood necessary to purge and reinstate her in pristine purity and grandeur, whose end is certainly not yet—still it is constantly assuming new disguises, and has been aptly likened to a virulent and incurable cancer in the body politic, which, driven in in one place, instantly breaks out with redoubled fierceness in another. Its latest and favorite form is that of hatred to New England. I have called it *Southern* hatred of New England. By this I do not mean to denote any geographical limit or boundary. This war is not a war of sections, but a war of ideas; and the terms *Southern* and *Northern* are to be limited to this ideal meaning. The two sections, as such, are not arrayed against each other, but the two antagonistic principles represented by these sections are, in sad truth, at deadly warfare. We see Union men at the South, and secessionists at the North; but there is this difference in the position of those who oppose the Government North, and those who favor it South. The former are would-be leaders, who assume to act for the outraged people; the latter are merely *the people*, or a portion of them, lacking organization and leadership, and consequently obliged to submit to the tyranny that has laid its iron hand upon them. I do not believe, and never have believed, in the asserted unanimity of the Southern people. Recalling my eight years' residence among, and acquaintance with, the people of the South, of two of the cotton States principally, I cannot think that they have, almost to a man, lost their respect and love for the national banner and authority, and, rather than submit to it again, would prefer to be '*English Colonists*,' '*French vassals*,' or '*Russian serfs*!' No; their leaders first grossly cajole

and deceive them, and then basely slander them. That there is an apparent oneness, I admit; but I think the time is not far off when, if the Federal Government but does its duty, and uses its authority and strength wisely, crippling the rebel faction in every possible way, thousands of liberated arms will spring forth to seize the sword in its defence, and as many liberated voices swell the *All hail!* that will burst out for its welcome. For, so long tutored to the repression of any independent ideas, any sentiments that do not tally with the doctrines to full belief in which these leaders have aimed to educate the men of the last generation, viz., the divine origin and purpose of slavery, and the other mischievous and absurd dogma of State sovereignty, which, but for slavery and its imperative demands, would never have seen the light, but have perished stillborn—they have no idea of the freedom of opinion and expression permitted among us, and their minds and consciences have become nerveless and supine to an astonishing degree; or, if thinking and feeling, as very many do, they suffer in silence, not daring to resist the oppressive faction that has ruled them so long. Moral force and courage is not the fruit of subserviency to the principles and ideas that have gradually filled the Southern mind. No wonder that the Union sentiment that showed itself so plainly at the outbreak of the rebellion became, ere long, like one of those streams that, starting impetuously from its mountain source, flows on awhile clearly and rapidly, and then begins to wander and slacken its pace, till finally it is lost in the dreariness and desolation of some marshy wilderness, and so never reaches its destination, the open sea. There is no people in the world so abused and defrauded as the bulk of the Southern whites. If you pity the oppressed of another race, then pity still more those of your own blood who are suffering a worse slavery, and who yet do not know it, but hug fondly the chains of their

servitude. Then, too, consider the thousands of Northern men and women scattered all over the South, and say if you think *they* are linked, heart and hand, with the destroyers of the Government.

But with all this as an offset, still there is an undeniably strong and unscrupulous faction there, composed of the leading minds of the South, acute, imperious, sophistical, used to political and social rule, and backed by a small but cunning minority here at the North, so vile and contemptible that, in comparison with its adherents, they, these slave oligarchs, are 'Hyperion to a satyr.' These, with the thousands both North and South, misled and befooled by them, form the formidable opposition with which the Government is even now closing in a life-or-death encounter. These represent one of the two grand ideas at last met in a decisive struggle on this North American Continent, after the numberless petty skirmishes, reconnoissances, and lesser conflicts which have stained the battle fields of the world with the best blood of humanity during so many thousand years. No child's play now—no diplomatic dissembling—no sword thrusts intended to be parried, no machiavelian hits nor disguises. The fight is close, desperate, deadly; it is yard arm to yard arm; it is heart seeking for naked heart, flashing eye to eye, visor down, and hot breath mingling with hot breath, as the foes close in the last grapple. The other idea is embodied in the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and is represented by the Federal authority. The South, then, is taken to mean the one, and the North, its opposite. On one side barbarism, slavery, injustice, ignorance, despotism, the woes and maledictions of oppressed races, the carnival of fiends; on the other, civilization, freedom, justice, education, republicanism, the gladness and gratitude of redeemed humanity, the jubilee of joy among angels. On

the side of disunion, endless bickerings, intestine wars, standing armies, crushing debts, languishing commerce, all improvement at a stand still, tyranny settling darkly down over the liberties of the people and of individuals, and national influence gone forever. On the side of Union, honorable peace, legitimate expansion, social order and improvement, increasing commerce, the education and elevation of the masses, the path of success open to all, the freedom and rights of all, even the least and poorest secured, and the nation occupying a front rank among nations, her flag loved no less than feared, her government the model one of the world, and the great experiment of self-government safe beyond the peradventure of failure. Who doubts the issue of such a struggle—who would cheat himself of being one with God and good men in the glory of a triumph so possible and certain?

But why is it that the hate of all rebels, North and South, is so malignantly directed toward New England especially? What has she done more than New York or Illinois? Again I reply, it is not geographical New England that is so feared and hated, but the ideas she represents. I have called these, already, the *Northern* idea. But if the nature of our political philosophy be closely scanned, if we exactly analyze the genius of our institutions in their proper and unbiased action, we shall be forced to acknowledge that it was the *Puritan* idea which predominated; that it is, in fact, the saving clause in the gospel of our national salvation. And New England was the first home of the Puritans—the focus from which have radiated the myriad beams of the light of which they were the repositories to the remotest corners of the land. Let no one be alarmed at the mention of the word *Puritan*. There are some people who have no other notion of a Puritan than that of a close-cropped, saturnine personage, having a nasal twang, who is forevermore indulging an

insane propensity to sing psalms, quote Scripture, or burn witches. These are the people who can never see into the profound deep of a great truth, but are quite ready to laugh at its travesty or caricature. And what high or holy truth has not been caricatured? For one, I envy not the head or the heart of him who can think the name of Puritan a badge of shame or reproach, and who has no sympathy nor admiration for the stern resolution, the wondrous fortitude, the deep enthusiasm for freedom, the unwavering faith, and the high religious devotion of those men and women who first lit a torch in the wilderness, soon to become the beacon light of the world.

Nor would I be understood to mean a wholesale and indiscriminate adoration of the Puritans as a *sect*. The appellation, which was bestowed upon them in opprobrium, and which they certainly wore in no meek manner, but evidently gloried in as a word of highest praise and honor, I use as a convenient one to characterize the idea I would represent. These men were but the chosen instruments in the hands of Him who no doubt has ever ordered the course of affairs in the world, to open up a new epoch in its history. The time was ripe—the men had been moulded—and through them the free principles which had been culminating through the ages, which had stirred the souls, animated the imaginations, and quickened the desires of the best and noblest of the race from its birth till now, were at last to find a resistless voice, a limitless scope, an unrepressed expansion, on a new and magnificent theatre. For freedom is of no time, nor clime, nor color, nor sect, nor nationality. She is the primal gift of God to his intelligent creatures, and is the kingly dower of every human soul. She was not born with the Puritans, nor did she die with them. In no age or land, among no sect or people, has she been without her priesthood, her altar, her ritual, her heart worship.

Nor is she to blame for the wrongs and atrocities committed in her name. The ideas and principles the Puritans were ordained to carry out and embody in a great political structure were of the noblest, rarest, most enduring and beneficent; the faults that marred the beauty and consistency of their own character, were the exaggerations of their virtues, and arose from the frailty and instability of the human heart, even when most governed and inspired by the highest motives. The principles remain steadfast, immovable, immortal; the defects we can but grieve over and forgive for the sake of the grandeur they only marred but could not destroy.

Through the weakness of our nature, through the deceitfulness of the heart, the zeal which, in its proper exercise, is admirable, as inciting us to a grand enthusiasm in a cause believed to be true and holy, oftentimes degenerates into a blind and bitter bigotry, as unreasoning as reprehensible; the faith which pierces the unseen and eternal, and fixes its calm eye on One who sits changeless amid infinite series of changes, all-wise amid infinite follies and wickednesses of His creatures, all-merciful and all-loving amid the hate and opposition of weak, finite hearts, becomes a gloomy asceticism, or a fierce inquisitorial despotism, perverting Him—this glorious and loving God—into a cold, selfish, unreasonable Being, as far removed from our sympathies and love as He is from caring for us, and only existing to receive the hateful homage of fearful and enslaved souls; and what *was* a high, disinterested, fearless devotion to truth and duty becomes a narrow, selfish, insane thirst for the ascendancy of sect or party, or the propagation of some pet dogmas, which, so far from touching practically the happiness, duty, or destiny of the soul, are mere stumbling stones, strewing the dark mountains of vain, egotistic, arrogant human speculation. As there is no power so relentless as a theological or spiritual despot-

ism, so there is no tendency of the mind more easy, subtle, or strong, than a tendency toward it. To say these men erred, is to say that they were men. But if they partook of the common liability to error of this nature, let us not forget that but for them, fallible and inconsistent as they were, the seeds of liberty, wafted from a thousand shores, and gathered through thousands of ages, might not have been transplanted to this continent, nor this mighty banyan of American freedom have struck its million roots into the soil far and wide, and stretched its million interlacing arms abroad, a sure and safe refuge for the nations.

It is not as a *sect* that I admire the Puritans. Away with all party lines, all sectional prejudices, all barriers of creed or sect at such a time as this, when all nations and creeds and colors are forming in serried ranks, a close and impervious breakwater, to resist the threatening tide of rebellion and ruin whose sullen roar is in our ears, and when 'heaps of brothers slain' look into the sad face of heaven from fields where they fell, battling heroically to preserve the common heritage. No! a better day is dawning—a day of fairer promise, of more tranquil beauty, of more enduring blessedness, than ever before gladdened the hearts of men. To see that day come, all the good and true and loyal are waiting and working, no matter of what faith, or tongue, or nationality. I do not regard the sins of the Puritans as resulting from the principles by which they professed to be governed, but rather as something extraneous and antagonistic to them. Their ideas and principles resulted in the broadest constitutional liberty, while the free thought, free speech, free inquiry, the wide individual freedom, which, as a church, under the influence of a stern theological despotism they sought to stifle, under those very institutions they founded are to-day true pride, the life, the glory of free and progressive New England.

It is only in this broad sense, then, that I use the term *Puritan*, to denote the agency whereby Providence saw fit to inaugurate the ideas which were to form the foundation of our national polity.

The Puritan idea, then, predominated in the principles embodied in the Declaration of Rights and in the Constitution. But says one, Washington was no Puritan, nor Jefferson, nor the majority of the first framers of our Government. Granted that they were not born on Puritan soil, *par excellence*, but were they not of the spirit and understanding of the Puritans? (In fact, I suspect that Washington was a Puritan of the Puritans.) A Virginia Puritan, a cavalier Puritan even, was not then the strange phenomenon, the *lusus naturæ*, it would be nowadays. Besides, let it be remembered that the Constitution was not the production of any man or set of men. It was the outgrowth of the political ideas and necessities of the age and country. These men, trained in the spirit of the time, gave direction to their development, assisted to inaugurate the reign of those ideas, and to give them a specific embodiment, no more. Great and good men they were—the fit productions of the renowned epoch of the birth of a great people. It is a noble thing, a thing for fame and just pride, if men live at such a time who can share the inspiration, and cause it to live in great deeds, to say nothing of creating it.

What, then, are the distinguishing characteristics of this Puritan idea or influence?

Since the country had a history at all, New England has been reputed the centre, the abiding home of a pure morality. This needs no elaborate argument to sustain it. The records of her criminal and civil courts attest it; so do the general good order of her small communities and larger cities, as well as the high character of the numerous men and women who, emigrating to the various portions of the country, carry with them, wherever they choose a

home, the pure principles they have learned around the home firesides in their native New England—the industry, the thrift, the obedience to law, the superior intelligence, which make them the best citizens in any community. The New England communities, generally, possess a higher standard of morals, a more intelligent adhesion to what is regarded as duty, a more simple social intercourse, and purer social manners and customs, with fewer dissipation and derelictions, than perhaps any other people in the world can boast. Nor is there claimed for the New England Puritan a perfect character. On the contrary, there are some traits which, in their excess, we could wish were omitted in his composition. These, however, will be found to be but exaggerations of his virtues for the most part, and for the sake of those virtues can easily be tolerated, though they have been sufficiently inveighed against from time to time. From this high state of morals there results a very high degree of *social* order, which, in its result, again, gives large social and individual liberty. Nowhere will there be found a freer people, and yet one more observant of law. Indeed, the former is only the effect of the latter. A cultivated reason sees at once that the more perfectly law is observed, the more absolute does freedom become; that the highest personal and social freedom is only attainable through a perfect obedience to the laws by which persons and societies are bound.

Again, it is no doubt true, and may be stated as a characteristic correlated to the one above mentioned, that nowhere else is a purer gospel preached than in New England. The piety of the New England heart is deep and strong, if not demonstrative and fervent. It is not like the sweep of the winds, nor the rush of the torrents; its faith may be burning, but it is the steady burning of the hidden fire, a vestal flame, not the glare of the conflagration. It rather reminds me, in its depth and

strength and purity, of the ocean, calm, uniform, and monotonous outwardly, but concealing under its surface many a swift current and strong counter-current, many a fair expanse, many a lovely secret of life, beauty, and glory. The religious faith of New England fully and devoutly receives those sublime doctrines of Christianity which were given as good news, indeed, to the race; not to a favored few, but to the individual man and woman of the race. It credits in a real and literal sense the declaration of Paul that 'God hath made of *one* blood all the nations of the earth;' and the opening sentence of the Declaration of Rights is something more to them than a 'glittering generality.' A deep, intelligent religious faith may be said to underlie all the institutions of New England, political and social. For what is that genius of Christianity that has ever found its truest exponent in the teachings of the New England theology, and in the lives and practice of her people? Is it not the liberty of every person, without respect to color or condition, but simply in consideration of his humanity, to learn and to obey every law of his being, physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious? To be untrammelled in following out the best light conscience and revelation may afford him as to the constitution and laws of his being, his duty to himself, his fellow man, and his Creator, and his destiny, which he himself is to determine? The Christian religion may be comprehensively defined as the golden circlet which includes all the complex duties, interests, and affections of the most complex being, man, and lifts him up, and binds him back, with all his capacities, hopes, and sympathies, to the throne of the Infinite, from which, in his low, fettered, and sinful estate, he is an alien; and all this through the love and mercy of the Infinite One Himself. This I conceive to be the true intent and glorious result of Christianity, when allowed to have

free and unimpeded action on the soul of man. It will be seen to be wellnigh limitless—a power adequate to the work to be accomplished, and in this sense is truly ‘the power of God and the wisdom of God.’ This power is dominant, either consciously or unconsciously, over every relation of life in New England, being interwoven in the very life of her institutions. I believe this secret, quiet, yet active, all-pervading influence is very little understood, and yet it will explain much in the Puritan character that no other key will unlock. I have mentioned a pure morality, which is the effect, before a pure Christianity, which is the cause, simply because the effect is more obvious at first glance.

The third great characteristic of the Puritan idea is a *pure republicanism*. In the largest sense, I hold this also to be the effect of the one just mentioned; for, if tested, the whole spirit and tone of Christianity are republican. On New England soil, from the hour when the little band of pilgrim heroes first set foot on an inhospitable shore, by their footprints upon it making a barren rock a holy shrine for the world’s love and veneration, has ever been a sure refuge, a very palladium of republican institutions, of human liberties. It was not alone its religious tendencies that excited the persecution and detestation of Puritanism in the Old World which gave impulse to the resolution to transplant themselves to a land where freedom, if nothing else, was to be found. It was equally as much its republican and democratic theories. Souls made free by the spirit of the Lord, as the souls of those grand old Puritans were, could no more brook the tyranny of the Charleses and Georges of Britain, and so, through blood and fire and sword and chains, was the germ of liberty borne across the watery waste, to be sown anew, as they thought and proposed, in the genial soil of the region bordering on the Hudson, but, as God willed it, in

the perverse and barren soil of rock-bound, sea-washed New England. Truly this was a novel spectacle. Never in the history of peoples before was it seen that a bare idea was strong enough to lay the foundations of a great state, through persecution, exile, and death, and untold privations worse than death. O you who would bring discredit on the memory and name of the Puritans, recall this noblest era of time; rise for one hour, if your souls have any wings, to the height of this grandeur, and bid calumny and defamation be dumb!

This germ of republican freedom took deep root, and acquired an ineradicable hold of their civil polity, and the whole machinery of their civil government; and, spreading from New England to the adjoining colonies, and from these to others, soon permeated the whole confederation, at length forming the basis of a national government, a national condition which has heretofore represented the highest civilization of the world.

Is it not plain, then, *why* they do so, who oppose and hate the influence and ideas of New England? If anything could measure the utter vileness of slavery and its degrading effect on the mind, it would be the consideration of the unblushing assurance with which its lovers defend it, and at the same time assail those sacred principles which lie at the root of our national life, and without which we are dead and cumbering the ground. Our nation holds *in trust* certain principles, for the successful carrying out of which the nations of the earth wait in hushed and anguished expectancy, and in the failure of which we should be no better than any of the effete, defunct peoples of buried ages; or, rather, in the failure to bring them to a triumphant vindication, we had far better be as Sodom and Gomorrah. These principles are now the stake for which the loyal men of the land are gladly offering up life, treasure, children, *all*, so they but win.

We hear a great deal, nowadays, from rebel sources, of the different race which settled Virginia and Carolina from that which peopled New England, and the immeasurable superiority of the former. If the mouthpiece of the confederacy, Mr. Jefferson Davis, may be believed, the latter and their descendants are not worthy even to be the *slaves* of the former, and are a degree lower in the scale of creation than the *hyenas*! Differing in language, manners, customs, ideas, there is no possibility of a peaceable union, say the confederate organs. In fine, language is exhausted of epithets expressive of their scorn, contempt, and hatred of the *Yankees*, as they are opprobriously nicknamed. But do these men ignore the fact that the original settlers of both New England and Virginia were purely English? They were from the same stock precisely. As to the *character* of each, I cannot do better than to quote from a work of which Americans may well be both glad and proud, a work that has set us and our institutions in a truer and juster light than any before it. I allude to the work of M. De Tocqueville on 'Democracy in America.' In volume first, chapter fifth, he says:

'The men sent to Virginia were seekers of gold, adventurers without resources and without character, whose turbulent and restless spirits endangered the infant colony, and rendered its progress uncertain. The artisans and agriculturists arrived afterward; and although they were a more moral and orderly race of men, they were in no wise above the level of the inferior classes in England. No lofty conceptions, no intellectual system, directed the foundation of these new settlements.'

He adds, in a note:

'It was not till some time later, that a certain number of rich English capitalists came to fix themselves in the colony.'

It is true that in the course of time some men of high character and position were attracted to the genial climate and virgin resources of the new

Southern colonies, and, buying up large tracts of land, fixed themselves permanently, sensibly modifying the condition of affairs. The descendants of such men as these afterward became the most famous leaders of the Revolution which Puritan principles effected. They were men of whom descendants may well be proud, but it is certain that they have had *very few* descendants; *therefore*, the great body of the slaveholders, each one of whom would fain believe himself, and try to make others believe him, a scion of this renowned stock, must have had a very different origin.

In striking contrast with the above account, here is what he says of the first settlers of the Northern colonies:

'The settlers who established themselves on the shores of New England all belonged to the more independent classes of their native country. Their union on the soil of America at once presented the singular phenomenon of a society containing neither lords nor common people, neither rich nor poor. These men possessed, in proportion to their number, a greater mass of intelligence than is to be found in any European nation of our own time. All, without a single exception, had received a good education, and many of them were known in Europe for their talents and their acquirements. The other colonies had been founded by adventurers without family; the emigrants of New England brought with them the best elements of order and morality; they landed in the desert, accompanied by their wives and children. But what most especially distinguished them was the aim of their undertaking. They had not been obliged by necessity to leave their country; the social position they abandoned was one to be regretted, and their means of subsistence were certain. Nor did they cross the Atlantic to improve their situation, or to increase their wealth: the call which summoned them from the comforts of their homes was purely intellectual; and in facing the inevitable sufferings of exile, their object was the triumph of an idea.'

Let the world judge between the Puritan and the so-called Cavalier!

As the same author remarks—'The influence of slavery, united to the English character, explains the manners and the social condition of the Southern States;' so it is no less true, that the influence of an almost unlimited democracy, the product of widespread intelligence and pure religion, united to the English character, explains the peculiar civilization of New England. It is nothing strange, certainly, that, after the wide and continued divergence of two aggressive principles for more than two hundred years, they should at last come to stand in the position of giant antagonisms, and close in a deadly grapple for the ascendancy. It is perfectly natural that the ignorance and mental darkness of slave Virginia or Carolina should fear and hate above all things the light of knowledge that streams from New England; it is natural that the unquestioned immorality and laxity of principle engendered by slavery should shrink from the contrast with a state of morals unsurpassed for purity in the world; and that an obsequious church and clergy, which, in the holy name of religion, and 'using the livery of heaven to serve the devil in,' had dared by the thinnest sophistries and most palpable perversions to garble the true teachings of the Bible, and been willing to brave the anathemas denounced against those who add to or subtract from aught written therein, should accede willingly to a separation which could relieve them somewhat from an odious comparison, to say the least. Compare the vigorous, consistent, and sublime theology of New England, the widely spread influence of her cultivated and philanthropic clergy, with that part of the clergy and church of the South which, in sustaining slavery, has lost all hold upon human sympathies, all influence, save in the regions where the highest crime against humanity has become a matter of interest, of sordid speculation. Alas! what sadder spectacle could be seen than the ministers of Christ using

their talents to lead their people into wrong, mocking religion, trailing its snowy wings in the mire of the most corrupt political dogmas, doing their utmost to upheave that grand corner stone set by Christ himself in the primal temple of Christianity and humanity: 'All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.'

That men and women, taught from infancy to look upon slavery as a moral and political as well as a material good; whose ideas, manners, habits have become interwoven with its existence in their midst, and who, no matter how falsely, as those may think who look upon it from a comparatively disinterested standpoint, conceive that it lies at the base of their social prosperity and happiness; who have been accustomed from forum, hustings, pulpit, and press, to hear an institution that appeals to so many selfish instincts and principles in the human heart, lauded and defended, and made to be the Ultima Thule of Southern hope, pride, and ambition; that they should view with displeasure and anger such an influence as the institutions of New England must always wield, is not so surprising. But that men can be found here in the free North, yea, more, in New England itself, to sympathize with them, to echo their degraded sentiments, and to wish to see the slave power supreme in the land, is what surpasses wonder, and almost belief. Yet a portion of a large, old, and venerated party have come to be their miserable allies and claqueurs. The truth is, we may say and believe that slavery is a dire wrong, a foul injustice, done to a whole race, and therefore ought to die, but that does not tell one half of the damning story: the worst is this, that it gradually kills out the virtue, the manliness, the moral vitality of the nation that allows it; that it has done so in our own nation to an alarming extent is the great, the fear-impelling cause

why it should be rooted out, abolished, as an influence in the Government.

'Ah, but,' says the Northern traitor, 'that very *abolition* has done the whole mischief. If there had been no Abolitionists, there would have been no war. The *Abolitionists* are responsible for it all.' Softly, poor, weak-minded man! Does not any man's common sense tell him that wherever a wrong exists, it is in the nature of things that somebody should oppose it—that a desire should arise to get rid of it? It is the *chief* mercy of God to the world, next to His providing salvation for it, that this *conscience* is left to it, this sense of wrong, and the will and struggle to abolish the wrong. For such remonstrance the Abolitionists are indeed responsible!

There are certain words that have come to be used in an indefinite, canting sort of way, so that they have no meaning at all, or, at least, a meaning very deceptive. These words represent bugbears to unthinking people, and unscrupulous men do not fail to pervert this fact to their own or party ends. Such are some of the terms which have been applied to New England, both South and North. She is called *radical*, and a most absurd and mischievous idea of New England radicalism is rife, especially in the South. Said a Southern gentleman to me on one occasion (he was a physician, was one of the most intelligent slaveholders I ever met, and was an occasional contributor to *De Bow's Review*):

'You New Englanders do not believe anything; you are all freethinkers—is it not so?'

Par parenthese, that word *freethinker* is another of the terms conventionally abused. This gentleman had just been speaking of this very thing, New England radicalism, and in his query showed an evident idea that it involved that species of unbelief, that discarding of all creeds or standards of belief, popularly known as *freethinking*. It also includes, in the minds of

many of the Southern people, the exercise of a kind of personal license, an abandoning of the good old established landmarks of thought and action, and a strong-minded striking out into new paths of experiment, regardless of form or law. A Northern woman going to the South is assumed to be *strong-minded*, especially, till she has proved herself *feminine*. There is nothing so absurd as this idea, when one considers that there is no people on earth as free, independent, and original, intellectually, as they are, who possess so deep and abiding a respect and veneration for those same laws and institutions. New England is the prolific hive whence swarm all the *isms* that infest the country, say they. They do not understand that in a state of society where education is universal, where mind is constantly meeting mind, and thought clashing with thought, the restless and heaving mass must be always throwing up something to the surface, it may be froth, it may be tangled weeds, rough stones, or plain shells, or it may be curious and valuable gems fit to glitter in a coronet, or shells of dazzling colors and manifold convolutions fit to shine in rare cabinets. The waveless and stagnant calm of the mass of the Southern mind can have no conception of the intellectual movement that is ever going on in such a community as New England.

But this radicalism especially bears on its 'horrid front' that bugbear of all conservatism, the world over—*abolition*. There is no word so abused as that. The thing itself is as old and inevitable as the relation of cause and effect, as the existence of sin and righteousness, as the contest between God and Satan. Just as if there could help being an abolition sentiment where there existed the aggressive, hateful principle of slavery!

Then that peculiar and valuable trait of Yankee character, which the French so aptly call *savoir faire*, and which they themselves term *faculty*, the power

of accomplishing, the knowing how to do, the understanding how to suit means to ends, which makes a Yankee so useful and versatile, and consequently a valuable acquisition to society—has received its full share of Southern abuse and ridicule. 'They palm off upon us their inventions, half of which are worthless,' say they. 'They cheat us with their wares, their manufactures, their patents, and nostrums. They grow rich on our necessities, and take the world's trade from our harbors, so superior to theirs, and they are always busy, and intermeddling in everybody's affairs; and we hate them—ah, how we do hate them!' In short, a certain leading class at the South, that which moulds and leads the hollow, shrinking, scared thing they called *public opinion*, have come to hate and detest everything distinctively New English, and finally to make the wicked, traitorous attempt to overturn the Government, which they know received its highest and controlling impulse from the Puritan ideas of that portion of the country. In the material world, nothing is plainer than the fact embodied in the old adage, 'Straws show which way the wind blows.' In the realm of moral and social law, however, the indications, just as palpable, of the direction in which the current of public sentiment is setting, are usually ignored or pass unobserved at the time being; and not till great events have called attention to the causes that produced them, do these indications take all the prominence due to them. These minor symptoms I have noticed, of the dislike of New England in the Southern mind, have been plainly to be seen in all the doings and sayings of their public men of this generation at least, to go no further back, and in the utterances of the press throughout the South. Flings, innuendoes, sarcasms, condescensions, insults, have been heaped upon the *Yankees*, by the representatives of the slave power, in the National Congress, in the State Legis-

latures, in their public speeches, and by the minions of the press, until it would seem as if they must have fallen on dead ears, so little fever they have stirred in the blood of the North. Still, if any one supposes that the ostensible causes of dislike are the real ones, he is mistaken. Does any man of them all, of these leaders, I mean, suppose for one instant that the Yankee negro-trader, overseer, peddler, lucre-loving tradesman, slaver, slave catcher, subservient politician, or mouthing, dirt-swallowing pulpit huckster, is a true representative of the influence and ideas of New England? Or that the present Copperhead Democracy of that section is the real exponent of the genuine spirit of the Puritan Democracy? Certainly not. They are shrewd men, of great discernment, and in their way brave and chivalrous, and I verily do not wonder if they would not have these renegade Yankees even as *slaves*. No! the actual cause of their hatred is the silent, all-pervading influence of the *free institutions* of New England, which derive their power and efficacy from the universal means of education there enjoyed. Shut up the school-houses, and burn the schoolbooks in New England, to-day, and let these free institutions become a dead letter thereby, and the *Yankees* would be as good as anybody in their eyes, because the sword which their intelligence keeps ever suspended over the head of slavery would be effectually laid to rust in its scabbard. Is it not a pitiful, a disgusting sight, that men are found, Northern men, *New-England Yankees* even, to kneel before the slaveocrats still, after the load of scorn and contumely already heaped upon them, and humbly cry, 'More—give us more contempt—our backs are made to bear the burden!'

God pity such creatures!

And these are the men who advocate a confederation of States with New England left out to shift for herself! New England left out? Fools! to

think it possible. Knaves! to deem it desirable, if it were possible. As well banish the Creator from the universe He has made—the sun from the system he warms and enlightens! Not until you have destroyed the essence, the inner spirit of the Government which of all the governments in the world secures ‘the greatest good to the greatest number;’ not until Freedom is dead and laid in her final grave; not until the temple of knowledge is barred and double barred; not until all your common schools are closed, your free presses manacled, your free Bible suppressed, your right of free speech and free inquiry smothered to death; not until your ships have gone down in the waters, and the hammer rests in your shipyards, and your railroads cease to open a way in the wilderness made straight for the entrance of the most advanced civilization; not until the race of Yankee capitalists is extinct, and enterprise, thrift, industry, nerve, moral courage, the intellectual conquest of the material world become traditional, will that be possible. No! I thank God, that the record of New England is so sure and indelible that nothing can root her out of this land, not even if her whole geographical area were forever submerged by the waters of the ocean that girts her round in barren majesty. Ideas, principles, can never die or be effaced. They shall survive the wreck of matter, and the final catastrophe of the universe. And her empire is that of ideas. Small as she is, she wields the power of the very foremost ideas of the highest civilization of the world. These ideas have at last held at bay the so long encroaching slave principles which were so strangely left to grow alongside with them by the early framers of the Government, and who doubts which is to conquer? The struggle may be a long one, a costly one, and freedom may at last barely escape with her life. But so sure as humanity sweeps onward; so sure as the average progress of the

race is never retrograde; so sure as right bears in its bosom the seeds of eternal life, and wrong the seeds of eternal death; so sure as God sits on His throne and ‘the heavens do rule,’ the free ideas of New England will yet bear sway over this continent, and, in their moral force at least, mould and remodel the governments of the world. If not preserved intact by the men of this generation, then by others will this ultimate result be reached. God is not confined in His agencies. He sets up one, and puts down another, and the generation that is found worthy to build the temple for Him to dwell in, to preserve and perfect the beautiful heritage He has provided for His freed-men, His redeemed and enfranchised people out of all the nations in which they have been held in mental and political bondage, shall have the honor and privilege, be sure. And think not, O ye men to whom is committed this high trust, that it will be a small thing to leave this birthright unto others; for as no people were ever before so distinguished in having this holiest ark of the covenant of freedom in their midst, so the grave of infamy into which ye shall be cast, if the Philistines dispossess you of it, shall be bottomless. There is no resurrection for the people who should betray such a cause, freighted as it is with the hopes and future destiny of the struggling races of the earth.

And O ye other men (would ye were men!) who are in league with traitors, ay, who are even worse than they, to do this accursed thing, know that this pit is yawning for you. Down—down—deeper—deeper—pressed to perdition by the curses of those who are to come after you, whom you wronged so remorselessly.

In that terrific vision of hell, seen by the poet Dante, those who had betrayed country, freedom, were visited by the most awful sufferings, pursued by the most vengeful fiends, and pushed to the most dire extremity of woe.

Among the pale, haunted, shrieking shades flitting through that limbo of horrors, they were conspicuous in punishment. And if remorse is in reality the undying worm, the quenchless fire of that future state which recompenses for the deeds of this, surely the traitor to this good, free Government will be made to experience its unmeasured horrors. The salvation of our country, then, and its position and influence as one of the family of nations, depend on its return to, and its enforcing of, those fundamental principles of freedom, moral right, and justice which underlie our system, and for the most part form our superstructure. Ours is the moral lever that is to move the world, if we will have it so. If we lose our moral prestige we are nothing. We have the best Government in the world, but it has, since the time of the fathers, for the most part, been the worst administered. Instead of being made to work in the interest of freedom, the opposite has been the fact, and the whole influence and patronage of the Government for years have been in favor of the slave element. Prior to the incoming of the present Administration, this gradual deterioration in the animus of the Federal Government had culminated in a condition so disgraceful and shameful, that it is enough to dye the cheek of any honest man with red, only to think of it. It was time, if ever, for the climax to be put upon it all, and now it will be a thing to give endless thanks for, if enough virtue and manliness and true patriotism are left in the loyal States to bring the nation, under God, safely through the troubles and disasters into which its supineness, its temporizing and subserviency to wrong have led it.

Oh, could I speak with the convincing tones of a prophet or an angel, instead of the weak voice of a woman, I would make myself heard throughout the length and breadth of the land by every man, of whatever caste or color, whatever birth or tongue, whatever nationality or political creed, North, East, West, South, and especially this great West, of which I am so proud and confident, and would say to them :

'Rise ! quit you like men—be strong ! Upon you the ends of the world have come. If you have manhood, assert it now ! If you are worthy the name of American, make it *now* to be honored among the nations. If there is any incentive in the glory of the career that would open to the accelerated progress of a Union at last free and redeemed, without a tyrant or a slave, let it nerve your hearts and inspire your exertions *now*. If you do not desire the self-gratulations of the crowned despots of the world, and the despair and lamentation of their subject millions, see to it that this great experiment of self-government fail not *now*. If you would gladden the hearts of our friends in other lands, the Brights and Cobdens, the Gasparins and Laboulayes, liberal men, who love truth, justice, right, freedom, who are 'one with their kind,' be ambitious of coöperating with them in the work of human elevation and amelioration.'

Those who seize upon great opportunities are the men whom History rescues from oblivion, and sets in the memory of mankind forever, whether with blessings or cursings, with glory or shame, as the benefactors or the enemies of their kind. A rare opportunity is passing before this nation. Who will seize upon it, and how ? We shall see.

WAITING FOR NEWS!

The succeeding Poem, 'Waiting for News,' was written by a mother, who says.

'If there is any power in truth, this poem should express what is intended; for my own boy, but little more than fifteen, had been in the battle at Culpepper, and I knew not if he were living or dead! He was far too young to enter the army, but I could not resist his earnest pleadings—for he is tall and manly, and I well knew, were I in his place, I too would shoulder my knapsack and go!'

All honor to such mothers!—Ez.

WAITING, O Father! a fond mother waiting,
Waiting *so* anxious, the dark tide's abating!
Waiting all breathless, in agonized anguish,
Living by heart-throbs that spring up—then languish;
Catching each sound that comes back from the battle,
Dark shrieks and groans and the lonely death rattle,
Imaging visions of feverish thirsting—
Hearts in their uttermost loneliness bursting!

Thinking of *him*, late the babe of her bosom,
Fair faced and blue eyed, love's tenderest blossom,
Dashing along 'mid the carnage around him,
Fearless as Mars 'mid the balls that surround him,
Changed, as by magic, from home's tender brother,
Lovingest son, both to father and mother—
Changed to a man, to a stern, noble soldier—
None in the field that is braver or bolder!
Writing: 'I'm proud of the name, dearest mother!
Craven is he who would hold any other
While our loved standard of freedom's in danger,
May he forever be held as a stranger!'
Such are the words in his last noble letter!
What fifteen years that could write any better?
Now I am waiting to know if he's wounded—
Waiting—to know how my fears must be bounded:
Closed his eyes *may* be to sorrow or danger—
Dead he *may* be in the land of the stranger!

God of the desolate—Rachel's Consoler!
Light of the universe—Nature's Controller!
Pity me, pity me! Send consolation!
Let not my heart feel this deep desolation!
He is *so* young, and he loves me so truly—
Scourge me not, Father! so deep—so unduly!
Leave him! to lighten my life-load of sorrow!
Leave him to brighten the clouds of my morrow!
Leave him to love me when other loves fail me,
Leave him to strengthen when rude storms assail me!
Leave him—so kind, both as son and as brother;
Leave him, a future of hope to his mother!

God of all battles ! speed, speed this decision !
 Let us not look, as afar, at a vision !
 Send to our soldiers the true men to lead them :
They have the courage—do Thou guide and speed them !
 Then shall our sisters, our wives, and our mothers
 Feel that our husbands, our sons, and our brothers,
 Though they may fall, are not led to the altar
 Heedless and reckless, like beasts by the halter !
 Then we may feel, though their dear blood is staining
 Freedom's fair banner, a COUNTRY we're gaining !
 Then we may look, though with eyes dim and burning,
 Some day or other, their blessed returning !
 Or we may see, though with eyes dim with weeping,
 Freedom's bird hover in love o'er their sleeping :
 Feeling, though sorrow may make our heads hoary,
 They are not victims of weakness, but glory !



EARLY HISTORY OF THE PRINTING AND NEWSPAPER PRESS IN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

To write an article on the history of the Art of Printing, without paying our respects, in the first instance, to the Devil and Doctor Faustus, will be considered not only a violation of all precedent, but, as regards those individuals, a positive breach of good manners. They have so long been associated together, not only in popular tradition but in books, that the greater part of the reading world seem to think them to have been the original partners in the republic of letters. Indeed, for some absurd reason or other, the opinion is even yet quite prevalent that one of the original concern has been a silent partner, though not a sleeping one, in every printing establishment since. The proposition, to this extent, is certainly inadmissible; and yet, from the moral condition of a large portion of the press, it must be confessed there is strong presumptive evidence that in the unhappy influences exercised by the personage referred to over

the affairs of men, he is not altogether neglectful of the press. Be this, however, as it may, the press has become, in this country especially, an engine of such great importance in the daily affairs of life—its energies are of such tremendous power, either for good or evil, that it is believed a few moments can be profitably spent in glancing at its rise and early progress in Boston and New York.

The honor of setting up the first printing press in the American Colonies belongs to Massachusetts. Only eighteen years had elapsed from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, before a press was in operation at Cambridge—then as populous as Boston. The project of establishing a press in the New World was conceived and almost executed by the Rev. Jesse Glover, a dissenting clergyman in England, who had interested himself largely in planting the colony, and a portion of whose family was already in America. Mr.

Glover raised the means of purchasing his press, types, and other necessary apparatus by contributions in England and Holland. With these materials he embarked for America in 1638, but died a few days before the ship reached the shore. Cambridge was at that time the seat of the civil and ecclesiastical power in Massachusetts; and as the academy which subsequently grew into Cambridge University had then been commenced, it was determined by the leading men of the colony to establish the press there; and there it remained for sixty years under their control, and forty years before a press was established in any other colony. The first printer was Stephen Day, engaged in London by Mr. Glover, and supposed to be a descendant of the celebrated John Day, the noted printer. The second printer in the Colonies was Samuel Green, to whom Day relinquished the business in 1649. Colonel Samuel Green, the late venerable editor of the *New London Gazette*, was a descendant in a direct line from the original printer of that name; the family having uninterruptedly engaged in that business for nearly two hundred years. The elder Green printed the Indian Bibles and Testaments for those early apostles of the New World who first engaged in the benevolent work of attempting the civilization and evangelization of the aboriginals of this country—a noble race of wild men, who have melted away before the palefaces, like the hoarfrost beneath the beams of the morning sun.

The sturdy republican religionists of New England became very soon as chary of allowing the freedom of the press as were the Pontiff and the crowned heads of Europe. Some religious tracts having been published which the clergy and the General Court deemed of too liberal a character, licensers of the press were appointed in 1662; but in the year following, it was ordered by the Provincial Government that 'the printing press be as free as

formerly.' This freedom, however, was soon exerted more freely than ever. The attention and the fears of the Government were accordingly again awakened; and in October, 1664, it was enacted that no printing press should be allowed in any other town or place of the colony than Cambridge; and that no person or persons should be permitted to print anything even there, but by the allowance of at least two of a board of three censors appointed for that purpose. But even the licensers were not sufficiently rigid to please the General Court—for, having permitted the publication of that most excellent and pious little work, 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, it was held to be heretical by the Legislature, and its further publication without a new revision was prohibited in 1667. The principal specification against it was that it was written by a Popish minister.

In 1671, the General Court directed the revision and publication of the laws of the colony. Until that time the laws had always been printed at the expense of the commonwealth. But a wealthy bookseller, by the name of John Usher, applied for permission to publish them on his own account; and to prevent Green from printing extra copies for himself, he procured the passage of an act prohibiting the printing of any more copies than he should direct; and in this enactment we find the origin of copyright in this country. In 1678, the copyright was secured to Usher for seven years. Green soon became a prolific printer. He came to this country so destitute as to be obliged to sleep under the shelter of a barrel; but lived to an advanced age, and had two wives and nineteen children. He was early in life elected an ensign of the Cambridge militia company, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain, under which commission he served thirty years. So exceeding fond was he of his martial life, that, when extremely old, he was carried to the

parade ground in a chair to direct the exercises of his company. Some of his descendants have been engaged in the printing business for more than a century past in Connecticut. Others of his family established their business at Annapolis, in Maryland, in 1740, where it has been continued by their descendants until the present day.

The partner of the elder Green, for a number of years, was Marmaduke Johnson, who had been sent over from England by the Commissioners of Indian affairs to assist in printing the Bible in the Indian language. He turned out badly, however, and, in two years after his arrival, was tried and convicted of making an unlawful *impression* upon Mr. Green's daughter. The charge in the indictment was 'for alluring the daughter of Mr. Samuel Green, printer, and drawing away her affection, without the consent of her father.' This was a direct breach of the law of the colony; for in those good times, no young lady might venture to fall in love without, like a dutiful child, asking her father's consent. But Johnson was doubly guilty, since he had a wife in England. He was therefore fined five pounds, and ordered to go home to his first love. This order, however, was for a time evaded; and he afterward found means of procuring a reconciliation with Green—his wife having probably died in the mean time—and of entering into a partnership with the father of his American charmer. Her prudent father, however, as is most likely, obliged her to leave off loving him, since the chronicles of those days say that the inconstant typographer was married in 1770 to Ruth Cane of Cambridge. He then began to look up in the world, and was elected to the office of constable, which in those days was much more elevated than that of sheriff is now.

In 1674 the first press was established in Boston by permission of the General Court; and two additional licensers were appointed—one of whom was the

Rev. Increase Mather. The printer was John Foster, who was also somewhat of an astronomer. He made and printed almanacs; but died at the early age of thirty-three. He was a man of so much consideration that two poems were published on the occasion of his death. One of them concluded with the following lines:

'This body, which no activeness did lack,
Now 's laid aside like an old almanack;—
But for the present 's only out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair EDITION, and of matchless worth,
Free from ERRATAS, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the Great Creator,
It shall be done, when he saith IMPRIMATUR.'

'Whoever,' says Isaiah Thomas, 'has read the celebrated epitaph of Franklin on himself, will have some suspicion that it was taken from this original.'

One of Green's apprentices was an Indian lad, who became master of the business, and assisted in printing Eliot's Indian Bible. When King Philip's war came on, however, his bosom was fired with *amor patriæ*, and he ran off and joined himself to his countrymen. Returning again, under the proclamation, after the death of the great Narragansett king, James, for such was his English name, obtained a pardon, and worked at the business for the remainder of his life. From Eliot's account of him, he was the most accurate printer in the colony—the only one 'who was able to correct the press with understanding.' He printed the Psalter and several other works in the Indian language; and being always known as James the Printer, he assumed the latter as his surname. He married and reared a family by that name, whose descendants were recently living in Grafton.

The first newspaper published in North America was the *Boston News Letter*, commenced in April, 1704, by John Campbell. It was printed by the authority of the licensers, as a half sheet of what was then called pot paper—a

large size of foolscap. Campbell was a bookseller, and the postmaster of Boston. The paper was printed by Bartholomew Green. The first number contained the Queen's speech to both houses of Parliament; some notice of the attempts of the Pretender, James the Eighth of Scotland, who was said to be sending over Popish missionaries from France; three or four paragraphs of domestic intelligence; four items of ship news from Philadelphia, New York, and New London; and one advertisement by the editor. The paper was continued fifteen years, weekly, upon the half sheet of foolscap, without a rival on the continent, and continually languishing for want of support.* In 1719 the editor made a great effort to enlarge his publication. He stated in his prospectus that he found it to be impossible, with a weekly half sheet, to carry on all the public occurrences of Europe, with those of the American colonies and the West Indies. He was then thirteen months behind the news from Europe, and to obviate the difficulty he resolved to publish every other week a full sheet of foolscap. He afterward announced, as the advantage of this enlargement, that in eight months he was able to bring down the foreign news to within five months of the date of his publication!

What a contrast between the newspaper of that day and our own! Then news from England, five months old, was fresh and racy. Now we must have it in twelve days, and even then send out fleets of newsboats from Cape Race to bring it to us two days sooner than steam can take the ship up to New York and Boston. Then, news seven days old from New York to Boston was swift enough for an express. Now, if we cannot obtain the news from Washington in less than the same number of minutes, we rave and storm, and talk

of starting new telegraph companies. Then, four snug little foolscap papers a month contained all that the world was doing that any one cared to know. Now, a paper published every morning as large as a mainsail needs a supplement; and I presume there is not an editor in any of our large cities who publishes half the new matter he gets prepared.

The second American newspaper was the *Boston Gazette*, the first number of which was published in December, 1719, by William Brookes, the successor of Campbell as postmaster. It was printed on half a sheet of foolscap by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin, who served his apprenticeship with him. The proprietor, printer, and publisher of the *Gazette*, however, were soon changed; and in 1721 the *New England Courant* was established in Boston by James Franklin, who was both proprietor and publisher. With the establishment of this paper commenced the newspaper wars of America, which have continued ever since. Franklin, piqued at having been ousted from the *Gazette*, commenced attacking that journal with bitterness. He did not make the *Courant* so much of a newspaper as an essayist; and it was filled with discussions of the prevailing religious opinions of that day, and with attacks upon the public officers and the clergy. These essays were furnished by a society of nine literary gentlemen, who were called a set of freethinkers by some, and the 'Hell Fire Club' by others. Young Benjamin wrote some of the essays, although the authorship was not at the time known. Among other matters, inoculation for the small pox was then warmly opposed as being highly improper. The character of the paper was spirited, and its tone that of religious scepticism. It was not long in attracting much of the public attention, and in provoking the resentment of the colonial Government and clergy. The Rev. Increase Mather having been claimed in the *Courant* as one of its

* For the benefit of the curious reader, I would state that a perfect file of the *Boston News Letter* is still preserved in the Worcester Historical Library. There is also an imperfect file in the New York Historical Society Library.

supporters, came out with a long and wrathful contradiction of the assertion. 'I can well remember,' says that eminent and excellent divine, 'when the civil Government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a *curse* *libel*! which, if it be not done, I am afraid that some *awful judgment* will come upon this land, and that the wrath of God will arise, and there will be no remedy. I cannot but pity poor Franklin, who, though but a young man, it may be, speedily he must appear before the judgment seat of God; and what answer will he be able to give for printing things so vile and abominable?' In sober truth, it would be well for all those connected with the press to bear in mind this passage from that excellent man; for who can estimate the evil of even one lie, once put into circulation?

It was not long before Franklin was arrested by the Government, and imprisoned four weeks in the common jail, for the conduct of his paper. The council also published an order, setting forth that Franklin had published many passages, boldly reflecting upon the Government of the province, the ministry, the churches, and the college, and that it often contained paragraphs tending to fill the readers' minds with vanity to the dishonor of God, and the service of good men—in consequence of which, it was resolved that nothing should be published in the said colony, that had not been first perused and allowed by the secretary of the colony.

The order does not seem to have been enforced; and the first number of the paper, after James Franklin's release, contained another essay from the club, of increased boldness. It was headed by a sort of a text as follows: '*And then, after they had anathematized and cursed a man to the devil, and the devil would not, or did not, take him, then to make the sheriff and the jailer take the devil's leavings.*'

Other publications, equally liberal, and equally offensive to the civil au-

thorities, were brought before both Houses of the General Court, and a joint committee was appointed to consider and report. This committee reported that the tendency of Franklin's paper was 'to mock religion and bring it into contempt.' They therefore recommended that James Franklin be prohibited from publishing anything not previously examined and approved by the secretary. The recommendation was adopted, but Franklin again disregarded the order, for which he was prosecuted for a contempt of the General Court; but the jury ignored the bill. He was, however, bound to good behavior, in conformity to the order of the General Court.

These proceedings were severely attacked in the *American Weekly Mercury*, which by that time had been established in Philadelphia; and the Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts was denounced as being made up of oppressors and bigots, who made religion only an engine of destruction to the people. Their public officers were proclaimed to be remarkable for their hypocrisy, raised up as 'a scourge in the hands of the Almighty for' the sins of the people.'

These attacks were undoubtedly written by the club in Boston and sent to Philadelphia for publication. But neither the club nor James Franklin would submit to the order of the Court; and for the purpose of evading it, the name of James was taken out of the paper, and that of Benjamin substituted. The latter was then a minor, and this was the first introduction of his name into public life. But though a poor printer's lad, the name thus first used as a shield for others who were behind the curtains, has since challenged the world for illustrious deeds of his own.

With this change of the name of the publisher, came a new prospectus, probably the first effort of the kind, of the then youthful philosopher. This prospectus was rather an odd one, as will

be seen by the following extract: 'The main design of this weekly will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life; which in so large a place as Boston will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersation of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of human life.'

The character of the paper, however, does not appear to have been changed for the better by the change of names. It was continued in the name of Benjamin Franklin some time after he had left it; but the members of the club at length grew wearied with the labor, and the paper expired in 1737. James Franklin then removed to Rhode Island, and established the first newspaper in that State, at Newport.

It remains to notice but one more of the early Boston editors, who seems to have been an odd fish—somewhat witty, but, to use a homely proverb, 'as rough as a rat-catcher's dog.' He first established the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal*, in 1731, and afterward the *Boston Evening Post*. His name was Thomas Fleet. Massachusetts was then a slaveholding country, and Fleet owned several negroes, two of whom he instructed in the art of printing. Their names were Pompey and Caesar—the only two *Romans*, I believe, who ever belonged to the printing fraternity. These honest fellows lived and printed until after the war of the Revolution, having become freemen by the Constitution of Massachusetts of 1780. Fleet was droll and witty in the conduct of his paper, especially in his advertisements. Witness the following advertisement of one of his negro women for sale: 'To be sold, by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, will work like a beaver.'

There was a common evil existing in those days which, it is to be feared,

has now become chronic. People were prone to omit paying for their newspapers. Fleet had often to complain of this crying sin, even against men of great religious professions. On one occasion he read them quite a severe lesson upon their injustice and oppression in this respect. 'Every one,' says he, 'thinks he has a right to read news, but few find themselves inclined to pay for it. 'Tis a great pity a soil that will bear *pisty* so well, should not produce a tolerable crop of common honesty.'

It is, moreover, slanderously reported in the ancient chronicles, that Fleet was not blessed with the most beautiful and sweet-tempered wife and daughters in Boston. On one occasion he invited a friend to dine with him on *pouts*, a kind of fish then esteemed a great delicacy, and of which he knew his friend to be remarkably fond. His domestic matters, however, did not move along very smoothly that morning, and when they sat down to table, the gentleman remarked that the *pouts* were wanting.

'Oh no,' said Fleet, 'only look at my wife and daughters!'

Twenty-one years elapsed from the establishment of a newspaper in Boston, before William Bradford commenced the *New York Gazette*, in October, 1725. It was printed on a half sheet of foolscap, with a large and almost wornout type. There is a large volume of these papers in the New York City Library, in good preservation. The advertisements do not average more than three or four a week, and these are mostly of runaway negroes. The ship news was diminutive enough; now and then a ship, and some half a dozen sloops arriving and leaving in the course of the week. Such was the daily paper published in the commercial metropolis of the United States, one hundred and thirty-eight years ago!

Eight years after the establishment of Bradford's *Gazette*, the *New York Weekly Journal* was commenced by

John Philip Zengar. This paper was established for the purpose of opposing the colonial administration of Governor Crosby, under the patronage, as was supposed, of the Honorable Rip Van Dam, who had previously discharged the duties of the executive office, as President of the Council. The first great libel suit tried in New York was instituted by the Government in 1784 against Zengar. He was imprisoned by virtue of a warrant from the Governor and Council; and a concurrence of the House of Representatives in the prosecution was requested. The House, however, declined. The Governor and Council then ordered the libellous papers to be burned by the common hangman, or whipper, near the pillory. But both the common whipper and the common hangman were officers of the corporation, not of the Crown, and they declined officiating at the illumination. The papers were therefore burned by the sheriff's deputy at the order of the Governor. An ineffectual attempt was next made to procure an indictment against Zengar, but the grand jury refused to find a bill. The Attorney-General was then directed to file no information against him for printing the libels, and he was kept in prison until another term. His counsel offered exceptions to the commissions of the judges, which the latter not only refused to hear, but excluded his counsel, Messrs. Smith and Alexander, from the bar. Zengar then obtained other counsel—John Chambers, of New York, and Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia. The trial at length came on, and excited great interest. The truth, under the old English law of libel, could never be given in evidence, and was of course excluded on the present trial. Hamilton nevertheless tried the case with great ability. He showed the jury that they were the judges as well of the law as of the fact, and Zengar was acquitted. The verdict was received with cheers by the audience; and the corporation voted the freedom of the city

to Andrew Hamilton, 'for the remarkable service done to the inhabitants of this city and colony, by his defence of the rights of mankind and the liberty of the press.' The certificate was sent to Mr. Hamilton by Mr. Stephen Bayard in a superb gold box, on the lid of which were engraved the arms of the city with several classical and appropriate mottoes.

Thus ever has power been arrayed against the liberty of the press; and thus ever have the people been ready to sustain it.

Soon after the relinquishment of his paper by Bradford, it was resumed by James Parker, under the double title of *The New York Gazette and Weekly Post Boy*. In 1763, ten years afterward, Parker took a partner by the name of William Wayman. But neither of the partners, nor both of them together, possessed the indomitable spirit of John Philip Zengar. Having in March, 1766, published an article reflecting upon the conduct of the people of Ulster and Orange counties, the Assembly, entertaining a high regard for the majesty of the people, took offence thereat, and both the editors were taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms. What the precise nature of the insult upon the sovereign people of those counties was, does not appear. But the editors behaved in a craven manner. They acknowledged their fault, begged pardon of the House, and paid the costs of the proceedings; in addition to all which, they gave up the name of the author. He proved to be none other than the Rev. Hezekiah Watkins, a missionary to the county of Ulster, residing at Newburgh. The reverend gentleman was accordingly arrested, brought to New York, and voted guilty of a high misdemeanor and contempt of the authority of the House. Of what persuasion was this Mr. Watkins, does not appear. But neither Luther, nor Calvin, nor Hugh Latimer would have betrayed the right of free discussion as he did, by begging

the pardon of the House, standing to receive a reprimand, paying the fees, and promising to be more circumspect in future, for the purpose of obtaining his discharge.

This case affords the most singular instance of the exercise of the doubtful power of punishing for what are called contempta, on record. A court has unquestionably a right to protect itself from indignity, while in session; and so has a legislative body, although the power of punishing for such an offence, without trial by jury, is now gravely questioned. But for a legislative body to extend the mantle of its protection over its constituency in such a matter, is an exercise of power of which it is difficult to find a parallel. Sure it is that a people, then or now, who would elect such members to the Legislature deserve nothing else than contempt.

The fourth paper established in New York was called the *Evening Post*. It was commenced by Henry De Forest in 1746. It was remarkable chiefly for stupidity, looseness of grammar, and worse orthography, and died before it was able to go alone.

In 1752 the *New York Mercury* was commenced, and in 1763 the title was changed to the *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury*. This paper was established and published by Hugh Gainé, at the sign of the Bible and Crown, Hanover square. It was conducted with taste and ability, and became the best newspaper in the Colonies. In 1763, Gainé was arraigned by the Assembly for publishing a part of its proceedings without permission, and withal incorrectly. He was a gentleman of a kind spirit, and never had the power to withhold an apology when it was asked. He accordingly apologized, was reprimanded, and discharged.

As the storm of war drew on in 1775, the *Mercury* contained a series of patriotic papers, under the signature of the Watch Tower. But as the British forces drew near to New York, the patriotism of Gainé began to cool; and

during the whole course of the Revolutionary war, his *Mercury* afforded very accurate indications of the state of the contest. When with the Whigs, Hugh Gainé was a Whig. When with the Royalists, he was loyal. When the contest was doubtful, equally doubtful were the politics of Hugh Gainé. In short, he was the most perfect pattern of the genuine non-committal. On the arrival of the British army he removed to Newark for a while; but soon returned to the city and published a paper devoted to the cause of the Crown. His course was a fruitful theme for the wags of the day; and at the peace, a poetical petition from Gainé to the Senate of the State, setting forth his life and conduct, was got up with a good deal of talent and humor. His paper ceased with the war.

Another paper, called the *New York Gazette*, was commenced by Wayman, the former associate of Parker. In 1766, Wayman was arrested for a contempt of the Assembly, upon no other charge than that of two typographical errors in printing the speech of Sir Henry Moore, the Governor of the Colony. One of these errors consisted in printing the word NEVER for ever; and the other was the omission of the word no, by reason of which the meaning of the sentence was reversed. Wayman protested that it was a mere inadvertency; but so tenacious were legislators in those days of 'privilege,' that an investigation was instituted; but in the end the transgressor was discharged from 'duranee vile,' on condition of acknowledging his fault, asking pardon, and promising to behave more circumspectly for the future.

The Assembly, however, was more rigid in this case, from the suspicion entertained that one of the errors was intentional; but such was clearly not the fact.

Nothing can be more annoying to authors and publishers than errors of the press; and yet those who are unskilled in the art of printing, can

scarcely conceive the difficulty of avoiding them. The art of proof reading with perfect accuracy is an high and difficult attainment. To arrive at ordinary accuracy in a daily newspaper, requires the reading and correction of at least two proofs; and even then an editor, who has not become case hardened, by long practice and long endurance, will often be shocked at the transformation of sense into nonsense, or the murdering of one of his happiest conceits, or the plucking of the point out of one of his neatest paragraphs, by a typographical error.

In the early stages of the art of printing, typographical errors were far more numerous than in books of modern execution, where there is a real effort to attain to ordinary accuracy. It was then very common for a volume of ordinary size to contain page upon page of *errata* at the close. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind was the curious treatise of Edward Leigh, 'On Religion and Learning,' published in 1656. At the close of the work were two folio pages of corrections in very minute characters. The author himself complains as follows: 'We have no Plantier or Stevens (two celebrated printers of another day) amongst us; and it is no easy task to specify the chiefest *errata*; false inter-punctuations there are too many; here a letter wanting, there a letter too much; a syllable too much, one letter for another; words joined, which should be severed; words misplaced, chronological mistakes, &c.'

Leigh's case, however, was not so hard as that of a monk, who wrote and published the 'Anatomy of the Mass,' in 1561. The work itself contained only one hundred and seventy-two pages, to which were added FIFTEEN pages of *errata*. The pious monk wrote an apology for these inaccuracies, which, if true, proved that his case was indeed a cruel one—clearly proving, moreover, that even if the devil had originally assisted Doctor

Faustus and Gutenberg in the invention, his brimstone majesty very soon became sick of his bargain. The monk avers that he wrote the work to circumvent the artifices of Satan, and that the devil, ever on the alert, undertook to circumvent him. For this purpose Satan, in the first place, caused the MS. to be drenched in a kennel, until it was rendered comparatively illegible; and, in the second place, he compelled the printers to perpetrate more typographical blunders than had ever before been made in a book of no greater magnitude. But the malice of Lucifer did not end here. He compelled the priest to act under his influence while making the corrections!

But they were not all unintentional errors of the press in those days that appeared such. There were words and phrases interdicted by the Pope and the Inquisition; and sometimes by adroit management the interdicted word, though not inserted in the text, could be arrived at in the table of *errata*.

It is a singular fact, that the edition of the Latin Vulgate, by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, although his Holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, has ever remained without a rival in typographical inaccuracy. Still more curious was the fact, that the Pope, in the plenitude of pontifical infallibility, prefixed to the first volume a bull of excommunication against any and every printer, who in reprinting the work, should ever make any alteration in the text. To the amazement of the public, however, when the Bible appeared, it swarmed with errors too numerous for an *errata*. In a multitude of instances it was necessary to reprint whole passages in scraps, and paste over the incorrect verses. Great efforts were made to call in the edition; and it is now only to be found among rare collections, as a monument of literary blunders. If the Devil ever troubles himself about the correction of proofsheets, he was much more likely to be standing at the Pope's elbow

while the Bible was printing, than to be bothering his head in regard to the poor monk's mass book to which allusion has been made.

Typographical errors happen in a variety of ways; sometimes by carelessness, sometimes by the ignorance and stupidity of the printer, and sometimes by design. Occurring in either way, they are often ludicrous, and sometimes productive of positive evil. A few examples of each variety will suffice.

In the fine description of the Pantheon, by Akenside, the expressive phrase 'SEVERELY great,' not being understood by the printer, who undertook to think for himself, was printed '*serenely great*.'

An edition of the Bible was once published in England, in which the word *not* was omitted in the seventh commandment. For this offence, whether by carelessness or by design, the archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty ever recorded in the annals of literary history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

There was a more severe punishment than even this awarded in Germany once, for a wilful alteration of the sacred text. It seems that in Gen. iii, 16, the Hebrew word which has been rendered *husband* in the English translation, is *lord* in the German. It is the passage in which God tells Eve: 'And thy desire shall be to thy husband, who shall rule over thee.' The German word signifying lord is *HERR*; and in the same language the word *NARR* answers for fool. The case was this: A new edition of the Bible was printing at the house of a widow, whose husband had been a printer. The spirited lady, not liking the subordinate station of her sex, and having acquired a little knowledge of the art, watched an opportunity by night to enter the printing office; and while the form was lying on the press, she carefully drew out the letters *H* and *e*, and inserted in their stead the letters *Na*.

The outrage was not discovered in season, and the Bible went forth declaring that man should be the woman's fool. Such, probably, is too often the case, but the gentlemen would not like to see it in print. Gravely, however, the person committing such an offence must needs stand in awful apprehension of the fearful curse denounced in the conclusion of the Apocalypse.

An edition of the *Catholic Missal* was once published in France, in which the accidental substitution merely of the letter *u* for an *a*, was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *calotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte*, which, as my readers are aware, means, in drawing-room English, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the service, where it is said: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*!"

Among the errors that have occurred through design, was one which happened in the old *Hudson Balance*, when the Rev. Dr. Croswell was the editor of that ancient and excellent journal. A merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, too, was a little more no than yes, in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriages to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymenial sentimentality. In compliance with this custom, the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the bliss of the marriage state, '*when heart meets heart reciprocally soft*.' The wicked boys in the printing office, however, corrected the poet, making the stanza read thus:

'When head meets head, reciprocally soft.'

Another instance, more ludicrous still, was the following: A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type setting than he did of the Greek mythology,

gy, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line like this :

'Shall reign the *Hecate* of the deepest hell.'

The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer, and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. 'Why, no, you blockhead,' was the reply. Away went the boy to the press room, and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher, when the poem appeared with the line :

'Shall reign the *He CAT* of the deepest hell.'

But let a form of types, arranged either for book or newspaper, be ever so correct when sent to the press, errors not unfrequently happen from yet another cause, viz. : the liability of now and then a letter to drop out, when the form has not been properly adjusted, or locked sufficiently tight in the iron frame which by printers is called a *chase*. How important the loss of a single letter may become is seen by the following example. A printer putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him : 'We shall all be CHANGED in the twinkling of an eye.' When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read : 'We shall all be HANGED in the twinkling of an eye.'

Sometimes a whole page or a whole form drops through, and falls into what printers call *pi*—that is, a mass of all sorts of letters, stops, marks, points, spaces, forming a jumble of everything—and involving the dire necessity of assorting over the whole mass, letter by letter. In isolated printing houses, where they have but few workmen, and assistance is not near, such a catastrophe is a serious matter. An instance of this kind, which happened many years ago in the county of Oneida, is in point. An editor was putting his paper to press (for in the country, editor and printer are often combined) when down

fell his form—a wreck of matter and a crush of words. There was no other printing office nearer than Albany, and it was impossible for him to rearrange his types for the paper that week. But his paper must come out at all hazards, on account of the legal advertisements on the first side. He therefore hit upon the expedient of publishing his paper with a blank page, inserting in large letters, '*Omitted for want of room!*'

But, after all, when it is considered of how many separate and minute pieces of metal a book form or the page of a newspaper is composed, the wonder is that errors of the press are not far more numerous than they are. A single page of one of our largest papers cannot contain less than 150,000 separate pieces of metal, each of which must be nicely adjusted in its own proper place, or error and confusion will ensue.

But to return from this long digression of the early newspaper press of New York. A paper called the *New York Chronicle* was published during the years 1761-'62, and then died. The *New York Packet* was next published, in 1763, but how long it lived is not known. In 1766, Holt established the *New York Journal, or General Advertiser*, which in the course of the year was connected with Parker's *Gazette*, the *Journal*, however, being printed as a separate paper. John Holt edited the first Whig paper published in New York ; nor, as in the case of Hugh Gaine, did his patriotism come and go as danger approached or receded from the city. In 1774, Holt discarded the King's arms, and took that engraving from the title of his paper, substituting in place of it, a serpent cut in pieces, with the expressive motto, 'Unite or Die.' In January, 1775, the snake was united and coiled, with the tail in its mouth, forming a double ring : within the coil was a pillar standing on *Magna Charta* and surmounted with the cap of liberty : the pillar on each side was supported by six arms and hands, figurative of the colonies. On the body

of the snake, beginning at the head, were the following lines:

'United now, alive and free,
Firm on this basis Liberty shall stand;
And thus supported, ever bless our land,
Till Time becomes Eternity.'

The designs both of 1774 and 1775 were excellent—the first, by a visible illustration, showing the disjointed state of the colonies; and the second presenting an emblem of their strength when united. Holt maintained his integrity to the last. When the British troops took possession of New York, he removed to Esopus, now Kingston, and revived his paper. On the burning of that village by the enemy in 1777, he removed to Poughkeepsie, and published the *Journal* there until the peace of 1783, when he returned to New York and resumed his paper under the title of *The Independent Gazette; or, The New York Journal Revised*. Holt was an unflinching patriot, but did not long survive the achievement of his country's freedom. In 1784 he gave his paper a new typographical dress, and commenced publishing it twice a week, being the second paper thus frequently published in the United States. He died, however, early in that year. The *Journal* was continued for a time by the widow; but after undergoing several changes of name and proprietorship, it passed into the hands of Francis Greenleaf in 1787, by whom it was converted into a daily paper, called the *Argus, or Greenleaf's New Daily Advertiser*. A semi-weekly paper was also published by Greenleaf, called the *New York Journal and Patriotic Register*. Mr. Greenleaf was a practical printer and an estimable and enterprising man. He fell a victim to the yellow fever in 1798. The paper was continued by his widow for a little while, but ultimately fell into the hands of that celebrated political gladiator, James Cheetham.

The *Independent Reflector* was a paper commenced by James Parker in 1782, and continued for two years. Among its contributors were Governor Living-

ton, the Rev. Aaron Burr (father of the distinguished and unhappy statesman of that name), William Alexander (afterward Lord Stirling), and William Smith, the historian of New York. The tone of the paper was unsuited to the ears of the men in power: it was free and fearless in its discussions; and means were found to silence it. The belief was that Parker was suborned to refuse longer to publish it.

The celebrated James Rivington began his paper, under the formidable title of *Rivington's New York Gazette; or, The Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson's River, and Quebec Weekly Advertiser*, in 1788. The imprint read as follows: 'Printed at his *ever open* and uninfluenced press, fronting Hanover Square.' It is well known that Rivington was the royal printer during the whole of the Revolutionary War; and it is amusing to trace the degrees by which his toryism manifested itself as the storm gathered over the country. The title of the paper originally contained a cut of a large ship under sail. In 1774, the ship sailed out of sight, and the King's arms appeared in its place; and in 1775 the words *ever open* and *uninfluenced* were withdrawn from the imprint. These symptoms were disliked by the patriots of the country, and in November, 1775, a party of armed men from Connecticut entered the city on horseback, beset his habitation, broke into his printing office, destroyed his presses, and threw his types into *pi*. They then carried them away, melted, and cast them into bullets. Rivington's paper was now effectually stopped—'omitted for want of room'—until the British army took possession of the city. Rivington himself meantime had been to England, where he procured a new printing apparatus, and returning, established '*The New York Royal Gazette*, published by James Rivington, printer to the King's most excellent Majesty.' During the remaining five years of the war, Rivington's paper was the most distinguished for

its lies, and its loyalty, of any other journal in America. It was published twice a week; and four other newspapers were published in New York, at the same time, under the sanction of the British officers—one arranged for each day, so that, in fact, they had the advantages of a daily paper. It has been said, and believed, that Rivington, after all, was a secret traitor to the crown, and, in fact, the secret informant of Washington. Be this, however, as it may, as the war drew to a close, and the prospects of the King's arms began to darken, Rivington's loyalty began to cool down; and by 1787 the King's arms had disappeared and the title of the paper, no more the *Royal Gazette*, was simply *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*. But although he labored to play the republican, he was distrusted by the people, and his paper was relinquished in the course of that year.

In 1775, Samuel Loudon commenced his *New York Packet and American Advertiser*. When New York fell into the hands of the enemy, Loudon removed to Fishkill, and published his paper there. At the close of the war he returned to the city, and began a daily paper, which was continued many years.

We have thus sketched the history of printing, and of the newspaper press in Boston and New York, from the introduction of the art, down to the period of the Revolution. From these brief sketches, an idea may be formed of the germ of the newspaper press which is now one of the chief glories of our country. The public press of no other country equals that of the United States, either on the score of its moral or its intellectual power, or for the exertion of that manly independence of thought and action, which ought to characterize the press of a free people. What a prophet would the great wizard novelist of Scotland have been, had the prediction which he put into the mouth

of Galeotti Martivalle, the astrologer of Louis the Eleventh, in the romance of Quentin Durward, been written at the period of its date! Louis, who has justly been held as the Tiberius of France, is represented as paying a visit to the mystic workshop of the astrologer, whom his Majesty discovered to be engaged in the then newly invented art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery—in other words, the apparatus of printing.

'Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import,' inquired the king, 'interest the thoughts of one before whom Heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?'

'My brother,' replied the astrologer, 'believe me, that in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who love their ease; how liable to be diverted or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarisms; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment, to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms—'

'Hold, hold, Galeotti,' cried the king, 'shall these changes come in our time?'

'No, my royal brother,' replied Martivalle; 'this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.'

RECONNOISSANCE NEAR FORT MORGAN,

AND

EXPEDITION IN LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN AND PEARL RIVER, BY THE MORTAR
FLOTILLA OF CAPTAIN D. D. PORTER, U. S. N.

IN a former article, on the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which appeared in the May number of THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, allusion was made to the efficiency of the mortar flotilla, to which the Coast Survey party, under charge of Assistant F. H. Gerdes, was attached, by special direction of Flag-officer D. G. Farragut. This party rendered hydrographic and also naval service, where such was required, their steamer, the *Sachem*, being used by the commander of the flotilla like any other vessel under his command. Captain Porter, in his letters to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, writes, under date of April 29, 1862: "Mr. Gerdes no doubt has written to you and sent you plans. I keep him pretty hard at work. The times require it," &c.

May 16th.—"I have not spared the *Sachem*, but treated her like the rest of the vessels, putting her under fire when it was necessary. I look upon the *Sachem* in the same light as I would upon a topographical party in the army, and if I lose her in such employment, she will have paid well for herself."

After the surrender of the Mississippi forts, the mortar fleet met at Ship Island, and the *Sachem* being directed to join it, arrived there on the 7th of May. Under instructions from the commander, the steamer division of the flotilla stood out for Mobile bar on the 8th, and came to anchor the same evening under the lee of Sand Key, viz.:

Harriet Lane, Com. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, flagship
Westfield, Commander W. B. RENSHEW.
Owasco, Commander JOHN GUEST.
Clifton, Lieut. Com. CHARLES BALDWIN.
Jackson, Lieut. Com. S. WOODWORTH.
Sachem, As't U. S. Coast Survey, F. H. GERDES.

It was Captain Porter's design to assemble his mortar vessels, which had started the day previous from Ship Island, at the outer bar of Mobile Bay. He intended then to cross the bar on their arrival, and to come to anchor inside at given distances, for the bombardment of Forts Morgan and Gaines. Those distances were to be ascertained and minutely determined by the Coast Survey party. Unfortunately a very severe northeast storm had been raging for a day or two, which made all headway for sailing vessels impossible, sweeping most of them far out to sea. The commander directed the Coast Survey party to sound the bar, and to plant buoys at the extreme points of the shoals. Messrs. Oltmanns and Harris, each in a separate boat, were sent to perform this duty, and accomplished it by 10 o'clock A. M. The steamer *Clifton* accompanied the Coast Survey boats for protection, and was running up and down while the spar buoys were planted on the east and west spit, but, caught by the current, she drifted too close to the east bank inside the bar, and grounded hard and fast, just when the attempt was made to bring her round. The tide at that time was ebbing. All efforts to clear her were unsuccessful, and even the powerful steamer *Jackson*, which was sent to her relief by the commander, had to give up the attempt and leave her exposed to the fire of Fort Morgan. The enemy opened on her directly after she grounded, and some of the shot and shell from the fort struck within twenty yards of her bows. Captain Porter then suggested her relief by the *Sachem*, which, on account of her light draft, might approach nearer than the *Jackson*.

After clearing her screw, which had got entangled by some hanging gear, the *Sachem* got under way, and was anchored alongside and to the southward of the *Clifton* just before dusk. She let go both her heavy anchors, to prevent any dragging from the great strain that must naturally result from an effort to haul off the grounded steamer. A nine-inch hawser was sent to her, one end of the hawser being made fast to the *Sachem*. The tide had begun to rise by this time, and fortunately at the first strain on the hawser the *Clifton* floated, and was quickly drawn alongside of the *Sachem*. There was no time to spare, as the shell and shot from the fort fell very thick; the *Clifton* therefore got up steam at once, and moved out of range. The *Sachem* remained to get up her anchors which had been slipped, and was so engaged until 10 o'clock P. M., when she came to alongside of the *Harriet Lane*. Captain Porter, as well as Captain Baldwin, expressed great satisfaction with the cheerful readiness and seamanship which were shown by the party on the *Sachem*.

On the 10th of May, at sunrise, it blew a gale from the east, and as there appeared no chance whatever for the mortar schooners to reach Mobile bar, Captain Porter signalled the steam division to return to Ship Island. The *Sachem* was the second vessel under way, and although comparatively slow, she had now the advantage of a full suit of sails. Early in the evening all the steamers were at anchor again at Ship Island Spit. In the night, between the 11th and 12th of May, the *Harriet Lane* returned with the commander, who had been in the mean time to Pensacola, and had there taken possession of Fort McRea, the navy yard, and the city, all of which were evacuated a few days previous. Captain Porter at first intended to send Assistant Gerdess, with the *Sachem*, to Pensacola, to replace the buoys and beacons which had been destroyed by the enemy. It

was afterward decided that the party should accompany several of the steamers on an expedition in Lake Pontchartrain and the Pearl river, and in consideration of the light draft of the Coast Survey steamer, and the local information possessed by her officers, he directed that the *Sachem* should take the lead, and be closely followed by the *Westfield*, the *Clifton*, and the *Jackson*. Early in the morning of the 13th of May, he made signal from the flag ship for the division to start, and at 6 A. M. the steamers were abreast of Cat Island. The *Sachem* took them safely over the extensive flats, and although there were at times not more than six inches of water to spare, neither of the vessels ever touched the bottom. In the vicinity of Grand Island, a vessel was seen by the lookout, and on reporting to the senior officer of the expedition, Captain W. B. Renshaw, he directed the *Sachem* to give chase. A gun soon brought her to, and Mr. Harris was sent on board of her, where, on examination, he found no name, no ensign, no papers, in short, nothing but several men. The vessel was taken in tow, and delivered to Captain Renshaw, who despatched her to Ship Island. The steamers got under way again and steamed through the Rigolets, passing Fort Pike, which was then garrisoned by national troops. After entering Lake Pontchartrain in the evening, a steamer was seen some five or six miles distant, and the commanding officer, having ascertained from the Coast Survey party the sufficient depth thereabout in the lake, ordered the *Clifton* to follow the *Sachem*. At half past six P. M. a schooner was brought to by the leading vessel, and fifteen minutes later, another. Both were boarded by Messrs. Oltmanns and Harris, and found to be trading vessels with passports from General Butler. When the steamers passed the town of Mandeville, the inhabitants hoisted a large white flag high above the trees; having, probably, no American ensign.

After communicating with the United States gunboat *New London*, all four vessels came to anchor at the Chifuncte river. It was ascertained that the *New London* was engaged in ferreting out the enemy's vessels in that river, and therefore Captain Renshaw determined to start next morning for the Pearl river, which he intended to examine. At five o'clock A. M. on the 14th of May, the division got under way, led as on the day before by the *Sachem*. At ten o'clock, the *Jackson*, getting out of range, grounded and signaled for assistance. The *Sachem* was ordered to her relief; but in the mean time, the Coast Survey party had furnished information such as would bring the other steamers safely to the mouth of Pearl river, by keeping along the southern bank in the Rigolets. When the *Sachem* came up with the *Jackson*, her captain informed Mr. Gerdes that as the transport boat *Whiteman* (a prize) was expected to pass soon, she would be expected to lighten and tow the steamer off. The *Sachem* therefore moved on, and reached the *Westfield* and *Clifton* at ten o'clock, at anchor near the mouth of Pearl river.

A row of stockades had been set by the enemy quite across that river, leaving only an opening for vessels to pass up and down. This obstruction consisted of heavy pieces of timber inserted vertically in the mud bed, and joined by cross pieces, to which were chained a number of logs so as to float off at right angles. The length extended about three quarters of a mile, and vessels could pass only through the opening, and under the fire of the guns, when Fort Pike was held by the enemy. The expediency of this device is somewhat questionable, as it plainly designated the otherwise intricate channel, and might have enabled a swift steamer to run the batteries without danger of being detained on the extensive mud flats.

At eight o'clock on the morning of

the 15th of May, the three steamers weighed anchor, and stood up Pearl river, the *Westfield* and the *Clifton* following in the wake of the *Sachem*. At eleven o'clock, *Pearlington* was reached, a straggling village. Here two schooners and a small steamer (the *William Hancock*) were found, and boarded by Mr. Harris of the *Sachem*; but when it was proved that they had not been engaged in aiding the rebel cause, they were not further molested. The steamers of the mortar flotilla ascended the river about thirteen miles above *Pearlington*, when the stream became quite narrow, and the turns so abrupt, that further progress for the larger boats seemed to be impracticable. Captains Renshaw and Baldwin therefore anchored their vessels, and went on board of the *Sachem*, which, on account of her lighter draught and less beam, could ascend higher, and was besides easier to manage. While pushing on with her, it was frequently necessary to fasten her stern to the trees, and to tow her bow around at the very abrupt turns in the river. Within three miles of *Gainesville*, where the stream became extremely narrow and crooked, with the shores on both sides thickly wooded, the *Sachem* encountered a very sudden ambushade, and received a heavy fire of musketry from the eastern bank. This was immediately returned from the vessel by some sixty rifle and musket shots, and discharges of small arms were continued in rapid succession from both sides for some time. The executive officer of the *Sachem*, Mr. J. G. Oltmanns, of the United States Coast Survey, while on the fore-castle directing the crew, was dangerously wounded by a rifle ball in the breast, and fell. He was at once removed to the cabin, and Acting Assistant Harris directed to take his place. This he did instantly, and remained in that position during the whole of the subsequent cruise. As soon as the long guns of the *Sachem* and the Parrott rifle 20-pounder could

be brought to bear, the thicket was cleared by discharges of canister and grape, and the fire of the enemy was silenced. No other casualties occurred on board of the steamer, but many of the crew narrowly escaped harm, particularly those who were near the wheel house. The sailing master and the steersman had their clothes pierced by bullets, and the sides and decks of the steamer were similarly marked in many places. The river, becoming still narrower and more crooked above Gainesville, it was found entirely impossible to force the *Sachem* higher up. Captain Renshaw therefore directed her to be turned down stream. In this manoeuvre, much difficulty was encountered. It succeeded only by cutting the overhanging trees on shore, then backing her into the bank, fastening her stern, and towing her bow around with the boats. While turning thus, one of the *Sachem's* boats and the Clifton's gig were smashed in the floating logs, and the flagstaff was carried away by hanging branches of the forest. The national ensign, however, was set on the main, and the steamer got finally clear, and stood down the river to rejoin the Westfield and the Clifton. On coming alongside, Mr. Oltmanns was at once transferred, by the kind suggestion of Captain Baldwin, to the Clifton, and being made as comfortable as circumstances admitted, was put under care of Dr. Nestell, the surgeon of the boat. The warm-hearted commander of that vessel will always retain the sincere gratitude of every member of the Coast Survey party for his endeavors in behalf of their brave associate. The doctor probed the wound of Mr. Oltmanns, but was unable to discover the ball, which, by the by, was extracted six months later, by Dr. Lieberman, in Washington City, after it had gradually moved from the breast to the right shoulder blade. Dr. Nestell had no great hopes at the time he took charge of the wounded officer, but thought that with proper care and

attention, it might be possible for him to recover. At eight o'clock P. M. the vessels anchored in Lake Borgne, and the next morning, the 16th of May, the whole expedition returned to Ship Island. Captain (now Admiral) Porter visited Mr. Oltmanns, and made suitable arrangements at once for his removal to his friends in New York in the spacious and comfortable steamer *Baltic*, Captain Comstock.

Between the 16th and 22d of May, the boilers of the *Sachem* were cleaned, and some repairs made in her machinery, at the end of which time Mr. Gerdes was directed by the commander to repair to the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi, and there to replace the missing buoys and stakes, and to survey the entrance.

Leaving Ship Island on the 22d of May, the *Sachem* entered the Pass à l'Ouvre mouth of the Mississippi, and reached Fort Jackson on the 23d in the evening. Here the can buoys and five or six anchors and chains which had been removed by the confederates were found, and brought down and replaced by the *Sachem* in their original locations at the Southwest Pass. This important inlet of the Mississippi, at present the most accessible and best, was surveyed, a manuscript chart was made by the officers of the Coast Survey, and copies of the same were sent at once to Flag-officer Farragut, Captain Porter, Major-General Butler, and to the Coast Survey office in Washington; at the latter place the chart was lithographed immediately, and extensively distributed in New York and New Orleans.

When Flag-officer Farragut directed Captain Porter to ascend the Mississippi with his mortar flotilla as far up as Vicksburg, the party in the *Sachem* was again called for. The vessel got under way on the 8th of June, in charge of Acting Assistant Joseph E. Harris, to whom Mr. Gerdes had transferred the command, but unfortunately a few hours after starting she broke her shaft by

striking a snag, and was entirely disabled, until extensively repaired. She was towed from Baton Rouge, where the accident happened, to New Orleans, and there turned over to Captain Morris, of the U. S. Navy, commanding the sloop of war Pensacola. The officers and the crew of the *Sachem* were returned to New York in a U. S. transport steamer. Thus ended the expedition of the Coast Survey party attached in 1862 to the mortar flotilla.

The intercourse and association of the navy officers with the officers of the Coast Survey during the eventful days of the siege of Fort Jackson, the reconnoissance to Mobile, the expedition in Lake Pontchartrain and Pearl river, up to the time the *Sachem* was disabled from further participation in the operations of that campaign, had cemented warm feelings of attachment and sincere friendship, and it was with a heavy heart the writer of these lines bade farewell to his honored commander and friend of twenty years standing, and to his other associates in the dangers and triumphs of that ever memorable campaign.

Porter now pursues his glorious career as rear admiral of the national navy, and his name has been since, and will be forever identified with Vicksburg, Arkansas Post, Red river, and Grand Gulf. Commanders Richard Wainwright, of the *Hartford*; Jonathan Wainwright, of the *Harriet Lane*; W. B. Renshaw, of the *Westfield*, and Lieutenant Lee, also of the *Harriet Lane*, have passed away from their friends and associates, consecrating their lives gloriously in our country's cause, but deplored and lamented by their friends. Mr. Oltmanns recovered slowly from his wound, and has served since on topographical duty for the Army of the Potomac. He is now with the Engineer Department of General Banks in Louisiana, where he has proved very useful, and so far eminently successful. Mr. Harris, who is esteemed and appreciated by the officers of the navy and of the Coast Survey, has gone back to his legitimate occupation in the office of the Northwestern Boundary. Messrs. Halter and Bowie remain in the Coast Survey, and are now employed in its duties.

THE CRUEL CARPENTER.

LAY, darling, thy hand on this heart of mine !
 Ah ! hear'st thou that knocking within the shrine ?
 A cruel carpenter dwells there, and he
 Is busily making a coffin for me !

There's hammering and pounding by day and by night ;
 All sleep from my eyelids he scares in affright :
 Ah, Master Carpenter, work still more fast,
 That so I may slumber in peace at last !

—HEINE.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Shrove Tuesday, February 26th.

OUR little Matthias says: 'One hundred horsemen despatched after *Miss Barbara* could never reach her.' She is now her ladyship the starostine. How can I ever describe all the entertainment and pleasure we have had during this festival? I was as much bewildered as charmed, and must endeavor to arrange my ideas, that I may proceed in an orderly manner.

Early yesterday morning we went to the church of Lissow; the bride and groom made their confession, and then took communion at high mass. They knelt before the high altar, and after mass, the parish priest gave them the benediction. I was much pleased when I saw that *Barbara* wore the pretty morning dress I had made for her: it fits her exactly. But as it was excessively cold, she was obliged to throw over it a white satin pelisse, lined with the fur of the white fox, which somewhat rumbled the morning dress. Her head was charmingly arranged—a white blonde veil hung down to her feet.

Immediately after their return to the castle they breakfasted, and the repast was served with great magnificence.

After breakfast, *Barbara* went up into her room, where my mother, accompanied by twelve ladies, presided at her toilette. She wore a dress of white satin with watered stripes, and trimmed with Brabant blonde, embroidered with silver. Her dress had a long train. A bunch of rosemary was fastened at her side, and a few sprigs of the same flower were placed in her hair, secured by a gold clasp, on which were engraved verses containing the date and day of the marriage, and various felicitations appropriate to the occasion.

Barbara looked very handsome in this attire, but my mother did not wish her to wear any jewels. She believes that wearing them at such a time is a presage of misfortune, and said: '*She* who wears jewels on her wedding day, will weep bitter tears all the rest of her life.' Poor *Barbara* needed no more, for she had already wept so much that her eyes were all swollen. In the bouquet placed by my mother at *Barbara's* side were a gold ducat, coined on the day of her birth, a morsel of bread, and a little salt. Such is the customary usage, and it is said that a bride so provided will never lack either of these three articles of the first necessity. Besides these, still another symbolic precaution is taken: a tiny piece of sugar is added, to sweeten the dolors of marriage.

Twelve young girls crowned with flowers, myself among them, preceded *Barbara* into the saloon. The eldest of our band had just finished her eighteenth year.

The colonel and the Abbé Vincent awaited us near the entrance of the great hall; we were met by the starost with twelve gentlemen. A broad platter, filled with flowers, was borne behind them: each bouquet was composed of rosemary, myrtle, and lemon and orange blossoms, tied up with knots of white ribbon. We young ladies carried gold and silver pins to fasten them on with.

My mother and the old ladies, who presided over the ceremonies, had instructed us in the proper method of conducting ourselves, and in all the forms necessary to be observed, in order that no one might be wounded or offended. We understood their instructions perfectly, but by the time

we had fully entered the saloon, all was forgotten.

We began by putting on our bouquets in the most proper and solemn manner, but were soon seized by an irresistible desire to laugh. We committed a thousand follies and blunders, but were readily pardoned; and I cannot say I was surprised at that, for I had already remarked that no one bears malice toward young girls, especially when they are pretty.

Our gayety soon infected all the rest: married people, the old and young, those who had no possible claim to a bouquet, begged one of us, and we gave them with a good grace. In a few moments the whole pyramid of flowers had disappeared; the gold and silver pins were all disposed of, and we were forced to have recourse to ordinary ones; but as it was we who gave them, they were very well received. In short, every one was enchanted, and the hall bloomed like a garden with the flowers scattered around in every direction.

I suddenly perceived that our little Matthias had retired to a corner of the hall, and was looking very sad: he had received no bouquet. As I approached him, he said to me, in a low and sentimental tone of voice:

'All the young ladies have forgotten me, and I am not surprised: but you, Frances, you, whom I have carried in my arms—you, whom I have loved since your infancy—you should not have forgotten me. . . . Ah! it makes me very sad, for I foresee that even were you to marry the prince royal, I should not be at your wedding.'

I blushed to my very eyes: our poor Matthias was quite right. I ran as fast as I could to my chamber in search of a bouquet, but unfortunately they were every one gone; my mother had distributed them all among the guests. The gardener lives at a considerable distance from the castle, and I did not know what I should do, as I was most

anxious Matthias should have his bouquet, apart from all consideration of his prophecy. Suddenly, an excellent idea occurred to me; I divided my own bouquet, tied up the half of it with a white ribbon, and fastened it to his buttonhole by a gold pin, keeping a common one for myself. Matthias was charmed with this proceeding, and said to me:

'Frances, you are better than beautiful; you are an angel of goodness. I am sometimes a prophet: may the desires I entertain for you be all fulfilled! I will carefully preserve this bouquet until your marriage. . . . What will you be, Frances, when I return it to you?'

How strange! Matthias's words occupied my mind during the whole evening. They rang in my ears, and I could not forget them. . . . But what an idea! Am I a Barbara Radziwill? * Are we still in the times when kings make misalliances? . . . What folly! I dream, when I should think only of my sister. I will return to the ceremony.

The whole company were assembled in the hall, and kept their eyes fixed upon the door. The two leaves of the folding door were thrown open, and Barbara, supported by two ladies, entered weeping. She trembled as she walked; she seemed almost stifled by her emotion, and could scarcely restrain her sobs. The starost regarded her tenderly, and, approaching her, took her hand to lead her to our parents. They then both knelt to receive the paternal benediction; all present were deeply moved. After having received the blessing, the pair made the circuit of the room, and every one tendered good wishes and congratulations.

* A beautiful Polish lady, who was secretly married to the Prince Sigismund Augustus, afterward King of Poland. When he ascended the throne, at his father's death, he acknowledged his marriage, and Barbara reigned as queen until the year 1551, when she died, to the great sorrow of her husband and her people, to whom she had proved herself a real mother.—*Translator's note.*

Finally they went into the castle chapel, where the Abbé Vincent stood before the altar. The minister Borch, the king's representative, and Kochanowski, son of the castellan, offered their hands to Barbara, while the starost gave his to Miss Malachowska and myself. My parents, the rest of the family, and our guests marched in, two and two. The silence was so profound that the rustling of the silk dresses could be distinctly heard. A great number of wax tapers were burning upon the altar, the steps were covered with a rich carpet, embroidered in gold and silver: two prie-dieus of red velvet, one embroidered with the Krasinski arms, and the other with those of the Swidzinski family, were destined to the use of the bride and groom. All knelt; the ladies to the right and the gentlemen to the left of the altar. I held a golden dish, on which were the two wedding rings. My father and mother stood behind Barbara, and the palatine behind his son.

The *Veni Creator* was then intoned, after which the Abbé Vincent pronounced a long discourse in Latin, and finally began the marriage ceremony.

Barbara, in spite of her tears and sobs, said quite distinctly: 'I take thee, Michael,' etc. But the starost spoke much louder, and with much more self-possession.

After the rings had been exchanged, the married pair knelt at my parents' feet, and received their blessing.

At a sign from the master of ceremonies, the musicians and Italian singers, brought expressly for the occasion, began to play and sing.

Without, our dragoons fired their muskets and all the cannon. When all was again quiet, and it was possible to hear one's self speak, my father addressed the newly married couple in the following words:

'This union, blessed by Heaven, will serve to the glory of the Eternal, who governs the universe. May your vows,

received by God, be the pledge of your happiness! You must watch over it carefully, but the husband's mission is by far the gravest; he becomes the guide and father of his wife. I place full confidence in your virtues and good qualities. As for thee, my child, it is thy duty to be ever grateful toward thy mother for the education she has bestowed upon thee, and the care with which she watched over thy infancy. Remain always virtuous; virtue is a treasure of happiness, the straight path, and a glory surpassing all the goods of the earth. Be ever prudent and discreet in thy words, modest and amiable in thy actions, and never cease to render thanks to God. Love and obey thy husband as thou hast always loved and obeyed thy parents; fly all evil, be steadfast in self-government, and resigned to all the sorrows thou must meet with in this world. Take thy religion for thy constant guide, and may God bless thee, as I do at this solemn moment!'

At these last words, Barbara again began to weep; her voice was so changed that no one could hear what she replied to my father; she fell at our parents' feet.

Then came congratulations from all sides. The Abbé Vincent, after sprinkling all the spectators with holy water, presented the patent to the wife of the king's pantler, Jordan, that she might kiss it. This was a great mistake, an incomprehensible forgetfulness of the rights of precedence: he should have offered it first to the Castellane Kochanowska, mother of the prince royal's representative. My mother, who fortunately perceived the error, repaired it by begging the castellane to take precedence of the Palatiness Granowska in reconducting the starost. Barbara walked between the king's representative and the Palatine Malachowski. In this order we reentered the great hall, and soon after, dinner was announced.

The table was very large, and in the

form of the letter B. The service was magnificent; in the centre stood a sugar pyramid four feet high; a French cook had been at work upon it for two weeks; it represented the temple of Hymen, adorned with allegorical figures, and surmounted by the united arms of Krasinski and Swidzinski, encircled by French inscriptions. There were, besides, quantities of other fancy articles: porcelain figures, gold and silver baskets, etc.; indeed, the table was so crowded that our dwarf Peter might have tried in vain to make his way among the various dishes and ornaments. I could not count the number of dishes, and the butler, I am sure, might try in vain to tell the number of bottles of wine which were drunk. It may perhaps give some faint idea to say that a whole tun of Hungarian wine was emptied during the repast: it was called 'Miss Barbara's wine.' My father bought it the day of Barbara's birth, that it might be drunk at her marriage, in accordance with the old Polish custom. Each of us has her tun of wine, and our butler tells me that when mine has remained two years longer in the cellar it will be perfect.

The toasts were innumerable; all drank to the newly married pair, to the republic, the king, the Duke of Courland, the prince primate, the clergy, the master and mistress of the house, and the ladies. After each toast, the bottles were broken, the cannon fired, and the trumpets sounded.

At the end of the dessert, a perfect calm succeeded to all this noise: we thought my father was about to give the signal for rising from the table, but we were mistaken. He called the steward, and said a few words to him; the latter left the room, but soon returned, bringing a black morocco case, which I had never seen before. My father opened it, and drew forth a cup enriched with precious stones; it was in the form of a raven; he showed it to all the guests, and said it had descended to him by hereditary succession

from the ancient Roman family of the Corvini, and that he had never touched it since his own wedding day. He then took from the butler's hand a large bottle covered with a venerable dust, bespeaking great age. He told us, not without a certain pride, that this wine was a hundred years old; he emptied all the contents into the cup, leaving not a single drop, but as the goblet was not yet full, he poured more of the same wine into it from another bottle, and finally drank it off to the prosperity of the married pair. The toast was enthusiastically received; the music again began to play and the cannon to thunder. The cup went the rounds of the table, and its virtue was such, that a hundred bottles of old wine were emptied before it had made the entire circuit. After this crowning honor, each left the table as best he could.

Night had already set in. The ladies went up into their rooms to change their dress, but the bride and the young ladies attending upon her remained as they were. Toward seven o'clock, when the fumes of the wine were somewhat dissipated, all began to think of dancing, and the king's representative opened the ball with Barbara. At first only Polonaises, minuets, and quadrilles were danced, but as the guests became more excited, they ventured upon Mazurkas and Cracoviennes. Kochanowski dances the Cracoviennes to perfection. According to the ancient usage, the leader sings stanzas, which are repeated by the others. He improvised one at the moment he began to dance with Barbara; as nearly as I can remember, it ran as follows:

'Neither king nor palatine to-day would I be;
The fortune of the starost only give to me;
For he has truly merited the fair,
The lovely lady, sweet beyond compare.'

The ball and the toasts, which had been recommenced, as if none had been offered before, were suddenly arrested, and a chair was placed in the middle of the hall. The bride took her seat

upon it, the twelve young ladies began to loosen her headdress, singing in lamentable tones :

'Ah! Barbara, farewell,
We have lost thee!'

My mother took off her garland, and Madame Malachowska placed a laced cap in its stead. I should have laughed heartily at this change, if Barbara had not been all in tears : however, the cap became her wonderfully well, and every one repeated that her husband would love her dearly, very dearly. I am sure I do not doubt it : who could help loving such a good, sweet young creature ?

The ceremony of the cap ended, all began again to dance, and through respect for the custom introduced by the new court, the bride danced the drabant with the king's representative, after which the orchestra played a grave Polonaise. The Palatine Swidzinski offered his hand to the bride, and she danced in turn with all the gentlemen present. As the Polonaise is rather a promenade than a dance, it suits all ages ; my father made once the tour of the hall with Barbara, and then gave her back to the starost, as was most proper. The Polonaise ended the ball, and my mother sent us all off to sleep.

. . . I slept well, and indeed I needed rest ; but I do not feel very much tired this morning. Heavens ! how happy I was yesterday ! I danced oftener with the prince's representative than with any one else ; he is so agreeable and converses so charmingly ! That is not astonishing, for he has been to Paris and Luneville ; in fact, it is only a year since he returned. He was then immediately attached to the person of the prince, whom he praises highly. Indeed, if his master be more gallant than he is, he must be something really ideal.

I am very glad that the festival will be continued this evening ; but we must begin to dance early, for on Shrove Tuesday we cannot dance after midnight.

I have not yet seen Barbara—I should

say her ladyship the starostine, for my parents desire we should so call her. Her absence puts me completely out of my reckoning, but I have fallen heir to her bed and work table. I have finally all the honors due to the eldest. I am no longer Frances, still less Fanny ; I am the young starostine. . . . Indeed, I needed some consolation.

Wednesday, February 27th.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, and we must languish a whole year before another carnival comes round.

Our guests already begin to leave us. His majesty's representative departed yesterday, and the married pair will go day after to-morrow. We will accompany them to Sulgostow. The starost can invite no strangers, as all amusements are forbidden during Lent ; an exception has been made in favor of Kochanowski, the castellan's son. He earnestly solicited this favor, and the starost could not refuse him, as he was his comrade at college.

I am enchanted with the prospect of the little journey we are to make. I shall see my good sister's palace and domains. I cannot become accustomed to say her ladyship the starostine, when I speak of Barbara, but I know I ought to follow the example of my parents, who call her nothing else.

Barbara has become very grave since her marriage ; she wears dresses with long trains ; she looks to me several years older in her grand robes, and still seems quite sad, but that is easily understood, as she is about to quit her father's and mother's home ; and then, the idea of being entirely alone with a person she scarcely knows must distress her.

She is so timid with the starost that no one would think he was her husband ; but he is not in the least timid : he calls her my wife, approaches her often, and talks much more to her than he ever did to our parents.

Saturday, March 2th.

We returned yesterday from Sulgostow : I amused myself exceedingly while

there, but it is a real sorrow not to be able to bring her ladyship the starostine back with us. How time flies! A week has already elapsed since she left the castle!

Last Friday, when all our guests had departed, Barbara rose early, and went to the parish church at Lissow; she made an offering of a golden heart to the chapel which contains the image of her patron saint, and then bade the good priest adieu. When she returned to the castle, she took leave of all the courtiers and attendants; then went down to the farm, and distributed all the little articles which had belonged to her domestic establishment as a young lady. She gave away her cows, geese, and chickens to a poor peasant of Maleszow, who had just been burned out of house and home; she kept only two crested hens and her swans, which she will take with her to Sulgostow. She gave me her birds and flowers.

After this distribution of her little property, she expressed a desire to go once more all over the castle; she visited all the rooms on every story, and remained long in the chapel and in our own apartment. We had scarcely finished our breakfast, when the crackling of whips was heard, and a chamberlain entered to announce that the carriages were ready. The starost went to Barbara and told her it was time to go. Her heart swelled at these words, and tears streamed from her eyes; she threw herself at our parents' feet to thank them for all their kindness, for the care they had bestowed upon her, and the happiness she had enjoyed during eighteen years. She added:

'All I can desire in the future, is to be as happy as I have been until the present day.'

For the first time in my life I saw my father weep. Ah! what tender blessings our poor Barbara received! . . . All who were present at this scene were deeply moved.

When we reached the drawbridge, the captain of our dragoons opposed

our passage, and told the starost he would not suffer him to proceed until he had received some pledge as a promise that he would at some future day bring Barbara back to the castle. The starost gave him a beautiful diamond ring.

During this colloquy I had leisure to examine the starost's equipages. They are truly magnificent: the first one had two seats, was yellow, and lined with red cloth; next came a fine landau, then a barouche, and several britschkas. The horses belonged to the finest breeds. To the yellow carriage, intended for the married pair, were harnessed six noble animals, white and gray. The various members of the suite followed in the other vehicles, and we (young ladies) brought up the rear.

Her ladyship the starostine wept aloud, and we heard her sobs distinctly; they almost broke my heart.

The courtiers, chamberlains, and even the peasants, accompanied us quite a considerable distance. Barbara threw them all the money she had about her, and the starost displayed an unheard-of generosity; he gave to every one, beginning with the steward and ending with the lowest servant in the castle.

Wherever we stopped to rest our horses, or to pass the night, we found the attendance admirable. The starost gave his orders, and the tables were covered as if by magic. The Jews, who keep most of the inns upon the high road, turned everything out of doors, even their children and goods, to make room for us.

Shortly before arriving at Sulgostow, we met the palatine and the Abbé Vincent, who had preceded us in order to receive the young couple.

The peasants, led by the starost's steward, met us at the frontier of the Sulgostow estate. The eldest member of the peasantry made a speech, at the conclusion of which all cried aloud: 'May the bride and groom live a hundred years!'

As we entered the palace courtyard, a company of hussars discharged their muskets, and the captain presented arms. The palatine, with his nephew and all his court, received us at the first gate; loud acclamations arose from every quarter.

The starost presented her ladyship the starostine with an enormous bunch of keys, and the following day she assumed the reins of government. She gave her orders and directions in a manner that made it a pleasure to hear her; it is true that she had been instructed from her infancy by our mother in all the details of housekeeping.

Sulgostow is situated differently from our castle of Maleszow; the two mansions possess few points of resemblance. The former is a palace, and the latter a castle.

Sulgostow is gay and splendid; luxury abounds on all sides, and grandeur appears in the least details. The court is numerous, and the table excellent; but that which is of more importance is the eagerness to oblige, and the attention shown by every one toward my sister. I foresee that she will soon forget our castle.

I tasted several excellent new dishes at Sulgostow, and for the first time in my life drank coffee. My parents do not like it; they say it is unwholesome for young persons, especially for young girls, as it heats the blood and makes the skin yellow. But I believe they will one day lay aside this prejudice. It is not long since coffee was first introduced into Poland, and people must become accustomed to it gradually. As for me, I drank plenty of it at Sulgostow; the starost is very fond of this beverage, and obtained from my parents permission for me to drink a small cup every day.

Après to coffee, we all laughed heartily one day when some one recalled the verses of the poetess Druzbacka. Speaking of a bride just arrived at her husband's castle, she says: 'She could not find even three little grains

of coffee; but he gave her instead a great soup plate, filled with soup made of beer and cheese.'

Certainly, the new starostine has no such complaint to make.

I was very sorry to leave the starost's palace so soon. Mr. Kochanowski, the castellan's son, is very lively, and amused us exceedingly; when we drove out, he always rode on horse back near our carriage door.

Her ladyship, the starostine, sobbed bitterly when we parted from her. I too felt very sad, and feel still more so now that we have returned to Maleszow; I fear this melancholy will not soon pass away.

Tuesday, March 12th.

I foresaw that my sister would take all my gayety away with her. The castle seems deserted, and all pleasure has vanished with our dear Barbara. . . . My parents are also very sad: Barbara, being the eldest, was much more with them than we were, and rendered them a thousand services. I try to fill her place, but I am very awkward in lighting my father's pipe, and in choosing the silks for my mother's embroidery. With time and the help of God I hope to become more skilful, but I can never equal Barbara (I *must* call her so for this once). I have plenty of good will, but notwithstanding that, forget many things, while my sister never forgot anything: the whole court speak of her in the most affectionate and exalted terms.

My parents sent a chamberlain to Sulgostow to-day, to inquire for her ladyship the starostine. All the chamberlains covet the honor of bearing the message. Michael Chronowski, who leaves to-morrow for Opole, really regrets his ancient condition.

The castle becomes daily more melancholy; the castellan's son has gone, and, during the last three days, the only visitors we have had were some travelling friars and a gentleman of our neighborhood, who brought his young wife to introduce to our parents. This

gentleman formerly belonged to our court, and he seemed to me very well bred.

'My heart,' said he to his wife (who had not spoken two words), 'if I am a good husband and father, you must thank, first the starost, and then the steward; the former never spared his reprimands, nor the latter his leathern strap.'

I was charmed with this *naïveté*; and my father made him some very handsome presents.

Such have been our sole visitors, and everything is sad and dull, as it always is after so much joy and merriment. However, I should not omit one occurrence which made me laugh like a crazy girl. After the wedding, my mother distributed Barbara's wardrobe among the young ladies of the suite and the waiting women: during our absence, each one made a dress, a spencer, or a mantle for herself out of her share of the spoils, and on Sunday all presented themselves tricked out in their new clothes. Whichever way we turned our eyes, we saw the fragments of Barbara's wardrobe. Our little Matthias was the first to observe it: he pretended to sigh, and when asked what troubled him, replied:

'My heart aches when I behold this pillage of all that pertained to the late Miss Barbara.'

Every one began to laugh, but Theckla and I louder than the others, and indeed so loudly, that my father reproved us by repeating the old proverb: 'At table as at church.' Our little Matthias is so droll! How could any one help laughing?

Wednesday, March 1864.

An event took place yesterday which should certainly find a place in my journal. When, according to our custom, I went down to our parents' apartments with madame and my sisters, I found Kochanowski, son of the castellan, talking with my father in one of the window recesses; their conversation was so animated that they did

not perceive our entrance. I could not hear what they said, but the last words uttered by my father caught my ear: 'Sir, you shall soon have my decisive answer.'

He then said something in a low tone to my mother, who sent for the steward, and gave a whispered order; soon after, dinner was announced. Mr. Kochanowski was seated opposite to me; I could not help remarking the especial care he had bestowed upon his toilet. He wore an embroidered velvet coat, a white satin waistcoat, a frilled shirt, and lace sleeves; his hair was frizzed, curled, and pomatumed: in short, everything indicated some peculiar motive for attention to his dress. His manners harmonized with his appearance: he spoke much, seemed excited, was continually mingling French words in his discourse, and was twice as witty as usual: all this became him well, and diverted me exceedingly.

Dinner was unusually long, and we were obliged to wait some time for the roast meat. I had abundance of leisure to observe that the castellan's son, although he talked and smiled unceasingly, was by no means at his ease; he became pale and red by turns. The doors were finally opened, and the servants entered with the dishes. Kochanowski grew pale as a sheet; not knowing to what to attribute his emotion, I looked round me on all sides, and my eyes fell at length upon the dishes which had just been brought in. I saw a goose dressed with a certain black sauce (*juszynik*), which among us signifies a refusal.

I did not dare to raise my eyes, a thousand fancies floated through my brain; I remembered the Cracoviennes, the Mazurkas, the minuets, in which Kochanowski had displayed so much grace; then his graceful appearance on horseback, the French with which he so plentifully sprinkled his conversation, and his never-failing compliments. . . . A feeling of melancholy seized upon my heart, I lost

courage, and could not touch a single dish. My parents were as much affected as myself; if the gray end had not helped to finish out the dinner, it would have been sent away untouched.

It seemed to me that we were ages at table; I was impatient to know the end. My father finally gave the signal, and we rose, but while we were each saying the after-dinner grace, Mr. Kochanowski slipped out at a small side door, and did not again make his appearance.

When the courtiers and chamberlains had retired, my parents desired me to leave my work and come to them: my father said:

'Frances, Mr. Kochanowski, son of the Castellan of Radom, has asked your hand of me. I am aware that his family is ancient and illustrious. I know that he has a fine fortune, by no means disproportioned to your own, but this alliance does not exactly please us. In the first place, Mr. Kochanowski is too young; his only distinction is derived from the title held by his late father; he has received no honors at court, or rather the favor shown him has conferred no very illustrious rank upon him: finally, I think he has made rather too abrupt a declaration, and he expects an immediate and decisive reply. We have given him our answer, and it is in accordance with his own mode of proceeding. We are sure, Fanny, that you will approve of what we have done.'

He then desired me to recommence my work, thus giving me no time to say either yes or no.

I doubtless share the opinion of my parents; but as I have promised to be entirely frank in my journal, frank without any reserve, I must confess that neither Kochanowski's age nor the manner in which he made his offer, appear to me sufficient objections. The true motive of the refusal he has received is that he has no title, and, as our little Matthias says, a vice-castellan is not much: a castellan would indeed

be something worth considering. God reads to the bottom of my soul, and I am sure I have no desire to marry; I am so well satisfied, so entirely happy in my father's house. I was melancholy during several days after I returned from Sulgostow, but I have now completely recovered my ancient gaiety.

My position is very different from what it formerly was, and I am treated with more respect; when there are no strangers at table, I am served the fourth.

I will accompany my parents wherever they go. I should be sorry to abandon such dear and sweet prerogatives. Besides, marriage is not so fine a thing as many deem it; a woman's career is then ended; once married, all is fixed and decided for life; no more changes, no more doubts, no more hopes of something still better. One knows what one must be, one knows what one will be until the hour of one's death, and for my part, I like to indulge in the freest range of fancy.

A whole oxhide would not be large enough to contain all the dreams that float through my brain. When I am seated at my work, my mind is more active than my fingers: it is so delightful to dream, to revel in a future of one's own creation, bright as an excitable imagination can make it. . . . My mother says to me often, but I fear in vain: 'A well born and properly educated young lady should never think of her future husband;' but, in truth, it is not of a husband that I think; it is of a thousand things, of memories, of hopes, and of descriptions, adventures, etc., which I meet with in my reading, and which I involuntarily apply to myself. If my fate were to be like that of Mademoiselle Scudery's, or Madame Lafayette's, or Madame de Beaumont's heroines! I can picture all the situations so vividly that I really believe all these adventures will happen to me. I must confess that Barbara's marriage has much more inclined me to revery. She blamed such wanderings

of the fancy, and always hindered my reading romances; but to make up for lost time, madame makes me read a great deal, and the more I read, the more does my imagination lose itself in vague dreams.

Barbara possessed an entirely different character; she has assured me that she never thought of her future life, or of the husband she was to have; and if this latter idea ever crossed her mind, it was only when she said her prayers. I must here say that, according to our mother's desire, after we have reached our sixteenth year, we always add these words to our prayers: 'My God, give me wisdom, good health, the love of my neighbor, and a good husband.' This was the only moment during the day that Barbara's thoughts ever rested upon her future lord: 'And it should be so,' she used to say; 'since one day he must replace our father and mother, and we must love and obey him until our death.' Beyond this she felt no anxiety as to what he would be or when he would come.

Notwithstanding her indifference, she has succeeded perfectly; her husband is one of the most upright and excellent of men; she writes to us that after she has somewhat overcome her grief at the separation from her family, there can be no happier woman in the world than she is. One may plainly see that she loves the starost more and more every day, and that she is entirely satisfied with her lot. But I . . . who can tell what may be in store for me? . . . Indeed, my parents have done well to refuse Mr. Kochanowski; I pity him, however, for the humiliation which he has received; but if I am to believe the prophecy of our little Matthias, he will soon be consoled.

Sunday, March 17th.

Yesterday, just as we were sitting down to supper, we had a visit from my aunt, the Princess Palatine of Lublin, and her husband, the palatine. It was a delightful surprise: not having been able to come to my sister's mar-

riage, occupied as they were by their duty toward the prince royal, who was preparing to depart for his duchy of Courland, they came to atone for their omission, and felicitate my parents on their daughter's marriage. The arrival of these illustrious guests has restored life to the castle; my father cannot restrain his joy or do enough to show honor to the princess, whom he loves and respects from the depths of his heart.

Five years have elapsed since the prince and princess were last at Maleszow; I was then a child, and they find me now a young lady; their compliments are endless. They praise my beauty, my figure, etc., until I am overwhelmed with confusion; such praises are very agreeable, but then one should hear them accidentally; when they are thrown in one's face they lose their value, they annoy and embarrass one; I am consequently better pleased to remember them to-day than I was to hear them yesterday. The prince palatine said very seriously, that if I were to show myself at the court of Warsaw, the young starostine Wessel, Madame Potocka, and the princess Sapieha (the three chief court beauties) would be eclipsed. My aunt, the princess, remarked that I still needed more gravity in my demeanor, and more dignity in my carriage.

Never in my life had I heard such flattering speeches, and indeed I had no idea that I could make any pretension to so much beauty. I saw that my father's heart was swelling with pride; but my mother, fearing lest so much flattery should render me vain, sent for me this morning, and told me all this was nothing but a mode of speech common to courts, and that I must not regard it as anything more important.

I do not know, but it seems to me they have some designs upon me. Oh! how I would like to know them! I did not close my eyes during the whole night. . . . The prince and prin-

cess related such curious and interesting things!

My mother desired me to retire as usual at ten o'clock, but the prince palatine begged it as a favor that I might be permitted to remain until quite late with the company.

It appears that the rejoicings upon the occasion of the prince royal's investiture were truly magnificent; no one can remember to have ever witnessed so brilliant and gay a carnival. All the colleges represented tragedies and comedies, and everywhere allusions were made to the prince royal, who seems to be adored.

On the Monday preceding Ash Wednesday (Barbara's wedding day) the collegians, under the care of the Jesuit fathers, represented the tragedy of 'Antigone,' in which the celebrated warrior, Demetrius, defends his father against his enemies, and restores his estates to him. At the end of the piece the following lines were recited, and received with the greatest applause:

'Not only 'mid the Greeks were faithful sons;
Demetrius in our own times finds his peers.

In thee, O Charles the Great, may we behold
Sublime example and heroic deeds.
For thou against injustice hast thy sire
Defended; thy dear sire, whose virtues rare
Efface the memories left by antique Greece.
Be thou the father of thy country! Reign!
Reign over us! Thy people all will love thee
With the love of a Demetrius.'

One may see from this that the prince royal has devoted partisans; an interior conviction assures me that he will one day be king of Poland. I was deeply interested in the praise which the prince palatine bestowed upon him: if I am not mistaken, the hero of my dreams will one day be a great man; but I may be deceived in my previsions, or they may be rendered vain by the power of intrigue.

I judge of the generality by the diversity of opinion existing within our own little circle. The views of the princess palatine differ from those of her husband. She desires to see neither the prince royal nor Poniatowski king of the republic, but carries her wishes still elsewhere. . . . To whose prayers will God listen?

THE ISLE OF SPRINGS.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE AND APPROACH.

On the 22d of November, 1855, a small company of us—three gentlemen and two ladies—left New York harbor in the schooner *Louisa Dyer*, of 150 tons burden, bound to the island of Jamaica. By nightfall we had lost sight of the last faint trace of New Jersey soil. New Jersey is sometimes jocularly said to be out of the Union; but on that day the two of us who were leaving our native land for the first time, entertained no doubt of its solidarity with that country of which it

afforded us the last glimpse. By morning we found our small and incommensurable vessel fairly on her way through the stormy November Atlantic, toiling painfully over the broad convexity of the planet, like a plodding insect, toward the regions of the sun. After a voyage of fifteen days, wrestling with all manner of baffling winds, and with storms attended, I suppose, with some danger, though, from a happy incapacity of apprehending peril at sea till it is over, I suffered no disquiet from them, we came in sight of the two islets which form the Turk's Island pas-

sage. A winter voyage, however unpleasant, has this advantage, that then only can you be sure of meeting with such a succession of storms as shall leave settled in the memory the sullen sublimity of that 'changing, restless mound' of disturbed ocean in which is embodied the mass of its gloomy might.

Very pleasant was it to us, nevertheless, when the softening airs and the steady set of the breeze showed us that we had come into the latitude of the trade winds. The inky blackness of the sea had gradually turned into translucent and then into transparent azure, which looked as if it could be quarried out into blocks of pure blue crystal. The flying fish, glancing in quick, short flights above the sunny waters, now gave the charm of happy, graceful life to our weary voyage out of the tempestuous north. And when at last we saw land, although it appeared only in the shape of the two small islands mentioned above, which seem to be little more than coral reefs covered with a scanty carpet of yellowish grass, yet the few distant cocoanut trees upon them threw even over their barrenness that tropical charm which to those who first feel it seems rather to belong to another planet than to this dull one upon which we were born.

Passing through the narrow channel between the two islands which formed thus the portal of our entrance into the Caribbean, we found ourselves fairly afloat upon the waters of that brilliant sea, which the Spaniards, three centuries and a half before, had traversed with greater astonishment, but not with more delight. Everything now conspired to raise our spirits. The soft air, reminding us by contrast of the winter we had left behind, the deep blue sky, answered by waves of an intenser blue below, whose gentle ripples, unlike the stormy Atlantic surges which we had escaped, only came up to bear us kindly on, and the knowledge that we were but two days' sail from the fair

island to which some were returning, and which two of us were about to make our home for an indefinite future, all made us now a very different set from the dull, anxious, seasick group that the Atlantic had lately been boxing about at his pleasure.

Before making Jamaica, however, we came in sight of the negro empire of Hayti, and ran along for a day under its northern coast.

We saw swelling hills, covered on their tops with woods, and sloping down to the shore, but were too far distant to distinguish very plainly any sign of human habitation. By nightfall we had sunk the land, but were astonished in the morning to see looming through the air, at an immense distance, a mountain, which in height seemed more like one of the Andes than any summit that Hayti could afford. Its actual height, I presume, may not have been less than 8,000 feet, but in my memory it shows like Chimborazo.

It was now Saturday, the 8th of December. We held our way westward across the hundred miles of sea that separate Hayti from Jamaica. All eyes were now turned to discover the first glimpse of our expected island home. At last, about the middle of the afternoon, we remarked on the western horizon the distant blot of indigo that showed us where it lay. Another twenty-four hours would pass before we should land, but that distant patch of mountain blue seemed to have brought us to land already. Heavy rain clouds coming up, hid it from us again, but gave ample compensation in the sunset that followed, one of the two grand sunsets of my life. The other was in Andover, Mass., which is justly celebrated for the beauty of its sunsets. There the banks of white cloud, lying along the west, glowed with an inner radiance, that led the eye and the mind back into the very depths of heaven. Here, on the other hand, an unimaginable wealth of color was poured out on the very face of the sky. The whole

western heaven, to the zenith, was one mingled melting mass of georgious dyes, rendered the more magnificent by the heavy lead-colored rain clouds which occupied all the rest of the sky.

The inward, spiritual magnificence of that northern sunset, and the unreserved splendor of this southern one, were in correspondence with the different tone which runs throughout nature in each of the two regions.

After sunset hues and rain cloud had both given way to the brilliant night sky of that latitude, we seated ourselves, seven in number, captain and mate included, on the extensive quarter deck of not less than seven feet from cabin house to stern bulwarks, for a final game of 'Twenty Questions;' when our hitherto so amiable friend, the Caribbean, suddenly flung a spiteful wave right over the quarter upon us, and put a very unexpected extinguisher on our pastime. The ladies, who were reclining on the deck, came in for the chief share of the compliment, and were in some danger of an indiscriminate swash down the cabin gangway; but the mate gallantly picked up one, and her husband the other, and saved them from all mischief but the drenching. This sudden interruption of amicable relations with the powers of the wave was followed up by a night of unmerciful rocking, to which, as we had now come under the lee of the land, was added a sweltering heat. I can stand as much heat as any man, but for once I found the cabin too much of a blackhole even for me, and after tossing most of the night in alternate correspondence and contradiction to the pitching of the vessel, I got up and went on deck, to see if a nap were any more feasible there. I found most of our company already recumbent in this starry bedchamber. After awhile admiring the unaccustomed brilliancy of the old familiar constellations of our northern sky, augmented by the effulgent host which our approach to the equator had brought into view, among

all which Venus shone like a young moon, I fell asleep also, and we slumbered in concert, until awakened by the streaks of dawn. Soon the sun rose with a serene magnificence, well agreeing with the day of holy rest and cheerful expectation which lay before us. The white haze upon the sky rolled away from the blue, and gathered itself into fleecy masses, which stood like pillars around the seaward horizon, brightening with a cheerful tempered light, until, as the sun grew higher, they dissolved away. Meanwhile, on the landward side of our vessel—which had rounded Morant Point in the night, and was now gliding smoothly on—lay in near view the mountains of Jamaica. Coming from the southeast quarter of the island, we were passing under them where they are highest. They rose, seemingly almost from the water's edge, to the height of seven and eight thousand feet, their towering masses broken into gigantic wrinkles and corrugations, whose fantastic unevenness was subdued into harmony by the softening veil of yellowish green darkening above, which clothed them to their tops. Between their base and the sea actually lies one of the most richly cultivated districts of the island, the Plainain Garden River district. But we were too far out to distinguish much of it; and what little we did see is in my memory absorbed in the image of the verdant giants which rose behind.

In the forenoon our pilot came on board, a comfortable, self-possessed black man, who toward sunset brought us off the Palisades. This is the name of the narrow spit of land which forms the outer wall of the magnificent harbor of Kingston. Upon it is situated the naval station of Port Royal, the principal rendezvous of the British fleet in the West Indies. Here is that exquisitely comfortable naval hospital, with its long ranges of green jalousies, excluding the blazing light and admitting the sea breeze, in which the

officers and crew of our ship *Susquehanna* were cared for with such generous hospitality a few years ago, when attacked by yellow fever. The heartburnings of the present may be somewhat lessened by reflecting on some of these mutual offices of kindness in the past.

Around the naval station clusters a poor village of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, the miserable remnant of the once splendid city of Port Royal, whose sudden fate I shall relate hereafter.

We rounded the point of the Palisades—which is marked by some unfortunate cocoanut trees, which, having vainly struggled with the sea breeze to maintain the elegant stateliness of their race, have long since given up the contest, and resigned themselves to being stunted and broken into the appearance of magnified splint brooms planted upside down—and found ourselves at last in our desired haven, Kingston harbor. It is a broad and sheltered basin, fully entitled, I understand, to the standard encomium of a harbor of the first rank, namely, that it will float the united navies of the world. Due provision has been made by three strong forts near the entrance that the navies aforesaid shall not enter until the time of such auspicious union. An intelligent correspondent of the *Herald* states his opinion that no ship and no number of ships could force an entrance under the converging fire of the forts, which bears upon the channel at a point where the least divergence would land a ship upon a dangerous shoal.

Kingston is on the inside of the harbor, six miles across from Port Royal. The city itself lies low, but as we approached it, just as the sun had set, the mountains which rise behind it, a few miles distant, to the height of three and five thousand feet, appeared to close around it in a sublime amphitheatre of massive verdure. High up on the side of the mountains we distinguished a white speck, which we were told was the military cantonment of Newcastle, situated 4,400 feet above the sea, chosen

for the English soldiers on account of its salubrity. Formerly the annual mortality among European soldiers in the island was 130 in 1,000, but since the Government has been careful to quarter them as much as possible in these elevated sites, it has diminished to 34 in 1,000.

At last our vessel came to anchor at the wharf. We took a kind leave of the pleasant-tempered captain and crew, who had been shut up with us in the little craft during our seventeen days' tossing, and gave a farewell of especial warmth to the fatherly mate, whose rough exterior covered the warm heart of a seaman and the delicate feelings of a native gentleman.

When we landed, the short tropical twilight was fast fading into night, but light enough remained to show us into what a new world we had come. The gloomy, prisonlike warehouses, the long rows of verandas before the dwellings, the dusky throngs in the streets, the unintelligible *patois* that came to our ears on every side, occasional glimpses of strange vegetation, and, above all, the overpowering heat in December, all gave us to feel that we were at last in that tropical world, every aspect of which is so unlike our northern life.

After a hospitable reception from Mr. Whitehorne, the principal of the Nuco Institute, I went up to the rooms of the American Mission, and, ensconcing myself behind the mosquito curtains, proceeded to make critical observations upon the buzzings outside, to satisfy myself whether an insular range fed up these tormentors to the formidable vigor of their continental brethren. Concluding from their timid pipings that they were by no means an enemy so much to be dreaded—a conclusion which subsequent experience happily confirmed—I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

KINGSTON.

Having satisfied myself, by a sound night's rest, that the laws of my phys-

ical constitution had undergone no essential revolution by a change to the torrid zone, I began in the morning to look curiously around to note what the differences might be in the outer world. The quaint old lodging house itself first drew my attention, with its thick walls and heavy brick arches on the ground floor, built to guard against earthquakes, of which few years pass without several shocks, though none especially memorable have taken place since the dreadful one of 1692. Cracks in the walls here and there, however, show that it is not useless to make provision against them.

While I was seated at a most comfortable breakfast of bread and butter and the excellent fish which abound in Kingston harbor, flanked by huge oranges of enticing sweetness, a shrivelled old negro woman, who was on her knees giving the uncarpeted floor its morning application of wax, and rubbing it into a polish with a cocoanut shell, suddenly rose to her feet and kissed her hand to me with a grace worthy of a duchess. Somewhat startled at this unexpected salutation from the fairer, or the softer sex—I am in some doubt as to the proper adjective in this case—I gazed rather blankly at her without replying; but she dropped on her knees again and went on with her work, satisfied doubtless that she at least knew the proprieties. It is this submissive respectfulness of the blacks that makes it pleasant living among them, notwithstanding all their faults and vices. At home we are no better than our neighbors, but here, if we only have a white complexion, we belong to the undisputed aristocracy, and carry our credentials in our faces. It is that which has bewitched so many Northern people living at the South with slavery. But what is wanted is not a community of slaves, but only a community of blacks.

After fortifying myself against the sweltering heat of the December morning by copious draughts from the un-

glazed earthen coolers, which look so refreshing in this climate that you often see their coarse red pottery on handsomely laid tables, looking quite as well entitled to a place as anything else, I sallied out to see what daylight would show in the chief city of Jamaica, a city of nearly 80,000 people. I must say that for appearance' sake the best thing for Kingston would be to have perpetual moonlight. Under the flood of silver light which the full moon here pours down, even its forlorn shabbiness is softened into something of romantic indistinctness. But daylight is dreadfully disenchanting. The rows of tumble-down houses, the sandy, unpaved streets—through which you flounder as in the deserts of Sahara, unless you choose to try sidewalks that have as many ups and downs as a range of mountains, each man building to the height that pleases himself—the large parade, without armament or shade, a dreary common of sand, the crowds of noisy, slouching, dirty negroes, the burnt districts, filled with the rubbish of houses and with unwholesome vegetation growing up, do not combine to form a very engaging whole. One would think it impossible to exaggerate such a picture of comfortless neglect. Yet bad as it is in itself, Mr. Sewell has mercilessly exaggerated it. One would think from his description that there was not a decent house in the place, and that he had never seen the rows of excellent dwellings on North street and East street. Then he speaks of the inhabitants as being, 'taken *en masse*, steeped to the eyelids in immorality.'

Now, if he meant that the great numerical majority of the inhabitants bear this character, he spoke truly, inasmuch as the great numerical majority of the inhabitants are negroes, among the most depraved in the island. Kingston is like the slough of Despond, a place whither all the scum and filth of the negro population in the east end of the island do continually run, and make it a very sink of wickedness. But are the

white families and the large number of thoroughly respectable colored families to be confounded with this mass of negro depravity, because they are fewer in number? It is true they are fewer in number, but they are so thoroughly distinct in standing and character that Mr. Sewell is justly chargeable with cruel recklessness in confounding them together as he does. It may concern the world little to distinguish among the people of Kingston, but it does very vitally concern the morality of authorship, that a traveller should not, by a careless and sweeping sentence, leave a cruel sting in the minds of hundreds of refined and virtuous women.

But I cannot vindicate Kingston society against the charge of surpassing dulness. In an insular colony, under the enervating influence of a tropical climate, the pulse of intellectual life beats very faintly, at its strongest. Still, if whatever of education and refinement there is in Kingston would cordially combine it might make a pleasant society. But it is divided into little cliques, each mortally afraid of the rest, and producing, in their division, a paradise of tediousness.

Kingston, however, resembles New York in one important particular—it is one of the worst-governed cities in Christendom. The Jews and the mulattoes divide municipal honors between them, and rival, not unworthily on a small scale, the united talents of Mozart and Tammany for misgovernment and jobbery.

The stores of Kingston are well supplied with excellent English goods at reasonable prices, and are served by numbers of fresh and fine-looking British clerks. But of these much the greater number, I fear, fall under the temptations of the prevailing immorality, and habits of drinking, not to be indulged with impunity in such a climate, hurry multitudes of them to speedy graves. What little sobriety and desire of improvement exists

among the young men is chiefly confined, I am told, to the browns.

With the decline of exportations, the once flourishing trade of Kingston has, of course, decreased. But it marks the eagerness of some to turn everything to the discredit of emancipation, that this decline is commonly attributed entirely to that event, no notice being taken of the fact that Kingston was once the entrepot of a flourishing trade between Europe and the Spanish Main, which, having, in 1816, shipping to that amount of 199,894 tons, and having risen in 1828 to 254,290 tons, had in 1830, four years before the abolition of slavery, sunk to 130,747 tons. The growing use of steam, making direct shipment to Europe more convenient than transshipment, and changes in commercial relations, may account for this falling off; but dates show that emancipation has nothing to do with it. Of course the main cause of decline in the trade of the city has been the decline in the prosperity of the island, but such a change in the channels of trade as is indicated above was an independent cause.

The statistics of illegitimacy, of infant mortality, of ignorance and irreligion, and of destitution in Kingston, are shocking. Churches are numerous, and congregations flourishing, but the vast mass of the negroes are scarcely affected by them. This is very different from the state of things in the country, and nothing could be more preposterous than to judge of the rural population by Kingston. The Kingstonians themselves are laughably ignorant of the country parts. One of them assured a clergyman of my acquaintance, with all the gravity imaginable, that the country negroes lived principally upon fruits! No doubt he has had the chance of telling some American touching at the port the same story, who has been able to attest it at home on the authority of a 'Jamaica gentleman of great intelligence.' The Kingston peo-

ple may be intelligent, but a good many of them know little more about the interior of their own island than they do about the interior of Africa.

But ignorant and depraved as the negroes of Kingston are, besides being three times as numerous as the trade of the place requires, I do not see that they particularly deserve the reproach of laziness. Mr. Sewell remarks that he was puzzled to know how they had incurred it when he saw them crowding around him, all wild for a job. The negro women certainly, who coal the vessels, appear anything but indolent as they go to and fro erect under their heavy burdens: if the men let them do more than their share of the heavy work, it is precisely as in Germany,* and for just the same reason, namely, that the common people of neither country are sufficiently civilized to treat women as much more than a superior sort of beasts of burden. That even the Kingston populace have felt the quickening benefit of freedom, is shown by a little fact related by a shipmaster who has traded to the port for many years. He says that now he can always get his ship loaded and unloaded in quicker time than he could then.

As to security of life and property, there are few cities where both are safer than in Kingston. I have gone long distances though its unlighted streets late at night, with as little sense of danger as in a New England country road. There is a good police of black men, whose appearance is quite picturesque in their suits of spotless white, and a force of black soldiers quartered in barracks in the heart of the town, besides a part of a white regiment a few miles distant. The conduct of the black troops, however, at an extensive fire some two years ago, which destroyed a large district in the business part of the town, was an illustration of what seems a curious peculi-

arity of the African character, namely, that while docile and amenable to discipline in the highest degree in common, the negroes are apt in critical moments to break out into uncontrollable license. On this occasion, the black men, soldiers and all, instead of assisting to put out the fire, broke into the liquor shops, and having maddened themselves by drinking, fell to indiscriminate plundering. If it had not been for the women, who, to their great credit, rendered energetic assistance in working the engines, the city might have been consumed.

The most curious feature in the life of a city where there are many blacks is the incessant chatter in the streets. Chaffering, quarrelling, joking, there seems to be no end to their volubility. In the country it is the same, and you will sometimes hear two shrews scolding each other from a couple of hilltops a quarter of a mile apart, with an energy and unction only equalled by an angry Irishwoman. Men and women fortunately quarrel so much that they fight very little. Notwithstanding the heroic deeds of valor performed by black soldiers, I incline to think that they are, what some one describes the Arabs as being, cowardly, or at least timid, as individuals, and brave only through discipline and numbers.

I know of no reminiscences connected with Kingston of any essential note, unless it be a horrible incident mentioned by Bryan Edwards, the distinguished historian of the West Indies, as witnessed by himself in 1760. This was the execution of two black men, native Africans, convicted of the murder of their master. They were exposed in the parade, in the centre of the town, in an iron frame, and starved to death! Free access was allowed to the crowds who wished to talk with them, and with whom they kept up conversation, apparently supremely indifferent to their fate. Mr. Edwards himself, after they had been exposed some days, ad-

* See J. Ross Browne's sparkling papers in *Harper's Magazine*.

dressed them some questions, but could not understand their reply. At something he said, however, they both burst into a hearty laugh. On the morning of the ninth day one silently expired, and the other soon followed. Punishments so barbarous strike us with horror, but they are no gratuitous addition to slavery—they are one of its necessary features. A relation founded purely on force can be maintained only by terror. And where the proportion of whites is very small, as in most of the West Indies, they must compensate by the atrocity of their inflictions for the weakness of their numbers. On the 20th of April, 1856, there fell a rain of uncommon violence in the parish of St. Andrew, in which I was then residing. For six hours it seemed as if Niagara were rushing down upon our heads. The river Wagwater, which is commonly about knee deep, ran the next morning thirty feet high. The effect of this terrible visitation of nature was heightened by the disclosure through it of one of the monuments of ancient cruelty. At Halfway Tree, a few miles from Kingston, the seat of justice for the parish of St. Andrew, and the place of sepulture for many of the old aristocracy of the prouder days of the island, the rain washed up an iron cage, just of size to contain a human form, and so arranged with bars and spikes as to make it certain that the wretched victim could only stand in one long agony of torture. Along with it were found the bones of a woman, who had to appearance perished in this hideous apparatus. This dreadful revelation of the past struck horror throughout the island. The cage, with its sad contents, is still preserved in the collection of the Society of Arts.

The remarkable religious movement of 1861, which produced fruits so excellent in some parts of the island, in Kingston appears to have degenerated wholly into froth and noise. But there are some agencies of spiritual and tem-

poral good working among the lower classes with happy effect. If they do not operate appreciably in changing the general character of the sullen mass, at least they rescue from it many who in the great day of account will call their authors blessed. I may mention particularly the charitable institutions of the excellent rector, Rev. Duncan Campbell, the reformatory for girls under the special patronage of the Rev. Mr. Watson, United Presbyterian, the vigorous efforts of Rev. William Gardner and his people, and many others less familiar to me, but doubtless not less worthy of mention. But Kingston offers such attractions to the very worst of the negro population, which, at the highest, has so much of barbarism and ignorance, that it will long continue a most forbidding and certainly a very unfair specimen of an emancipated race.

But, forlorn as Kingston is in itself, it is magnificently situated. Before it stretches for six miles in breadth the noble harbor, the sight of whose brilliant blue waters, sparkling in the sun, imparts a delicious refreshment as the eye catches a glimpse of them at the end of the long sandy streets. Inward stretches, sloping gently up to the mountains, the beautiful plain of Liguanea, about eight miles in breadth, scattered over with fine villas, and here and there a sugar estate. I remember with delight a view I once enjoyed just after sunset from St. Michael's church tower, toward the eastern end of the city. From that height the numerous trees planted in the yards, and which are not conspicuous from the streets, appeared in full view, and every mean and repulsive feature being hidden, the city seemed embowered in a paradise of verdure. On the right spread out the pleasant plain of Liguanea, bounded by the massive corrugations of the dark green mountains, while on the left the lines of cocoanut trees skirted the tranquil waters of the harbor, over which the

evening star was shining. I wished an evil report of the goodly island, could that those foreigners who touch at be permitted to see the city from no Kingston, and, disgusted with its other point than St. Michael's church wretched squalor, go away and give tower.



THE GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY L. D. PYCHOWSKA.

THE grave is deep and still,
And fearful is its night;
It hides, with darkened veil,
The *Unknown* from our sight.

No song of nightingale
Within its depths is heard;
And only is its moss
By friendship's roses stirred.

In vain their aching hands
Forsaken brides may wring;
No answer from the grave
The cries of orphans bring:

Yet is it *there* alone
The longed-for rest is found;
Alone through these dark gates
May pass the *homeward* bound.

The silent heart beneath,
That pain and sorrow bore,
Hath only found true peace
There, where it beats no more.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER V.—ORDER, SYMMETRY, AND PROPORTION.

No numbers can be conceived of but as a collection of unities; in adding unity, many, to itself, we only form a unity of a higher rank: it is in taking unities successively from these numbers that we return to the first unity. Thus variety or plurality, which at first seemed destructive of unity, actually rests upon it, admitting it as an elementary constituent of its very being. The *collective* idea of the world, *infinite variety*, *collection of individualities*, could not exist in us without the idea of *unity*; and closely associated with the conception of unity, is the idea of Absolute Order.

Whatever may be the disturbances which we witness either in physical or moral nature, we always believe that Order will succeed the momentary interruption of law. Even when we see earth a prey to the most dreadful catastrophes, we always regard such a state of things as a *passing crisis*, destined to return to the law of order. Surrounded as it is from the cradle to the grave by an infinite variety of phenomena, the human mind for their investigation devotes itself to the search of a small number of laws, which will link them all, persuaded there is no phenomenon or being so rebellious to a correct classification, that its proper place or role cannot be assigned it in the great system of Eternal Order. Even the savage believes in the periodic return, in the constant and regular recurrence of natural phenomena: such convictions must be based upon an instinctive belief in an Absolute and Universal Order.

If we turn our gaze upon the Author of all things at the time of the creation, we will perceive that He must have conceived the grand plan of the uni-

verse as a single or united thought; that He has distributed being to all that is in different degrees; that He has subjected them all to the immutable laws of His wisdom; and that the laws under which they are ranged to receive the Divine action are, in fact, the necessary conditions of their existence. The more distant the link in the chain of being is from God, the more are the laws multiplied, divided, ramified, so as to weave in their vast net that infinite variety which extends to the utmost limits of creation; but as we approach Him in thought, these innumerable laws form themselves into groups, these groups are again resolved into more general laws, until at last we arrive at *one* which embraces all the others, to which they are all attached as to a common centre, and from which they obtain force and direction.

Order is then the entire range of laws which presided at the creation, and which, linking variety to unity, change to immutability, cause the circulation of movement, of life, through all the pores of being. Thus nature and humanity are endowed with an expansive force almost without limits, and Absolute Order is developing in accordance with regular progression, in the bosom of which all partial imperfections vanish, and death itself becomes but a momentary phase of transformation, a mystic laboratory from which Life flows in a thousand new forms.

The True, the Beautiful, the Good, are only different faces of that Universal Order which is their common life. Everything in creation is gifted with its own degree of life, and yet depends upon that Universal Life; is in some way attached to it, presenting a diminished image of the Universal Order.

Malebranche asks: 'Why do men love beauty? because it is a visible representation of Order.' Order is at the same time an object of science, of art, and of popular faith. It is intuitively recognized, and although the people may not be able to syllable its abstract formula, yet as soon as they perceive the sensible sign of it, harmony, they at once pronounce beautiful the object which embodies it. In a last analysis it might be asserted that the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, considered with regard to their realization in this world, are but the representation of the pure Idea of Absolute Order. It must preside over the creation of every great work of art, whether measuring the columns and spanning the arches of architecture; modeling the forms of Apollos; picturing the graces of virgins and cherubs; charging the air with the electric and sublime grandeur of symphonies and requiems; or creating Julieta, Imogens, Ophelias, and Desdemonas. Absolute Order may be considered as the manifestation of the Divine wisdom—it must be typified and symbolized in art.

Need we apologize for presenting to the reader, in consequence of its relation with the subject under consideration, the following beautiful extract from the pages of Holy Writ?

'For in Wisdom is the spirit of understanding; holy, one, manifold, subtle, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that which is good, quick, which nothing hindereth, beneficent.

'Gentle, kind, steadfast, assured, secure, having all power, overseeing all things and containing all Spirits, intelligible, pure, subtle:

'For Wisdom is more active than all active things, and reacheth everywhere by reason of her purity.

'For she is the breath of the power of God, a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty, therefore no defiled thing cometh into her.

'For she is the brightness of the Eternal Light, the unspotted mirror of God's majesty.

'And being but One, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy

souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

'For God loveth none but him who dwelleth with Wisdom.

'For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars; being compared with the light, she is found before it.

'For after this cometh the night,—but no evil can overcome Wisdom.'

Again:

'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning.

'I was set up from Eternity, and of old before the earth was made.

'The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of the waters as yet sprung out:

'The mountains with their huge bulk had not yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth:

'He had not yet made the earth, nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world.

'When He prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths:

'When He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters:

'When He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits: when he weighed the foundations of the earth.

'I was with Him forming all things: and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times;

'Playing in the world: and my delights were to be with the children of men.'—PROVERBS.

As Order has been considered the symbol of Divine Wisdom, Symmetry has been regarded as the type of Divine Justice. In all beautiful things there is found the opposition of one part to another, while a reciprocal balance must be obtained or suggested. In animals the balance is generally between opposite sides; in the vegetable world it is less distinct, as in the boughs on the opposite sides of trees; it often amounts only to a certain tendency toward a balance, as in the opposite sides of valleys and the alternate windings of streams. In things in which perfect symmetry is, from their nature, impossible or improper, a balance must be in some measure expressed before they can be contam-

plated with pleasure. *Absolute equality* is not required, still less *absolute similarity*.

Symmetry must not be confounded with Proportion. Symmetry is the opposition of *equal* quantities; proportion is the due connection of *unequal* quantities with each other. A tree, in sending out equal boughs on opposite sides, is symmetrical; in sending out smaller boughs toward the top, proportional. In the human face its balance of opposite sides is *symmetry*; its division upward, *proportion*.

Symmetry is necessary to the *dignity* of every form. Orderly balance and arrangement are highly essential to the more perfect operation of the earnest and solemn qualities of the beautiful, being heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin. Minds which have been subjected to high moral influence generally delight in symmetry: witness the harmonious lines of Milton, and the works of the great religious painters. Where there is no symmetry, the effects of violence and passion are increased. Many works derive power from the want of it, but lose in proportion in the divine quality of beauty.

Want of moderation, extravagance, bombastic straining for effect, are destructive of beauty, whether in color, form, motion, language, or thought;—in color, they would be called glaring; in form, inelegant; in motion, ungraceful; in language, coarse; in thought, undisciplined; in all, unchastened: these qualities are always painful, because the signs of disobedient and irregular operation. In color, for example, it is not red, but rose color, which is the most beautiful; neither is it the brightest green, but such gray green as we see in the distant sky, in the clefts of the glacier, in the chrysophrase and sea foam; not but that the expression of feeling should be deep and full, but that to arrive at that *passion of the soul* excited by the beautiful, there should be a solemn moderation in such fulness,

a reference to the high harmonies by which humanity is governed, and an obedience to which is its glory. The following short quotations serve to illustrate this point:

'And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek; it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.'

'I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might have
drowned
The wrath of heaven, and quenched the mighty
ruin.'

Common writers are apt to forget that exaggerated expressions chill our sympathies; that passion becomes ignoble when entertained for ignoble objects; that when violent and unnatural, it is destructive of dignity. In the exaggeration of its outward signs, Passion is not exalted, but its reality is evaporized.

'The fire which mounts the liquor till it runs
o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it.'

The use and value of passion is not as a subject of contemplation in itself, but as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the heart, or displays its might and ribbed majesty, as the stability of mountains is best seen with the restless mist quivering about them, and the changeful clouds floating above them.

We have thus naturally arrived at the fact that Truth, another of the Divine Attributes, must make part of all art that would interest humanity; that the soul rejects violence, or the falsehood of exaggerated description.

'Sanctify your soul like a temple,' says Madame De Staël, 'and the angel of noble thoughts will not disdain to occupy it.' If the rays of 'Wisdom' were reflected through the rainbow of artistic beauty by the devout artist, he would again be, as of old, the Prophet; and the arts would find, in typification of the Divine Attributes, ceaseless vari-

ety, marvellous unity. Then might he stand before his Maker as the anointed high priest of nature, winning entrance into her mysteries and holy symbols, using his glorious gifts to

lead his brethren back to God; and the artistic human word might become, in its appropriate sphere, the humble and devout interpreter of the Word Eternal!

R E M E M B R A N C E .

LAST night, emerging from the glaring gaslight into the starlight beautiful and dim, there came, borne to me by the night wind, a gay young voice, blithely carolling the sweet strains of a well-remembered song, familiar to me long years ago in another and distant clime. It was a simple ballad, one heard most frequently in my youth, old when I was young; it was like a voice from the dead—a thought from the shrouded past appealing to my soul. There was something so solemn and strange, so mystically spiritual in the fact that a stranger in a strange land should possess the power to conjure up for me a world of saddest memories, that I half fancied at first (pardon an old man's dreaming) that one who had lived long ago, and died before her prime, seeing now as those see where the mists of pride and passion are dispelled forever by the light of unshadowed truth, conscious now of the deep and lasting wrong she had done herself and me, that *she it was who was now singing to me through the lips of the lad*, striving to cheer the loneliness she had caused, and comfort my desolate heart by telling me she was near me; and, obedient to the impulse given me by the wild fancy, I raised my tremulous voice, broken long ago, and quavered an accompaniment, and I and the unknown singer sang the last remaining stanza together.

I can never hear that song without tears. I never hear it, even though

its half-forgotten strains, dreamily warbled, are oddly mingled with a widely different tune, in a bootless effort at remembrance; but my youth, with its golden promise, which maturer manhood but meagrely fulfilled, turns with the shadowed years veiling its brightness, and looks sorrowfully upon my old age in its solitude and desolation; but my life, with its wasted energies and flagging purpose, rises up before me, darkly and reproachfully reminding me of what I might have done, have been! O Heaven! what bitter years of suffering and crushing disappointment, years on which the tracks of time have left their blight and mildew, have passed since first I listened to the bird-like warbling of its simple strains. Then was the blissful May-time of my existence, when I was governed by youth's generous impulses, led captive by its sweet delusions, when I fondly dreamed that my life was destined to become a victory and a triumph, not the failure it has proved to be! I heard it first when the love that has lived unchanged through the mournful wastes of nearly half a century, was in the gray dawn of its immortal being. *She* sang it to me *then*, sweet Jennie Grey, whom I wooed, but never won. Memory, faithful treasurer, points back with mystic finger, and looking through the long vista of intervening years, standing now almost where time shall merge into eternity, that vision illuminating like a star the surrounding gloom, I can

see the very night—I can see *now* as clearly as *then*—the round full moon lighting the dark waters with a long line of silvery brightness, crowning the tiny ripples with light as they broke upon the shore, and flooding the well-remembered room with its mellow radiance—see her, in her fresh young beauty, seated at the old instrument, the moonlight falling on her bright hair; the sweet eyes averted from my too admiring gaze, veiled beneath the drooping lashes, cast down with a coy pretence of studying the half-forgotten tune.

I can see myself, handsome, ardent young (so widely different now, I can speak of my former self without vanity), seated near, with all the love that filled my soul for her looking from my eyes.

The bright remembrance of this is shining 'through the mists of years,' glowing and life-like as life's joyous spring time. I can see it all now, clearly, as if it were but yesterday. Oh, radiant picture of youth and beauty! Oh, life! life! If it be a truth, and I believe it to be such, that in all the vast and mighty universe there is but one nature perfectly and completely assimilated unto our own; one heart in which every pulse of feeling throbbing within our being, shall find a quick responsive echo; a second, self, the same in thought, emotion, character, or with such slight shades of difference as shall make the blending more harmonious; one, and only one, to whom God has indissolubly joined us by the omnipotent law of a pure, immutable attraction—if this be an essential fact, then, as I sat drinking in the harmony of the song that night, this sublime truth in all its purity was revealed to me; and with the revelation came a purifying and exalting power, purifying my love from passion and every base and earthly alloy. For me, for a brief instant, the veil had parted that divides the earthly from the spiritual, and I had caught a dim, shadowy glimpse of how it would be with us, my idol and

myself, in the great and mystic future that lay stretching far away before us; and through all my enraptured soul, filling it with sweetest melody, a voice was murmuring: 'She is thine, through all the countless years of thy immortality, lift up thine eyes and look upon thine own.' Then, with a deep reverence I had never felt for her before, with all my pure and passionate love, I raised the small hand, on which the moonlight fell white and cold, murmuring the while in solemn triumph: 'What God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' I had received the soul's highest and clearest intuition as a direct revelation from the Divine, and I relied upon it as such implicitly, undoubtingly. Oh, with what earnest faith, for a brief and fleeting season, I believed that the seal of the Omnipotent had been set upon our union, earthly as well as spiritual, and that no power on earth or in hell could prevail against its consummation! How I revelled in this sweet belief; how this blest and silent consciousness wrapped my soul in light, and hovered ever around me like a wordless blessing! This faith was the inspiration of my toil, the prompter to good deeds, the angel messenger which enabled me to overcome the evil of my wayward nature.

How the sweet thought of it grew and grew until it pervaded my entire being, making my whole life harmonious and beautiful as the song she sang to me—a sublime and glorious dream! I did not check this pure and fervid flow of happiness with doubts and fears. I did not rouse myself to inquire whether this great truth concerning us might not, owing to some peculiarity of my organization, be clearly and perfectly revealed to *me*, and *me alone*; so that the truth being but dimly and vaguely foreshadowed to her mind, the effect could not be as permanent and living as in mine. I did not ruffle my soul's serenity with dark forebodings and bootless queries.

Such revelations are certainly, in consequence of their greater spirituality, more frequently made to women than to men, and I rested upon this, not thinking the reverse might be the case in the present instance; and through the long days of that golden summer I dreamed on and on. The powerful attraction, whose nature was so plainly revealed to me that night, and faintly shadowed forth to her, now drew us together more and more, and for a time our companionship was almost constant. We read, we walked, we talked together; we wandered through summer groves in the twilight, or, seated on the mossy root of some old tree, watched the light dying in the west, and the stars come out one by one; or viewed the sun slowly and majestically disappearing beneath the horizon, gorgeous with clouds of purple and of gold; or marked the varied changes of the sky on the calm expanse of summer water, stretching far away before us. And when the light had disappeared, leaving but a dull leaden surface, we closed our eyes and listened to the wild, mysterious murmur of the waters as they touched the sounding shore. Oh, brief and fleeting dream of earthly joy! Oh, light, warmth, and sunshine! Happiness too spiritual; companionship too blest for earth! Mortal type of the immortal bliss that awaits me, which is drawing nearer to me day by day! I never shall believe that she did not love me *then*, unconsciously as it must have been, for it was not in a nature like hers to prove recreant to a holy impulse. Yes, I know she then loved me! It was this belief alone which upheld me in the chill night darkness that fell upon my soul after shutting out the warmth and light. I'm sure she loved me *then*. I could note the silent working of the *great law* that was unconsciously impressing her slowly, drawing her nearer to me day by day; mark the electric thrill which made the slender fingers tremulous when my hand lay near her

own, an expressive and eloquent gesture, as if, all unconsciously, her hand was stretching forth in the sweet endeavor to clasp mine. The averted eyes, the beautiful color that flushed her cheeks, and, best and dearest sight of all, the perplexed, mystified, dimly conscious expression in the far-off distant gaze, as if the soul was vainly struggling to grasp and clearly comprehend a great truth but vaguely felt. I could see all this as I sat by her side, permitting the love I had not words to speak to betray me in every look, tone, and gesture. But even while I watched her thus, serenely awaiting the time when a full consciousness should pervade her spirit as it was pervading mine—now when the sum of my happiness was slowly approaching its zenith, there appeared above the horizon the little cloud doomed to overspread and darken the calm heaven of my joy. We were no longer entirely alone: a third person was added to the sweet enchanted number that first walked the groves of Eden, and the complete spirituality of our communion was gone! Other eyes gazed on what we gazed; other eyes looked into the blue depths of hers, and sought with mine their smiling approval, and the brightest charm of our intercourse had departed forever. The last time in which it still remained unbroken—the last sweet time that I could call her wholly mine, was on a placid autumn evening. We had strolled farther than usual, tempted by the tranquil beauty around us, and during that walk I had been strangely, wonderfully happy. Many times, as we walked silently side by side, a strong, an almost irresistible impulse seemed to force me to utter those three passionate words that have caused a flutter in the heart-beat of so many thousands since the world began; and as many times the reverence I felt for her, and the diffidence arising from it, held me back, and the words remained unspoken. Yet this contest of feeling had led me to venture more

upon outward expression: I had held her hand in mine, and twice or thrice had pressed it mutely and reverently to my lips; and she, seeing nothing of the ardor of a lover in this (the very excess of my emotion had made me outwardly calm), had allowed me to retain it, bestowed upon me her sunniest smile, calling me the while friend and brother. It was not the terms my heart most earnestly longed for; but I looked forward with a lover's eye, and was content. And thus we wandered slowly back again—back to meet one who possessed the power to change the aspect of both our lives; the power to darken mine on earth—and who was he? A mere boy—a lover of Jennie's, who impatiently awaited our return that very night. They had been play-mates in childhood, but had not met since then.

Had I been less certain that her love would be mine in the future, I should have trembled when I looked upon this man; for he possessed those gifts in their richness and fulness that most easily win a woman's love. Then, too, he was her mother's guest—with Jennie, morning, noon, and night—invariably our companion in our frequent walks—always by her side, and with a mingling of tenderness and reverence proffering that devoted and delicate homage which most readily finds its way to the affections of an artless maiden.

I was too unused to the world *then* to know it; but have deeply realized since how irresistibly she must have charmed one so accustomed to the heartless coquetry of fashionable flirts, by the timid, wondering, child-like simplicity with which she received all this homage.

I should have known how this would end; but my faith had made me blind. Indeed, I was even then conscious how infinitely he was my superior in all that pertained to outward things: he was rich, I poor; he possessed the varied information of the travelled man, the ease and grace of one fa-

miliar with the world, and I had all the awkwardness and abstracted reserve of an absorbed student. I was deeply, painfully conscious of this. Yet, while I felt she did not return his ardent, ever-increasing love, perhaps did not even comprehend it; while the spirituality of our communion still in some degree remained unbroken, I was content.

I could calmly watch his ever-varying moods from gay to grave, from grave to sad, striving by each in turn with finished art to touch the heart he felt he had not won—smiling securely, I would sometimes murmur in my happiness the while: 'Passion born of earth, not the true love that discerneth its own, impels thee. Thy soul's betrothed is perchance of another country; turn to seek thy own; Jennie is *mine*, not *thine*!' No need to tell how, at first all unconsciously to herself, he gained the priceless treasure of her love. No need to tell how he won her heart from mine. The memory of all this is very painful even now—enough, that after long and skilful trial he succeeded. The arrow at last struck its mark, and my boding heart then whispered how this would end. I saw the pitying tenderness of her artless nature, shining in her soft and dreamy eye, suffusing every speaking feature, making the sweet face still more lovely, until presently compassion grew into something yet more tender. Then her eyes would brighten at his coming, a deep crimson color her cheeks, a sweet and timid consciousness betray itself in every look and movement; and then, oh, anguish of spirit! *I felt her soul gradually withdrawing itself from mine*, and my heart torn from the loving one on which it rested. Then followed days and nights of extreme mental anguish, a time of suffering that I cannot dwell upon even now without a shudder, when I lost faith in God and man, and cursed the day when I beheld the light; when amid blackness, darkness, and tempest, my storm-tossed soul

cried in vain for light, vainly seeking for peace amid its wrecks and desolations. A fiery furnace, through which I passed that I might come out purified.

They were to be married very soon. She told me this as we sat together one evening in the brief wintry twilight. The first wild transports of a newly found bliss had subsided into a calmer feeling of happiness in her heart, as with me had passed the first 'bitter bitterness' of a life-long grief, and I was enabled to receive her confidence with a show of brotherly regard.

Christmas was the time set for the ceremony, and the first fall of snow was even now lying on the ground.

She did not impart this information with the coy and hesitating timidity usual to her; but thoughtfully, as she sat gazing out on the dull leaden sky, watching the snowflakes falling through the dreary air. There followed then a long, long pause, in which I had time to recover from the effect her words had produced, and to frame and stammer forth such congratulations as seemed required by the occasion. These she did not answer, or even seem to comprehend, but roused from her reverie by the sound of my voice, she crossed the room and seated herself beside me, and took my hand within her own.

'Brother,' she murmured, in a dreamy, half-abstracted manner, 'there has been something solemn and strange in our intercourse, a mysterious something, which my mind has vainly striven to grasp and comprehend. I had thought the secret rested with you, and *through you* would be revealed to me; but the time for such revelation is passed; God has willed it otherwise. Brother,' her voice sank to a solemn cadence; I hear the low tones *now*, as I heard them *then*: 'I am the better and purer for your affection; you have led me, by what process I know not, from the sensuous and the earthly, to the spiritual and the holy, and there is no

epithet applied to mortals, reverently endearing enough to be coupled with your name. I would that my words were as eloquent as my feelings, that you might know what immeasurable gratitude I vainly strive to compress in the brief words: I thank you.'

She wept, and I laid my hand on the bowed head in mute and speechless blessing.

'O Father!' I cried, in my voiceless anguish, 'Omnipotent and good! is there nothing that can open her eyes even now, and give me the being thine own holy laws have made my own?' No! no! The wild hope that prompted the useless prayer died within my heart as I breathed it. Jealous of the brief interest that could draw his betrothed's attention from himself but for a moment, ~~he~~, the boy lover, now entered, and there were no longer gentle looks nor solemn words. He loved her best in her moods of artless gayety, and she hurriedly brushed her tears away, and hastened to be merry. Brief as had been the glimpses she had given me of her inner nature, the knowledge proved my comforter in this my time of trial, and I thanked God for it humbly and gratefully.

I then had really led her from the earthly to the spiritual and holy. Her heart had unawares entertained an angel visitant; mine had unconsciously performed an angel's ministry; I, next to God and his messengers, had power to satisfy the deepest wants of her nature. Oh, solitary drop of consolation! The love cherished by her, and her heart's mistaken choice, was only of this *earth*; there was no element of spirituality to render it *immortal*. It was doomed to die with the passion that gave it birth, and from the grave there should be no resurrection.

Blessed be God forever! . . . Lo! The rustic church is trimmed with evergreen, and lighted for the marriage service. Curious lookers on are there; and with that perverse desire to test

the might of their endurance, common with those who suffer, I too, am there, though I know that her image, as she stands at the altar, where I shall see her for the last time, through the days and nights of anguish sure to follow *this*, will be ever present with me! Yet, with my face half hidden by the evergreens, I stand and wait her coming. They enter, bride and bridegroom; she leaning trustfully upon his arm. O Jennie! *my* Jennie; thou who shouldst have been my bride! Great waves of tearless anguish rolled over my soul at the sight! Jennie, the priest who ministers at the altar before which thou standest, is idly repeating words whose holy meaning he does not comprehend: is *separating*, not *uniting* those whom God has joined together. O Jennie! companion of my spirit! is there no far-off, distant echo awakened in thy soul by the bitter waves of anguish surging over mine? Not now, in this thine hour of earthly love and triumph; not now. Even in spirit, 'lover and friend,' hast thou been put far from me. The low, measured tones of the minister fall on my ear; and I count the brief moments that give her to the keeping of another for all her *mortal* life, as the watcher counts the last moments of the dying and the loved. They kneel in prayer before the mockery of those last words is spoken, and I kneel too, crying to the Almighty: 'Wrest even now my treasure from him, or still the anguished throbbings of my heart forever! Let me die!' O Thou tempted in all points even as we, yet without sin, it was meet in this my hour of extremest suffering, that Thou shouldst send the promised comforter, not to bestow the earthly good I prayed for, but to raise me above earth and all of earthly good. Opening my inner vision to behold, far as the eye of the finite may behold, what is comprehended in the omniscient glance of the Infinite—removing the clouds brooding so darkly over my spirit, and filling it with holy joy,

by imparting radiant glimpses of the soul's calmer and higher life in the land beyond—'the life that rights the wrongs, and reveals the mysteries of this,'—the words that were once my hope and the inspiration of my toil, came now, when that hope was dead, to soothe and comfort me—the spirit of prophecy, that cheered my spirit with the hopeful promise of good in the time to come, and stirring my soul to its depths, sounding through it like a song of solemn triumph.

What though thou beholdest her the bride of another, her own heart blinded so that she cannot see aright! She is *thine* through all the countless years of thy immortality! His but for a brief and fleeting season! He holds his treasure in a trembling, uncertain grasp. Change may separate her heart from his; death may wrest it from him; the grave cover her form forever from his sight; but neither Time, nor Change, nor Death—nothing in the present world, or in that which is to come, shall be able to separate *thee* from the soul *that was formed for thine*! She is his by man's frail and perishing enactments; thine by the great law of attraction, by the immutable decrees of God. Seeing now, with the eye of the spirit, the frail uncertain nature of the happiness which he fondly dreamed was founded on a rock, sorrow and envy left me, and I could pity him as one deluded; and with a strange triumphant feeling, I pressed forward and imprinted the first kiss on the pure brow of my heart's chosen as the bride of another. Was she dimly, vaguely conscious for a moment of the nature of the attraction that bound our souls together, as she clung tearfully to *me* for an instant, murmuring a loving farewell? It has given me comfort through all the long years that have passed since then, to think so. She leaned from the carriage, her sweet eyes meeting mine in a sad adieu. I looked my last then on the face of the *mortal* Jennie. But in a land of per-

petual summer, lighted by the smile of God, robed in garments of everlasting light, faithful and true, there awaits me *Jennie the immortal!* She knows it all now. Those bright seraphic eyes lighted with heaven-born love, have turned from celestial light to mark my gloomy wanderings. When she died, there was added to the band of ministering spirits the one whose silent influence was most powerful for good, most potent to aid me in overcoming evil. I have been better and purer since then. She possesses some mystic power to make me *feel* her presence, and to draw me toward her.

Slowly, very slowly, the feeling of solitude and isolation departed from me, and I am not lonely now; bright unseen visitants soothe my solitude; their noiseless steps break not its solemn stillness; soft hands clasp mine;

where'er I move, the spirit of loving companionship is with me. Ah! to the eyes and ears of the aged, whose material perceptions are closing forever on the sights and sounds of earth, there come, borne across the dark-waved river on whose brink they stand, sounds from the other side; and ever and anon the mist that broods there lifts and parts itself, revealing radiant but imperfect glimpses of the promised land beyond.

Ere long the shadow will pass from these dimmed eyes forever, and I shall look on what she looks in heaven.

I have lived the allotted time of man's probation. The days of the years of my pilgrimage are drawing to a close. It cannot be *long now!* A few months, it may be years, of patient endurance—

And then—Then!



THE GREAT RIOT.

On Monday, the 18th day of July, 1863, the national conscription was proceeding in two districts of New York city. By Monday night the buildings and the blocks in which the provost marshals had their respective offices had been burned to the ground by a furious rabble, whose onset the police had in vain attempted to stay, and the great metropolis of North America was at the mercy of a raging mob, which roamed through the streets, robbing, beating, burning, murdering where they would.

By Tuesday the police had thoroughly organized, and the trial of strength between mob-law and authority began. Night closed over a still unconquered, defiant, law-contemning insurrection.

On Wednesday the public conveyances of the city were stopped, the

places of business mostly closed, while the rioters alternated between hanging negroes, burning their houses, and plundering generally, on the one hand, and fighting the military on the other. Thursday the final struggle ensued, and when Friday dawned, though not until then, was the city fairly delivered from the hands of the insurgents, and restored to its wonted order. Now all is tranquil, and save the occasional ruins, the groans of the wounded in the hospitals, the agony of those who have lost friends or homes in the struggle, and the diminished number of the blacks, little remains to attest the scenes of terror through which New York has passed.

Whence came this riot? From what causes did it spring? Was it, indeed, a part of the great Southern rebellion, instigated by the emissaries of Jefferson

Davis? Was it instigated by the Catholic Church as a part of their scheme for the reconstruction of the Church in America, and for obtaining the overthrow of republican institutions as a preliminary means to this end? Was it the work of unprincipled politicians, who wish to put a stop to the war, in order to carry out their ambitious plans by the aid of their Southern allies, and who thought that by stopping the draft they could stop the war? Was it the work of plunderers and thieves who inflamed the passions of the people, and incited them to deeds of violence, that they might rob in security? Did it spring from the honest indignation of the poorer classes, who deemed they were wronged by the \$300 exemption clause? Or, finally, was it a reaction against supposed injustice on the part of men who believed that the forcing of individuals to fight against their will was contrary to the very genius of our institutions and our government, which recognizes the right of each person, according to his understanding, to the pursuit of happiness absolutely in his own way? Each one of these has been loudly urged as the undoubted cause of the difficulty. Let us probe the matter with care, and ascertain the source of the disturbance.

It is one of the vices of our political system, not yet remedied, that it holds out great inducements to unscrupulous and ambitious men to deceive the ignorant and credulous masses, in order to obtain their good will and their votes. This deception has necessarily to be practised, moreover, concerning the individuals and the things in regard to which the highest interests of the people demand they should not be deceived. For the wicked and designing politician knows that good men, who really have the interest of the people at heart, will not elect him to office. On the contrary, they will expose his true character and unmask his deception to the poor dupes whom he is cajoling and deluding. Hence the necessity, on the

part of such men, of putting a complete barrier between the really good portion of the community and the ignorant and weak, who most need their assistance. The politician of this stamp resorts, therefore, to every means in his power to destroy the confidence of the lower classes in the higher. He succeeds in convincing the thoughtless portion of the masses that the respectable and comfortable citizen is his enemy and cares not for his condition, while he himself is the poor man's friend, watchful over his interests, and carefully guarding him from the designs of his foe. Thus the isolation of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, from the benevolent, the sympathetic, and the wise is completed, and the wily politician has his victim and voter secure within his grasp.

In no way is the coöperation of the simple-minded and ignorant man more easily secured and his faith more firmly riveted than by flattering his vanity and treating him as the peer of others infinitely his superiors. The fundamental principle of our political fabric, the *political* equality of all men, has afforded ample opportunity for designing persons to mislead the uninformed among the mass, and to make them believe that *political* equality means social, intellectual, and moral equality, that all are in fact equal in all respects in society, and that their rights are infringed by their exclusion from such recognition.

But while plying the people with the most levelling dogmas of equality, it is the equality of the white race only that has been affirmed by the crafty demagogue. The efforts for the enfranchisement of the negro have been eagerly seized upon to widen still further the breach between the intelligent and the ignorant. The thoughtless among the masses have been persistently taught that the emancipation of the negro would result in his coming North, that this would bring him in as a competitor in the struggle for life, already so ar-

duous and harassing, and that, consequently, the emancipation of the black was a direct blow at the interests of the poor white laboring man. When the present national conflict began, and the politicians of the cunning, unscrupulous school thought they saw it to be their interest to gain favor with the South, they opposed the war, and sought to league the populace on their side by raising the cry that the contest was for emancipation, not for saving the Union. And now, when all other efforts, to end the struggle in favor of the South are unavailing, they have fastened on the prevention of the draft as the 'last ditch' in which to make a final stand and risk a last battle.

They have summoned all their forces to the field in this contest. They urge the poor man to resist the conscription, because it infringes the equality of the citizen and makes an invidious distinction between the rich and the poor. They teach him that he is being forced from fireside and friends, while others no better than himself are left at home; that his family are left destitute by his absence, while others remain to protect and support their dependants; that he is forced to do this in a war which has for its principal object the liberation of a people whom he believes he has every cause to hate, and who will become, on their liberation, his rivals in the race where suffering and perhaps starvation await the loser. Is it any wonder that they broke the wheel, scattered the names, and burnt the enrolling offices—that they plundered and murdered the negroes?

The New York riot had its active origin, nucleus, and strength in a feeling of bitter injustice, entertained by ignorant, simple-minded, crude men, the lowest class of our population, who had been deliberately deceived in relation to facts, by unscrupulous politicians, for ambitious purposes. They had been inflamed with wrath by supposed wrong; their worst passions were aroused, they had lost their self-control,

and became reckless. It matters little whether the actual hostilities began by a spontaneous outburst of anger, when the passions had simmered a long time; or whether the emissaries of the politicians actually incited to the specific act at a preconcerted period. The responsibility of the latter is noways diminished if no such intervention occurred; the essential nature of the outbreak is the same if it did. Had there not been this deep-seated feeling of wrong on the part of a portion of the people, the instigations of the emissaries would have met no response. The sinew of the insurrection was this honest resentment of fancied injury.

Everything goes to prove that, in the outset, so far as the *original active rioters* were concerned, the draft was the immediate cause of the disturbance. They first burnt one provost marshal's office, and then proceeded a mile or more to burn another. Then they burnt the colored asylum. This was the first day's work mainly. There is no adequate explanation of the hatred exhibited to the negro throughout this riot, other than the supposition that the mob, or rather that portion of it who were abusing the blacks, believed that they were being forced from their homes in the service of a war, the object and purpose of which was the liberation of the negroes, and that, therefore, in a certain sense, the colored people were the cause of their being drafted. The peculiar feature of this mob, as contrasted with ordinary ones, was this bitterness against the negro.

On the succeeding days, however, the elements of the mob changed. The same nucleus remained, but other constituents were added to it. Thieves and plunderers joined it, for the sole purpose doubtless of robbing in safety; probably the first peacebreakers themselves, not ordinarily pilferers, carried off the articles of value, which were scattered among the ruins their rage had created. Scheming politicians fan-

ned the flame which their teachings had already lit; the journals which are almost undisguisedly in favor of a dishonorable peace, and of a return of the Southern States with slavery untouched, skilfully incited, while seeming to discourage, the now rum-maddened and blood-drunken fiends; the idle, the vicious, the curious joined the throng, and the motives of the mob became as varied and diverse as its elements. Some hoped to stop the draft and remain unmolested at home. Others hoped to stop the draft, in order to stop the war, and enable them to say to the South, We have prevented your subjugation: give us our political reward. Some hoped to overthrow all law and order, that they might revel in the wealth they could then sequester. The great mass probably neither knew nor cared to what end they tended—their worst passions were aroused and controlled them; they luxuriated in violence and bloodshed, and their brutal instincts were satisfied.

That the riot had any significant religious characteristics is not probable. Catholics were in it and of it, and so were Protestants. The mob was composed principally of those who scout all pretence of religion of any kind, and who are as little influenced by the priest as the negligent Protestant is by the preacher. Had it been otherwise, the priest who endeavored to get the body of Colonel O'Brien would have easily prevailed; for no church-going Catholics would refuse, in their wildest frenzy, the request of a priest for the possession of a dying man. That there are honest bigots in the Catholic Church who believe that within her pale only is safety for the human race, who believe, furthermore, that republican institutions are incompatible with her full supremacy, and rejoice, therefore, with holy zeal, at anything which seems to indicate their instability, is doubtless true. Some such individuals may have been among the rioters, urging them on in their frenzied work.

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But the manly, sincere, and indignant castigation given by the Catholic priesthood to the wretched miscreants on the Sunday following the disturbances, precludes any possibility of suspicion that the Church was either aware of the intended uprising, or that it approved the purposes or actions of the mob.

In deciding, then, as to the real character and purpose of the rioters, two distinct classes of persons must be taken into account: those actively engaged in insurgent proceedings, and those who, not appearing on the scene of action, incited and sustained the former in their demonstrations.

That the motives and purposes of the one class were different from those of the other, has been already indicated. The main object of the parties in the background, who had constantly been fomenting discord, was undoubtedly to aid the cause of the Southern rebellion, with whom they sympathize, not perhaps because they care for the South, but because they think their own interests demand its coöperation. The chief design of the first peace-breakers was to stop the draft, that they might not be forced away from home to fight, against their wishes. That they knew the real designs of their instigators, or that they had any prompters to the specific acts which inaugurated the riot, is not probable; that, after the commencement of the sedition, they were joined by such, and urged to further violence, cannot be doubted.

The insurrection had not, therefore, in its largest proportions, one single distinctive purpose, and was not the work of one set of men. It was a rising against the draft, but not wholly so. It was a blow in aid of the South, though not this only. It was a thieves' tumult, but that was not all. It was all of these, with some other ingredients, previously mentioned, the whole clustering and crystallizing around a nucleus of crude, ignorant, hard-work-

ing, passionate, rough, turbulent men, deceived by the adroit misrepresentations of interested persons, until, driven to madness by a sense of supposed injustice, they believed themselves justified in securing redress by the only means they knew.

Shall we stop here in our analysis of the nature and constituents of the New York mob? Have we yet discovered the fundamental causes which produced the riot, so that we shall be able to prevent such recurrences in the future? Or have we in reality only penetrated the crust of the question, and ascertained the immediate and superficial causes, not the radical and basic ones? The latter is the case. We have thus far seen the apparent and proximate causes merely—which brought to the surface, at the present time, a riotous disposition, always existent in the community, a volcano slumbering and smouldering, ever ready to burst forth and deluge society with its withering and destroying lava, whenever the flame is fitly fanned. Until we know the source of this riotous tendency in a portion of our population, the deeper cause of this recent outbreak, as of all our outbreaks, we are yet ignorant of the true sources of the frightful disturbance which our social order has sustained, in any such sense as makes a knowledge of causes practically available for remedy and cure.

Whether the preceding analysis of the mob be a true one or not, therefore; whether it were a part of the great Southern rebellion, brought about by rebel agents from abroad or living in our midst; or an outbreak of indignation against a law supposed to be unjust; or a riot of thieves, whose main purpose was plunder; or a politicians' bubble merely;—whether it were any or all of these, or something different from these or more than these; in any of these cases, we are yet at the threshold of our inquiry concerning it. We must go back over some ground which we

have cursorily traversed, and look closer at the elements of society, to find a fitting solution to the spirit and conduct of the mob. Men are not given to acts of atrocious brutality, to frightful rage, or to wanton rapine, without the existence of some cause for their proceedings. However depraved a few individuals may be, the love of doing outrageous things for the mere sake of doing them is not natural to the human race. If there had not existed some deep feeling of supposed injustice on the part of the masses engaged in the sedition, coupled with the habitual misery of their lives, the wild frenzy of July would have been impossible. If the multitude had been rightly informed and judiciously cared for, neither the politicians nor the rebel emissaries could have stirred them to insurrection, nor thieves have gained their assistance and support.

The cause of the turbulent spirit exhibited in a large class of our population is, principally, the sense of pecuniary insecurity in which they live; the fear lest by an overabundance in the supply of labor, or by the disability of the laborer, they should be unable to get the means of living for themselves and their families. The writer of this article was impelled, by the duties of his profession, to spend his entire time, save the hours of sleep, during the days of the riot and the two weeks subsequent, among the active insurgents, in the neighborhood of the conflicts, and in other situations, which gave him peculiar advantages for knowing the nature of the mob and the causes of its actions. The prevailing complaint among the first active insurgents, and their sympathizers among the poor, was that they were about to be forced away from home to fight for the freedom of the blacks, who when free would become their competitors for the little they now earn. In listening to the knots gathered at the corners, to the conversation among the inhabitants of the most violently riotous districts, the words

which fell oftenest upon the ear were these of bitter, burning, blasting denunciation against the apathy of the rich, who, while enjoying the comforts of a competency, are forgetful of the continuous, persistent, hopeless, never-to-be-relieved, and crushing poverty of the poor, with its inevitable accompaniments. The writer does not hesitate to affirm, that but for this sense of the insecurity of their means of living, and the mistaken notions which had been instilled into them in regard to the negroes and the object of this war, as increasing still further this insecurity—a deception to which their ignorance, the necessary result of their present pecuniary conditions, even were there no other causes for it, renders them at all times liable—they could not have been incited to the recent sedition.

It is not easy for men who do not feel the daily and hourly pressure of poverty, to comprehend the constant solicitude which weighs upon the indigent. It is still less easy for them to understand the intensely practical point of view from which the poor must regard every question submitted to them, and the equally practical and speedy solution which they must find to problems of social interest presented for their consideration. The citizen who is comfortably situated in relation to money matters, can afford to look at the result which any social, economical, or mechanical change will introduce in his affairs with reference to a period of time more or less extended into the future. The man who has no capital, who literally earns his *daily* bread, and whose ability to gain a livelihood for himself and his family depends upon his constant, unintermitted labor, is in no condition to look at any aspect of any question but in the one, vital, all-important view of his personal necessities. Anything which stops his work, for a week even, is destructive to him, no matter how beneficial its after results may promise to be. The binding force of dire necessity coerces him into this po-

sition; and even were he intelligent enough to see that all progress, no matter how destructive to particular departments of industry at first, eventually benefits *all* classes and *all* individuals, he cannot afford to consider the question from this stand-point, if it affects his immediate occupation. The benefits of progress must be of secondary importance to an individual, when the present issue which the case presents to him is starvation or work. If the proposed improvement is liable to throw him out of employment for even a brief period, he must look upon it as a hostile invader and resist its introduction. It is this insecurity of social condition, therefore, which has always arrayed a portion of the masses against the introduction of new inventions, improvements in machinery, and labor-saving appliances of all descriptions, and which has caused the riots and violent demonstrations which, at times, have accompanied the first use of new mechanical contrivances. One of the *first* results of the introduction of labor-saving machinery is to throw a large number of people temporarily out of employment. This is forcibly felt by the ignorant masses. They are not educated enough to see that this first result is more than counterbalanced by subsequent benefits;—indeed, it is still a debated question with many people of ordinary intelligence whether, on account of the large number of people primarily deprived of occupation, labor-saving machinery be a benefit to society;—and if they were so educated, their immediate necessities cannot be satisfied with this solution. The same is true in regard to the abolition of slavery. One of the first fruits of this measure will be, as they believe, to cause a large number of negroes to emigrate North. This is the practical point of the question which the poor and ignorant see. The results of this immigration have been magnified to them; a statement of the counteracting tendencies has been with-

held by those interested in fomenting discord, or if not withheld, they do not see these as operating immediately on their condition, and hence regard them as practically not existing.

It is, therefore, the wretched material condition of the poorer masses and the ignorance, stupidity, brutality, and degradation accompanying these, together with the apathy of the rich and intelligent classes to their situation, which are the latent causes of our social broils, the recent riot included. In speaking of the pecuniary conditions and the sufferings of the lowest masses, let it be understood that no reference is intended to the present economical relations of labor and price, as compared with those of other times. I refer to the *status* of the poorest classes in society; to the miserable method of their lives, always wretched, ever burdensome, with but one source of temporary relief within their means, the grogshop, which deepens their misery; to their hopeless degradation and perpetual ignorance, under present social arrangements, whether labor be a little higher for a time or not. On the other hand, in referring to the apathy of the rich and intelligent classes, I do not charge them with a want of large benevolence on the ordinary charitable plane, but to something far different, as will appear in the sequel.

It is time, then, that the intelligent and opulent classes began to reflect upon the nature of the community in which they live, and upon the conditions of their neighbors; not, as heretofore, in a casual way, and without any intention of thoroughly considering the question, or doing anything to remedy radically the defects which they may discover, but in the spirit of desire and determination to relieve the masses permanently of burdens which press heavily upon them, to rescue them from the persistent deception of the intriguing demagogues whose snares are winding closer and closer around them, and to unite in bonds of respect and

mutual assistance the physical substratum of society with the moral, intellectual, and substantial. The scenes of the New York riot are a solemn warning that the time has come when society must begin in earnest the work of lifting the masses out of their degradation, their squalor, their ignorance, and their poverty, or the lowest classes, driven to desperation, will make the attempt, at least, to drag society down to their level. The doctrine of equality has been pushed to its utmost in the hands of political cajolers, until the practical logic of the crude multitude, spurred to its intellectual conclusions by physical necessity, asks, What sort of equality is that which keeps the largest portion of the people in want, while the smaller rolls in plenty? So long as the estrangement of the lower classes from their natural directors and advisers continues, so long will these dangerous distortions of truth be powerful weapons in the hands of unfeeling men, whose interests and purposes are subserved by deception. And this estrangement will never cease until the intelligence and wealth of the community withdraw the allegiance of the masses from tricksters and schemers, and transfer it to themselves by the inauguration of such methods of social amelioration as shall convince the multitude of the falsity of the demagogue's teaching, and satisfy them of the fact that the higher classes have really their welfare at heart, and are anxious for their comfort and happiness. When this is done, the ignorant population will no longer be leagued on the side of falsehood, no longer stand the steady opponents of that progress which is so beneficial to themselves. The argument of practical help will have convinced them who their true friends are, and neither the rebel emissary, the dishonest politician, nor the thief will be able to stir them to insurrection, nor control them to the opposition of salutary and judicious laws.

The kind of relationship which must

exist between the rich and benevolent classes and the ignorant poor, must be a closer one in the future than has ever been in the past, and of a different character. In earlier times the isolation and separation which are common between the various orders of society in America, were unknown. There are many countries in which the powerful and opulent feel an obligation resting upon them to be the guardians and social providence of the weak and the humble. Hence the two classes are united to each other by ties of respect and order on the part of the indigent, and of care and protection on the part of the wealthy. The sense of pecuniary insecurity is there little felt, and the ignorant poor are not left to the machinations of any trickster whose interest it may be to deceive them. It is for this reason that even in societies where the oppression of the poor and weak is, in other ways, infinitely greater than in this country, riots and seditions are difficult to create. It is because of the social providence which, theoretically, and, in an appreciable degree, practically, the Southern master extends over his slaves, that it is so difficult to arouse them to insurrection. True, in the case of the slave and the landed peasant, the security from physical want is purchased by the sacrifice of other and higher advantages, but to a large proportion of the ignorant and the weak the means of life are more important than any other blessings.

In accordance with the spirit of our institutions, we enter as equals into the competitive struggle of life, where all cannot be gainers, and where it is inevitable that the strong and the intelligent should succeed, while the feeble and the ignorant must fail. But as both classes have been admitted freely into the race, there is no feeling on the part of the winners of duty or obligation toward the losers. If one chooses to be charitable, he may; if not, society has no claim upon him, no right to expect that he will make the care of

others a part of his duty or his business. Thus the community is arrayed in two great classes: the intelligent, the strong in mind, and those of larger capacities, who, as a class, are rich, on the one side; and the ignorant, the weak-minded, the crude, who, as a body, are poor, on the other. A great gulf separates these two classes, who have nothing in common, and society rests on a social basis composed of forlorn, dissatisfied, ignorant people, developing day by day still more the accompaniments of ignorance and poverty—brutality, viciousness, drunkenness, and ferocity. This separation has too long continued, has too long left the country a prey to political demagogues, who have plunged it into repeated turmoils, and finally into civil war, by being able to operate upon the fears and feelings of the ignorant, deprived of all natural and proper guidance. It is a question, not only of duty, but of safety, for the rich and intelligent, whether they will suffer the lower orders to remain in their wretchedness and sullen dissatisfaction, sinking daily into still deeper degradation, and engendering still more bitter hatred; or whether they will accept their proper position as the organized guides and permanent social providence of the weak, and faithfully perform its functions.

In pressing upon the higher classes the obligation which they owe to the lower orders of society, and in urging them to assume the guardianship of the latter, the writer is not referring to vague and diffuse measures of ordinary philanthropy, but to definite and practical ones, of vast importance to the welfare of the wealthiest as well as to that of the poorest member of society. The individuals who have been most actively engaged in the stirring scenes of commercial life, are little aware, for the most part, of the rapid advances made in social science during the last twenty years, and especially within the last ten of these. Extensive as the new principles evolved in the department

of mechanical discovery, during this period, have been, those in that of commercial and social activity have fully equalled them. The true method of organizing the workshop, the farm, and the manufactory, the right adjustment of capital and labor so as to secure larger advantages than heretofore to both capitalist and laborer, the just adaptation of supply and demand in community, the mutually beneficial co-operation of employer and employé, these and other questions of deep significance to the whole community have reached a theoretical, and, to a limited extent, a practical solution, which the students of social science patiently wait to communicate to the active workers in commercial or industrial affairs. For the want of this knowledge, now ready at their call, the capitalists and the employers are suffering, no less than the laborers and the employed. There is not a single department of human labor in which principles are not now known to the industrial scientist, which would enhance many fold the value of the means employed in such business, to the equal advantage of the owner of the capital and his assistants. The merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers, and the master mechanics are making a wasteful and inferior use of their material, while at the same time they are inadvertently keeping the lower classes in poverty by the want of a knowledge of these modern discoveries. It is from this lack of information only that the poor of New York, who to-day are steeped in their filth, their squalor, and their penury, are not each and all of them enjoying the comforts of a moderate competence and a decent home, the securing of which for them would have, at the same time, enhanced the wealth of the employers. The way to gain the allegiance, devotion, and fidelity of the poorer orders, is easy and simple. The problem of the harmonization of the interests of classes in community with mutual benefit to all, is scientifically solved. It

only remains for the intelligent and benevolent to give due attention to the teachings of science in order to secure the most beneficial results.

Already these modern industrial principles are being adopted in some considerable degree into active practice by eminent citizens. In New York city the methods of recent discoveries are being introduced into large manufactories with the most satisfactory and beneficial results to all concerned. But these attempts, as yet, have been undertaken without any thorough examination of the whole scope of principles relating to the operations in hand, and hence without the largest achievable results. These will come when the intelligent and moneyed classes awake to the importance of the subject; to the understanding that the knowledge of methods for securing immense social improvements is in existence; and to a determination to possess that knowledge and to apply it to its legitimate ends—the organization of a social providence for the ignorant and weak, and the binding of all classes of society into relations of mutual sympathy and assistance.

All this, however, looks to a period of time, more or less, though it is to be hoped not far, distant. In the meantime, while society remains with its present constitution, riots are liable, and a practical question still remains, of the method which should be pursued in dealing with them. There is a time for all things, said a man of reputed wisdom. And the time for considering the sufferings of a people or for being in anywise tender hearted, is not when a madman or a cohort of madmen are howling about your houses or your city, with knives and torches, blood in their eyes, fiery rum in their veins, demoniac rage in their hearts, and the instincts of hell in their natures. A mob has no mind, only passions. It were as idle to attempt to make it listen to reason, as to argue with a lunatic in the height of his frenzy. A mob

is not only a creature of passions, but of the worst passions. Every man has in him more or less of the demoniac element, which, commonly, he is constrained by the requirements of the society in which he lives to keep within decent limits. A mob can never have an existence until the parties which compose its nucleus, at least, have toppled from their customary self-control, and passion has assumed the guidance. Then the devil, long restrained and compressed, takes a holiday.' As a high-mettled steed, after being kept a long time within the narrow limits of his stable, and being obliged to conduct himself in a staid manner, on being released, runs, whisks his tail, kicks up his heels, lays back his ears, opens his mouth, and rushes with mock vicious-looking eyes at whomsoever he meets, and all this from mere wantonness, to enjoy his freedom; so the devil in the man, not perchance the theological one, but still the devil no less actually, as seen every day in the activity of the baser passions, on being released, by the abdication of reason and the substitution of feeling, begins to exercise his ingenuity in the play of his faculties, compensating himself for his long confinement. From hour to hour, and from day to day, this devil gets fuller possession of the individual, who becomes more and more an unreasoning creature, until a blind, furious, brutal, bloodthirsty demon is all that remains of what might have once been merely a not well balanced human being.

It is notorious that a mob will commit atrocities which a single individual could scarcely be tempted to perpetrate. The reason is partially evident from the statement just made. A more philosophical explanation may be given. It is a law of social intercourse that there is always among companies of individuals a more or less effective contagion of whatever sentiment is most powerful among them. Still further, this contagion or magnetic battery of sym-

pathy, while pervading the whole assembly, likewise increases the individual potency of the sentiment in the mind of each person. It is for this reason that an orator thrills more deeply each hearer in a vast sympathetic assembly, than he would the same individual in a less crowded company; that music is more inspiring in a great crowd of people than elsewhere, etc. In an assemblage where the finer sentiments are predominant, this contagion is of the finer sort, and serves to elevate the whole company: in a gathering where the lower passions preponderate, the contagion is of the debasing kind, and serves to excite still further the worst elements of brutality, and to sink the individuals which compose the company still lower in the scale of humanity. To the educators of the young and to the governors of the people, this law is of immense importance.

A mob is, therefore, not only under the influence of its worst passions, but every hour of its existence these are growing more potent, in the mob as an entity, and in the persons which compose it. The only true mercy which can be shown to such an assembly, aside from any question of the safety of community, is to suppress it; to suppress it at once; and to use every means necessary to that end. Relentless rigor is the only measure adequate to the occasion. It is the weakness of civilization that it hesitates to be cruelly kind. The mistake of the military authorities in regard to the New York riot, was lenity. The prompt and vigorous bombardment, in the beginning of the rising, of a block of the houses in which the rioters were safely ensconced, while covertly firing on the soldiers and policemen, would have done more to quell the mob than all subsequent proceedings, and would have saved life in the end. It would have forced the inhabitants of these houses who, as things were conducted, could safely give all possible aid to the insurgents, to com-

pel these to lay down their arms, in order to insure the safety of the sympathizers. Had the first, and the second, and the third house from which the assassins were permitted to fire been battered to the ground with cannon shot, the last two days of fighting would have been unnecessary. The police cowed the mob wherever they met them, because they showed no quarter. They hit hard and they hit often. They felt that the way to knock the riot in the head, was to knock the rioters in the head. And they did it, as Inspector Carpenter says, 'beautifully.' New York feels as proud of these Metropolitan policemen as he does; and that is saying a great deal.

We discover, then, by this brief analysis of the great riot, that social outbreaks of this kind have their *immediate* and *tangible* causes, which are superficial in their character, and vary with the occasion; that these causes

depend for their disturbing power upon others which are more *fundamental*, and which inhere in the nature of our present social relations; that so long as the wealthy and intelligent classes shall decline the permanent guardianship and organized care of the poor and ignorant masses, the liability to such recurrences will remain; that when they break forth, the safety of community and mercy to the rioters alike demand that the mob be scattered on the instant by an iron and relentless hand; and, finally, that the only method by which society will be permanently and effectually freed from a liability to the terrors of mob-rule, is the reorganization of its economical arrangements in such a manner that the miseries of poverty and ignorance shall be forever removed from the community, and a social providence be firmly established which shall secure physical comfort and kindly sympathy to all classes of citizens.



THE DESERTED HOUSE.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE PICTURE FROM NATURE.

It was left long ago,
And the rank weeds grow
Where the lily once bent her head;
Thick and tall they grow,
And some lying low,
Beaten down by a human tread.

And the laughing sun,
When the day's nearly done,
Looks in on the cheerless floor;
And falleth the rain
Through the broken pane—
Shrill whistles the wind at the door.

And the thistles stand
At the gate where no hand
Ever lifts the latch, now nailed fast :
One gate low doth lie
Which the passer by
Treads o'er as he hurries past.

On the fence close by
Where the sunbeams lie
Doth the kingly Nightshade blow ;
But the Asters tall
That grew by the wall
Have vanished long ago.

Not now, as of old,
Blooms the gay Marigold,
Looking in at the kitchen door ;
And the Cypress red
Is long since dead,
And the Monkhood blossoms no more.

But the Hopvine still
By the window sill
Is as full as in days of yore ;
And the Currants grow
As thickly now
And as ripe as e'er before.

But the hearth is bare—
Not a log blazes there
To light up the empty room :
Not a soft shadow falls
On the whitewashed walls :
All is silent—all wrapt in gloom !

Not a chair on the floor,
Not a rug at the door,
Where the cat once lay in the sun ;
And no grandame sits
At the door and knits,
Telling tales of days bygone !

All is silent now,
And the long weeds bow
Their heads in the wind and rain ;—
But the dwellers of yore
Will ne'er enter the door
Of that dreary old House again !

E. W. O.

SPRING MOUNTAIN.

'RACE MILLER, indeed! why don't you say Jim Burt at once? I think I'd better go live in Rocky Hollow, and weave baskets for a living; hadn't I?'

'Well, Dimpey, the race is not *always* to the swift, you know; so you'd better look out in time;' and Polly Jane took up her pan of peas, and went laughing into the kitchen. I suppose she thought she had said something smart, as our name is *Swift*; and perhaps she had; but it made me as mad as hops, I won't deny it, though I *am* a minister's niece! So I pulled my sun-bonnet over my face, and went to weeding the flowerbeds, to get cool. It was going on to noon, and the sun was baking hot, but I didn't mind that; I could *not* shell peas in the same pan with Polly Jane while I felt so provoked.

I *do* think that Race Miller is one of the homeliest young men I ever set my eyes on: if I say so *now*, you may be sure it's true. His skin is almost as dark as an Indian's, and his hair curls up as tight as wool—you couldn't straighten it if you brushed his head off. Then his eyes are blue and twinkly, and he has a short nose, and a great, broad mouth, that, whenever he laughs, opens wide enough to swallow you; to be sure, it is filled with nice, white teeth, and has a good-natured expression; but his teeth are so strong they look as if they could bite through a tenpenny nail; and when he answers out in Bible class, and comes to the long words, such as 'righteousness' and 'Jerusalem,' it really seems as if they were something good to eat, he crunches them so with those great teeth of his!

You'll wonder how he came to have such a ridiculous name as *Race*. His mother named him Horace, after somebody in a book, but as none of her connection owned the name, nor anybody

else in this part of the country, it didn't come natural to call him by it, so they shortened it down to *Race*, to make it handy. I suppose I oughtn't to say much about names, however, for *Dimpey* don't amount to much; but that isn't *my* fault; I was christened with a right pretty name—Phebe Ann! but Cousin Phebe lived with us when I was little, and it made a sort o' confusion to have two of us, and my cheeks were so full of dimples that Calanthy—she's the oldest of us children, and has kept house ever since mother died—well, she called me Dimpey, and the rest took it up, and so I suppose I shall be Dimpey Swift to the end of the chapter—that is, not Dimpey *Swift* exactly; but I forgot, I was telling about Race Miller.

I was so vexed with Polly Jane for even hinting that he was a match for *me*, that I jerked out the weeds with all my might, and I do believe our Persian pink border never was so clean before or since; when I came in, there wasn't a weed left in it, big or little!

Now the fact was, I couldn't help knowing I was *tolerable* good-looking by the way the boys manœuvred 'round to walk home from singing school with me, and by their staring at me in meeting when they ought to have been looking at the minister. I used to try and keep my eyes fast on my hymn book, but it seemed as if I could see right through the lids; and I knew well enough that when Ned Hassel bent down his head and pretended to be picking out his notes in 'Sacred Psalmody,' he was peeping at *me* all the time. I suppose I was a little spoiled by having so many beaux, for Calanthy was a regular old maid: you mustn't ever mention it, but she'd been disappointed once, and wouldn't keep company with anyone after that; and Polly Jane had

only one sweetheart, and I didn't think much of him, though he *was* the school-master, and knew more than all of us put together. He was kind-a slow in his speech, and a good deal bald; his hair never came in right well after he had the typhus fever; but John Morgan was a real good fellow for all that, and I was a little fool not to know it.

Well, I stooped over the flower beds till I was tired and 'most melted, and I was just thinking of giving up, when Calanthy called to me from the kitchen door, 'Don't stay out in the sun any longer, Dimpey; you'll have time to cool before dinner, for father hasn't come in yet.' Calanthy always petted me considerable, for I was only a year old when mother was taken away, and Calanthy had to bring me up, and teach me everything about the house.

So I went through the garden out into the orchard, and sat down under the big Baldwin apple tree, to rest; it was a nice, shady spot, and there came up a breeze off the river t'other side the meadow, where father and the boys were mowing. The air smelt as sweet as could be of the new hay, and I took off my bonnet and sat down on the grass, and leaned my head against the tree; the bees were humming in the clover, and the sound made me sleepy, and I believe I must have dozed while I was sitting there. I don't know how it was, but all at once I saw a picture in my mind: I couldn't get rid of it, try my best. It happened long ago, when I was a little bit of a thing, but it all came back to me under that apple tree. It was when our old mare Peggy took fright at a tin peddler's wagon just as she was crossing the bridge at the foot of Smith's hill; what ailed the creature I can't tell, for she's as steady as clock-work generally. Dear me! I've ridden her ever since I was so high! But perhaps it was the sun shining on one of the tins hanging outside the wagon, that reflected into her eyes and scared her out of her wits; at any rate, she gave a sudden spring, and pitched fa-

ther right over her head; then she ran home as fast as she could go, and jumped over the fence into the dooryard. Calanthy wasn't well, and when she saw old Peggy come tearing along the road without father, she fainted away, and Polly Jane caught her as she was falling, and helped her on the bed in the spare room. I was sitting on a little chair in the hall, stringing beads; I thought Calanthy was dead, and commenced screaming like a catbird; and poor Polly Jane was almost distracted, and didn't know which way to turn. Race Miller was a boy about fourteen at that time, and as strong as a lion; he happened to be driving down the hill just as the accident happened, and he and the peddler lifted father into his wagon, and Race brought him home and then drove off for the doctor as quick as he could; he had two miles to go, but he did it in no time, and had the doctor there just as Calanthy fairly came to and was able to walk about.

Well, father wasn't hurt as bad as we thought—only stunned by the fall; he had a bad bruise on his cheek, though, and Dr. Bassett said he must keep still on the bed all day, and have his face bathed with laudanum and vinegar. They were all so busy that no one thought about *me*, till Race came out of father's room and found me sitting on the low chair, rocking my doll in my arms, and crying as if my heart would break; I had felt so lonesome and miserable that I was holding the doll for company; and when Race saw me he said, 'Why, what's the matter with little Dimpey?' 'Is father dead?' said I; 'can't I go and see him?' Then Race told me father was better, and that I must not cry, and this made me cry more; so he took me up in his arms, doll and all—I well remember how strong his arms felt—and sat down in the big rocking chair in the parlor; and when the house was quiet, and Calanthy came to look for me, there she found us, I with my arms round

Race's neck, and the dolly hugged up tight, and all three of us fast asleep!

But this was long ago, and I was a woman now, and a good deal sought after, as I said before, and some of my beaux were well off and good looking; and, if the truth must be spoken, Race had not paid me much attention lately, and did not seem to think as much of me as Ned Hassel did, and the other young men of our place. To be sure he worked very hard, for his father was sick a good while and died in debt, and their farm was mortgaged to 'Squire Stevens; and as Race was the only child, everything came upon *him*, and he was in the field early and late, trying to pay off the mortgage, and keep the old homestead for his mother. He *was* a good son—that everybody said; but he didn't visit 'round as much as some.

I sat so long under the apple tree thinking of all this, that I got quite cool and comfortable, and when Polly Jane called me in to dinner I felt good-natured again.

While we were eating dinner, brother Joe said, 'Dimpey, as soon as we get through haying the boys are going to have a drive to Spring Mountain, and take the girls up, for a picnic. Ned Hassel started it; I guess he wants to show off his sorrel horses; but that near horse of his is as skittish a creetur as ever I see—I wouldn't ride after it, if I was you.' 'No, no,' said father; 'Dimpey isn't going to have her neck broken by *them* beasts; Ned always drives 2.40, as he calls it, and he'll be sure to race with the other teams if they give him a chance.'

Now, if there is anything I *do* like, it is riding behind fast horses! Father and Joe drive so slow I'd almost as soon walk, but whenever Biel and I went off by ourselves we made the dust fly a little; it didn't hurt our horses a bit, for they were in good pasture all summer, and got as fat as pigs. I thought in a minute how much I'd like to go with Ned; but I knew Polly

Jane was watching me, so I said, sort o' careless like, 'I guess Ned could keep his horses from running if he wanted to; but he hasn't asked me to ride yet; it will be time enough to say no when he does.' Biel looked up and gave me a wink, and Calanthy said, 'You must let me know a day or two before you are ready, Joe, so that I can get some nice things made for you; our biscuits weren't quite light last picnic, and I felt really ashamed of 'em.'

Calanthy is so *thoughtful*—I wish I was more like her.

After dinner was cleared away, I concluded I'd walk down to Preston—we live about a mile out of the village—and get a new ribbon for my round hat. I'm so glad the old pokey bonnets are gone out o' fashion—the round ones are much more becoming to young people. I thought perhaps I would meet some of the girls at the store, and hear more about the picnic—and my hat was getting shabby for want of new strings, whether or no. Just by the hay scales I met Jim Burt, the lame basketmaker, shuffling along as usual with his baskets slung on his back. Poor Jim was real simple, and couldn't do anything but weave baskets; he and his mother lived alone in Rocky Hollow, away t'other side of Preston; they were as poor as poverty, but Mrs. Burt managed to scramble along somehow, and keep a home for herself and Jim; he hadn't wit enough to take care of himself, but was very fond of his mother, and would do as she told him.

I said good day to Jim, and was passing on, for I felt in a hurry to get to the store, when he called after me, 'I say, Miss Dimpey! don't your folks want any baskets? Mother's deown sick, and can't drink milk, and I want to get her some tea, and I hain't got a cent o' money; she paid eout the last for sugar about a week ago.' Poor Jim always speaks as if his nose had been pinched together when he was a baby, and had never come apart since; but when I turned around he looked

so sorrowful, my heart ached for him.

'What ails your mother, Jim?' said I.

'She's got some kind o' fever, and her head aches awful; she wants to drink all the time, but she won't eat nothin'. I fried a slice of pork real good for her, but she didn't eat a mite!'

'Well, Jim,' said I, 'go up to our house, and tell Miss Calanthy about your mother, and I guess she'll buy a basket; we want a new clothes-basket, come to think.'

I walked on, but somehow I did not feel so much like buying ribbons as before I met Jim. I couldn't help thinking of poor Mrs. Burt, without any comforts for sickness, and no one to take care of her but this half-witted son; however, I comforted myself by supposing the neighbors would not let her suffer, and that Calanthy would likely give Jim something good to take to her.

When I got to the store, who should be there but Abby Matilda Stevens and Rhody Mills! Abby is generally thought a *beauty*, because she has great black eyes that are always so bright and shiny I wonder the hens don't try and peck at them; then she is tall and slim waisted, and her hair is as black as a coal, and longer than common; but I never liked such dreadful *sparkly* eyes, do you? I think the kind that have a sort o' hazy look come into them—like the pond when a little summer cloud passes over the sun—are a great deal handsomer. However, I never dared to say so, for fear people might think I was jealous of Abby Matilda.

Rhody Mills is a very good-natured girl, and always ready for a frolic, and the moment she saw me she said, 'Here comes Dimpey Swift now;—they had been talking about me, I guess;—oh, Dimpey, are you going to the picnic on Spring Mountain?'

'Our boys were talking about it at

noon,' said I; 'I suppose some of us will go—Polly Jane or I; I don't much think Calanthy will.'

'I wish we could go on horseback,' said Rhody; 'that would be real fun; but our Will says we must have a wagon to carry the baskets, so we had better all drive.'

'Who are you going with, Dimpey?' said Abby Matilda.

I knew well enough *who* would be likely to ask me, but as I had no invitation yet, I answered, 'Oh, Joe or Biel, I suppose; father won't trust me with anyone else!'

'Well, thank goodness, I can ride with whoever I please,' said Abby; 'I should think you were old enough to take care of yourself, Dimpey, if you're *ever* going to be;—' and Abby Matilda tossed her head, and rolled up her shiny eyes in that hateful way she has.

'I wouldn't ride with some of the boys if they were to ask me, said Rhody; 'Will is a real good hand with horses, and he says that the tricks some people play with their animals are enough to ruin the finest horse ever was raised.'

'Who do you mean by *some* people?' said Abby, and she looked right scornful.

Rhody laughed: 'I didn't mention any names,' said she; 'but I know good driving from *harum-scarum*, wherever I see it.'

'I'm not afraid to ride behind any horses in *this* part of the country,' said Abby; 'and I think all cowards had better keep off Spring Mountain!'

I felt my face turn red; but I wouldn't please the spiteful thing by saying a word; so I bought my ribbon and started for home. I had to pass Mrs. Miller's farm on my way, and as I came along by the stone fence, I heard a great *gee-hawing*; they had just finished loading up the hay cart, I suppose, for Hiram—the hired man—turned the oxen toward the barn as I came up, and Race stood leaning his arms on the fence, and looking up the road; it's likely he was tired and hot,

for he seemed to me uncommonly homely, and I was such a goose then, I thought *looks* was everything. He seemed to be thinking mighty hard of something, for he didn't see me till I got close to him, and then he gave *such* a start, and his face grew redder than ever!

'Good day, Dimpey!' said he; 'how are all your folks?'

'Very well, thank you, Race.'

'Ain't you going to stop and see mother a minute?'

'I can't, to-day; I've got some sewing to do before dark.'

This was nothing but an excuse—I'll own it now; for I knew I could easily trim my hat next day; but I was so afraid that Race might ask me to go to the picnic with him, I felt in a hurry to get away; so I said good-by pretty quick and went on before Race had time to say anything more.

When I got home, the first thing I saw was a new clothes-basket standing on the ironing table; and Calanthy called to me from the hall, 'Run up stairs and take a rest, Dimpey, for I want you to go to the Hollow after tea, and see Widow Burt. I guess she's very sick, from what Jim says; and Polly Jane and you had better go and find out what help she needs.'

Now I had been thinking all the way from Preston, that Ned Hassel would certainly call in the evening, to ask me to the picnic, before the other boys got a chance. So I expect I answered a little cross, 'Dear me! Calanthy! 'way, down there to-night; won't to-morrow be time enough?'

'Why, yes, dear,' said Calanthy, 'if you are too tired; but I was afraid the poor soul might be suffering, for Jim's nobody in sickness, you know; and I don't like to have Polly Jane go alone. Beside, there's such a big ironing to do to-morrow, I can't well spare you in the morning.'

Calanthy spoke so kind, I felt ashamed of my bad temper; so I an-

swered, 'Very well, Calanthy, I'll go to-night; I'm not much tired.'

After tea Polly Jane and I set out; we had a little basket with camphor and mustard, and other useful things Calanthy had put up for Mrs. Burt: it is a beautiful walk through the Hollow, and I should have liked it very much if my head had not been so full of the picnic that I couldn't think of anything else. We didn't go through the village, but turned off the main road into a lane that cut off a part of the distance. I was a little ahead of Polly Jane, for she *would* carry the basket, and we had just got into the lane when she said to me, 'Look back, Dimpey; here comes one of your beaux!' I turned around, and saw Ned Hassel on one of his fast horses. He pulled up at the corner and called out—his voice was a little too *loud* and confident like, I must confess—'Good evening, Polly Jane; good evening, Dimpey; are you going to take a walk in the woods, so near sundown?'

It provoked Polly, I suppose, to hear him speak so bold, for she answered, very short, 'No, we're going on an errand.'

He didn't seem to notice, but looked at me, and said, 'I was just on my way to your house, Dimpey, to ask your company to the picnic next week; I suppose Joe told you about it? We're going to set out early, and have a real good time; I mean to take my fast team and the light wagon, and we can get up the mountain before the others have fairly started.'

Polly Jane spoke up again—she never could bear the Hassels, and always said they were the greatest braggarts in our county: 'That would be great fun, for you and Dimpey to get ahead of all the company! I thought picnickers always kept together.'

Ned colored up and looked angry, but he only said, 'Will you engage to ride with me, Dimpey?'

If Polly Jane had not been there, I

should have told Ned to ask father if I might go; but I couldn't bear to have her think I wanted Ned for a beau; so I answered, 'I don't know yet whether I can go or not; I'll see what our folks say.'

'Well, Dimpey, I'll come over to your house to-morrow night; I guess you'll go; good evening,' and away he galloped.

'*Guess* you'll go, indeed!' said Polly Jane, as soon as he was out of hearing. 'I guess she won't go with *you*, Mr. Impudence! You're not going to make a fool of our Dimpey, and break her neck besides, not if her father knows it, *I* can tell you.'

It isn't often that Polly Jane speaks out so spunky, but I expect she was vexed because he didn't answer her; as for me, I could have cried to think that things happened so, and I felt almost angry with poor Widow Burt for being sick, and taking me away from home that evening. It was awful wicked, but I was well punished for it afterward.

'It's *too* bad in you to talk so, Polly,' said I, 'as if I was a child six years old! I wonder *why* it's impudent in Ned to ask me to ride with him; you wouldn't say so if it was any one else; but you hate poor Ned—you know you do,' and here I broke down and really cried; but they were spiteful tears, after all.

'There, now, Dimpey,' said Polly Jane—she was over *her* pet in a minute—'don't feel bad; I didn't mean to be cross to Ned; but he has such a bold way of talking, as if he thought nobody could refuse *him*, that he always *fnakes* me angry, and I can't help it. But you *shall* go to the picnic, dear, whether he takes you or not; there will be plenty glad to ask you; so kiss me, Dimpey, and I won't tease you again.'

I let her kiss me, and then walked on sullen enough till we came to Mrs. Burt's. The house was a forlorn old place, with only one room and a bed-

room, and a garret next the roof, where Jim slept. The door of the living room opened out into a shed, where Mrs. Burt did her work in summer time. The trees grew close up to the shed, and the well was under it; and as we came up, who should I see but Race Miller, drawing a bucket of water to fill the teakettle, while Jim kindled a fire in the stove. There *did* seem to be no end of vexations that day, and I wished myself a hundred miles off.

'Why, Polly Jane! is that you? I didn't think of seeing you down here to-night—and Dimpey, too! We heard that Mrs. Burt was very sick, and mother had tea early, and we came over to see how the poor soul was.'

'Is your mother in the bedroom?' said Polly.

'Yes; we've fixed Mrs. Burt up in the rocking chair, and mother is making her bed. I want to get a cup of tea made for her as quick as I can, for she has a good deal of fever, and is thirsty all the time. Come, Jim! set on the kettle, and we'll have it boiling in no time.' And Race stooped down and blew the fire with his mouth till it blazed up nicely.

'I'll go help your mother, Race,' said Polly Jane. 'You sit down, and rest, Dimpey; you've had walking enough to-day,' and she went into the bedroom, and left me alone with Race. Jim didn't count for anybody.

Race stepped in the room, and brought out a chair; he put it just outside the shed door, and said:

'Sit down there, Dimpey, that's a nice cool place.' I sat down, and he took a seat in the doorway, close by me. 'Dimpey!' said he, 'if mother hadn't wanted me, I meant to go up to your house to ask you if you'd give me your company to the picnic on Spring Mountain. You know we talk of having one next Wednesday, don't you?'

'*There!*' thought I; 'what am I to do now? I daren't say I'm engaged, for fear father won't let me go with Ned Hassel; and besides, I didn't

promise Ned; so it would be telling a lie.' Then I thought how pleasant it would be to ride with the fast horses, and—I may as well own it—to pass Abby Matilda on the road, and let her see I could do as I pleased, and that I wasn't a coward. I didn't speak for a minute, and then I said:

'I believe I'm engaged already!'

The words seemed to come out before I knew it. Race didn't speak, and I felt so guilty I never raised my eyes, but made believe I was sorting some wild flowers I'd picked in the Hollow. Jim came out just then with the teapot in his hand, and drawled out:

'That peaky kettle deont bile yet. 'Pears to me it's tarnal long about it; it ollers acts contrairy when mother's in a hurry for her tea!'

I couldn't help laughing, and as I raised my head, I caught Race looking at me as if he'd look me through and through. His eyes seemed twice as big as common! He got up, however, without saying anything, and went to making the tea, and at that minute Polly Jane came out of the bedroom, and told us Mrs. Miller thought that Widow Burt ought to be watched, and said she would stay all night if Polly would stay too. 'So,' said Polly, 'if Race will take you home, Dimpey, I'll watch with Mrs. Miller. Race spoke up quick, and said, 'Certainly; he'd see me home,' and it was growing so late I couldn't say anything against it. As soon as he found he could do no more to help them—(he is one of the handiest men about the house I ever saw, I must say *that*)—Polly said we'd better go, for Calanthy might feel uneasy. Before we started, she drew me to one side, and whispered:

'Dimpey! I wish you'd tell John Morgan how sorry I am to break my promise to walk with him to-night; but Mrs. Burt is very sick, and Mrs. Miller couldn't get along without me.'

I thought to myself—'What a wicked little thing I am ever to get angry with Polly Jane, when she isn't a bit

selfish, and always ready to do good. It's real hard to give up her walk, for John teaches three evenings in the week, and can't always get a chance to go with her!' So I spoke as pleasant as I could, and kissed her for good night, and then set out to walk home with Race Miller.

I have been through Rocky Hollow a great many times, but I shall never forget that walk! The evening was clear and bright, but it was pretty dark in among the willows. Race put out his hand once or twice to help me over a big stone or log, and said:

'Take care, Dimpey! don't go so fast, or you'll hurt your little feet against the stones.'

My feet are not so very little, but I expect he thought so because his own are so big. I suppose it was foolish, but he seemed such a stout, strong fellow, I felt as if he wanted to take me up, and carry me like a baby; but may be he never thought of such a thing.

When we got out in the road it looked quite light; there was a glow on the sky where the sun had gone down, and one bright star had come out just over Spring Mountain, and seemed as if it was keeping watch over the spring—I mean the spring on the top of the mountain that gives it its name. Everything was still, except the crickets that kept up a great singing among the trees. I always liked to be out in the starlight, and should have felt happy then, only things had gone crooked with me all day, and nothing seemed to please me. Uncle Ezra—he's our minister, and one of the best men that ever lived—he says it's always so when we haven't done right ourselves—and I really believe it is—for I remember how discontented I felt that night.

Presently Race spoke:

'See that star over the mountain, Dimpey! don't it look handsome up there all alone? By the by, who is going to wait on you to the picnic—you didn't say, did you?'

I was so vexed at the question, I'd a great mind to answer, 'It's none of *your* business, Race Miller, who I go with,' but just then, I can't tell why, the thoughts I'd had in the morning out in the orchard all came back to me, and I remembered how Race had given up coming to ask me because his mother wanted him; and then I thought how good he was to his mother, and waited on her as if she was a pretty young girl. And what would *my* mother say, if she was living, to hear me speak so. Father always said *she* never gave any one a cross word in her life! I looked up at the star, and it appeared to me that mother might be up there watching me, and knowing all my thoughts; and instead of answering Race, I put down my head and burst out crying. I'd wanted to have a good hard cry all day, and now I would have given the world to stop, and I couldn't.

'Why, Dimpey!' said Race, 'what is the matter?'

'I couldn't speak; we were passing a big maple tree, and I stopped and hid my face against it, so that Race couldn't see it. He let me cry a few minutes, and then took hold of my hand as gentle as a little child, and whispered, 'Don't cry, Dimpey! I can't bear it. I'm afraid I shall do something rash, if you don't stop soon!'

I didn't know what he meant by 'something rash,' but his voice sounded so earnest, it frightened me. I took my hand out of his, and wiped my eyes; and then I said, 'It's very shallow to cry when one's head aches; but I couldn't help it.'

'Does your head ache, Dimpey?' said Race; 'oh, how sorry I am I haven't my wagon here. I'm afraid you can't walk home.'

Now, my head *did* ache; but it was because I had been crying; but you see, if one leaves the truth ever so little, how deceitful one has to be to keep it up. I felt real mean when Race showed so much concern about me, and told him I could walk very well.

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'Won't you take my arm?' said he; 'that will help you.'

I couldn't refuse, though I was dreadfully afraid we might meet somebody. We walked on in silence for a while, and I could feel Race's heart beat against my hand that lay on his arm, for he held me close to his side, as if I was in danger of falling. Presently he said:

'I only asked who you were going with, Dimpey, because I wanted you to have a good time; if I can't have *your* company, I don't care to go; but I hoped you would enjoy yourself.'

Race spoke so honest it made me feel ashamed of my ugly spirit, and I answered:

'Edward Hassel asked me to go with *him*; but father's got a notion he drives too fast, and perhaps he won't let me ride with him.'

I felt Race give a kind of shiver; and when he spoke again, his voice trembled like everything.

'Dimpey!' said he, 'you musn't think I'm jealous of Ned; I want to see you happy, but I *am* sorry he asked you first, for it's a dangerous road up the mountain, and Ned *does* drive too reckless, that's a fact; I hope he don't mean to take them young sorrels of his!'

Now, I knew I ought to have told Race the whole truth; but I was so afraid he might say something to father; I only answered:

'Oh, I guess Ned will be careful enough; he goes up to High Farm very often, and his horses are used to the road.'

'Yes,' said Race; 'but the worst part is past High Farm; however, perhaps he'll be careful; so don't say that I interfered, Dimpey; for I don't want any words with Ned.'

He didn't say anything after that until we got to our gate, and then he spoke out so sudden, he made me start.

'Dimpey, if you knew—'

I don't know what he meant to say, for father was sitting on the doorstep, and called out:

Spring Mountain.

'Is that you, Polly?'

'It's Dimpey, father,' said I. 'Widow Burt is very sick, and needs watchers; and Mrs. Miller and Polly Jane are going to sit up with her to-night.'

So we came in; and after talking a few minutes with father, Race went home.

I was up bright and early next morning, and worked as smart as I could to get things out of the way before Polly Jane came; for I knew she'd be tired, and she always would take hold till the work was done, no matter *how* tired she was. While I was ironing, Calanthy went in the milkroom to work over the butter, so I had the kitchen to myself; and having no one to talk to me, I kept thinking of all that happened the night before. I had my own share of curiosity, and I couldn't help wondering what Race Miller had been going to say when father interrupted him: 'If I only knew'—what? Was it something about Ned, or himself? I turned it over in my mind twenty times, like a sheet of paper; but the same side always came up, and there was nothing on it.

It was ten o'clock before Polly Jane got home, and I was right glad I'd worked so hard, for she looked worn out—and no wonder! Calanthy had some nice hot coffee and cream cakes ready for her; but she was so sleepy she could hardly eat anything. She said that Mrs. Burt had passed a miserable night, and toward morning had got out of her head, and was so wild and restless they could scarcely keep her in the bed. As soon as it was light they sent Jim for Dr. Bassett, and he gave her a strong dose of morphine. Mrs. Miller had to go home, and when Mrs. Burt fell asleep, Polly left Jim to watch her—he was as faithful as a dog, poor fellow!—and went in to Preston to try and get somebody to stay with her through the day. Polly Jane went first to 'Squire Stevens's, thinking that Abby Matilda had less housework to do than most of the girls; her mother

kept a hired woman, and perhaps she'd be willing to go for *one* day; but Abby was afraid of catching the fever, and said 'they'd better have Widow Burt taken to the poorhouse at once, for *nobody* would like to stay in that damp Hollow and take care of her, poking their eyes out in the dismal old house!'

'I was so provoked with the unfeeling' thing,' said Polly Jane, that I told her 'I didn't know as the damp would hurt her *bright* eyes any more than my *dull* ones; and if the house was dismal, so much the more it needed some one to brighten it up.' I didn't waste many words on her, however, but went on to Mr. Mill's as fast as I could; but for a wonder, Rhody wasn't home; her cousin Hepsy came up from Four Corners the day before, and carried her off to see their aunt Colborn, and she wouldn't be home until Saturday. I don't know what's to be done, Calanthy, unless you can think of some one we can hire for a nurse; the doctor says Mrs. Burt's going to have a hard fit o' sickness, and needs good care every minute.'

Calanthy sat down on the settee; she isn't very strong, as I told you, and has to rest considerable; but she's such a good manager, she gets through more work than many a rugged one; and when she's puzzled she always drops down on that old settee a minute or two, and she's sure to think the matter out directly. Presently she said:

'Why wouldn't Betsy Mix do? She makes store shirts now, you know, and she could bring her sewing with her. I dare say she'd like a change of work, she *sits* so much.'

'Yes!' said Polly Jane; 'but who's to go after her? the boys are too busy haying, and want the horses besides; oh, come to think, I guess we can manage it. I'll run 'round to the school-house and tell John, and he can dismiss a little earlier at noon, and get Mrs. Miller to lend him her wagon and old Bob. I saw Bob in the pasture as I came along; and if Betsy will come,

John can drive her right down to the Hollow, and she and Jim can get along to-night, at any rate.'

'I'll go and tell John,' said I; 'you're too tired, Polly.'

But Polly Jane insisted upon seeing John herself; and when I thought of his disappointment the night before, I didn't wonder, so I said no more. Calanthy filled a basket with things to make Betsy Mix comfortable, and John went after her and took her down to Widow Burt's; when he came back, he said he left Mrs. Burt more quiet, and poor Jim quite happy helping Betsy get dinner ready for herself and him. Calanthy had put a dried apple pie in the basket; and when Jim saw *that*, he sniggered in his simple way, and called out:

'Golly! Miss Mix! a piece o' that air pie will taste good, *went* it, now?'

We all laughed hard at Jim's speech; and then John went away, and Polly Jane consented to lie down and rest.

After dinner was cleared away, I set to work to trim my hat. I'd found a real pretty ribbon at the store—brown, with bright blue stripes. Perhaps I gave a *little* too much for it; but it was a great deal handsomer than the others they had, and then it was a better quality; and a good ribbon *wears* twice as long as a poor one, so it comes to about the same thing in the end. As soon as I had fastened the rosettes at the ears, I tried it on to see how it looked. It was so becoming, that I thought to myself, 'When I get on my blue muslin, and a white ruffled mantilla, and *this* hat, I shall look as well as any one at the picnic!' I suppose you think I was a *vain* little thing, and so I was, but I hope I've got over it now.

Polly Jane had a good long sleep, and woke up as bright as a button. And, when John Morgan came over after tea, they started for a walk, as happy as could be. I stood in the door, as they went out the gate, and I thought, 'John is a good young man, that's certain, but I *do* wish he was

rather better looking. I don't see how Polly can fancy him for a steady bean.' Just at that minute up galloped Ned Hassel on the gay sorrel. He saw me at the door, I know, though I ran into the parlor, and took up my stocking, and began to knit it as fast as I could. He made his horse dance and caper before he got off. More fool he! for father sat on the porch, and was looking at him all the time! When he came in, he had a beautiful color in his cheeks, and his eyes were as bright as diamonds; and, as he pushed the hair off his forehead, and said 'Good evening,' he looked as handsome as a picture, and I thought I was *almost* in love with him. Much I knew about love, *then*. But we've all got to learn.

After talking to father and the boys about the harvest, and the election, and such things, he turned to me and said:

'Will you ride with me to the picnic, next week, Dimpey?'

I looked at father, and he answered:

'I think you've chosen a dangerous place for your picnic, Ned! When young people get in a frolic, I'd rather it wouldn't be on Spring Mountain.'

'Oh! there's no danger,' said Ned, 'I go up to High Farm two or three times a week, and I never had any accident.'

'Yes,' said brother Joe, 'but we're not going to have the picnic at High Farm. The road does well enough till you get past there; and I think we'd better walk the rest of the way.'

'How would we get the provisions up, I wonder?' said Ned. 'It would break our backs to lug the baskets to the top of the mountain. I, for one, wouldn't undertake it at *any* price!'

Father looked vexed, and said, 'Young men's backs must be weak now-a-days. I think it's a risky thing to drive up to the Spring, and I'd rather Dimpey wouldn't go *this* time.'

I felt the tears come in my eyes, and I couldn't speak. Ned turned very red, and said nothing for a minute or

two; then he spoke quite mild and pleasant:

'Can't you persuade your father to let you go with me, Dimpey? I promise to take the *best* of care of you!'

I suppose father noticed that I felt bad, for he said, 'Do you want to go very much, Dimpey?'

I stammered out, 'Yes, sir, I'd like to go with the rest, if you was willing.'

'Well then, Ned,' said father, 'Dimpey may go, on one condition, that you drive your brown mare, and not either of them young horses.'

'The brown mare!' said Ned. 'Why, she's the slowest old poke in the country. It would take her till sundown to get there, and there wouldn't be much fun in that!'

'Very well,' said father, quite determined like, 'I shan't risk my Dimpey's neck on top of Spring Mountain after anything faster. So you can do as you please.'

Ned started up, and went right out the front door without saying a word! I couldn't believe my senses, that he was going off in that way—so disrespectful to father! I heard him speaking to his horse; and Bill remarked, 'Well, I've seen *manners* before, but this beats all!' Father didn't open his lips; and, in a few minutes, Ned came back, and stood in the doorway.

'I thought that Lightning had got unhitched,' said he, 'but he's only a little uneasy. Good night, Mr. Swift, I'll be up here with the brown mare bright and early next Wednesday. The boys agreed to meet at the hay scales, at ten o'clock, and start from there, but the mare's so slow, I'll have to be in time. Could you get ready by half past nine, Dimpey?'

I said I could, and felt very happy that Ned had come back. So he said good night to me and the boys, and went off. When he was gone, Joe spoke out:

'I wonder if one of the Hassels ever told the truth; if he did, I guess it was by accident. Ned knew well enough

that nothing ailed his horse, but he was so mad, he had to go out doors, for fear he'd boil over. If I was you, Dimpey, I wouldn't encourage him to come here much; for he's as deceitful as a cat-a-mountain!'

'Yes,' said father, 'I am afraid he's a chip of the old block; but I've passed my word you shall go with him, Dimpey, and I won't take it back, though I'd rather see you keep company with any other young man in Preston; that's a fact! I promised your Uncle Ezra I'd never have any more angry words with old Hassel, and I don't mean to. But I don't care to have any further dealings with the family than I can help. They're a slippery set. Reach me the Bible, Dimpey! and I'll get ready for bed.'

So father read the psalm, 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers.' I think he picked it out on purpose; and then he prayed that we might all lead better lives, and live in Christian fellowship with each other.

New the truth was, he and Mr. Hassel had quarrelled long ago, about some land that Mr. Hassel had sold him. The title wasn't good, and father always thought Mr. Hassel knew it when he sold the land. They had a great many words about it, and put it into law; and father went to a good deal of expense and trouble. He and Mr. Hassel didn't speak for some time. But Uncle Ezra talked to him, and got him to be reconciled to his enemy. It all happened when I was a child, and I never just knew the rights of it. But I know that father was very glad when Mr. Hassel sold his farm joining ours, and bought another at the foot of Spring Mountain, where he has lived ever since. It troubled me very much that our folks felt so set against the family; for Ned was the best-looking young man in our place, and had such a dashing sort of a way with him, that he took my fancy considerable, and I must confess I was rather blind to his faults. I went to sleep that night with

my head full of the picnic, and dreamed that I rode up the mountain on Ned's Lightning, and just as I got to the steepest part, the horse gave a jump, and tumbled me over its head right down the side of the mountain; and as I felt myself rolling down, down, down, I screamed so that I woke myself up, and Calanthy too, who ran in from her room to shake me. I often scream out in that way, if I have a bad dream. But I didn't tell the girls what I was dreaming about.

The next morning, as soon as the work was done, Polly Jane said she would go down to Rocky Hollow, and see how Widow Burt was getting on, and if Betsy Mix could do for her. She didn't get back to dinner, and Calanthy began to feel so uneasy, she said she would go herself and see what was the matter. I begged her to send me instead, for I knew she couldn't bear such a long walk in the middle of the day. Father and the boys had both our steady horses in the hay field, and I couldn't drive the colt, so there was no way to ride. So at last she consented I should go, but told me to take her big parasol, and get back as soon as I could. When I got near the Hollow, I met Dr. Basset. He stopped his horse and said:

'Mrs. Burt is very sick, Dimpey; and I'm going after a woman to help Betsy Mix take care of her. She can't get along without help. Polly Jane will stay till sundown, but you can't do any good. So, you'd better get in, and ride back with me; I'm going past your house.'

I was glad of a chance to ride home, so I got in the wagon, and asked Dr. Basset if he thought Widow Burt wouldn't live?

'I can't say for *that*, said he; but she's a mighty sick woman *now*. She was out of her mind all last night, and I don't know what Betsy would have done if Race Miller hadn't come in. He saw how Mrs. Burt was, and stayed through the night, and he's so strong he could hold her when Betsy couldn't

manage. Once she jumped out of bed, and wanted to go sit in the Hollow, and poor Jim would have let her climb a tree if she had a mind to. But Race lifted her back in the bed, and sang hymns to her till she was quiet. You know what a good voice he has. Betsy says it seemed to act like opium on Mrs. Burt!'

'What would become of Jim if she should die, doctor?' said I.

'The Lord only knows, Dimpey. I'm afraid he'd have to go to the poor-house. I always hoped he'd be taken *first*; but we don't know what is best, and God does.'

Doctor Basset is a real feeling man. I can't see what Preston would do without him. So he took me home, and, after tea, Biel harnessed the colt, and went after Polly Jane. She said that Doctor Basset had been over to Pine Hill, and brought Mrs. Jessop back with him. She's a strong, hearty woman, and has had experience in fevers, and knows just what to do. The doctor told Jim he must mind what she said, if he wanted his mother to get well; and she had set him to work directly, as it was better to keep him busy.

'But,' said Polly Jane, 'I never saw such a fellow in time of trouble as Race Miller. He had been busy by daylight clearing up around the house, and making things look comfortable. You'd hardly know the old place if you could see it now. He came in again this afternoon, and I told him I didn't know how he could spare so much time from his own work; but he said:

'Why, you know, Polly, I've let out a part of our farm on shares this year, so I haven't as much hay to get in as usual, and I finished haying yesterday. Besides, Hiram is a right smart fellow, and won't neglect anything if I am away.'

He wouldn't take any credit for what he'd done, but I thought to myself, 'I should think that any man who wasn't a real *shirk*, would be ashamed

not to be smart if *you* was looking at him !'

This was Wednesday. Mrs. Burt's fever never broke till next Monday, which was the ninth day, and then she was so weak they hardly dared speak in her room, and the doctor said her life depended on good nursing. Betsy Mix gave out, and went home; but Mrs. Jessop stayed. She could get along if any of the neighbors would come in for a few hours every day, and let her go to sleep. So, Mrs. Miller and Polly Jane helped her; and when Rhody Mills got back she went right out to the Hollow, and insisted on watching one night. The neighbors all sent things to keep the pot boiling, and I don't believe poor Jim ever lived so well or saw as much company in his life before. 'Squire Stevens's folks didn't help any, except one day Mrs. Stevens sent a loaf of bread that was so heavy Mrs. Jessop gave it to the pig. But then some people never have their bread *light*, you know; and perhaps she sent the best she had.

Well, Wednesday was the day for the picnic! John Morgan wanted to hire a wagon, and take Polly Jane; but she was tired going backward and forward to Rocky Hollow, and didn't care to go. Joe and Biel drove our steady horses, and Cousin Nancy and Rhody Mills went with *them*. I couldn't find out if Race Miller was going or not; but I didn't hear of his inviting anybody else. Calanthy roasted a nice pair of chickens for us, and her biscuits were as light as a feather *this* time, and I made some *real nice* cake, and Calanthy iced it for me; it looked beautiful! Polly Jane came home from the Hollow Tuesday afternoon, and said that Widow Burt had her senses, and was lying still and comfortable. She appeared to know all that had been done for her, and was very thankful; but Dr. Basset had forbidden her to speak much. He let her take hold of Jim's hand and tell him she felt better, and the poor fellow

went out in the shed, and cried like a baby. Race Miller stepped in just then. He always seemed to happen along at the right minute, and he set Jim to work cleaning some fish he'd caught. The thought of a good dinner soon made Jim laugh again; but that's the way with simpletons, you know.

I do believe there never *was* a lovelier morning than that Wednesday. It was as clear as a bell, but not nearly as hot as the week before. If the day had been made on purpose for a picnic, it couldn't have been a better one. I felt so glad Widow Burt was like to get well, and that father had consented to let me ride with Ned Hassel, and that my cake was so handsome, and everything else so good, I didn't know how to be happy enough! I went singing about the house till it was time to dress myself, and when I got on my blue muslin and my clean white mantilla, and had smoothed my hair till it shone like satin under the new rosettes in my round hat, I *did* think I looked pretty nice. I couldn't help it; and when Ned drove up a little after nine o'clock, I felt as if all was going right at last. The girls kissed me good-by, and when father helped me in the wagon, I saw the tears standing in his eyes. He always said I favored mother very much, and I suppose he was thinking of *her*. He only said:

'Take good care of Dimpey, Ned!'

'Yes, sir,' said Ned, 'I will.'

And as I took my seat at his side, he whispered:

'If there's a prettier girl at this picnic than Dimpey Swift, I'd like to see her. You look like an angel, Dimpey! but I hope you haven't any *wings*, for we couldn't spare you just now!'

I was delighted at this nonsense; but I was young and foolish, and didn't sense what a goose Ned was with all his fine compliments.

The brown mare went along so fast, I thought we would not be much behind the rest of the company after all; and

when we got to the hay scales, there was no one there! Ned stopped a minute, and then he said:

'Dimpey, I've got some currant wine in my basket; but I forgot the wine glasses. I think we'd better drive on to our house and get them, and we can wait there till the others come up.'

'But,' said I, 'you appointed to meet *her*. Won't they wait for you?'

'That's true. Just hold the lines, and I'll run in to Mr. Smith's, and ask him to tell them we've gone on, and will meet them at the foot of the mountain.'

So Ned ran in to Mr. Smith's, and out again in two seconds, and when he took the lines, he started off at such a rate, I wondered what possessed him, as we had plenty of time. However, I like to ride fast, as I said before; and to tell the truth, Ned was talking to me all the way about 'my beautiful eyes, and how proud he should feel if he had a wife with *my* complexion;' and he asked me, 'if I didn't think we'd make a handsome *team* if we were in one harness,' and all such speeches, so that I got quite bewildered-like, and might have been riding behind a hump-backed camel without knowing it!

When we got to Mr. Hassel's, the old man was sitting on the steps reading the newspaper. He came to the gate to speak to us, and Ned said:

'You had better go in, and wait, Dimpey; the boys will not be here yet a while, and I want to fix my wagon more comfortable before we start to go up to the mountain.'

So Mr. Hassel helped me out, and asked me into the house. I should have liked to stay on the steps, where I could see the picnickers as they came along; but he went into the living room, which was at the back of the house, and I followed him. I sat down, and he began to talk of all sorts of things. I answered as well as I could, and pretty soon I heard some one shout at the front gate:

'Hallo, Ned! here we are! Where's your team?'

I heard Ned answer: 'Hallo!' and then run around the house. I couldn't hear what more he said; and then there was a great laughing, and a scraping of wheels, as if they were all driving past. I sat still, wondering why Ned didn't come for me. My face was so red when I went in the house, that I hardly dared to look at Mr. Hassel; but now I looked up suddenly, and he sat looking at me with such a strange sort of smile, I didn't know what to make of it. It's likely he knew well enough—but never mind that *now*.'

Presently there was a great cracking of a whip and a whoosing in the door yard. I heard wheels moving fast, and Ned looked in the room, and said:

'Come, Dimpey! let's be off; the boys have gone on ahead, but we'll soon catch them up.'

I followed him out to the gate; the wagon was there, and I was astonished to see a pair of horses harnessed to it, and a man standing at their heads; but before I had time to think, Ned had lifted me in, jumped into his seat, and taken up the lines. We were off like a shot, and I was actually riding behind the fast sorrels!

'Oh, Ned!' said I, 'what does this mean? Didn't you promise father you wouldn't drive these horses?'

'No,' said he, 'I didn't make any promise. I only said I'd be at your house with the brown mare, and so I was; but I never said I'd drive her up the mountain. The sorrels will go nicely, and the boys won't say anything to your father, if you're not afraid.'

'But what would father say if he knew it; and Calanthy, too! Let me get down, Ned. I can't ride with you.'

But the more I begged, the louder Ned laughed and urged his horses. The ground seemed to fly from under the wagon, and in few minutes we caught up to the company. Now I know I ought to have told brother Joe I was riding against my will, and that I should have

jumped out the moment I got a chance, but I could not bear to let the girls know how Ned had acted. So I sat still while he drove past them all; and I was even wicked enough to feel a little proud as we passed Abby Matilda and her beau! Ned kept making love to me all the way up to the farm. It sounded well enough *then*, but it makes me sick to think of it now. The horses went along like kittens, and he seemed to have complete management of them, and when he came to steep places, he drove so carefully that I could not feel as if there was any danger. It was very cool and pleasant among the trees, and everything smelled so fresh and sweet, it was delightful riding, and I tried not to think about father. Most of the company left their wagons at High Farm, and walked the rest of the way; but John Mills and Abby Matilda drove up to the top of the mountain, and so did a few others. We got safely to the spring, and when Ned helped me out of the wagon, he said:

'There now, Dimpey! don't the sorrels go beautiful? Your hair is just as sleek as when we started, and your cheeks are only a little redder, but that don't hurt 'em any.'

As he lifted me down, his face touched mine for a minute. I don't know that he did it on purpose, but I shouldn't wonder! I was glad to stoop down to the spring, and wet my cheeks, for they felt hot enough by this time. However they had time to get cool while Ned was unharnessing his horses, and presently Abby Matilda and her beau came along.

'Dear me, Dimpey,' said she, 'have you really got here without breaking your bones, and with Mr. Hassel's wonderful team, too?'

I was so provoked at the mean thing—I know she was jealous because Ned didn't ask *her*—that I never said a word; but Ned answered:

'My horses are not in the habit of breaking anybody's bones, Miss Abby, and if they were, they wouldn't pick

out the belle of Preston to practise on—not while I'm master.'

Abby colored up, and flirted her head, as she always does when she's angry; but the rest of the company began to come up, and nothing more was said.

I'm not going to tell you much about the picnic, though it was a real nice one, and in such a beautiful place. Every one says there's one of the handsomest views in the world from Spring Mountain; you can see five villages, and the river winds so pretty among the hills; then you can count a great many church steeples, and there are such noble trees up there, and nice, shady places, and rocks to sit on, that it's the very spot for a picnic. We played plays, and told stories, and sang considerable; our Biel is a funny little fellow, and can imitate almost any animal: he kept us all laughing, till even Abby Matilda forgot her airs, and was quite pleasant. Then we had a right good dinner—cold chicken, and ham, and tongue, and lots of nice pies and cakes, and plenty of currant wine and milk punch, and the clear, good water from the spring. Calanth's biscuits were so good everybody wanted them, and my Washington cake was praised to the skies, and I was as happy as I could be.

In the midst of the dinner our Joe spoke out—Joe is good, but he don't always know when to speak.

'Where is Race Miller, boys? I thought he was coming with us! He didn't say nothing to the contrary, the other day.'

Ned Hassel was sitting next to me on the grass; he gave me a nudge, and answered, 'I shouldn't wonder if Race has got the mitten from one of the girls; I met him early this morning, and he looked as black as thunder.'

'Well,' said Abby Matilda—she *must* have her say—if I was a man, and anyone gave me the mitten, I'd have too much spirit to show it by keeping away from a picnic!'

'Pooh!' said Rhody Mills, 'what nonsense! like enough Race is hard at work for his mother or somebody else. He's always ready to help anyone that asks him.'

Well, the afternoon passed away, and when the sun began to get low, the boys said it was time to be going home. While Ned was harnessing his horses, something got tangled in the harness, and it took him a little while to fix it, so that the others that were riding started first. I saw Joe look back to see if we were coming, and that made me think of father again; I had never deceived him in my life, and I couldn't bear to think of it then; I wondered how Ned would manage, and whether our boys would tell father about the horses, and I was glad we were behind the rest, so that Ned would have to drive slowly, for the road was not wide enough for teams to pass each other. Now the picnic was over I felt very uncomfortable, and blamed myself more and more. However, we started directly, and soon overtook the rest. As we drew up behind the wagon that Abby Matilda was in, Ned said, 'What makes you so still, Dimpey; haven't we had a real good time?'

'Yes,' said I; 'but I was thinking what father will say when he hears you took the fast horses, after all!'

'What will he say? why, nothing, when he sees you safe and sound; besides, what's the use of telling him anything about it; he won't ask any questions when I take you home with the brown mare, and I'm sure Joe and Biel won't be mean enough to speak of the sorrels.'

I tried to feel satisfied, though I knew it was wrong; but I thought to myself, 'There's no help for it now.'

So we jogged along slowly till we came to a place where a thick clump of elders divides the road into two paths; it is just at the steepest part of the mountain, and the path on the left is very narrow, and right on the edge of the precipice. At that minute Abby

Matilda looked around, and called out, in her spiteful way, 'It must be dreadful hard for Thunder and Lightning to keep in the rear; what a pity we can't let you pass us, Mr. Hassel!'

I suppose she vexed Ned, for he answered, 'Perhaps we can do it if we try, Miss Stevens,' and before I could speak he turned his horses into the narrow part of the road! I looked down the side of the mountain, and it made me feel so sick and giddy that I put out my hands and caught the lines; this gave them a sudden jerk, the near horse started, and began to back—Abby screamed, and that frightened him more—I felt the wheel going over the edge—the bushes were close on the other side of the wagon—there was no place to jump—Ned dropped the lines and sprang out at the back—I remember seeing something break through the bushes at the horses' heads, and that is the last I recollect, for I fainted away and fell in the bottom of the wagon.

When I came to my senses I felt so strange and confused I did not know where I was; my head had a dull pain in it, and when I touched it, I found it was bandaged up, and my forehead felt sore and bruised. Some one took hold of my hand, and I heard a sobbing; I opened my eyes, and made out that I was on my own bed at home. Calanthy was standing by me, and Polly Jane sat by the foot of the bed crying as if her heart would break. I tried to think, but I couldn't get things right; and the picnic seemed like something that had happened a great while ago.

'What is the matter, Polly?' said I; 'is anyone hurt? Tell father I didn't mean to be deceitful; I'll go tell him myself.' I tried to sit up, but I fell back on the pillow. Calanthy stooped down and kissed me, and I heard her say, 'Lie still, my pet lamb. Father isn't angry with you; he's stepped out a minute, but he'll be back soon; drink this, and you'll soon be better.' She

held a cup to my lips ; I drank something, and then fell asleep directly.

I wasn't able to sit up for several days, and they kept me very still, and wouldn't let me ask questions ; only Calanthy told me that Dr. Basset said I'd had a great shock, and it would take me some time to get over it. I had a cut on my forehead, too, but it healed up pretty soon. It seemed as if Calanthy and Polly Jane couldn't do enough for me, and whenever father came in the room he was as good to me as ever, and I could see that he could hardly keep from crying when I spoke to him. When I got well enough to sit in a rocking chair, and have my knitting work, father came in one morning, and brought Uncle Ezra with him. I was very glad to see uncle, though I was ashamed to have him know how vain and wicked I'd been ; but I'd thought a good deal while I was sick, and I made up my mind to do right, whatever came of it. So I told him how wrong I had acted, and how sorry I felt for it, and then I asked him to tell me *how* my life had been saved, and if any one was killed, and all about the accident. I had my memory by that time, and recollected all I have been telling.

Uncle Ezra took hold of my hand while I was speaking, and then he said, 'We have great reason to be thankful, my child, that we have you with us yet ; you've had a narrow escape ; but I'm sure it will be such a lesson to you that you'll never disobey your father again. You are young, Dimpey, and may have many years to live ; but I hope you'll always be our own dear honest child, and make as good a woman as your mother was.'

Then Uncle Ezra told me that when Ned Hassel jumped out of his wagon, leaving me in it—the coward !—Race Miller pushed his way through the elder bushes, and caught the horses by their heads. They struggled, and threw him down ; but the off horse fell with

him, and partly on him. This jerked the wagon against the bushes, and the wheel, which was slipping over the edge of the road, caught against a big stone, which held it a minute. John Mills had jumped to the ground at that minute. He pitched the seat out of Ned's wagon, and he and Biel dragged me out of the back in less time than it takes to tell it. Then the traces all gave way, the horse that had fallen struggled to his feet, the wagon went over, and clattered down the side of the mountain, and the horses started to run, but were stopped by some of the boys who were walking. I had struck my head as I fell, and lay senseless, but our boys carried me down to High Farm, and got a large wagon and a bed to put me on. They *do* say Joe pushed Ned Hassel out of the way, and dared him to touch me. In the mean time, John Mills and the others helped up Race Miller ; but one of his arms was broken, and he was so faint he could not stand.

When Uncle Ezra told me this, I burst out crying, and felt as if I should die with sorrow ; but father comforted me, and said Race was doing well, and was as cheerful as ever, and had asked them not to tell he was hurt, for fear it might worry me. Now wasn't he a noble fellow ; and what did it matter if he *was* homely ? I felt some curiosity to know what had become of Ned Hassel, for no one had mentioned him while I was sick, but I didn't like to ask ; however, I think father must have known my thoughts, for just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, and said :

'If you'd like to know anything about your 240 beau, Dimpey, he came up here the day after the picnic to ask about *you* ; but I told him your mother's daughter didn't keep company with liars ; and he'd better not show his face inside my dooryard, unless he wanted the boys to put him out. He blustered a little, but I guess he didn't think best

to make much noise in *this* neighborhood; so he took himself off, and that's the last of him.'

'Yes,' thought I, 'I never want to see him again, I'm sure!'

The first time I went to meeting was on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and if ever any one felt really thankful, I think I did. Uncle Ezra preached a beautiful sermon, and every word of it seemed as if it was meant on purpose for me. I hardly dared raise my eyes, but I saw that Mrs. Miller was in her seat as usual, and I heard Race's voice among the singers. When we came out, Mrs. Miller walked right up to me, and kissed me before everybody. I had felt as though she must almost hate me; but she looked so pleasant, it brought the tears into my eyes.

'Do you feel quite strong again, Dimpey?' said she; 'I've heard from you every day; but I haven't been up to see you, because I thought you had plenty of company, and I had my big boy to take care of.'

'Is Race's arm 'most well?' said I.

'Here he is,' said Mrs. Miller; 'ask him yourself.'

I turned around, and there stood Race. His arm was in a sling, and he was paler than usual; but he smiled, and his eyes twinkled more than ever; and, would you believe it, he actually looked handsome! I tried to speak, and thank him for all he had done; but I choked, so I could hardly say a word. He walked along by my side till we came to our gate—it isn't far from the meeting house—then he said:

'Dimpey, will you do me a kindness?'

'Yes, Race,' I answered; 'I'd do you a hundred, if I knew how.'

'Well, then, just come over to our house, and take tea with mother; she's been waiting on me so long, I want to do something to please her, and I know you'll brighten her up nicely; I'm such a dull fellow for company, you know.'

I didn't *know* any such thing; but I

ran and asked Calanthy if I'd better go, and she said 'Certainly.'

So I went home with Mrs. Miller and Race, and we had the snuggest little tea that ever was. Mrs. Miller makes the best muffins I ever tasted, and she had some ready mixed, and nothing to do but put them on the griddle. After we had done tea, she told Race to sit down in her big chair by the window, and not to stir out of it till she gave him leave. Then she gave me an apron, and said I might help her wash up the tea things, if I liked; of course, I was delighted to do it; and Race sat still, and looked at us.

'What are you smiling at, Race?' said his mother—they always joked together considerable.

'I was thinking,' said he, 'how funny it seems to sit here and be waited on; take care I don't grow lazy, mother!'

Mrs. Miller laughed, and said: 'Well, I *am* a little uneasy about that—' and just then Hiram came in from milking, and she went into the milkroom to strain the milk.

I was folding up my apron, and I thought I mightn't have another chance to speak, so I said:

'I haven't thanked you yet, Race, for saving my life; but you believe I *am* thankful, don't you?'

'Come here, Dimpey,' said he.

I walked toward him, for I felt as if he had a right to ask me; he got up from the big chair, and put me gently in it, and then took a little bench and sat down close to my feet.

'Are you glad to live, Dimpey?' said he.

I looked at him in astonishment at such a strange question; but I saw his eyes were full, and his lips trembling.

He said it again, 'Are you glad your life was spared, Dimpey?'

'Yes, to be sure,' said I; 'it would have been dreadful to die so suddenly; and oh, think how our folks would have felt, if I had been killed! And you too, Race! what could your mother do without you? I am so sorry you were

hurt saving me, and so thankful it was no worse,' and here my eyes ran over, and I stopped.

'Dimpey,' said Race, and his voice shook as it did that night in the Hollow, 'I ought to be very thankful for my mother's sake, that God has spared my life, and I hope I am now; but when I sat in the elder bushes on Spring Mountain, and saw you sitting by the side of Ned Hassel, and looking so sweet and innocent, I thought that the day you married him would finish all my happiness on earth, and I should have nothing to live for but to take care of my good mother. You will tell me the truth now, Dimpey, I'm sure—will that day ever come?'

'Never, Race!' said I; 'the lying coward! has he *dared* to say so?'

I started up from the chair; and, I don't know how it was, I fell into Race's arms, and he sat down in the chair, and drew me on his knee as he did when I was a little child; and looking down on his broken arm, it seemed to me like my own old dolly, and I put my hands carefully around it, as I did around my doll in my childish trouble.

It is two years now, since Race and I were married; and I believe no one ever had a better husband! We live

on the old homestead—it is one of the pleasantest places in Preston—the mortgage is all paid off, and we are as comfortable as any family need be. Mrs. Miller is as fond of me as if I was her own born daughter, and everybody thinks our little Phebe is almost too sweet to live—she is the picture of Race; but I think her curly hair and saucy blue eyes make her the handsomest baby I ever saw.

Widow Burt and Jim have come away from the Hollow; last year Race put up a new barn, and moved the old one down to the end of the lane—our boys helped him fix it up for a house, and Mrs. Burt and Jim live in it. They make baskets yet, and we find them very useful when we want extra help. Mrs. Burt is stronger than before she was sick; and poor Jim almost worships Race, and would run errands all day, if we asked him to—he thinks there is nothing like our baby on the face of the earth; and simple as he looks, she is always ready to go to him.

Race wouldn't tell me till after we were married, how he came to be hiding in the bushes on the day of the picnic; he always said I must guess—so you may guess too!

After all, I have reason to bless the day I went up Spring Mountain!

E N D U R A N C E .

At first did I almost despair,
And thought I *never* it could bear—
And yet I have it borne till now:
But only never ask me *how*!

—HEINE.

JAPANESE FOREIGN RELATIONS.

[THE article we are now about to offer our readers is from the pen of the well-known and highly-esteemed Dr. MACGOWAN, Honorary Member of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Corresponding Member of the Société Impériale Zoologique d'Acclimation, Asiatic Society of Bengal, of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, Ethnological Society of London, American Oriental Society, &c., &c., who was for more than twenty years a resident of the far East, of China and Japan. He has lectured on China and Japan before the most erudite audiences, and has never failed to give entire satisfaction. His lectures were delivered in New York under the auspices of the Geographical and Statistical Society, in compliance with an invitation drawn up by Chancellor Ferris, and signed by President King of Columbia College, Hon. Townsend Harris, late U. S. Minister to Japan, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Luther Bradish, Hon. Judge Clarke, Hon. George Opydke, and other prominent citizens.]

At the conclusion of the course, the following resolution, presented by the Rev. Dr. Prime, was passed unanimously:

'Resolved, That this audience has listened with great satisfaction, instruction, and delight, to the valuable and highly entertaining lectures of Dr. MACGOWAN on Japan, and that our thanks are eminently due to him for imparting to us in so attractive a form the results of his extensive travel, illustrated with curious and elegant works of nature and art from that remarkable empire.'

*'On commencing his course of lectures in the Cooper Institute, Dr. MACGOWAN was introduced by the Hon. Judge Daly, who appeared as the representative of the Geographical and Statistical Society. Judge Daly said that 'the lecturer came before his countrymen with a well-earned European reputation, that his investigations had attracted much attention abroad, and in the matter of physical geography his researches were referred to in Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and his discovery and description of the egre or bore of the Tsien-tang River in China, occupies a large space in Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*.' Besides giving the Society's cordial commendation of Dr. MACGOWAN'S Lectures, the Judge expressed on the part of the Society, a deep sense of the importance in a national point of view of the lecturer's projected exploration in the far East.'*—*Abridged Report.*

We could fill pages with such testimonials. We extract the following from notices of Dr. Macgowan's lectures in Europe:

'A large number of Members of Parliament, A. H. Layard, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir M. Peto, T. B. Horsfall, Lord Alfred

Churchill, and others joined in commending the lectures to Chambers of Commerce, Colleges, Literary and Mechanics' Institutions; and they were commended also to Young Men's Christian Associations by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

'They were delivered in various parts of the United Kingdom under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Most Noble the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Right Hon. the Earl of Cavan, the Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton, the Right Hon. Earl Strangford, Lord Henry Cholmondeley, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., Sir J. F. Davis, Bart., Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., Sir J. Coleridge, Bart., Sir Roderick I. Murchison, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Victoria, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, the Rev. Canon McNeill, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, General Alexander, General Lawrence, Hon. Capt. Maude, R. N., and other public men.

'In Scotland, the Right Hon. the Earl of Kintore, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, Professor Sampson, Dr. Bell, and the Provosts of the principal towns.

'In Ireland, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Gough, Lord Roden, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Right Hon. Judge Crampton, Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal, and the Right Hon. J. Whiteside, M. P. Under the auspices of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl of Carlisle.'

In China, while occupied as Medical Missionary and United States Consul, he published a newspaper in the Chinese language; in London, also, he rendered valuable service in vindicating our Government from the attacks of Lord Brougham and Sir John Bowring.

In all his various efforts, Dr. MACGOWAN received the highest commendation from the press, as well as from his learned audiences. We therefore call the attention of our readers to the present essay, on the important subject of *'Japanese Foreign Relations,'* as from the pen of one familiar with the history and bearing of the questions of which he treats.—*EO. CONTINENTAL.*]

STROLLING recently from Nagasaki toward the volcanic mountain Simabara, the writer was compelled to retrace his steps by the yaconina, or guards of the prince of Fizen, and thus he failed to accomplish the object he had in view—that of searching for the monument erected, it is said, to commemorate the expulsion of foreigners from Japan, and the suppression of Christianity, bearing an impious in-

scription, forbidding Christians and the God of the Christians from ever appearing in that 'Eden Minor.' Whether the monument still exists or not, it is certain that the spirit of the edict of Gongen Sama, which expelled Europeans forever from the country, and enjoined natives to slay foreigners, still actuates the ruling classes in the insular empire of the Pacific. Hence the exclamation of the daring and potent prince of Kago, who, in 1853, when the American treaty was before the Daimios, in council, placing his hand upon the hilts of his swords, said: 'Rather than admit foreigners into the country, let us die fighting.' He was overruled—a decade has elapsed, and his forebodings of evil have been realized. One of the results of the concession to Americans has been a despatch from Earl Russell to the British minister at Yedo, which says: 'It would be better that the Tycoon's palace should be destroyed than that our rightful position by treaty should be weakened or impaired.' When a British minister threatens to burn a palace, Eastern Asiatics know full well that the torch will be preceded by a bombardment and followed by *looting*, which in Anglo-Indian parlance means plundering. Thirteen ships of war, two of them French, are at Yokohama, within a few hours' sail of the palace which adorns Yedo, the proud metropolis of the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' awaiting an answer to a British ultimatum.

As the Japanese are neighbors of our countrymen whose homes are on our Pacific coast, we should not be so absorbed in the struggle to maintain our nationality as to be unmindful of the perils by which they are surrounded. While the subjugation of Mexico, by one of the Allied Powers, which aims at a general protectorate of the East, causes us anxiety, the prospective invasion of Japan by the other power cannot but be regarded by us with solicitude, for in its results it promises to open another 'neutral' port to facili-

itate the operations of other *Nashvilles* and *Alabamas* against our commerce. Assuming that we shall speedily avert the impending danger of foreign domination involved in the present contest, the various questions affecting American interests in Eastern Asia become fitting subjects for discussion, and at this moment the foreign relations of Japan particularly demand consideration.

At one period of their history, the foreign relations of the Japanese were of the most amicable character. In their treatment of the Europeans who first visited them, they were courteous and liberal. For a period of ninety years the Portuguese carried on a highly lucrative commerce, by which they built up the port of Macao, which has been styled the brightest jewel in the Lusitanian crown. To Xavier and his co-religionists they extended a cordial welcome. Bringing, as did the missionaries, a similar but more imposing ritual, with dogmas in many points analogous, but accompanied with the sublime teachings of the gospel, the propagation of the new faith was so facile, that a single generation might have witnessed the nominal christianization of the entire empire, had not fatal dissensions arisen among the different orders of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian missionaries. In consequence of these dissensions the country was closed to foreign commerce and religion for more than two centuries. A like cause led to the closing of China to Christian nations.

The edicts of Gongen Sama (founder of the reigning Tycoon family) not only prohibited the visit of any foreigner under penalty of death, but condemned to death any native who might return to Japan after going abroad, or being driven to another land by a storm. The vindictive code was no *brutum fulmen*, for not long after their exclusion, the Macao Portuguese despatched an embassy, nearly all the members of which, including attend-

ants and ships' crews, were massacred. Of the sixty, only the menials, thirteen in number, were suffered to return.

A long period of exemption from foreign intrusion followed. With the present century commenced a series of private and semi-official visits from various nations. During their seclusion they ceased not to feel an interest in Western affairs, but, aided by the Dutch, they studied physical sciences and contemporaneous history. Thus they heard of the gradual approach of the irrepressible foreigner, the opening of China through the Opium War, the acquisition of Hong Kong by the English, the frequent appearance of American whalers off their coast, the rise of California, and the introduction of steam on the Pacific. These things must have suggested to thoughtful observers the necessity of modifying some day the institutions of *Gongen Sama*; indeed, the Dutch state that they counselled against resisting the demands likely to be made by mercantile powers for a relaxation of their prohibitive policy. Therefore it was that the not unreasonable requirements of Commodore Perry were complied with, which guaranteed succor and good treatment of distressed sailors, and the admission of a consul. This last concession was obtained with much difficulty, for they regarded it as an abandonment of their policy of isolation, and such it proved.

Our minister, Mr. Townsend Harris (then consul general), succeeded, after much resistance from the Japanese, in getting access to Yedo from his consulate at Simoda in 1857, his object being to negotiate a commercial treaty, which in the following year he accomplished. Many English writers endeavor to rob Mr. Harris of the honor which he gained in thus opening an empire to the commerce of the world. The Tycoon acquiesced, say they, while the echoes of the allied guns in north China were booming in his ears. Our minister is represented as holding the British and French fleets in terror

over the nervous Japanese, and obtaining, without the cost and odium of an expedition, the same advantages as if an American expedition had been despatched, and had been successful. The truth however is, the American treaty was negotiated, drawn, and ready for signature before he or they heard of the attack on the forts at Taku; and only signed at the appointed time, after learning that news. Now, however, finding themselves in a quandary, we see their highest authorities on this question pleading in exculpation the circumstance that they were 'driven by the Americans into making a Japanese treaty'!

The concession made by the Japanese, in the first place—of kind treatment of shipwrecked voyagers, and of facilities for the refitting of disabled vessels—was no more than we had a right to exact; perhaps, also, we may be justified in having urged them to admit a resident official agent to protect those interests. But if a nation deems it politic to isolate itself from all others, has any state the right to compel that nation to abandon its exclusivism, and to receive offensive strangers as residents? No publicist will answer this in the affirmative, nor do statesmen advocate such a claim; yet practically Christian nations have uniformly acted on the assumption that they might rightfully force themselves upon an unwilling people. It is however from the corollary involved in this assumption that weak peoples are made to suffer. It would avail the aggressive power little if its subjects were required to comply with all the laws of the country into which they had thrust themselves, for in that case the laws could be made to operate so as to thwart them in every important undertaking. Hence to the right of residing in a country contrary to the will of its government is joined the correlative, that of compelling the feeble state to abdicate its sovereignty to the extent of exempting the intrusive foreign-

er from local jurisdiction—of according the advantage of extra-territoriality. The pliant Chinese readily yielded to this new order of things on discovering that foreign nations possessed the will and the power to enforce it; but the intractable Japanese must have their spirit cowed by violence ere they can become resigned to the national degradation. It was soon discovered that the measure was highly unpopular: the functionaries who acceded to the demands of the hated foreigner forfeited their lives or their posts. Nobles who were intensely hostile to the regime, succeeded to the administration; and on them devolved the task of inaugurating a new era, of accommodating the institutions of their country to what they could not but regard as the first stage of a revolution.

The delicate undertaking, of reconciling the antagonistic principles of an encroaching commerce and of a feudal despotism, was committed to two diplomatists eminently fitted for its proper performance. Mr. Townsend Harris, who by long and patient study had conciliated the people and won the confidence of the Government, as United States consul general at Simoda, was appointed as American minister to Yedo; and Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose experience as a British consular officer in China dated from the period of the treaty of Nanking in 1842, was delegated as his country's ambassador to that metropolis, the capital of the Tycoon. Several difficulties were to be encountered at the threshold. First came a question of currency. Commodore Perry's treaty allowed foreign coins to be taken at only a third of their value, and under the new treaties our merchants found that by the rate of exchange the price of native products had been raised fifty to seventy per cent.; on the other hand, they were able to purchase gold with silver, weight for weight. The correspondence on this subject, written and verbal, plainly disclosed that the free extension of trade was not contem-

plished by those islanders. Next we find the Japanese gaining a diplomatic victory in the location of the foreign factories, having managed to have them placed at Yokuhama, instead of Kanagawa, the site stipulated for in the treaties, an arrangement which serves to isolate and almost imprison the foreign settlement; but as Yokuhama was the choice also of the mercantile community, the ambassadors could not well press their point—it went by default. It is the misfortune of Orientals generally, that in all their controversies with the English, the latter have been the historiographers, and therefore, in almost every step of their aggressive career, appear as disinterested champions of justice, seeking the improvement of semi-civilized peoples, by inflicting upon them wholesome and merited chastisement. Let it be conceded that the charges against the Japanese which we find in the Blue Book and in Sir Rutherford Alcock's 'Capital of the Tycoon,' are all well founded, and the resort to strong measures on the part of the British will be admitted to be justifiable.

These authorities narrate a series of murderous assaults, made upon Russian, French, Dutch, American, and British subjects in quick succession, indicative, we are assured, of a fixed determination of a powerful party to restore the regime of Gongen Sama. A party of Russian officers were insulted in the streets of Yedo, for which, in compliance with the demands of Count Mouravieff, a responsible official was degraded. To avenge this disgrace of a Japanese officer, some of his friends set upon a Russian officer and his servant, hacking them to pieces in one of the public streets. The next victim was a servant of the French consul, who was hewn down and cut to pieces in the street. This was soon followed by the murder of the linguist of the British embassy, a Chinaman; the sword which was thrust through his body was left in that position by the assassin. The same night

there was an attempt to fire the residence of the French consul general. Two Dutch captains were next barbarously slaughtered in the streets of Yokuhama; one of the unhappy men was over sixty years of age. The French legation again suffered in the person of an Italian servant, who was cut down while quietly standing at his master's gate. Mr. Heuskin, secretary of the United States legation, was the first assailed of the diplomatic body. He was a valuable public servant, highly esteemed by natives and foreigners. A native of Holland, he was linguist as well as secretary, the Dutch language being the medium of communication. Despite various warnings against exposing himself by night, he, on returning home at a late hour from the Prussian embassy, was waylaid and hewn down, dying speedily of his wounds. Hitherto the English, personally, had escaped severe assaults; but, a few months after the assassination of the secretary, a midnight attack was made on the British legation, which, from its formidable character, showed that it contemplated the massacre of the entire body. The assassins met with a spirited resistance from the English and their Japanese guard. In that desperate encounter, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, secretary of legation, was wounded severely, Mr. Morrison (consul, a son of the celebrated missionary) and two servants slightly. Of the Tycoon's guard two were killed and fourteen wounded. On the part of the assailants three were killed on the spot, two; who were captured, committed suicide by ripping themselves up, and several of those who escaped were wounded.

A subsequent attack on the British legation resulted in the death of two English sentries, one receiving nine and the other sixteen sword wounds. The last of these murderous assaults was made on three English gentlemen and a lady, who were riding on the Tokaido, where they were met by the cortege of Shimadzoo Sabara, prince of Sat-

suma. Being ordered to return, they complied, but no sooner had they turned their backs than they were set upon by the retainers of the prince, numbering between five and six hundred. The lady miraculously escaped, two of the gentlemen were wounded, and the third, Mr. Richardson, being nearly cut to pieces, fell from his horse, and when lying in a dying state, one of the high officials of the cortege commanded a follower to cut the throat of the unfortunate gentleman, an order that was quickly obeyed.

These sanguinary deeds were diversified by various attempts at arson—the latest, with aid of gunpowder, being successful. On the first of last February, the British minister's residence at Yedo was burned to the ground by armed incendiaries, who made their work more sure by laying trains of gunpowder, which caused a tremendous explosion; but as it was, the members of the legation were all at Yokuhama, and there was no loss of life except among the natives who tried to extinguish the fire—they were shot down by the incendiaries.

The inquiry naturally occurs, Are there no extenuating circumstances to be adduced on the part of the Japanese? Were there no acts of provocation on the part of foreigners? If we rely merely on the testimony of the complainants, the reply would be an unqualified negative. An impartial witness, however, finds no difficulty in presenting apologies, which have some claims to be considered as a justification of their conduct. The Japanese affirm that nearly every case of assault was designed to avenge personal insult. The linguist and the sentries of the British legation had perpetrated wrongs upon those by whom they subsequently fell. When the attack was made upon the sentries, it was by a solitary avenger, who stealthily crawled on his hands and knees until he reached and slew the offender; and he killed the other because this last attempted to prevent

his escape. In like manner, the servants of the French official had committed outrages upon these vindictive people, from whose resentment they suffered.

It should be remembered that if these men, instead of revenging themselves, had sought legal redress, it could have been obtained, if at all, only at the hands of the masters of the aggressors, who would have been tried and punished, if convicted, according to the foreigners' code. The Chinese sometimes resort to our tribunals, but oftener submit to wrong; the nobler Japanese have a sense of honor which will not easily brook such an invasion of their rights.

With regard to the case which the English make the immediate *casus belli*—the murder of Richardson—there are contradictory statements; it is denied by the Japanese that he and his party turned back to make way for the prince of Satsuma's cortege; they say, on the contrary, that he was killed only after obstinate persistence in dashing through the cavalcade. Moreover, patriotism undoubtedly prompted many of the deeds of violence detailed in the foregoing record. Take for example the reason assigned by one of the assassins who was slain in one of the attacks on the British legation, as declared in a paper found on his body.

'I, though I am a person of low standing, have no patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by the foreigner. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigner to retire, and partly tranquillize the manes of departed mikados and tycoons, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out.'

There were appended to the paper, from which the above extract is taken, the names of fourteen *Lonins*, or bravos. These impulsive patriots did not restrict their assaults to the aggressive foreigner, but assailed also the nobles who acceded to the foreigners' demands. Several times ministers of state were

attacked in the streets, while surrounded by their retainers, and on each occasion many lives were lost in the fight which ensued. Indeed, continuing to follow English official authority, it would appear that the American treaties cost the lives of two tycoons, one regent, and several ministers and nobles, for the most part by self-visceration. The assassination of the Gotairo, or regent, is fresh in the minds of the public. It took place at noon, while he was in the midst of his guard, on his way to the palace. His head, we are informed, was exposed at the execution ground at Miako, there being placed over it the inscription: 'THIS IS THE HEAD OF A TRAITOR WHO HAS VIOLATED THE MOST SACRED LAWS OF JAPAN—THOSE WHICH FORBID THE ADMISSION OF FOREIGNERS INTO THE COUNTRY,'—but which the Japanese affirm was never written. The sentence, however, seems to express the motives of the murderers. It is the aristocracy of the empire that is fiercely arrayed against an abandonment of the policy of isolation: that the populace is not particularly hostile, is evinced by the comparative immunity of foreigners from violence at the ports of Hakodadi and Nagasaki.

Why should the ruling classes seek to abrogate the treaties and defy foreign powers? The Daimios are not ignorant of the prowess and resources of the country against which they particularly array themselves: they are a well-informed and astute class, and cannot fail to see that feudalism and commerce are antagonistic—that free intercourse with foreigners is incompatible with the existence of the present form of government: and therefore many of them would fain revert to the conservative policy of isolation. More than four years ago, the writer of this article, then in Japan, although his opportunities of observation were limited, published the opinion that a revolution would be the inevitable result of the concessions that had been extorted

from the tycoon; that civil war could hardly fail to take place, by which the government would be brought under the sway of one ruler, tycoon, mikado, or some powerful daimio, which would lead to the destruction of the feudal system, and to the introduction of Christian civilization, a consummation which we in the interest of the Japanese may devoutly wish, but which the daimios, having full knowledge of the same, must in self-defence resist to the last. Hence the English base their charge that the attacks on foreigners were instigated by the nobles, and perpetrated by their retainers, which remains to be proved.

Apart from the prospective evils consequent on an abandonment of the restrictive policy under which the empire has long prospered, there were immediate consequences which to a high-minded people must be galling and degrading beyond endurance. The treaties have robbed them of their independence: compelling them to abdicate sovereignty to the extent of absolving resident foreigners from Japanese jurisdiction. In various publications in the East and in Europe the writer has attempted to show how disastrous extra-territoriality has been to China; on the present occasion it will suffice to name this violation of a nation's rights as justifying resistance to the last on the part of patriots in Japan.

While for good political reasons some daimios have endeavored to render the treaties inoperative, and to frighten foreigners out of the land, there has been springing up among the people a strong antipathy toward them, for which they have themselves alone to blame. Who that read the glowing accounts of the reception at first accorded to our people, did not admire the suavity and hospitality of the Japanese? This friendly intercourse lasted only until the parties came to understand each other. Now, we are told that when a western man passes through the streets he is hooted at as 'Tojin baka,'

a foreign fool, a gentler way of putting it than in China—where it is 'Fanqui'—foreign devil. The practical joking in which many foreigners are apt to indulge is often carried too far, and being accompanied by an arrogant demeanor of superiority, proves highly offensive. Again, we find the *Tojin baka* often fail to discriminate between different classes of females. Discovering that the Japanese were lewd beyond all other people, with institutions fostering vice, without even the flimsy pretext of hygienic considerations, they take liberties which rouse the vindictive rage of husbands.

Palliation may be found for the alleged arson mentioned in the catalogue of complaints that have excited British indignation. In the question of a site for the residence of the ambassadors, the irrepressible foreigner demanded a celebrated temple, and its magnificent grounds, the Hyde Park of Yedo—a favorite place of resort of the citizens on holiday merrymaking. Recent accounts represent this cession of a popular place of recreation as having cost the tycoon much of his popularity, and as involving him in a controversy with the spiritual emperor, who, as Pontifex maximus, has exclusive authority over religious edifices. Yielding to pressure from above and below, the tycoon begged the ambassadors to consent to the removal of the buildings to some other site in the metropolis less obnoxious to the mikado and to the populace, all the expense of which the Japanese Government offered to pay. Only one of the buildings had been completed, that for the British legation. Colonel Neal, H. B. M. *chargé d'affaires*, was solicited to give his consent, which he refused. Time was precious. The mikado's envoy was about to return with a final answer; it was necessary that something should be done to save the tycoon from the consequences of his disobedience. The knot was cut, as we have seen, by the torch and by gunpowder.

In the use of firearms the prejudices of the natives have been needlessly offended. Shooting game is not generally allowed to the people, yet foreigners have often been reckless in the pursuit of sport, regardless where they sought it, and terrifying the people. Again, riding on horseback is allowed only to the nobles, and it is a source of provocation to all classes to witness the equestrian performances of foreigners of every station in life, whose amusement at times consists in making pedestrians scatter as they gallop through crowded streets. Moreover, the Chinese servants in the employ of foreigners habitually insult and oppress the natives, presuming on immunity as retainers of the privileged stranger. As the Japanese hold the Celestials in supreme contempt, and as that feeling is fully reciprocated, collisions are the consequence, and it is pretty certain that the 'servants' of the legation who were murdered were offending Chinamen.

Guizot remarks, in his 'History of Civilization,' 'of all systems of government, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the most difficult to establish and render effectual, is the federative system—which eminently requires the greatest maturity of reason, of morality, and of civilization, in which it is applied. The very nature itself of feudalism is opposed to order and legality.' It was with the executive of a feudal federative system that European and American governments negotiated these treaties, a duplicate sovereign over six hundred and twenty feudal barons, commanding above two hundred thousand armed retainers, governing a people wanting in reason and morality. The existence of the theocratic element served further to complicate the machinery of government at Yedo. It may be questioned whether the ministers of the tycoon were ever heartily in favor of an abandonment of the policy of exclusivism. It is probable that they

yielded to the demands made upon them, as the least of two evils, a refusal promising to involve them in wars, which might eventually lead to their subjugation to one of the least scrupulous of the aggressive powers. In the inauguration of the system, Japanese statesmanship was exposed to a severe ordeal. On one hand was the task of pacifying the native opponents of the fundamental change in polity, and on the other, the duty of evading, as far as possible, the concessions that had been wrung from them by the foreigner. Something answering to demagoguism is found in the Ultra Orient: there was not only the honest opposition of the patriot, but the factious hostility of the office seeker, against whom the ministry were called to contend. As a consequence, those who were responsible for the innovation soon lost their lives or their posts. Their successors found themselves, as is often the case in political changes, obliged, when in power, to carry out the general policy which, when in opposition, they decried. Instead of abrogating the treaties, they aimed, by evasions and restrictions, to render nugatory many of their stipulations. The *Japanese Herald*, an English mercantile newspaper, published in Yokuhama, gives the following list of concessions made to the Japanese Government:

'The right to trade in gold was given up; the right to exchange money, weight for weight, was given up; enforcing recovery of debts clause was given up; Ne-agata was given up; Yedo followed; non-circulation of dollars in the country unopposed; Kanagawa as a residence given up; land leases at the usual rate of the country given up; restrictions on employment of servants allowed without remonstrance; immunity from local jurisdiction endangered; and, lastly, Osaka given up on our own minister's representation.'

Still, the gioro, or council of state, failed to appease the factious opposition, and are charged by Sir Rutherford with not being really desirous of securing

foreigners from injurious treatment even from the hands of their own officials. A candid observer, on reviewing all the circumstances of the case, will absolve the Government of the tycoon from the charge of complicity in the injurious treatment from which foreigners have suffered. It must be admitted that the Government were, as they protested, helpless in the matter. In almost every instance they failed to discover and punish the murderous assailants, who were screened by disaffected powerful daimios. They encountered obstacles, the same in character, but far greater in degree, in repressing the hostility toward foreigners which our authorities had in restraining aggression against natives; and further, it ought not to be forgotten that they acceded promptly to all the demands made upon them for pecuniary compensation as an atonement for lives taken and for wounds inflicted. Ten thousand dollars was sent through Mr. Harris to Philadelphia, for the widowed mother of the murdered Heuskin, and such was their regret for the occurrence that the Government would have paid manifold more, if our minister had seen fit to exact as much. English sufferers, or their relations, also received liberal compensation.

Menaced by the feudal aristocracy, and by the theocratic element of the Government, the tycoon's ministers could not but look forward to the period when, by treaty stipulations, the concessions which had been so fatal to their predecessors, and against which they had themselves inveighed, were to be extended to new ports. If the admission of foreigners into or near the metropolis or seat of the temporal authority had proved disastrous, what evils might not be expected when, by admitting them to Hiogo, or Osaka, they would be brought so near to the capital or seat of the spiritual power!

To avert, or rather to postpone this impending evil, an embassy was despatched to European countries with

which treaties had been made, soliciting an extension of time (five years) for the opening of new ports. Mr. Harris easily obtained the assent of our Government to the reasonable request. Earl Russell acceded also, but required as an equivalent the strict execution of all the other points of the treaty; viz., the abolition of all restrictions, whether as regards quantity or price, on the sale by Japanese to foreigners of all kinds of merchandise; all restrictions on labor, and more particularly on the hire of carpenters, boatmen, boats and coolies, teachers, and servants, of whatever denomination; all restrictions whereby daimios are prevented from sending their produce to market, and from selling the same directly to their own agents; all restrictions resulting from attempts on the part of the custom-house authorities and other officials to obtain fees; all restrictions limiting the classes of persons who shall be allowed to trade with foreigners; and all restrictions imposed on free intercourse of a social kind between foreigners and the people of Japan. These all seem reasonable, and are only what the Japanese Government was already bound by treaty to fulfil; but as our Federal Government has found itself embarrassed by South Carolina's treatment of colored British subjects, so the tycoon's ministers find some of the feudal daimios nullifying or disregarding the treaty obligations of the general government.

If, however, a more conciliatory policy on the part of British residents had been pursued toward the Japanese people, if greater allowance had been made by English officials for the peculiar difficulties surrounding the Government to which they were accredited, and if more confidence had been placed in the good faith of the tycoon's ministers, it is certain that all opposition would have been gradually overcome. At one time a majority of the daimies had become reconciled to foreign intercourse; but the anti-foreign party has

been increased and incensed by recent events; and there is danger that a compliance with the new demands of the foreigner will involve the country in civil war.

The treatment which the luckless envoys experienced on their return from Europe after a successful mission, shows how imperfectly the demands of the British minister will be complied with: we find official accounts from the Swiss embassy published in the *Dagblad* of the Hague, that they were degraded from rank and dismissed from office; the secretary and linguist having been a pupil and friend of the writer, he perused their political obituary with much regret. However, office holding in the far East is not only an equivocal honor, but a precarious means of subsistence, which, as the aspirants fully understand, one can somewhat economize his commiseration. Why, they are used to it in that strange country. The last mail brings intelligence of the degradation of one hundred and ten office holders of all grades, from the proud minister of state down to the humble clerk. In this list of casualties, too, a friend and pupil turns up. Dr. Itowo Gambono was a fussy fellow, something of a politician and courtier, and never mindful of professional etiquette when it stood in the way of his advancement. His Imperial Majesty the Tycoon, a dissolute youth of nineteen, with three wives, is subject, of course, to various maladies. The court physician administered a prescription so nauseous that the royal patient kicked against the whole materia medica; and great was the consternation of the court, when Dr. Itowo Gambono, who had been engineering for the office of surgeon royal, allayed apprehension by making known his qualifications, and the palatable character of his prescriptions. He was installed in office; but trusting exclusively to the *vis medicatrix natura*, and having been discovered in administering nothing but sweetened water, he suffered in the

general proscription. A medical jury might render the verdict: Served him right for intriguing against his *confreres*.

The curious reader will be gratified with learning what some of the Japanese themselves have to say on the question of the relations betwixt the foreigner and their own Government, and it is not likely that the subjoined translation of a document, purporting to be a protest addressed to the tycoon's ministers, but intended as a complaint against them to the mikado or spiritual emperor, will be found too long for perusal:

'When you consulted us about the new relations into which we were to enter with foreigners, you told us, upon the authority of a certain Harisoo (Mr. Harris) the American, that the treaty would give us plenty and abundance. Both you and Harisoo said that cotton would be sold for a mere nothing, and that silk and manufactured goods would not cost us anything. The daily necessities of life would be brought to our country from all quarters of the globe, and our farmers would not be required to sow and reap. We anxiously expect these miracles, and at present we enjoy advantages which you never mentioned, namely, that those articles which you and Harisoo promised to give us at very low prices are now three times as expensive as they formerly were. You told us that our treasuries would be always open to receive the enormous riches which our intercourse with foreigners would always give us. It is an undeniable fact that our treasuries have been always open, but, instead of receiving money, we have been called upon to sacrifice the little we possess. You monopolize the import and export duties completely, and we had a right to suppose that those duties which, according to your statement and those of your financier Harisoo, would enrich the Japanese nation, ought to cover expenses such as building fortifications and buying men-of-war, which you say must inspire the barbarians with the respect due to our country. But what have you done for the last three years? What has been the tenor of all your despatches? Japan must be fortified, fortifications must be built, the artillery and navy increased. Money is required. If we could

only see those fortifications, those man-of-war, we would complain less about expenses; but everything is proposed and nothing executed. You think that drawings and plans will scare foreigners, and cause them to flee from our country; but we doubt it, for they really equal us in this art. You sometimes talk to us about political economy; we candidly own you give us excellent advice; unfortunately we have numerous proofs that you do not follow the precepts that you give us. Why was such an incredible sum of money spent for all the vain and useless pomp which accompanied the sister of the mikado on her journey to Yedo, preparatory to her marriage with the tycoon? Why was so much money wasted in rebuilding the palace of the tycoon? We shall not mention the various ways in which the public money is wasted, as this would cause the nation to blush, and the mikado to mourn. As you always remind us of the great principles of political economy when you demand pecuniary supplies, pardon us for making the following remarks. Owing to the troubled state of the country, the presence of the daimios at Yedo was formerly very necessary. Now, this is not the case at present, and still our lords are always travelling to and from the capital. The personal fatigue, the vexation, the expense of the immense retinue which always accompanies them, can no longer be supported.

The time has come that these ruinous journeys should cease, and the lords of Japan declare themselves unable to defray the expense which you impose upon them. As foreign trade has nearly ruined us, and as fortifications and numerous other unforeseen expenses are deemed necessary in all the parts which have been opened to barbarians, we not only demand that the new ports Osaka, Nōgata, and Yedo shall not be opened, but that Kanagawa be closed. You always assert that we are opposed to friendly intercourse with foreign nations, but this is utterly false; we willingly consent to open the whole of Japan, if this step does not occasion expenses which are beyond our means. We have not murdered our servants who were favorably inclined toward the opening of Japan to foreigners. We never spread insulting libels against foreigners amongst our people. We never called Harisoo a fool, Aroako

(Sir R. Alecock) a —, and Borrooko-roo (M. de Bellecourt, French consul general) a —. We never called the consuls drunkards and foreign merchants thieves. You teach the young to despise and insult foreigners, and although you always tell us that the foreign nations are powerful and greatly to be feared, a high functionary lately said, 'With the exception of one of the nations, all the foreigners could be insulted with impunity.'

Although this document, evidently a clumsy forgery, bears traces of having been composed apparently by a native penny-a-liner for the foreign newspaper, yet it apparently expresses the opinion of a large class of rulers and people, and serves to exhibit some of the features of the varied opposition which the tycoon has to encounter.

The perils which menace the tycoon, or rather the council of state, are multiform. In the Prince of Mito, they have an aspirant to the tycoonship, by whose machinations it is believed foreigners have suffered, merely that the Government might be embarrassed. Rulers like the Prince of Kago, preferring death to compliance with the foreigners' demands; recent events admonishing the council and ministers that this penalty is likely to attend their yielding; at the same time importunity is used at the court of Miako—the spiritual emperor—to curtail or abolish the authority at Yedo; while the barbarian stands, torch in hand, ready not only to fire another palace, but with formidable fleets prepared to bombard cities!

One of the most resolute and powerful of the daimios who hold that it were better to die fighting rather than yield the points in dispute, is Shimadzu Sabara, Prince of Satsuma. It was his retainers who killed Richardson, and he will not suffer them to be delivered up for punishment, from the conviction doubtless that they committed the deed while resisting the advance of an arrogant foreigner. He seems to have the ability and the will to resist any attempt on the part of the general gov-

ernment to coerce him, hence the embarrassment which is occasioned by the British demand for the punishment of the assassins. He has particularly allied himself to the spiritual emperor, in whose capital he is popular; we read of him a short time since making a donation to the poor of Miako of ten thousand piculs of rice. Strictly speaking, Shimadzu Sabara is regent of Satsuma, the prince, who is his nephew, being only six years of age. Satsuma, the principality, is on the southerly extremity of the most southerly island of the Archipelago Kiusiu. Its capital, Kagosima, is a rich port, having 500,000 inhabitants; the Loo Choo Islands acknowledge the Prince of Satsuma as suzerain. Much of the prosperity of that part of Japan is due to the sagacity and enterprise of the late prince. He applied himself to the study of natural science, particularly the practical part, and established manufactories on a large scale, introducing all foreign arts that could be acquired. His glass manufactures have attained to a good degree of perfection, and the foundry for smelting and forging iron-ore is on an extensive scale, employing about two thousand men. Some bronze guns made there were of a caliber for balls of 150 pounds weight. He constructed also several spacious docks. This prince paid the writer of this article the compliment of republishing his 'Treatise on the Law of Storms,' published several years ago in the Chinese language. He died in 1859, much lamented by his subjects.

Not less enterprising is the Prince of Fizen, in whose principality the well-known port of Nagasaki is situated. The foundry, with its steam hammer and other appliances, for his navy, consisting of several steamers purchased from foreigners, is a striking object in that beautiful harbor. He is in favor of intercourse with foreigners; we read of his assembling his vassals like a baron of olden time, and taking their

opinions, and that of his officers, on the question of admitting foreigners, and informing his suzerain of their acquiescence. Stimulated by the example of these two princes, other nobles are desirous of acquiring power by adopting improvements from abroad. It has been stated that applications have been made for sixty steamers. A Dutch mercantile paper lately published a list of twenty steamers in course of construction for the Japanese. As American steamers have been found best adapted for the Chinese waters, we ought to construct more for our Japanese neighbors than we have yet done.

The British Government demands an indemnity for the families of the slain—£5,000 for each sentry, and £10,000 for Mr. Richardson, and the punishment of the murderers. As the validity of the treaties has been questioned, Japanese having recently in several instances taken the position that the tycoon had no authority to make them, it has been proposed that Miako should be visited and the mikado compelled to ratify it; and as the Prince of Satsuma is responsible for the latest murder, it has been proposed that Kagosima should be bombarded, and that his fief, the Loo Choo Islands, should be held as a material guarantee for the fulfilment of his (the tycoon's) and the mikados' obligations. Some British journalists have maintained that as the expense of a war, from the courage of the people and the appliances of the rulers, would be great, as the trade is of small value, and as the Japanese have right on their side in resisting the encroachments of foreigners, it is advisable, after obtaining due reparation, to withdraw from the country altogether:—a proposition little in accordance with Britain's antecedents; such a relinquishment of purpose would occasion a loss of prestige which would jeopardize her sway from Hong Kong to Bombay. The response made to the proposition to retire from the country is that it would not only be ignomin-

ious, but perilous to their interests in the far East, which are now in jeopardy from the 'encroachments of Russia, the diplomacy, not always honest and aboveboard, of America, and the ambitious policy of France.'

An ulterior object with that power is to obtain a foothold in the North Pacific, which shall connect Hong Kong with British Columbia, and events will be shaped as far as possible to secure that end. With France strongly fortified at Annam, and Russian power growing on the Amoor, the English are apprehensive that in a war with either of those countries their cargoes of silk, tea, and opium would be somewhat insecure. While England has the merit of extending free trade to her new acquisitions, she makes them, even in peace, a means of annoyance to American commerce; consequently, we cannot regard with indifference her territorial expansion in the North Pacific. When we come to devote the attention to our interests in that part of the world which they merit, our friends on the Pacific coast will discover that European Governments are in possession of all the commanding points, if, indeed, they do not find China and Japan under an Anglo-French protectorate—an end for which many are devoting their energies. In view of the fact that it is through our agency that this country has been opened, and thus exposed to its present dangers, and considering that the Japanese Government is near-

ly, if not wholly, blameless, as regards its foreign relations, Americans cannot but hope that in the approaching conflict, Japan will suffer neither loss of territory, power, or character.

An article in the American treaty says:

'The President of the United States, at the request of the Japanese Government, will act as a friendly mediator in such matters of difference as arise between the Government of Japan and the European powers.'

Accordingly, application has been made to Mr. Pruyn, soliciting through him an extension of time in replying to Colonel Neal's ultimatum, which has been accorded, but as a sharp correspondence is said to have arisen between the English and American ambassadors in relation to the sale of arms by our merchants to the Japanese, Mr. Pruyn's mediation is not likely to avail much in the approaching strife. As Japan is a friendly power, to which we are allied by treaty, we feel curious to hear what arguments have been adduced by the English to show that we ought not to deal in material of war with that country.

The position of Americans in Japan, as regards diplomacy, commerce, and Christian missions, with other matters of general interest, omitted for want of space, will form subjects of another article in the series which is proposed for publication in *THE CONTINENTAL* on Eastern Asiatic questions.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOSSET.

'Successful.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S Dictionary.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT should she say to her?

She had decided in the brief period of reflection before entering the room.

Amputation, sudden and quick—then treatment, as a surgeon would express it.

'Emma, it is all over with us. Mr. Meeker has been here and has broken off his engagement with you. The reason is, because your father has lost his property. I shall never regret our misfortunes, since it has saved you from becoming the wife of a selfish, heartless wretch.'

Emma did not faint, or scream, or burst into tears; but she turned very pale indeed, and sat without speaking, as if expecting her mother to say something more.

Mrs. Tenant looked at her anxiously. She would have much preferred a demonstration of some sort to silence—silence and pallor. She continued:

'Emma, you are our only child, our all. We think of your happiness more than of anything else in this world. Your mother is with you now; she will help you and sustain you until you have recovered, as you soon will, from the effect of this sudden shock.'

'And he said it was because papa had failed?' inquired Emma, without appearing to notice what her mother was saying.

'Exactly.'

'Then it was because he thought I was rich that he wanted to marry me?'

'For nothing else in the world,' replied Mrs. Tenant, impatiently.

Emma was again silent, but she was no longer pale; on the contrary, the color was fast filling her cheeks, and

she blushed as she said, in a low tone, 'I shall feel so mortified to go into church.'

Mrs. Tenant was delighted. A great point was gained. Emma was already brought back to ordinary considerations; her pride would rally now.

'Never mind, my darling, never mind; for once it may be a little awkward, but, after all, what do we care?'

Very commonplace, to be sure, but it was all she could say.

'Everybody knows that the wedding day was fixed. Then, you know, I had to explain why it was put off to Ellen Stanley and Julia Petit, for they were to be my bridesmaids. This morning I met Ellen, and she asked me when it was to be, and I told her Hi—Mr. Meeker had not yet returned. She declared she saw him on the corner of Bond street and Broadway day before yesterday morning. She said she could not be mistaken. I told her she was mistaken. Now I dare say she *did* see him. What *shall* I do? Everybody will have the story, and how they will laugh at me!'

'We will see about that, we will see,' said Mrs. Tenant.

The fact is, she did not know exactly what to reply.

'I shall be ashamed to show myself in the street.'

'Nonsense, my darling.'

Kissing her daughter cheerfully, Mrs. Tenant went down stairs to meet her husband, whom she heard at the door.

The moment her mother left, Emma's heart sank, and she began to cry.

Mrs. Tenant was not long in putting her husband in possession of the situation of things. He was astonished, of

course. He asked a great many questions, and at last seemed to comprehend how matters stood. He appeared to be very deeply affected, though he said but little. He did not speak on the subject to Emma, but soon after dinner took his hat and walked out.

In a short time he was standing on the steps of Dr. Chellis's house, and had rung the bell. He was presently seated in the Doctor's 'study' (he declined to go into the drawing room), waiting for him to come in.

Now it so happened that Dr. Chellis and Mr. Tenant were schoolmates at Exeter Academy, and afterward classmates at Yale. More than this, for two years they roomed together. Young Tenant did not have much taste for study, but his father, a man of competence, desired his son to be 'educated,' even if it should afterward be decided to make a merchant of him. It was perhaps because the young men were so unlike that they took to each other from the first and became intimate. There was something in Tenant's honest, genuine, and amiable nature, which was exceedingly attractive to the hardy, earnest, uncompromising Chellis. Their intimacy was a matter of surprise and marvel to all, yet I think is easily accounted for on the hypothesis just mentioned. That Tenant maintained a respectable standing in his class he owed to Chellis, for it was their habit to go over their lessons together after Chellis had 'dug out' his, and thus fortified, Tenant's recitations were very fair.

The young men never lost sight of each other. With them it continued always to be 'Aleck' and 'Harry.' Whenever the young clergyman came to New York he was received at the house of the young merchant with open arms. After some years, opportunity was presented for 'Harry' to wit, Mr. Henry Tenant, of the leading house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., to use his influence in his church, where the pulpit had become vacant, to have 'Aleck,' to wit,

the Rev. Alexander Chellis, called to fill it. The latter received the invitation with pleasure, for it opened a field to him he longed to enter. There was one drawback. He had not sufficient means to properly furnish a city house, where matters are on a scale so much more expensive than in the country. But he came down to consult his friend. After a full discussion they retired, the clergyman still not persuaded he could accept, and really most unwilling to decline. The next morning the merchant was up very early, and bolting into his friend's room, he woke him from a sound slumber, exclaiming, 'Aleck, I have got to be absent to-day—shall not be in till evening; but I have thought your affair all over, and decided that you must come, and that forthwith. As to the little objection which troubles you, here is what will obviate it; and mind you, Aleck, if you ever allude to this circumstance, either to me or to any living being, I swear, by Jupiter Ammon, your favorite old heathen, that I will never again recognize you as friend.'

Thus delivering himself, he thrust a check for a thousand dollars into the hands of the astonished clergyman, who lay listening to his harangue, fully convinced his friend was actually out of his wits. The next instant the door was closed; and rubbing his eyes to satisfy himself he was not dreaming, he examined the piece of paper in his hand, and read it forward and backward, upside down, and right side up, until he actually began to comprehend what it meant. More than this, he fully appreciated the act, and accepted it; and further, he never did allude to the circumstance, not even so much as to thank his friend. It is true, when the latter came back that evening and the two shook hands, that Harry felt a peculiar pressure, and observed a peculiar expression in Aleck's eyes, which he fancied for the moment were moist.

So Mr. Chellis was ordained over the

church in New York. Years ran away. He became a famous divine, justly celebrated through town and country. We know the position Mr. Tenant enjoyed. The two always maintained their old intimacy. When alone together, it was still 'Aleck' and 'Harry.' College jokes were repeated, college days lived over, and, while together, it would seem that neither was a day the older for the years that had rolled over them. It is not to be wondered at then that on receiving the unlooked-for intelligence of Hiram Meeker's conduct he should desire to consult his old friend and lay the case before him.

Apologizing for keeping the reader so long on the threshold of Dr. Chellis's study, we will now enter with him, and report the conference.

'Aleck, I am in trouble.' That was the first remark after the greeting.

Never before had Mr. Tenant made such an observation to his friend. The old merchant had borne his failure like a man, accepting it as a part of the 'fortune of war.' He neither whimpered nor made wry faces. So, when Dr. Chellis heard the words, 'Aleck, I am in trouble,' he knew they meant a great deal. He took his seat, not in his accustomed place, but on the sofa close to his friend, and turning on him an anxious, sympathizing look, he said, in a tone gentler than a woman's, 'What is it, Harry?'

'Harry' told him the whole. The burden of all his thoughts was his daughter, and his lip quivered when he spoke of her love for the man who had proved to be so base, and of the effect the disappointment might have on her.

When he had concluded, Dr. Chellis started to his feet and began to pace up and down the room with great energy, exclaiming, 'God be praised! God be praised! God be praised!'

'For what, Aleck, for what?' inquired Mr. Tenant, rising anxiously from his seat and attempting to place himself before his friend, and thus in-

tercept a response; 'do tell me for what?'

This time they met in the middle of the room; the Doctor no longer avoided his companion, but responded, with emphasis, 'For the escape! I tell you, Harry, it should be the happiest day of your life! yes, the happiest day of your life! Do you hear me?'

For Mr. Tenant did not appear to comprehend what the other was saying.

'I tell you,' continued the Doctor, 'Emma's engagement has been a perpetual source of sorrow to me. Yet I had nothing definite to urge against it, nothing, in fact, but what might be called a prejudice, which it would have been unjust to speak of—and—but—the fact is, I knew,' burst forth the now fairly enraged Doctor, interrupting himself and marching off again at double quick, 'I knew the fellow was a scamp, ever since he came whimpering to me about his conviction and God's providence, wonderful conversion, and so on. Conversion! I'll convert him!'

The Doctor's right hand opened and shut as if enclosing in its grasp the collar of Hiram's coat.

Mr. Tenant meantime kept standing in the middle of the room, trying in vain to bring the Doctor again to a halt. Whether he would have succeeded will not be known, for a knock at the door served to effect the purpose, while his sharp, angry 'Come in' so terrified the servant girl that she opened it barely wide enough to enable her to announce, in a faint tone, Mr. Meeker.'

'Ask him into the parlor,' said the Doctor, in his natural voice, 'I will see him presently.'

Then he turned, and in his usual manner bade his friend sit. Both resumed their places on the sofa, and the Doctor proceeded:

'Harry, it is all settled. The whole thing is clear. It comes just in the right time. You know Maria is to sail for Europe next week. You know how

fond she is of Emma. It was but yesterday she was saying how pleasant it would be if Emma could go with her. Then she supposed it impossible. Now it is all right. The young people are to be absent six or eight months. This will put Emma quite right. Now, then, we have decided this, you must let me have my session with that knave yonder.'

'But Aleck! Aleck!' exclaimed Mr. Tenant, making an effort to stop his friend, who was about to leave the room, 'you forget—you forget my altered circumstances. Much as I like the plan, the thing is impossible—really quite impossible.'

The Doctor turned on his companion impatiently.

'That's my affair,' he said. 'Mind that Emma is ready.'

'No, no, Aleck—no, no, that must not be. No, no.'

The Doctor looked as if about to make an assault on his friend, and then raising his finger in a menacing manner, 'Who was it,' he exclaimed fiercely, 'that with rude force burst into my room one morning, disturbing my slumbers, and committing various acts of violence, while I was in a defenceless state unable to resist—who was it?'

The Doctor's eyes actually glared with such a genuine expression of rage, that Mr. Tenant lost his self-possession, and, as if afraid to admit the charge, answered faintly:

'I don't know.'

'You lie, you dog—you know you do,' said the Doctor, relaxing his angry tone. 'Ah, Harry, I did not think it of you.'

This last remark was uttered in the old familiar, gentle tone, and was accompanied by a look—just such a look as he had given him on the evening of the memorable affair of the thousand-dollar check.

Tears came into Mr. Tenant's eyes.

'Come, come,' said the Doctor, 'don't be foolish; away with you, and let me attend to my business.'

They shook hands silently, and the Doctor, closing the door after his friend, went back to his study, rang the bell, and directed Hiram to be summoned.

* * * * *

Mrs. Tenant received the account which her husband brought her of his visit to Dr. Chellis, and what had been decided on, with the liveliest satisfaction. She went at once to her daughter's apartment (she had thought best to leave her to herself for the evening), and exclaimed:

'Emma, my child, what do you think your papa has done? He has arranged for you to go with the Chaunceys to Europe next week. You know Maria was telling you Monday that if you were not going to be married, she should insist on your accompanying her. Now tell me, Emma, are you not delighted?'

Emma was delighted, or rather she was greatly relieved. She had more sensitiveness and more pride than one would suppose, judging from her amiable disposition. Her position had always been so well assured, her society so much sought for, and she so much courted, that never, until this occasion, had she experienced any important trial of her temper or emotions.

To appear in society, the daughter of a bankrupt, jilted, and jilted because she was no longer an heiress, exposed to the various remarks and busy gossip so rife on such occasions, was it not trying? And do you wonder that it was a great relief for her to know she was to be freed from this ordeal; that she was to experience not only a complete change of scene, but the change was to be every way agreeable, and what she would, under ordinary circumstances, have most desired?

To visit Europe! In those days the affair was not one of such common occurrence as at present, and of course the trip was the more valued.

Bravo, Emma! Next Thursday you will be on the ocean, away from every disagreeable association. Much as we

shall miss you, we must bid you goodbye for the present.

Emma did not close her eyes in sleep that night, and if her heart beat with excitement at the thought of the sudden change in her destinies, immediate as well as remote, there were moments when its pulses were deadened, and a thick, brooding, unhappy melancholy took possession of it, as she thought of what she had lost. A pang—it was that of *disappointed love*—from time to time made itself felt with keenness, and the morning found her restless and ill at ease. Could it be otherwise?

* * * * *

When Hiram received the summons to attend Dr. Chellis in his study, he was in the midst of a calculation as to the profit and loss of a certain operation, which I do not propose to explain to the reader. He had intended to call on the Doctor immediately on his return from Hampton, but was too much occupied. When, however, he came to a sudden break with Mrs. Tenant (*he did not intend it should be sudden*), he felt the necessity of fortifying himself in the church, for he was well aware of the deservedly high character Mr. Tenant enjoyed in it. He did not know the intimate relations which existed between him and the Doctor.

Although the weather was exceedingly warm, Hiram wore his complete suit of black cloth, and as he came with downcast eyes and mincing steps into the Doctor's room, the latter, who had taken his accustomed seat before his table, looked at him as he would at some strange, extraordinary apparition. He returned Hiram's salutation so gravely that it checked any further advance toward shaking hands. He proceeded, however, to take a seat without waiting to be asked.

'Something wrong,' he said to himself. 'It can't be he has heard of it so soon—only this very afternoon; impossible. Perhaps he is at work on his sermon. I must apologize.'

Thereupon Hiram took courage, and said, in a bland tone:

'I fear I am interrupting you in your valuable labors; shall I not call another time?'

'No; I am quite at liberty;' and the Doctor looked as if he would ask, 'What do you want?'

'You have without doubt heard of my affliction,' groaned Hiram, producing his pocket handkerchief.

'Your mother died lately, I understand.'

Hiram's answer was inaudible; his face was buried in his handkerchief.

The Doctor was becoming impatient.

'What is the object of your visit?' he asked.

The handkerchief was instantly removed from Hiram's face. He cast his eyes reproachfully on the Doctor, and exclaimed, quite in a natural tone:

'Object! are you not my pastor; am I not suffering? Have I not been watching for weeks at my mother's dying bed? And now she has gone, I feel unhappy, very unhappy. I want your advice and sympathy, and spiritual direction.'

The Doctor was staggered—I say staggered, not convinced, not persuaded, not in any sense inclined to change his opinion of the young man before him. But a blow had been well put in, and he felt it.

For Hiram, not imagining the Doctor could have heard of the affair with Miss Tenant, thought his treatment owing to some sort of caprice, and he seized the opportunity to act on the offensive, and dealt so genuine a retort that the former was taken by surprise. For a moment he seemed to be in a reverie.

'You have lost your mother,' he said dreamily, while his large features worked with an involuntary movement, betraying strong inward emotion—'your mother; an irreparable loss. Tell me, Meeker,' he continued, after a pause, while he turned his large, search-

ing gray eyes on the young man, 'tell me, did you really love your mother?'

It would have been, one would suppose, the easiest thing in the world for the glib-tongued Hiram to reply to such an interrogatory; but there was something awful in that gaze—not severe, nor stern, nor condemnatory, but awful in its earnest, truthful, not to be escaped penetration.

He hesitated, he stammered, he changed color. Still those eyes regarded him—still Hiram continued to hesitate, and stammer, till some sort of response came out, by piecemeal, incoherently.

Meantime the Doctor had recovered from his reverie.

'You have been very unhappy?' he asked, in a dry tone.

'Oh yes, very.'

'What have you to say about your relations with Miss Tenant?'

'He has heard all about it,' thought Hiram, 'and I must do the best I can.' 'Why, sir, in my present afflicted state, how could I form so important a tie as that of matrimony? So it was thought best by Mrs. Tenant that the engagement should be considered at an end, at least for the present. This was her own suggestion, I assure you.'

'Look you, Meeker,' said Dr. Chellis, endeavoring to restrain his anger, 'I have heard the other side of this story, and had you not called on me, I should have sent for you. I cannot permit such a course as you are charged with to go without the action of the church.'

'By what right does the church undertake to supervise my domestic affairs?' retorted Hiram, now fully roused, and at bay.

'The church will always take official notice of misconduct on the part of any of its members.'

'With what am I charged?' demanded Hiram, defiantly.

'With violation of the most sacred of promises, with prevarication, dissimulation, and moral fraud.'

'Since it is determined to prejudge me, I shall ask for a letter of dismissal, and worship elsewhere.'

'I cannot grant you a letter while you are under charges.'

'And do you call it fair to persecute, in this way, at the instigation of a proud aristocrat (he had already learned this slang sophistry), a young man, who is almost a stranger among you?'

'Meeker,' said the Doctor, once more relaxing into a meditative tone, 'Meeker, you have asked for my advice and spiritual direction: Answer me, answer me truly; have you really no idea, at least to some extent, what sort of person you are?'

'Dr. Chellis, I will no longer sit here to be insulted by you, sir. I have borne quite too much already. I will endure it no longer. Good evening, sir.'

Hiram flung himself out of the room. He was not at all angry, though he affected to be. Things were working heavily against him, and he saw no way to retreat except to fly in a passion or appear to do so. Once out of the house, he breathed more freely, and hastening home, he without delay set about the labor of reconstruction. He had uphill work, but difficulties brought out his resources.

His first step was to make a written request for a letter of dismissal, on the ground that he was about to remove to the church of the Rev. Dr. —.

The request for a letter was refused, and Hiram's course thereon is of a character so important that it deserves to be treated of in a separate chapter.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Emma Tenant is safely across the Atlantic, and, amid new and interesting and romantic scenes, which she is already beginning to enjoy, she tries to forget her heart's first grief.

She will succeed. To aid her, she has her woman's pride against her woman's weakness; a constant succession of fresh and novel incidents, agree-

able society, absence from old associations, the natural buoyancy of youth, and a hopeful nature.

Over this host of fortunate circumstances presides that unconquered and always successful leader—TIME.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND REPUDIATION.

THIS article, published in our August issue, has awakened so wide an interest in the community, that the Editor of THE CONTINENTAL deems it expedient to place before its readers the additional matter contained in a *later* edition published in England, where it has circulated by thousands. We regret that this edition did not arrive in time to appear at large in our August number; but as it did not, we herewith offer the additional matter so arranged that our readers will have but little difficulty in fitting it in its appropriate place.

Addition 1st.—August CONTINENTAL, page 219, after line 23 from the top, viz.: 'and the countrywomen of the Mother of the Lord,' read:

Mississippi was the *first* repudiating State; A. G. McNutt, the *first* repudiating Governor; and Jefferson Davis, the *first* repudiating Senator. As another evidence of the incredible extent to which the public sentiment of that day was debased, I quote the following passage from Governor McNutt's message of 1840, proposing to repeal the bank charters, and to *legalize* the *forgery* of their notes—'The issuing of paper money, in contravention of the repealing act, could be effectually checked by the abrogation of all laws making it penal to forge such paper.' (Sen. Jour. p. 53.) Surely, nothing, but the fell spirit of slavery, could have dictated such a sentiment.

Proceed as before.

Page 220 CONTINENTAL, after line 45 from the top, viz.: 'is a constitutional act,' insert:

The supplemental act, we have seen, was not, in the language of the Constitution, a law 'to raise a loan of money on the credit of the State;' that act had already passed two successive Legisla-

tures, and was unchanged by the supplemental, which merely modified some of the details of the bank charter; such was the fact, and such the decree of the inferior court, such was the unanimous decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the State, to which *the final adjudication* had been assigned, by a mandatory provision of the Constitution.

Surely this decision should have settled the question. But it did not. Jefferson Davis, notwithstanding his professed desire to submit this question to the final decree of the courts of the State, persisted, as we have seen, in 1849, in repudiating these bonds, at a period more than seven years after this decision of 1842, and still persevered, after the second similar adjudication of 1853.

Omitting 'Surely this decision should have settled the question. But it did not,' proceed as before.

Page 23. On last line of the page, 'after this wide domain,' insert:

Who conspired to assassinate the American President on his way to Washington? Who murdered in Baltimore the men of Massachusetts on their way to the defence of the capitol of the Union? Who commenced the conflict by firing upon the starving garrison of Sumter, and striking down the banner of the Union which floated over its walls? Who, immediately thereafter, announced their resolution to capture Washington, seized the national arms, and forts, and dockyards, and vessels, and arsenals, and mints, and

treasure, and opened the war upon the Federal Government!

Returning to last line, page 27, proceed as before.

Page 224, fifth line from the bottom find: 'broad basis of the will of the people.' After which insert:

But, let me resume the debate. When the ministry had closed, the earnest opponents of slavery, and true friends of England and America, discussed the question. Seldom have such great speeches been heard on any occasion, and the impression was most profound.

What is it England is asked to recognize? It is a confederacy, claiming to be a *league of sovereign and independent States*, like the old American Confederacy of 1778, abandoned when we formed a nation in 1787. When England, in 1783, recognized the old Confederacy, the recognition was of *each of the several States by name*, as sovereign and independent. Now, applying those principles on the present occasion, to the several seceded States by name, Is Virginia independent? Why, all her coasts and seaports are held by us, so is Norfolk, her commercial capital, more than half her area and white population, and nearly half her territory has been organized as a new State of the Union, and, by the almost unanimous vote of her people, has abolished slavery. Are North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Texas independent? Why, their whole coast and large portions of the interior are held by our army and navy. Is Tennessee independent? Two thirds of her territory, as well as her political and commercial capitals, Nashville and Memphis, are held by us. The same thing is true, to a great extent, as to Arkansas. As to Mississippi—her whole sea coast, and her whole river coast, for 500 miles, with the exception of a single point, are held by us, and more than half her territory. As to Louisiana, we hold three fourths of her territory, all her sea coast, all her river front on both

banks of the Mississippi, except one point, and her great city, New Orleans, the commercial capital of the State and of the South, with four times the population of any other Southern city, and with nearly half the free population of the State. More than three fourths of the population as well as area of Louisiana is held by us, with her political and commercial capital, and yet it is proposed to acknowledge Louisiana as one of these *sovereign and independent States*. How can the so-called Confederacy, claiming to be a league of sovereign and independent States, be recognized as independent, when the States composing that league are not independent? How is Richmond to be reached by an English envoy, or is the blockade to be broken, which is war? How as to slavery? The 381,000 slaves of Louisiana, the three millions of slaves of the seceded States, are emancipated by the proclamation of the President, under the war power uniformly recognized as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. If these are States of our Union, or are retained by us, slavery has ceased, and the *three millions of slaves are free*. But, if you acknowledge the confederate independence, then, these three millions of slaves, so far as England is concerned, are slaves still, and will remain so forever. To refuse recognition, is to admit the freedom of these slaves—to recognize, is to remand them to bondage, so far as England can accomplish that purpose. Nor is this all—it is to spread slavery over an almost boundless territory, claimed by the South. It is impossible then to escape the conclusion, that, in recognizing this confederacy, England ranges herself on the side of slavery, and does all she can to maintain and perpetuate it in America. Nor is this all. She violates a great moral rule, and a well settled principle of international law, to maintain and perpetuate slavery in the South. By the law of nations, the recognition of national independence

is the acknowledgment of the fact of independence. But, we have seen, that the States composing this so-called league, are not independent, but are held, to a vast extent, by our army and navy, including two thirds of their area. Never was independence acknowledged under such circumstances, except as an act of war. The acknowledgment then of the confederate independence, in the present posture of affairs, is, in fact, *a declaration of war by England against the United States, without cause or justification.* It would be so universally regarded in the United States, and would instantly close all dissensions in the North. If any suppose that England, without any just cause, should thus strike us with the iron-gauntleted hand, and that we will not resist, let the history of the past answer the question. Nor would the union of France, in such an act, change the result, except that nearly all the loss and sacrifice would fall upon England. Including the slaves and free blacks, there is not a single seceded State, in which an overwhelming majority of the people are not for the Union. Now, by the Federal Constitution, slaves are mentioned only three times, and then not as slaves, but as 'persons,' and the Supreme Court of the United States have expressly decided that slaves, so far as regards the United States, *are persons, and not property.* (Groves *vs.* Slaughter, 15 Peters, 392.) *All persons*, in every State, owe a paramount allegiance to the United States, the rebel masters, as well as their slaves—the Government has a right to their services to suppress the rebellion; and to acknowledge the independence of the South, is to ignore the existence of the

slaves, or to treat them, as the South do, as chattels, and not persons. In acknowledging, then, Southern independence, the independence of the *masters*, England expressly recognizes the doctrine of *property in man.* Such a war, proclaimed by England and France against the United States on such grounds, would be a war of their *Governments*—not of their *peoples*, and could have but one termination. As to our recognition of the independence of Texas, it was long after the decisive battle of San Jacinto,—when the Mexican army was destroyed or captured, together with the President, when he acknowledged their independence, the Mexican Government, by accepting the advantages stipulated by him, in fact, and in law, ratified the recognition. It was after all this, when the contest was over, not a Mexican vessel on the coast of Texas, nor a Mexican soldier upon her soil, that we recognized the independence of Texas. The case, therefore, is widely different from the present. Let it be remembered, that we hold, not only the mouth of the Mississippi, its great city, the whole of the west bank of that imperial river, but all the east bank, except two points, thus dis severing Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the rest of the South. Now the area of these three States is 378,000 square miles, and that of all the remaining seceded States, 396,000 square miles. In holding then the west bank of the Mississippi, we have severed the great artery of the South, which is death.

With these additions, easily supplied, our readers have before them the whole of Governor Walker's letter.—ED. CONTINENTAL.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

READERS: It were much to be wished, for your benefit, that the stalwart form which has so long presided at our Table, should take the accustomed place at our Banquet, again to serve you with the invigorating fare fit for men; the dainties of delicious flavor suited to the taste of the young and lovely; or once more to pour the accustomed draughts of old Falernian, sunned by a warm heart and matured by a vigorous intellect, into the goblets you are now holding for our September festival. For aught we know, he may even now be treading the old fields of former glory in far Kansas—but his voice will soon again greet you from this social spot, and again spread before you the ripe fruits of a manly experience.

Our other Honorable Editor is also afar, striving in other climes to serve our country, yet constantly giving us reason to know, from his frequent and loyal contributions, that he is gathering honey for *THE CONTINENTAL*, and has not deserted his arduous post in spending and being spent for the land he loves. May our two Honorables soon return to dispense, as they alone can, the hospitalities of our Editor's Table!

But we should not complain, when we can offer you, in this month of hot suns and motionless airs, such invigorating breaths of fresh, salty wind, directly from the bosom of the surging sea, as we are about to do in the following essay from the pen of A. J. S. He is the author of the vigorous sketch of 'The Southern Colonel' given in our July issue. He has now dipped his pen in the tints of the rainbow and the freshness of the salty wave, and given us:

'FROM THE SEA SHORE.'

Where the land enchants, the sea intoxicates—its sparkle, its mobility, its translucence excite the fancy, as wine does the blood—it combines those elements which produce at once awe and ecstasy in the soul—the unknown, the resistless, the beautiful. One may be melancholy by the sea, but

never morbid or supine. Between it and the land there are no gradations; you do not come imperceptibly under its influence, as, in ascending a mountain, you come into the cooler atmosphere; as you approach, you are suddenly enveloped and animated by a crystalline, vivifying element: this is the sea air; those saline qualities, so harsh to the taste, prove a delicious stimulant in the lungs. The sea is incommunicable—neither words, or canvas prepare you for it, as they may often for landscapes; like Livingston's untutored savage, you are always startled and overwhelmed at first sight of it; you feel, like him, an impulse to leap into its waves. If you want to surrender yourself wholly to the sea influence—to study it and assimilate your mind to all its phases—you should choose, as was my fortune, a little fishing town, on the shore, with a sheltered bay to the south and west and the ocean eastward. Here you will find life stripped of care and conventionality; idealized, seductive, and illusive, the days swinging from charm to charm, like bubbles in the sunlight. On such a coast, Nature never confuses her effects—no lively verdure or picturesque landscape intrudes upon the majesty of the sea—only damp mosses and stout creepers veil the harsh outlines of the rocks, and, in the distance, masses of pine trees relieve the gray monotony of the shore—for the rest, everything is left to the sun and the sea. There are a dozen beaches, each distinct in its charm. Some firm, smooth, and white, as a marble walk—others mere waves of sand, which the lightest breeze whirled—and, others, where nature seems to have exhausted her wildest caprice, piled with rocks, black, perilous, defiant, overlooking waters whose solitude is never broken by a sail. It is these deep waters which have that green tint so lustrous and subtle, and as unlike the heavy green seen in most sea pictures as it is unlike grass; it is in more sheltered nooks that the sea assumes that sapphire sheen more ineffable than the sky which imparts it. As the color of the sea depends

greatly upon the disposition of the surrounding lands and the prevailing condition of the atmosphere, each little inlet has some tint or effect of light peculiar to itself. I have seen coloring as remarkable—I had almost said as unnatural—as that indigo blue which we connect with the *Ægean* sea. Indeed, one comes to believe anything possible in the way of sea coloring, however brilliant, or however blank, after intimate and close observation of even a small part of the ocean. I have often fancied that these local features may have given rise to the idea of nymphs and mermaids, especially at night, when, in the setting sun, the colors fade in vapory exhalations, and the waters seem haunted by the spirits of their own beauty—pale, tremulous, waiting the vitalizing ray of the morning light. But it is in winter that the effects of the sun on the sea are most marvellous; this arises, in part, from the clearness of the air, and the dazzling setting of snow, which expresses more vividly the glow of the sea; then, too, that part of the water not exposed to the sun has an ashen, gray tint, which intensifies, by contrast, the more gorgeous hues. I remember many who saw Church's 'Icebergs' thought the coloring too brilliant, while, to those familiar with the sea, it seemed entirely natural. Thus, critics will find that it is by the study of nature we are educated up to high art; and artists, that their great danger is not in being more brilliant, but less delicate than nature. It is on the sea shore that we find the purest democracy—any man who is respectable and desirous of enjoying life may fraternize with the whole population. He who lives in the struggle to acquire or maintain a position can appreciate this social luxury. The sea exercises a delightful influence over the character—its perils induce self-reliance and fearlessness, which are redeemed from conceit by a child-like simplicity arising naturally from the contemplation of an element menacing, invincible, and symbolical of eternity. Then, too, the legends of the sea invest the mind with a sensitive, poetic passion as delightful as it is unworldly, as reverent as it is credulous. No one would deride these superstitions who has watched, as I have, the various phases of the sea—its motions, its intonations—its mists, its foam, its vapors—its sunlit splendors—its phosphorescent marvels—its moonlit and starlit mysteries; but would feel, with

something of the awe of the ancients, that the sea is the place of magic, and that only a film separates between the material and the spirit land.

A. J. S.

READERS: You with ourselves have looked upon a very ugly thing since we last met in the pages of *THE CONTINENTAL*. A Briareus-handed, multiple-formed, Proteus-faced monster, of huge dimensions, wickedly scheming brain, myriad fanged, and every fang imbued with virulent copperhead poison, stormed through our streets in the light of day and in the gloom of night, during many ghastly hours, knowing no law save its own wicked will, while Treason, Cruelty, House-breaking and House-burning, Robbery, Assassination, Torture, Hanging, Murder, stalked on in its wild train of horror. But we know its face now, and it will be our own fault if anything so foul shall e'er be seen again in our midst. We must be on the alert to act when called upon—not to suspect the innocent, but to guard against the guilty.

'Thus do all traitors:

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.'

'There is no fear of God in a riot.' We must confess ourselves to have been strangely startled when we found of what nation the rioters were mainly composed. The race whom we had received with the most generous hospitality, rescuing them from starvation and oppression at home—men whom we were hourly teaching to be freemen; women whom we were patiently and painfully instructing in the domestic arts of civilized life, took up arms against our Government, our laws, and ruthlessly pursued the innocent with fire and sword! The race of the old faith of the true St. Patrick, fresh from the 'Isle of Saints,' from which he had himself exiled all copperheads and venomous reptiles, blessed with good and true Priests of the old Religion, with the sweet face of the Blessed Virgin Mary to smile down upon them in their chapels, teaching them reverence for womanhood, and feeding as they firmly believe upon the glorified Body which is hourly broken to exalt and purify humanity, fell in fierce assault upon us. Men from the land of Burke, Curran, Emmet, Moore, Meagher, rose to pillage, burn, and assassinate! Irishmen, afraid to fight for the coun-

try which had adopted them as sons ! massacring their benefactors ! trailing Old Erin's loyal harp for the *first time* in the dust ! bringing shame on the glorious Emerald Isle, and sorrow to the struggling country which had given them a home ! Irishmen, taking the laws in their own hands, trampling our Stars beneath their feet—that flag which had first assured them they were men, citizens, with a *right* to home and happiness ! What wonder that we fail to recognize the strong, sturdy, brave, heady, helpful, generous, and impulsive children of the 'Gem of the Sea ?' And what shall we say of the venerated Archbishop ?

'By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with traitorous, murderous rumors.'

Alas ! the worst is not yet told. Irishmen and Irishwomen, with the sad face of the Mother of the Lord for ever teaching them pity from their altars, fell like fiends from hell upon the unfortunate negro, driving him, a child of Christ, from the poor home he had won with so much toil ; robbing him of all he possessed ; burning his miserable refuge ; frightening into madness his patient wife ; braining his children ; hounding the panic-stricken unfortunate from street to street, and torturing, mutilating, drowning, and assassinating him ! For what, in the name of Heaven ? Because he breathed the air of his native land, and dared to pray to the God that made him ; because he wanted work for his black and brawny arm, to support his cheerful black wife, and his jolly, woolly-headed children !

'Go back ; the *virtue of your name*
Is not here passable !' 'A thousand knees
Six thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wouldst.'

It has been said the negro was lazy, and would not work without the lash ; that he was incompetent, and could not work ; that he was a coward, and would not fight : when it is found that he will work, he is to be deprived of labor ; found that he can work, deprived of employment ; that he is loyal, and will fight for the country, although she has often been but a stepmother to him ; he is driven from his home ; his goods plundered and fired ; himself mutilated and hung. Alas !

alas ! 'mine eyes are a fountain of tears for the iniquities of my people !'

'Ireland knows no martyrs,' nobly says the Archbishop. Alas ! that she should have martyred the negro upon our own *holy* soil—the soil of his nativity !

God curses no race, for Christ died for *all* who will accept him. Even were this plea of cursing true, it is our simple duty to try to lift the curse. To do unto others as we would be done by, is the sublime but simple law of Christianity.

Readers and fellow citizens, let us resolve that all this must cease ; we must be ready to put down rebellion *North* as well as *South* ; to resist all violence and aggression ; to support the Government ; to fill with enthusiasm the glorious ranks of our brave army, because it is the army of freedom and human progress ; we must all aid in carrying our flag without a star undimmed through this fierce crisis, and unfurl it in that fair field of universal liberty and happiness which we must win for the sweet sake of humanity. All hell is armed against us ; but God and His angels are on our side ! This is the *manifest destiny* of our country, and to 'this unveiled glory are we marching on. We proudly offer a home and freedom to men of all climes and regions ; in which hospitable offer itself we declare that no dictation, no oppression, no cruelty shall legally exist throughout the length and breadth of this our Holy Land. We have aims before us, and we must accomplish them. The Irishman must be civilized, his better feelings must be cultivated ; he must be taught to respect law and order ; the American copperhead must be robbed of his power to harm ; he has shown his deadly venom, and his fangs must be extracted ; to do this effectively, the rebellion, already crushed, must be utterly subdued ; the negro must be protected, educated, and elevated ; slavery in every form must be driven from the earth ; the law of love, which is the law of God, must rule ; that so our Heaven-Stars may again cluster in ever-growing brilliancy and lustre over a land of equality, progress, law, order, unity, and happiness. Men and brethren, this is our allotted task, and we must all work in our allotted spheres. Men, women, and children, there is enough to do, and that which will task us all to our utmost strength and capacity. We must be brave,

strong, helpful, and unselfish; we must shirk no duty on the score of sex or weakness; we must find excuse for no idleness on the ground of incapacity. We are all capable! We must feel and make others feel that there is no true hope for ourselves or them save in the triumph of our sacred cause. Our stars alone form canopy wide enough to shelter the ever-accumulating ranks of humanity. We must, every one of us, learn the lesson of self-abnegation—it is the sublime lesson of the cross, learned by St. Paul, lived by St. John, worshipped by the Magdalene, and incarnated through the Virgin Mary—thus proving it is for all classes, characters, and sexes. He who will not learn it, is neither hero nor Christian, be he general or bishop.

We shall first (because it is necessary for the progress of the race) conquer our enemies; and then, true to ourselves and our principles, forgive, aid, and love them. Many of them have learned, many more are learning, the misery and shame of slavery. That truth once acknowledged and digested, their hearts will grow glad in the peace of the just, and their desolated land blossom like the rose.

We will all learn to bear with the negro, because he has qualities necessary to fill up the harmony of life. As a general thing, the Irish servants are perhaps more honest, and dull as they seem, have more head; but the negro has more heart. His nature is irrepressible and joyous; he is full of comicality and drollery, of fun, jeers, jokes, yah-yas, and merriment; and this element will be needed in our midst to temper our puritan and national seriousness. He loves music whether sad, burlesque, or gay; is devoted to those who treat him worthily, his affections being easily won; and there is something touching, soothing, and delightful in his inherent respect for gentleman and lady. His aptitude for domestic service; his love for and his power of amusing children and winning their fickle heart, their attachment to him being one of the most delightful traits of Southern life; his impressive, religious and devout nature, mark him as a wonderful element of variety in the domestic texture of our life such as it shall be when he is free, educated in accordance with his nature, and happy. He is not ambitious, he likes to serve those who treat him kindly, and seeks no social equality, as do the Irish, whatever posi-

tion they may hold. I do not deny that this is a good strong trait in a race, but it does not make an agreeable servant. Our Biddys and Pollys flaunt and flounce to convince us they are as good as we; the negro acknowledges superior deportment, and is ever submissive and respectful to those who know how to treat him. I think when this 'tyranny is overpast' that it will be hard to induce us to part with the negro. He is embodied humor; fun and naive pathos alternate with the most startling rapidity in his wild but loving soul, in which the feminine element of passion generally predominates over sustained virile strength; he is spontaneity itself—and the reflective Anglo-Saxon race will learn to appreciate such promptings of our basic nature. He is happy in serving, and as a servant, is invaluable.

Stern duties are then before us in this world of the mighty West; let us accept them with a willing heart. Our women can do much, for men are widely severed in opinion; and the social element, woman's true and noble sphere, must be made available to bring about a better feeling. Let her so arrange that we shall see more of each other socially, not in grand *fêtes*, tiresome dinners, idle pomposities, but in simple and hospitable greetings, in frequent, unrestrained, and easy commune. She must learn to take a conversational part in the great questions of the day, soothing asperities, and bringing hearts together as she alone can; for women possess *naturally* the secret of society. Let us not ask in what rank men and women move, but rather what they are, and if noble, let us take them to our hearts. Let us struggle individually to the height of our aspirations, assured that if we so do, this glorious Union is destined to be perpetuated in ever-increasing glory.

AMOR PATRIÆ VINOTT.

Red : White : Blue.
Love : Peace : Heaven.

God of justice, smile upon us!
Justice yet will rule our land;
Equal rights bless native, alien,
High or low, from every strand;
Pledged within our Constitution,
They will bless a woe-worn world:
God, 'tis Justice makes it holy—
Freedom's Charter wide unfurled!

Chorus:

Float, O Flag, reflecting Heaven! where God
plants the clustering stars,
In the blue depths of thy infinite—so vast
that nothing jars!

God of mercy, smile upon us!
Mercy yet shall rule our land;
Thought be free, all creeds untrammelled,
Honor follow labor's hand;
All be equal; men be brothers;
They must work who fain would soar,
Work in earnest for the *Human*,—
Pride and scorn be known no more.

Chorus:

Float, O Flag of mystic colors; red with
love; star-gemmed thy Blue;
Peace blends in white thy Rainbow light,
and waves her snow-wings through!

God of love, O smile upon us!
Love shall shine through all our laws;
Love shall link each State in Union;
Love which knows nor rest, nor pause.
Love is central Heart of nations;
Love will draw all wandering stars
To our field of boundless azure,
Held by God from all that mars!

Chorus:

Wildly pours our hearts' blood on thee—
crimson current warm and true,
Each dead hero links us closer—float on
Flag, Red, White, and Blue!

God of Union, smile upon us!
Flag of Union, greet the skies!
On thy stars and *chord*ing colors
Every hope for mortals lies!
Blasted be the hand would strike thee!
Blighted heart and palsied brain!
Float till earth knows no oppression,
Falsehood, bondage, slavery, pain!

Chorus:

Float, Flag of love; fused States and lives!
shine stars on God's own Blue!
Love's crimson current gird them close!
white-winged Peace wind through!

M. W. C.

THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY.

[A Prose Ballad, translated from the French.]

WE think the following beautiful Chant, in
honor of the good goddess whose favors we
are too apt to scorn, and whom we persist in
treating with dire ingratitude, cannot fail to
prove acceptable to the readers of the Edi-
tor's Table.

M. W. C.

I.

DESERT paths strewn with golden sands, rich
and undulating prairies, ravines loved by
the bounding deer and agile chamois,
mountains wreathed with clouds or crown-
ed with glittering coronets of stars, wan-
dering and leaping torrents, impenetrable
and gloomy forests,—let her pass, let her
pass:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

II.

Since the creation of the world, since man was
spoken into being, she has travelled over
the earth, she has dwelt among men, she
sings as she journeys, and works as she
sings:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

III.

Men gathered together to curse her. They
found her too gay, too active, too strong,
and too beautiful. They said: 'Let us
tear off her wings, let us load her with
chains, let us lay her low with blows, let
her suffer, let her die:

The Goddess—the strong Goddess of Poverty!"

IV.

They chained the good Goddess, they bruised
and persecuted her, but they could not
degrade her, for she sought refuge in the
souls of poets, in the souls of peasants, in
the souls of women, in the souls of artists,
in the souls of saints:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

V.

She has travelled longer than the Wandering
Jew; she has journeyed farther than the
swallow; she is older than the cathedral
of Prague, yet younger than the little egg
of the golden-crested wren; she has mul-
tiplied more upon the earth than the
crimson strawberry in the green woods
of Bohemia:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

VI.

She is the mother of many children, and has
taught them all the secrets of God; she
spoke to the heart of Jesus upon the
mount; to the eyes of Queen Libussa when
she loved a peasant; to the spirit of John
and Jerome on the pyre of Constance; she
has more knowledge than all the doctors
and all the bishops:

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty!

VII.

She makes all the grand and beautiful things
that are to be seen upon the earth; it is
she who cultivates the fields and prunes
the trees; it is she who leads the flocks,
breathing songs from her heart; it is she

who catches the first crimsoning of the dawn, who receives the first smile of the rising sun :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

VIII.

It is she who twines the green branches to make a little cabin for the woodman ; who gives the piercing glance of the eagle to the poacher ; it is she who brings up the prettiest and strongest little urchins ; and who makes the spade and plough light for the hands of the old man, whose silver locks gleam like a halo round the wrinkled brow :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

IX.

It is she who inspires the poet ; who makes the flute, guitar, and violin eloquent under the fingers of the wandering and homeless artist : it is she who bears him upon her light wing from the source of the Moldau to that of the Danube ; it is she who crowns his dark locks with the glittering dewdrops, who makes the sparkling stars shine so large and clear upon his uncertain path :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

X.

It is she who instructs the ingenious artisan, who teaches him to hew the stone, to chisel the marble, to mould gold, silver, copper, and iron ; it is she who, under the fingers of the aged mother and the rose-cheeked daughter, makes the flax fine and elastic as the golden tresses of the maiden :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

XI.

It is she who supports the tottering hut when shaken by the winter storms ; it is she who saves the resin of the torch and the oil of the lamp ; it is she who kneads the bread of the family, who weaves the winter wool and summer flax ; it is she who nourishes and feeds the world :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

XII.

It is she who builds the mighty castles and the vast cathedrals, who bears the sword and handles the musket ; it is she who fights our battles and gains our victories ; it is she who buries the dead, who takes care of the wounded, and who conceals the vanquished :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

XIII.

Thou art all patience, all sweetness, all strength, and all pity, O thou good Goddess ! It is thou who linkest all thy children in the ties of a holy love, and who givest to them Faith, Hope, and Charity :
O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty !

XIV.

The time is coming when thy children shall no longer be crushed with the weight of the world, when they shall be rewarded for their pain and labor. The time is approaching when there shall be no longer rich and poor, when all men shall together consume the fruits of the earth, and equally enjoy the gifts of God ; but thou shalt never be forgotten in their hymns :
O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty !

XV.

They will always remember that thou wert their faithful mother, their robust nurse, and their church militant. They will spread balm upon thy bleeding wounds, they will make the fertile and perfumed earth a bed of flowers on which thou canst at last repose :
O Goddess—thou good Goddess of Poverty !

XVI.

While patiently awaiting the promised day of the Lord, torrents and forests, mountains and valleys, lands teeming with wild flowers and filled with little singing birds, desert paths which have no masters though sanded with gold, let her pass—let her pass :

The Goddess—the good Goddess of Poverty !

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

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THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

AN important discussion has arisen since the commencement of the war, bearing upon the interests of the American Press. The Government has seen fit, at various times, through its authorities, civil and military, to suppress the circulation and even the publication of journals which, in its judgment, gave aid and comfort to the enemy, either by disloyal publications in reference to our affairs, or by encouraging and laudatory statements concerning the enemy. The various papers of the country have severally censured or commended the course of the Government in this matter, and the issue between the Press and the Authorities has been regarded as of a sufficiently serious nature to demand a convocation of editors to consider the subject; of which convention Horace Greeley was chairman. A few remarks on the nature of the liberty of the press and on its relations to the governing powers will not, therefore, at this time, be inopportune.

Men are apt, at times, in the excitement of political partisanship, to forget that the freedom of the press is, like all other social liberty, relative and not absolute; that it is not license to publish whatsoever they please, but only

that which is *within certain defined limits* prescribed by the people as the legitimate extent to which expression through the public prints should be permitted; and that it is because these limits are regulated by the whole people, for the whole people, and not by the arbitrary caprice of a single individual or of an aristocracy, that the press is denominated free. Let it be remembered, then, as a starting point, that the press is amenable to the people; that it is controlled and regulated by them, and indebted to them for whatever measure of freedom it enjoys.

The scope of this liberty is carefully defined by the statutes, as also the method by which its transgression is to be punished. These enactments minutely define the nature of an infringement of their provisions, and point out the various methods of procedure in order to redress private grievance or to punish public wrong, in such instances. These statutes emanate from the people, are the expression of their will, and in consonance with them the action of the executive authorities must proceed, whenever the civil law is sufficient for the execution of legal measures.

But there comes a time, in the course of a nation's existence, when the usual and regular methods of its life are interrupted; when peaceful systems and civilized adaptations are forced to give place to the ruder and more peremptory modes of procedure which belong to seasons of hostile strife. The slow, methodical, oftentimes tedious contrivances of ordinary law, admirably adapted for periods of national quietude, are utterly inadequate to the stern and unforeseen contingencies of civil war. Laws which are commonly sufficient to secure justice and afford protection, are then comparatively powerless for such ends. The large measure of liberty of speech and of the press safely accorded when there is ample time to correct false doctrines and to redress grievances through common methods, is incompatible with the rigorous promptitude, energy, celerity, and unity of action necessary to the preservation of national existence in times of rebellion. If an individual be suspected of conspiring against his country, at such a time, to leave him at liberty while the usual processes of law were being undertaken, would perhaps give him opportunity for consummating his designs and delivering the republic into the hands of its enemies. If a portion of the press circulate information calculated to aid the foe in the defeat of the national armies, to endeavor to prevent this evil by the slow routine of civil law, might result in the destruction of the state. The fact that we raise armies to secure obedience commonly enforced by the ordinary civil officers is a virtual and actual acknowledgment that a new order of things has arisen for which the usual methods are insufficient, civil authority inadequate, and to contend with which powers must be exercised not before in vogue. Codes of procedure arranged for an established and harmoniously working Government cannot answer all the requirements of that Government when it is repudiated by a large body of its

subjects, and the existence of the nation itself is in peril.

It is evident, therefore, that at times the accustomed methods of Civil government must, in deference to national safety, be laid aside, to some extent, and the more vigorous adaptations of Military government substituted in their stead. But it does not follow from this that *arbitrary* power is necessarily employed, or that such methods are not strictly legal. There is a despotic Civil government and a despotic Military government, a free Civil government and a free Military government. The Civil government of Russia is despotic; so would its Military government be if internal strife should demand that military authority supersede the civil; the Civil government of the United States is free, so must its Military government be in order to be sustained.

But what is a free Military government? There is precisely the same difference between a free and a despotic *military* polity as between a free and a despotic *civil* polity. It is the essential nature of *despotic* rule that it recognizes the fountain head of all power to be the ruler, and the people are held as the mere creatures of his pleasure. It is the essence of *free* government that it regards the people as the source of all power, and the rulers as their agents, possessing only such authority as is committed by the former into the hands of the latter. It matters not, therefore, whether a ruler be exercising the civil power in times of peaceful national life, or whether, in times of rebellion, he wields the military authority essential to security, he is alike, at either time, a despot or a republican, accordingly as he exercises his power without regard to the will of the people, or as he exercises such power only as the national voice delegates to him.

Wendell Phillips said in his oration before the Smithsonian Institute: 'Abraham Lincoln sits to-day the greatest despot this side of China.' The

mistake of Mr. Phillips was this: He confounded the method of exercising power with the nature of the power exercised. It is the latter which decides the question of despotism or of freedom. The methods of the republican governor and of the despot may be, in times of war *must* be, for the most part, identical. But the one is, nevertheless, as truly a republican as the other is a despot. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the right of travel, the writ of *habeas corpus*—these insignia of liberty in a people are dispensed with in despotic Governments, because the ruler chooses to deprive the people of their benefits, and for that reason only; they were suspended in our Government because the national safety seemed to demand it, and because the President, as the accredited executive of the wishes of the people, fulfilled their clearly indicated will. In the former case it is lordly authority overriding the necks of the people for personal pride or power; in the latter, it is the ripe fruit of republican civilization, which, in times of danger, can with safety and security overleap, for the moment, the mere forms of law, in order to secure its beneficial results. They seem to resemble each other; but are as wide apart as irreligion and that highest religious life which, transcending all external observances, seems to the mere religious formalist to be identical with it.

But how is the Executive to ascertain the behest of the people? In accordance with the modes which they, as a part of their behest, indicate. But as there are two methods of fulfilling the wishes of the people, one adapted to the ordinary routine of peaceful times, and another to the more summary necessities of war, so there are two methods, calculated for these diverse national states, by which the Government must discover the will of the people. The slow, deliberate action of the ballot box and of the legislative body is amply expeditious for

the purposes of undisturbed and tranquil periods. But in times of rebellion or invasion, the waiting and delay which are often essential to the prosecution of forms prescribed for undisturbed epochs are, as has been said, simply impossible. War is a period in which methods and procedures are required diametrically opposite to those which are so fruitful of good in days of peace. The lawbreaker who comes with an army at his back cannot be served with a sheriff's warrant, nor arrested by a constable. War involves unforeseen emergencies, to meet which there is no time for calling Congress together, or taking the sense of the populace by a ballot. It is full of attempted surprises, which must be guarded against on the instant, and of dangers which must be quickly avoided, but for whose guardance or avoidance the statutes make no provision. Hence arises a necessity for a mode of ascertaining the will of the people other than the slow medium of formal legislation or of balloting.

The Government of the United States is the servant of its people. It was ordained to insure for *them* 'domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to' themselves and their posterity. Its laws and statutes are but the forms by which the people attempt to secure these things. But the people are sovereign, even over their laws. As they have instituted them *for their own good*, so may they dispense with them for their own good, whenever the national safety requires this. As they have established certain modes of lawful procedure *for their own security*, so may they adopt other modes when their safety demands it. Their laws and their codes of procedure are for their *uses*, not for their destruction. 'When a sister State is endangered, red tape must be cut,' said Governor Seymour, when it was telegraphed to him that some delaying forms must be gone

through in order to arm and send off our State troops who were ordered to the defence of Harrisburg; and all the people said, Amen! The *people* of the United States inaugurated a government, whose forms of law were admirably suited to times of peace, but have been found inadequate to seasons of intestine strife. They have, as we have seen, superadded, in some degree, other methods of action, indorsing and adopting those to which the Executive was compelled to resort as better adapted to changed conditions. They have not done this in accordance with prescribed forms, in all instances, because the forms of *civil* government do not provide for a condition of society in which civil authority is virtually abrogated, to a greater or less extent, for military authority.

In the same way and by virtue of the same sovereignty, the people of the United States may lay aside the common method of indicating their pleasure to the Executive, and substitute one more in consonance with the requirements of the times. They may make known that they *do* lay aside an established mode, either by a formal notice or by a general tacit understanding, as the exigencies of the case require. They may recognize the right, *aye*, the *duty* of the Executive to act in accordance with other methods than those prescribed for ordinary seasons, in cases where the national security demands this.

But this is not an abandonment of the methods and forms of law! This is not the establishment of an *arbitrary* government! This is not passing from freedom to despotism! The *people* of this country are sovereign, let it be repeated. So long as its Government is conducted as its people or as the majority of them wish, it is conducted in accordance with its established principle. There were no freedom if the vital spirit of liberty were to be held in bondage to the dead forms of powerless or obsolete prescriptions in the

very crisis of the nation's death struggle! Freedom means freedom to act, in all cases and under all circumstances, so as to secure the highest individual and national well-being. It does *not* mean freedom to establish certain codes of procedure under certain regulations, and to be forever bound under these when the preservation of liberty itself demands their temporary abeyance. So long as the Government fulfils the wishes of the people, it is not arbitrary, it is not despotic, no matter what methods an emergency may require it to adopt for this purpose, or in what manner it ascertains these wishes; provided always that the methods adopted and the modes of ascertainment are also in accordance with the people's desires.

But how is the Executive to discover the will of the people if he does not wait for its formal expression? How is he to be sure that he does not outrun their desires? How is he to be checked and punished, should he do so? Precisely the same law must apply here as has been indicated to be the true one in reference to the fulfilment of the people's behests. Fixed, definite, precise, formal expressions of popular will, when time is wanting for these, must be replaced by those which are more quickly ascertained and less systematically expressed. The Executive must forecast the general desire and forestall its commands, regarding the tacit acceptance of the people or their *informal* laws, such as resolutions, conventions, and various modes of expressing popular accord or dissent, as indications of the course which they approve. Nor is this an anomaly in our legal system. The citizen ordinarily is not at liberty to take the law into his own hands; he must appeal to the constituted authorities, and through the machinery of a law court obtain his redress or protection. But there are times when contingencies arise in which more wrong would be done by such delay than by a summary process transcending the

customary law. The man who sees a child, a woman, or even an animal treated with cruelty, does not wait to secure protection for the injured party by the common methods of legal procedure, but, on the instant, prevents, with blows if need be, the outrage. He oversteps the forms of law to secure the ends of law, and rests in the consciousness that the law itself will accept his action. When the case is more desperate, his usurpation of power generally prohibited to him is still greater, up to that last extremity in which he deliberately takes the whole law into his own hands, and, acting as accuser, witness, judge, executioner, slays the individual who assaults him with deadly weapons or with hostile intent.

In this case now stands the nation. Along her borders flashes the steel of hostile armies, their cannon thunder almost in hearing of our capitol, their horses but recently trampled the soil of neighboring States. A deadly enemy is trying to get its gripe upon the republic's throat and its knife into her heart. The nation must act as an individual would under similar circumstances; and the nation must act through its Executive. If one person, attacked by another, should snatch from the hands of a passer his cane, in order to defend his life; if, in his struggles with his assailant, he should strike a second through misconception, how immeasurably ridiculous would be the action of these individuals, should they, while the death struggle were still raging, berate the man, one for breaking the law by taking away his cane, and the other for breaking the law by the commission of a battery! Every man feels instinctively that in such a crisis all weapons of defence are at his disposal, and that he takes them, *not* in violation of law, but in obedience to the law of extraordinary contingencies, which every community adopts, but which no community can inscribe upon

its statute book, *because it is the law of contingencies.*

The Executive of this, as of every country, resorts to this law when, in the nature of things, the statute law is inadequate. In doing this, he does not violate law; he only adopts another kind of law. A subtle, delicate law, indeed, which can neither be inscribed among the enactments, nor exactly defined, circumscribed, or expressed. When it is to be substituted for the ordinary modes of legal procedure, how far it is to be used, when its use must cease—these are questions which the people, as the sole final arbiters, must decide. As the individual in society must judge wisely when the community will sanction his use of the contingent law, the law of private military power, so to speak, in his own behalf; so must the Executive judge when the urgency of the national defence demands the exercise of the summary power in the place of more technical methods. If the public sentiment of the community sustain the individual, it is an indorsement that he acted justifiably in accordance with this exceptional law; if it do not, he is liable for an unwarranted usurpation of power. The Executive stands in the same relation to the nation. The Mohammedans relate that the road to heaven is two miles long, stretching over a fathomless abyss, the only pathway across which is narrower than a razor's edge. Delicately balanced must be the body which goes over in safety! The intangible path which the Executive must walk to meet the people's wishes on the one side, and to avoid their fears upon the other, in the national peril, is narrower than the Mahommedan's road to heaven, and cautiously bold must be the feet that safely tread it! Blessed shall that man be who succeeds in crossing. The nations shall rise up and call him blessed, and succeeding generations shall praise him.

We come then to the relations of the

press and the Executive. We have seen that all liberty is *relative*, and not *absolute*; that the people, the sovereigns in this country, have prescribed certain methods for securing, in ordinary periods, those blessings which it is their desire to enjoy; that when, under special contingencies, these methods become insufficient for this purpose, the people may, in virtue of their sovereignty, suspend them and adopt others adequate to the occasion; that these may not, indeed, from their very nature, cannot be of a fixed and circumscribed kind, but must give large discretionary power into the hands of the Executive, to be used by him in a summary manner as contingencies may indicate; that this abrogation or suspension, for the time, of so much of the ordinary civil law, in favor of the contingent law, is not an abandonment of free government for arbitrary or despotic government, because it is still in accordance with the will of the people, and hence is merely the substitution of a new form of law, which, being required for occasions when instant action is demanded, is necessarily summary in its character; that the extent to which this law is to be substituted for the ordinary one is to be discovered by the Executive from the general sense of the nation, when it cannot be made known through the common method of the ballot box and the legislature; that in the people resides the power ultimately to determine whether their wishes have been correctly interpreted or not; and, finally, that the Executive is equally responsible for coming short of the behests of the nation in the use of the contingent law or for transgressing the boundaries within which they desire him to constrain his actions.

The press of the United States has always been free to the extent that it might publish whatsoever it listed, *within certain limits prescribed by the law*. The press may still do this. But the nature of the law which prescribes the limits has changed with the times. The consti-

tuted authorities of the people of the United States are obliged now, in the people's interest, to employ the processes of summary rather than those of routine law. Hence when the press infringes too violently the boundaries indicated, and persists in so doing, the sterner penalty demanded by the dangers of the hour is enforced by the sterner method likewise rendered necessary. So long as Executive action concerning the press shall be *in accordance* with the general sentiment of the people, it will be within the strict scope of the highest law of the land. Should the Executive persistently exercise this summary law in a manner not countenanced by the nation, he is amenable to it under the strict letter of the Constitution for high crimes or misdemeanors, not the least of which would be the usurpation of powers not delegated to him by the people.

The Executive of the United States occupies at this time an exceedingly trying and dangerous position, which demands for him the cordial, patient, and delicate consideration of the American nation. He is placed in a situation where the very existence of the republic requires that he use powers not technically delegated to him, and in which the people expect, yea, demand him, to adopt methods transcending the strict letter of statute law, the use of which powers and the adoption of which methods would be denounced as the worst of crimes, even made the basis of an impeachment, should the mass of the populace be dissatisfied with his proceedings. It is easy to find fault, easy in positions devoid of public responsibility to think we see how errors might have been avoided, how powers might have been more successfully employed and greater results achieved. But the American Executive is surrounded with difficulties too little appreciated by the public, while an almost merciless criticism, emanating both from injudicious friends and vigilant foes, follows his every action.

Criticism should not be relaxed; but it should be exercised by those only who are competent to undertake its office. The perusal of the morning paper does not ordinarily put us in possession of sufficient information to enable us to understand, in all their bearings, the measures of the Government. Something more is required than a reading of the accounts of battles furnished by the correspondents of the press to entitle one to express an opinion on military movements. It should not be forgotten that the officers engaged in the army of the United States are better judges of military affairs than civilians at home; that the proceedings of the Government, with rare exceptions, possibly, are based upon a fuller knowledge of all the facts relating to a special case, than is obtained by private persons, and that

its judgment is therefore more likely to be correct, in any given instance, than our own. The injury done to the national cause by the persistent animadversion of well-intentioned men, who cannot conceive that their judgments may perchance be incorrect, is scarcely less, than the openly hostile invective of the friends of the South. The intelligent citizens of the North, especially those who occupy prominent positions as teachers and instructors of the people through the press, the pulpit, and other avenues, should ever be mindful that the *political* liberty which they possess of free thought and free speech, has imposed upon them the *moral* duty of using this wisely for the welfare of humanity, and that they cannot be faithless to this obligation without injuring their fellow men and incurring a heavy moral guilt.

THE BROTHERS.

AN ALLEGORY.

DEDICATION, TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT:

'I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise;
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee dearer after death.'

THE Creator still loved and guarded the earth, although its children had departed from their early obedience. In evidence of His care, He sent, from time to time, gifted spirits among men to aid them in developing and elevating the souls so fallen from their primal innocence. These spirits He clad in sensuous bodies, that they might be prepared to enter the far country of Human Life. Earth was rapidly falling under the merciless rule of a hope-

less and crushing materialism, when He determined upon sending among men, Anselm, the saint; Angelo, the tone artist; Zophiel, the poet; and Jemschid, the painter. The spirits murmured not, although they knew they were to relinquish their heaven life for that torment of perpetual struggle which the forbidden knowledge of Good and Evil has entailed upon all incarcerated in a human form.

For self-abnegation is the law of heaven!

‘Brothers,’ said the merciful Father, ‘go, and sin not, for of all things that pass among men must a strict account be rendered. For are not their evil deeds written upon the eternally living memory of a just God? Evil lurks in the land of your exile; it may find its way into your own hearts, for you are to become wholly human, and to lose for a time the memory of your home in heaven. But even in that far country you will find the Book of Life, which I have given for the guidance and consolation of the fallen. For it is known even there that ‘God is Love!’

Then the journey of the Heaven Brothers began through the blinding clouds and trailing mists of chaos, in whose palpable gloom all memories are obliterated. Naked, trembling, and human, they arrived upon the shifting sands of the world of Time and Death.

A vague, shadowy sense, like a forgotten dream which we struggle vainly to recall, often flitted through their clay-clogged souls, of a strangely glorious life in some higher sphere; but all attempts to give definite form to such bewildering visions ended but in fantastic reveries of mystic possibilities or dim yearnings of unseen glories. They found the Book of Life, but they remembered not that the Father had told them the Word was His.

For the thread of *Identity*, on which are strung the pearls of *Memory*, in the passage through chaos had snapped in twain!

Like the silver light through the storm clouds flitting over the fair face of the moon, gleam the antenatal splendors through the gloom of the earth life.

As Anselm wonderingly turned the pages of the Book of Life, strange memories awoke within him. So inextricably were the dreams of his past woven with the burning visions of the Prophets, that the darkness of Revelation, like the heaven vault at midnight, was illumined by the light of distant worlds; his own vague reminiscences supplying the inner sense of the inspired but mystic leaves. What wonder that he loved the Book, when in its descriptions of the life to *come*, he felt the history of the life already *past*; and through its sternest threatenings, like the rainbow girdling storm clouds, shone the promise of a blessed future!

He spent the hours of exile in a constant effort to commune with the Father; in humble prayer and supplication for strength to resist the power of sin. For he feared the Evil which lurked in the land. He examined the springs of his own actions, analyzed his motives, and tortured himself lest any of the evils denounced in the Book should lurk in the folds of his own soul. In contemplating the awful justice of the Father, he sometimes forgot that He is Love. He feared close commune with the children of the earth, for Evil dwelt among them; he looked not into the winecup, nor danced with the maidens under the caressing tendrils of the vine or the luxuriant branches of the myrtle—nay, the rose cheek of the maiden was a terror to him, for lo! Evil might lurk under its brilliant bloom. The Dread of Evil sapped the Joy of Life!

He turned from all the lovely Present, to catch faint traces of the dim Past, to picture the unseen Future, about which it is vain to disquiet ourselves, since, like everything else, it rests upon the heart of God! His life was holy, innocent, and self-sacrificing. He sought to serve his fellow men, yet feared to give them his heart, lest he should rob the Father of His just due. He knew not from his own experience that Love is infinite, and grows on

what it gives. He bore religious consolation to the afflicted, aid to the needy, sympathy to the suffering. He was universally esteemed, but the spirit of his brethren broke not into joy at his approach, for the *trusting* heart of genial humanity throbbed not in his sad breast. He was no Pharisee, but he dined not with the Publican, and the precious ointment of the Magdalen never bathed his weary head. His language was: 'All is fleeting and evil, save Thee, O my Father; in Thee alone can rest be found!'

Solace for human anguish can only be found upon the heart of love. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind: and thy neighbor as thyself!' Blessed Son of Mary! Thou alone hast fully kept these *two* commandments!

'For wisdom is justified of her children!'

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Angelo, Zophiel, and Jemschid also resolved to avoid the Evil spoken of in the Book of Life. But the far country into which the Father had sent them was lovely in their eyes, and they were charmed with the Beauty with which He had surrounded them. They dreamed by the shady fountains, with their silver flow and gentle ripples; roamed by the darker rivers as they hurry on to plunge themselves into the sea; gazed on the restless ocean breakers when the dying sun fringes their crest with rainbow hues, and the flushing sky, to cool her burning blushes, flings herself into the heart of the restless waters. They loved to breathe the 'difficult air' of mountain tops, so softly pillowed and curtained by the fleecy vapors, which they win again from heaven in limpid streams, leading them in wild leaps through gloomy chasms fringed by timid harebells, whose soft blue eyes look love upon the rocks, while the myriad forest leaves musically murmur above their flinty

couch. They watched the fitful shadow-dance of clouds over the green earth. They loved to see these heaven tents where Beauty dwells chased by the young zephyrs, or, driven on in heavy masses by the bolder winds, blush under the fiery glances of the sun, and melt into the sky upon his nearer approach. Ah! these clouds and vapors had more than human tenderness, for had they not seen them throng around the ghastly disc of the star-deserted moon, weaving their light webs into flowing veils to shadow the majestic sorrow written upon her melancholy but lovely face, shielding the mystic pallor of the virgin brow from the desecrating gaze of the profane?

The three brothers were happy upon earth, for they looked into the heart of their fellow mortals, and felt the genial feeling beating there; and so luxuriantly twined its vivid green around, that the evil core was hidden from their charmed eyes, and they ceased not to bless the Father for a gift so divine as Human Love! They could not weep and pray the long night through, as did the saintly Anselm, for their eyes were fastened upon the wildering lustre of the thronging stars as they wove their magic rings through the dim abysses of distant space, yet the incense of constant praise rose from their happy souls to the Beauty-giving Father.

They struggled to awake the sleeping powers of men to a perception of the glories of creation; to lead them 'through nature up to nature's God.' The Artist-Brothers were closely united in feeling, striving through different mediums to refine the soul of man.

For the spirit of Beauty always awakens the spirit of Love, sent by God to elevate and consecrate the heart of man!

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Of a more subtle genius and more daring spirit than Zophiel or Jemschid, Angelo boldly launched into the bewildering chaos of the realm of sound.

As yet the laws of the Acoustic Prism were unknown; the seven-runged ladder was all unformed, and without its aid it seemed impossible to scale the ever-renewing heights, to sound the ever-growing depths of this enchanted kingdom. But Angelo was a bold adventurer. Haunted by the heaven sounds, vague memories of his antenatal existence, although he had entirely lost the *meaning* of their flow, as one may recall snatches of the melody of a song when he cannot remember one of its words—he commenced his subtle task. He resolved the Acoustic Prism; he built the seven-runged ladder; he charmed the wandering Tones, and bound them in the holy laws of Rhythm. Divining the hidden secrets of their affiliations, relations, loves, and hates, he wrought them into gorgeous webs of harmonies, to clothe the tender but fiery soul of ever-living melodies. Soothing their jarring dissonances into sweet accord, he filled their pining wails with that 'divine sorrow,' that mystic longing for the Infinite, which is the inner voice of every created heart. If he could not find the *heaven sense* of the tones, he found their *earthly meaning*, and caused them to repeat or suggest every joy and sorrow of which our nature is capable. He forced the heaven tongue to become *human*, while it retained its *divine*. Without a model or external archetype, he formed his realm and divined its changing limits; wide enough to contain all that is noble, holy enough to exclude all that is low or profane. He forever exorcised the spirits of Evil—the strong Demons of materialism—from his rhythmized world. Flinging his spells on the unseen air, he forced it to breathe his passion, his sighs; he saddened it with his tears, kindled it with his rapture, until fired and charged with the electric breath of the soul, it glowed into an atmosphere of Life, swaying at will the wild and restless heart. He created *Music, the only universal language*, holding the keys of Memory, and wearing

the crown of Hope. Angelo, strange architect in that dim domain of chaos, thy creation, fleeting, invisible, and unembodied, is in perpetual flow; changeable as the play of clouds, yet stable as the eternal laws by which they form their misty towers, their glittering fane, and foam-created pinnacles! Trackless as the wind, yet as powerful, thy sweet spirit, Music, floats wherever beats the human heart, for Rhythm rocks the core of life. Music nerves the soul with strength or dissolves it in love; she idealizes Pain into soul-touching Beauty; assuming all garbs, robing herself in all modes, and moving at ease through every phase of our complicated existence. White and glittering are her robes, yet she is no aristocrat. She disdains not to soothe the weary negro in his chains, or to rock the cradle of the child of shame, as the betrayed and forsaken girl murmurs broken-hearted lullabies around the young 'inheritor of pain.' She is with the maiden in the graceful mazes of the gay Mazourka; she inflames the savage in the barbaric clang of the fierce war-dance; or marks the measured tramp of the drilled soldiery of civilization. She is in the court of kings; she makes eloquent the ripe lip of the cultured beauty; she chants in the dreary cell of the hermit; she lightens the dusty wallet of the wanderer. She glitters through the dreams of the Poet; she breathes through the direst tragedies of noblest souls. On—on she floats through the wide world, everywhere present, everywhere welcome, refining, and consecrating our dull life from the Baptismal Font to the Grave!

All the inner processes of life are guarded by the hand of nature. In vain would the curiosity of the scalpel knife invade the sanctuary of the beating heart to lay open the burning mystery of Being. The outraged Life retreats before it to its last citadel, and the indignant heart, upon its entrance, refuses to throb more. The citadel is

taken; but the secret of *Life* is not to be discovered in the kingdom of *Death*. It is because Music is essentially a *living* art that we find it impossible to read the mystery of its being. If Painting touch us, we can always trace the emotion to its exciting cause; if we weep over the pages of the Poet, it is because we find our own blighted hopes imaged there. But why does Music sway us? Where did we learn that language without words? in what consists its mystic affinities with our spirits? Why does the harp of David soothe the insanity of Saul? Is not its festal voice too triumphant to be the accompaniment of our own sad, fallen being; its breath of sorrow too divine to be the echo of our petty cares? All other arts arise from the facts of our earthly existence, but Music has no external archetype, and refuses to submit her ethereal soul to our curious analysis. '*I am so, because so I am,*' is the only answer she gives to the queries of materialism. Like the primitive rock, the skeleton of earth's burning heart, she looms up through the base of our existence. Addressing herself to some mystic faculty born before thought or language, she lulls the suffering baby into its first sleep, using perhaps the primeval and universal language of the race. For the love which receives the New Born, cadences the monotonous chant; and human sympathies are felt by the innocent and confiding infant before his eyes are opened fully upon the light, before his tongue can syllable a word, his ear detect their divisions, or his mind divine their significations. But Music looms not only through the base of our being; like the encompassing sky, her arch spans our horizon. Lo! is it not the language through which the Angels convey the secrets of their profound adoration to the Heart of God!

'Having every one of them harps'—
'and they *sung* a new song'—in which are to join 'every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth,

and under the earth, and such as are in the sea'—and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.' (Revelation, chap. v.)

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While Angelo linked the fiery tones in rhythmical laws, Zophiel sketched with glowing pen the joys of virtue, the glories of the intellect, and the pleasures, pains, raptures, woes, and loves of the heart. The deeds of heroes were sung in Epic; Dramas, Elegies, and Lyrics syllabled the inner life; men listened to the ennobling strains, and became *freemen* as they heard. The intermingling flow of high thought and melodious measures elevated and soothed the soul, and love for, and faith in, humanity, were awakened and nourished by the true Poet.

Jemschid wrought with brush and pencil, until the canvas imaged his loved skies and mountains, glowed with the noble deeds of men, and pictured that spiritual force which strangely characterizes and mingles with the ethereal grace of woman's fragile form.

Through the artists, life grew into loveliness, for all was idealized, and the scattered and hidden beauties of the universe were brought to light. The plan of creation is far too vast to be embraced in its complex unity by the finite: it is the province of art to divide, condense, concentrate, reunite, and rearrange the vast materials in smaller frames, but the new work must always be a *whole*. Angelo aroused and excited the emotions of the soul, which Zophiel analyzed and described in words most eloquent; while Jemschid made clearer to his brethren that Beauty of creation which is an ever visible proof of the love of God. His portraits illumined the walls of the bereaved, keeping fresh for them the images of the loved and lost. Historical pictures enlarged the mind of his people, keeping before it the high deeds of its chil-

dren and stimulating to noble prowess. His landscapes warmed the dingy city homes, bringing even there the blue sky, the clouds, the streams, the forests, the mountains, moss, and flowers.

Men became happier and better, for the Brothers, in showing the *universal Beauty*, awakened the *universal Love*.

For the true essence of man, made in the image of God, is also Love !

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The artists turned not from the rose-cheek of the maiden, nor refused the touch of the ruby lip ; but they loved her too well to sully by one wronging thought the tender confidence of perfect innocence, or cause her guileless heart a single pang. For womanhood was holy in their sight !

Among earth's purest maidens shone a fair Lily, whose virgin leaves had all grown toward the sky ; whose cup of snow had never been filled save by the dews of heaven ; whose tall circlet of golden stamens seemed more like altar lamps arranged to light a sanctuary, than meant to warm and brighten the heart of human love. But the devotion of a noble heart is a holy thing ; Genius is full of magic power, and the maiden did not always remain insensible to the love of Angelo, for he was spiritually beautiful, and when he moved in the world of his own creation, his face shone as it were the face of an angel. In ethereal 'fantasies' and divine 'adagios,' he won the Lily to rest its snowy cup upon his manly heart. He soothed the earth cares with the heaven tones and beautified the bitter realities of life by transfiguring them into passionate longings for the Perfect. Bathed in Music's heavenly dew, and warmed by the fire of a young heart, the snow petals of the Lily multiplied, the bud slowly oped, and allowed the perfumed heart to exhale its blessed odor ; and as Love threw his glowing light upon the leaves, they blushed beneath his glance of fire—and thus the pale flower grew into a

fragrant Rose, around which one faithful Bulbul ever sang. Sheltered in the close folds of the perfumed leaves, what chill could reach the heart of Angelo ? His Rose cradled his genius in her heart, while he poured for her the golden flow of the tones, coloring them with the hues of Love, and filling them with the joys of Purity and Peace. Alike in their susceptibility to tenderness and beauty are the woman and the artist ; and she who would find full sympathy and comprehension must seek it in his heart !

Time passed on with Anselm, the Saint ; Angelo, the Musician ; Zophiel, the Poet ; Jemschid, the Painter. But the *artists* grew not old, for Beauty keeps green the heart of her worshippers ; and Art, immortal though she be, is indigenous, and, happy in her natal soil, exhausts not the heart of her children. Anselm, however, seemed already old, with his pure heart sick—sick for the Evil possessing the earth. Alas ! holiness is an exotic here, soon exhausting the soil of clay in which it pines, and ever sighing to win its transplantation to its native clime.

'The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect
His eyes seek in vain.'

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It was midnight, and Anselm, worn with fasts and pale with vigils, knelt at his devotions in his lonely cell. Lo ! a majestic form of fearful but perfect beauty stood beside him. The Angel was clad in linen, white as snow, and his voice startled the soul like the sound of the last trumpet.

'Gird up thy loins like a man, for the darksome doors of Death stand open before thee, and this night thy Lord requiries thy spirit !' said the mighty messenger.

Anselm trembled. He feared to stand before the All-seeing Eye, whose dread majesty subdued his soul.

'Behold ! He putteth no trust in His

saints, and the heavens are not pure in His sight,' he murmured. But he hesitated not to obey, and giving his hand to the Angel, said :

'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him !'

His earnest lips still thrilling with a prayer for mercy, together they departed 'for that bourne from which no traveller returns.' Between the imperfections of the created and the perfections of the Creator, what can fill the infinite abyss ? Infinite Love alone !

The artist-brothers had never separated. Music, Poetry, and Painting spring from the triune existence of man, represent his life in its triune being, and thus move harmoniously together.

They had made their home the happiest spot on earth.

It was evening, and the Poet seemed lost in reverie as he gazed on the dying light. His hand rested tenderly on the shoulder of a dark but brilliant woman, who loved him with the strength of a fervid soul.

'Sibyl,' said he softly to his young wife, 'were I now to leave thee, how many of my lines would remain written on thy heart ?'

'All ! they are all graven there,' replied the enthusiast, 'for the glowing words of a pure poet are the true echoes of a woman's soul !'

The Painter sat near them, putting the last touches upon a picture of a Virgin and Child, which he was striving so to finish that his brethren might be able to grasp more fully that sweet scene of human love and God's strange mercy.

Tender were the shadows that fell from the veiling lashes on the rounded cheek of his fair model ; lustrous, yet soft and meek, the light from the maiden's eye as she gazed upon the beautiful infant resting on her bosom. The name of the child was Jemschid, and

there was in that name a charm sufficient to awaken her innocent love.

She was the betrothed of the Painter.

'Imogen !' said he to the fair model, 'I know not why the thought rushes so sadly over me, but I feel I shall never finish this picture. The traits escape me—I cannot find them.'

'Never finish the beautiful Madonna, to which you have given so much time, and on which you have expended so much care !' Then with a sudden change of tone, in which astonishment darkened into fear, she exclaimed : 'Are you ill, Jemschid ? You have already worked too long upon it. You will destroy your health ; you need rest.'

'Nay, sweet Imogen, not so ; I am well, quite well, and too happy for words. But I cannot finish the picture. I have lost the expression for the face of the Madonna. Six months ago, when I began it, your face was so meek and tranquil it served me well, but now, even with its present air of meek entreaty, it is too passionate for the mother of God. It is far dearer thus to me, Imogen—but I can never finish the painting now—and only an angel can, for your young face is fairer and purer than aught else on earth.'

Again fell the heavy lashes, half veiling the innocent love in the timid eyes, as the Painter parted the massive braids from the spotless brow, and softly kissed the snowy forehead of his betrothed.

The harp of Angelo quivered, as the sun set behind the crimson clouds, under his nervous touch. Some sadness seemed to weigh upon his buoyant spirit too, in this eventful eve. His music always pictured the depths of his own soul, and he forced the heaven tones to wail the human Miserere. But the Beauty into which the sorrow was transfigured gave promise that it would end in the triumphant chorus of the 'Hosanna in Excelsis.' For music gives the absolute peace in the absolute

conflict; the absolute conflict to terminate in the absolute peace.

Fair as the Angel of Hope, the Rose listened with her heart. Her childlike, deep blue eyes were raised to heaven, while her long golden curls, lighting rather than shading her pale brow, like the halos of dim glory which the light vapors wreath round the moon, mingled with the darker flow of wavy hair falling upon the shoulder of the harpist, on which she leaned as if to catch the flying sounds as they soared from the heart of the loved one.

'Thy song is very sad,' said the Rose, as her eyes rested tenderly upon the inspired face. 'Is there no Gloria tonight, Angelo?'

'I cannot sing it now, sweet Rosalie! The Hosanna is for heaven; not for a world in which Love is, and Death may enter. If I am to lose thee, my soul must chant the Miserere. Ah! that thought unmans me. I cannot part from thee, sweet wife. Cling closer, closer to me, Rosalie. There! Death must be strong to untwine that clasp! But he alone is strong—and Love!—'

'Love is stronger far!' cried the startled Rose, as she buried her face in the bosom of her husband, to hide the unwonted tears which dimmed her trustful eyes.

'Parting! there is no parting for those whom God has joined. His ties are for eternity. The Merciful parts not those whom He has made for each other. Even if we must chant the Miserere here, together will we chant the Gloria before the throne of our Creator. Ah, Angelo, do you not feel that but *one* life throbs in our *two* hearts? Parting and Death are only seeming!'

Thus sped time on until midnight was upon the earth. The little group were still together; mystic thoughts and previsions were upon them. Zophiel read at intervals weird passages from the Book of Life; Jemschid touched, now and then, the face of the

Madonna, and some unwonted spirit of sorrow brooded over the harp of Angelo.

'Rosalie! once more the Miserere ere we sleep,' said he. Scarcely had he commenced the solemn chant, when, suddenly resting his hand on the chords, he cried: 'Hark! brothers. It is the voice of Anselm—he calls—he calls us—but I hear not what he says. Listen!'

Lo! a Shining One from the court of the Great King suddenly stands among them. His gossamer robes seemed woven of the deep blue of the fields of space through which he had just passed, and the stars were glittering through the graceful folds bound with rare devices, wrought from the jasper, onyx, and chrysoprase of the heavenly city.

'Brothers!' said the sweet voice of the beautiful vision, 'the term of exile is past; the Father has sent me to recall His children.'

But the heart of the artists sank, for the human love was strong in their bosoms.

Jemschid gazed upon the betrothed bride; the unfinished picture; and tears rushed into his sad eyes.

The Angel was touched with pity for the double grief of artist and lover, and said:

'Gaze not so sorrowfully upon the unwedded maiden; the unfinished picture! She shall yet be thine—and the picture shall be dear to thy fellow men. Lo! I am Rubi, the angel of Beauty!'

Then, taking the brush in his glittering hands, with rapid touch he gave the lovely face an expression of tender innocence, of virgin purity, of maternal love and adoration, which will never cease to thrill the heart of the faithful.

'It is the Mother of our Lord!' said the astonished brothers, as they gazed upon the finished work.

'Zophiel!' continued the pitying angel, 'the lips of Sibyl shall repeat thy songs, for they are all graven upon her

heart! But you are now to chant in heaven, and the canticle is to be for His praise who made all; and when you exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough!

'Angelo! the Hosanna is for heaven. The Rose lingers not here to chant alone the Miserere.'

Alas! the wild human dread and sorrow overpowered all else in the breasts of the brothers as they gazed upon the women of their love. A strange smile played over the heavenly face of the Angel as he murmured: '*Are they not safe in the bosom of the everlasting Love?*'

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Slowly through the Valley of the Shadow—and then more rapid than the flight of thought, moved the brothers, on—on—through myriads upon myriads of blazing suns, of starry universes; on—on—until they reached the limits of space, the boundary of material worlds. The angels left them as they entered the primeval night of chaos, the shoreless ocean between the sensuous and spiritual life. For alone with God through chaos do we arrive at the sensuous body; alone with God in chaos do we leave this body of corruption, from which is evolved the Body of the Spirit, '*glorious and unchangeable.*' And again is clasped the thread of *Identity*, on which are strung the pearls of memory, and the Past and Future of Time become the Eternal Present!

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Clothed in immortal vesture, the brothers now stand before that Great White Throne, which has no shadow, but is built of Light inaccessible, and full of Glory.

Summoned by the Holy Lawgiver, the meek Anselm knelt before Him, blinded with splendor, dazzled with fathomless majesty.

'Behold thy creature before thee

for judgment, O Thou in whose sight the angels are not pure! We are born to evil, and who may endure thy justice? Look not into my weak and sinful heart, O God, but upon the face of Thy Anointed, in whom is all my trust! Have mercy upon me!'

Tears of mingled gratitude and penitence welled up, as in the days of exile, from his self-accusing breast.

Wonderful condescension—the Father Himself wiped them from the downcast eyes!

And the Saviour of men clothed him in a garment of fine linen, white and pure, and 'to him was given the hidden manna, and a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it.'

Then the words over whose mystic meaning he had so often pondered, came, like the sound of many waters, upon his ear:

'And he that shall overcome, and keep my works unto the end, to him I will give power over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron, and as the vessel of a potter they shall be broken.

'And I will give him the morning star.'

Thus the humble and self-abnegating Anselm, who had kept the commandments and loved his Maker, passed in glory to the Saints of Power. The morn of the Eternal Present dawned upon him, and the sublime '*vision in God*' was open before him.

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Then were the artists summoned before the Throne. Awed yet enchanted, they bowed before their Maker, with raised hands clasped in gratitude for the happiness they had known on earth. Then spoke Angelo, the musician:

'Behold thy grateful children at thy feet, O Father of earth and heaven! We truly repent of all we may have done amiss in Thy lower world. Thy heritage was very fair, and the exceeding Beauty thereof covered the Evil.

and in all things were planted the germs of Good. 'Our prayer was in our work,' and all things spake to us of Thee, for the hand of a Father made all. Forgive us if we have loved life too well; we have always felt that the rhythmed pulse of our own hearts throbbed but in obedience to Thy tune-ful laws! Loving our fellow men, we have labored to awake them to a sense of Thy tenderness, O Creator of Love and of Beauty, so unsparingly casting the ever-new glories around them! Father, we have loved Thee in thy glorious creation.

'For Thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things that thou hast made, for thou didst not appoint or make anything hating it. For He made the nations of the earth for health: and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor kingdom of hell upon earth.

'For justice is perpetual and immortal.'

'We have looked upon the rainbow, and blessed Him that made it: for it was very beautiful in its brightness.'

'For by the greatness of the Beauty, and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby.'

'It is good to give praise to the Lord: to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy truth in the night;

'Upon an instrument of ten strings, upon the psaltery, upon the harp with a solemn sound.

'For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works, and in the works of thy hand I shall rejoice.'

'Have mercy upon us for the sake of the Redeemer, whose Perfection crowns the universe, who has not disdained to give Himself to us, and for us: the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Mercy for ourselves—and for those whom we have left on earth, we beseech Thee!'

Gently smiled the Virgin Mother, whose humble heart had cradled the

Everlasting Love! 'All generations shall call her blessed,' for on that tender woman bosom rests that wondrous God-built arch spanning the awful chasm between the sinful human and the Perfect Infinite! 'For He was born of a Virgin.'

The heart of Anselm throbbed through his garments white and pure; he loved his brothers, and feared that human art would be deemed vain and worthless in heaven. *For the saints forget that God himself is the Great Artist!*

Then was there silence in heaven, and the brothers knelt before the Throne.

The Father spoke:

'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise, be thankful unto him, and bless his name: the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered. He will give to him that overcometh to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the Paradise of God.'

The silence that ensued was the bliss of heaven!

As Rubi, the Angel of Beauty, advanced to greet the spirits whom he had left on the confines of chaos, the triumphant song burst from the young choir of angels: 'For they shall not hunger nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun fall on them or any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

Joy! joy! for the soul of the musician! The heart of the Rose had broken while chanting the last *Miserere*, and she was again at his side to catch his first Hosanna!

'Angelo — Angelo — parting and death are only seeming!'

To the soul of the poet was given the highest theme, the splendor and love of the Eternal City, and power to join the scribes of heaven.

And the painter looked upon the face of the Virgin, the strange lights, the forms of Cherubim and Seraphim, and the twelve gates and the golden streets of that city: 'which needeth not sun or moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it; and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

Who can imagine that region of supernal splendor, 'whose glories eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive'?

The strings of Angelo's heaven harp

quivered as though stirred by the breath of God.

Then did he first truly discern the soul of that divine language whose form he had made known on earth.

Then arose 'as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying: Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

Loud rang the heaven harps: 'Holy—Holy—Holy! To Him that sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb, Benediction, and Honor, and Glory, and Power, forever and ever!'

U N U T T E R E D .

SAID a poet, sighing lowly,
As his life ebbed slowly, slowly,
And upon his pallid features shone the sun's last rosy light,
Shedding there a radiance tender,
Softened from the dazzling splendor
Of the burning clouds of sunset, gleaming in the west so bright,
Glancing redly, ere forever lost within the gloom of night:

'Gold and crimson clouds of even,
Kindling the blue vault of heaven,
Ye are types of airy fancies that within my spirit glow!
Thou, O Night, so darkly glooming,
And those brilliant tints entombing
In thy black and heavy shadows, thou art like this life of woe,
Prisoning all the glorious visions that still beat their wings to go!

'Oh, what brilliancy and glory
Had illumed my life's dull story,
Could those thoughts have found expression as within my soul they shone!
But though there like jewels gleaming,
And with golden splendor streaming,
Cold and dim their lustre faded, tarnished, like the sparkling stone
That, from out the blue waves taken, looks a pebble dull alone.

' For within my heart forever
 Was a never-dying river,
 Was a spring of deathless music welling from my deepest soul !
 And all Nature's deep intonings,
 Merry songs, and plaintive moanings,
 Floated softly through my spirit, swelling where those bright waves stole,
 Till the prisoning walls seemed powerless 'gainst that billowy rush and roll.

' Oh, the surging thoughts and fancies ;
 Oh, the wondrous, wild romances
 That from morn till dewy twilight murmured through my haunted brain !
 Thoughts as sweet as summer roses,
 And with music's dreamiest closes,
 Dying faintly into silence, from the full and ringing strain
 That through all my spirit sounded with a rapture half of pain.

' How I longed those words to utter
 That within my heart would flutter,
 Beating wild against their prison, as its walls they'd burst in twain :
 But it broke not, throbbing only,
 Aching in a silence lonely,
 Till my very life was flooded with a wild, delicious pain ;
 Kindled with a blaze illuming all the chambers of my brain !

' And to me death had been glorious,
 If those burning words, victorious,
 Had at last surged o'er their prison, bearing my departing soul !
 Gladly were my heart's blood given,
 If those bonds I might have riven ;
 If, with every crimson lifedrop that from out my full heart stole,
 I might hear that swelling chorus upward in its glory roll.

' Sad and low my heart is beating !
 Each pulsation still repeating
 ' All in vain those eager longings, all in vain that burning prayer.
 See the breezes, 'mid the bowers,
 Sigh above the fragrant flowers,
 And from out those drooping roses, their heart-folded sweetness bear—
 But no heaven-sent wind shall whisper thy soul-breathings to the air.'

' But upon my darkened vision
 Comes a gleam of light Elysian ;
 And a seraph voice breathes softly—' Answered yet shall be that prayer !
 For the spirit crushed and broken
 By those burning words unspoken,
 Soon shall hear them swelling, floating far upon the heavenly air,
 And its deepest inmost visions shall have perfect utterance there !'

WILLIAM LILLY, ASTROLOGER.

'A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells,
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair.

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Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news?
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' the air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence—the great eclipse?
A total overthrow given the king
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?'

Thus much, and more, wrote Butler in his 'Hudibras' of William Lilly, who was famous in London during that eventful period of English history from the time of Charles I, onward through the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, to the Restoration: a time of civil commotions and wars, when political parties and religious sects, striving for mastery, or struggling for existence, made the lives and estates of men insecure, and their outlook in many respects a troubled one. Lifelong connections of families and neighbors were then rudely severed, and doubt, distrust, and discontent filled all minds, or most. Of this widespread commotion London was the active centre; and there a judgment of God, called the plague, had, in the year 1625, desolated whole streets. The timid, time-serving, faithless, a wavering host, peered anxiously into the future, eager to know what might be hidden there, so that they could shape their course accordingly for safety or for profit. Finding their own short vision inadequate, they turned for aid to the professional prophets of that troublous time—magicians who could call forth spirits and make them speak, or astrologers who could read the stars, and show how the great Disposer of events could be forestalled. These discoverers of the hidden, disclosers of the future,

though branded now as impostors, were not therefore worse than their dupes; for in all ages the two classes, deceivers and deceived, are essentially alike; positives and negatives of the same thing. 'Men are not deceived; they deceive themselves.' Witness a great American nation, in these latter days, electing its ablest man to its highest place, and choosing between a Fremont and a Buchanan! But let us turn quickly to the seventeenth century again, and leave the nineteenth to its day of judgment.

Among the many astrologers dwelling in London at the time of which we treat, William Lilly was the most famous; and his life being of great interest to himself, he wrote an account of it for the instruction of mankind—or for some other purpose; and we will now get from it what we conveniently can.*

'I was born,' says this renowned astrologer, 'in the county of Leicester, in an obscure town, in the northwest part thereof, called Diseworth, seven miles south of the town of Derby, one mile from Castle Donnington.' 'This town of Diseworth is divided into three parishes; one part belongs under Lockington, in which stands my father's house (over against the steeple), in which I was born' on the first day of May, 1602. After this rather too minute account of his birthplace, Lilly tells us of his ancestors, substantial yeomen for many generations, who 'had much free land and many houses in the town;' but all the family estates were 'sold by my grandfather and father, so that now our family depends wholly

* The Lives of those eminent Antiquaries, Elias Ashmole, Esquire, and Mr. William Lilly, written by themselves; containing first, William Lilly's History of his Life and Times, with Notes by Mr. Ashmole; secondly, Lilly's Life and Death of Charles I; and lastly, the Life of Elias Ashmole, Esq., by way of Diary, etc. London, 1774.

on a college lease.' 'Of my infancy I can speak but little; only I do remember that in the fourth year of my age I had the measles.' 'My mother intended I should be a scholar from my infancy, seeing my father's backslidings in the world, and no hopes by husbandry to recruit a decayed estate.' Therefore, after some schooling at or near home, the boy, when eleven years old, was sent to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, to the school of Mr. John Brinsley, who 'was very severe in his life and conversation, and did breed up many scholars for the universities; in religion he was a strict Puritan.' 'In the fourteenth year of my age, about Michaelmas, I got a surfeit, and thereupon a fever, by eating beechnuts.' 'In the sixteenth year of my age I was exceedingly troubled in my dreams concerning my salvation and damnation, and also concerning the safety and destruction of my father and mother: in the nights I frequently wept and prayed, and mourned, for fear my sins might offend God.' 'In the seventeenth year of my age my mother died.' The next year, 'by reason of my father's poverty, I was enforced to leave school, and so came home to my father's house, where I lived in much penury one year, and taught school one quarter of a year, until God's providence provided better for me. For the last two years of my being at school I was of the highest form of the school, and chiefest of that form. I could then speak Latin as well as English; could make extempore verses upon any theme.' 'If any scholars from remote schools came to dispute, I was ringleader to dispute with them.' 'All and every of those scholars, who were of my form and standing, went to Cambridge, and proved excellent divines; only I, poor William Lilly, was not so happy, fortune then frowning on my father's condition, he not in any capacity to maintain me at the university.'

So this poor scholar, first of his class, bright visions of the university, and of

what might lie beyond, all fading into darkness, went down to his father's house in the country, where his acquisitions were useless. He says: 'I could not work, drive plough, or endure any country labor; my father oft would say, 'I was good for nothing,' and 'he was willing to be rid of me.' A sorrowful time for the poor young fellow, without any outlook toward a better. But at last, one Samuel Smatty, an attorney, living in the neighborhood, took pity on the lad, and gave him a letter to Gilbert Wright, of London, who wanted a youth who could read and write, to attend him. Thereupon Lilly, in a suit of fustian, with this letter in his pocket, and ten shillings, given him by his friends, took leave of his father, who was then in Leicester jail for debt, and set off for London with 'Bradshaw, the carrier.' He 'footed it all along,' and was six days on the way; spending for food two shillings and sixpence, and nothing for lodgings; but he was in good heart, I think, for almost the only joyous expression in his autobiography is this one, relating to this time: 'Hark, how the wagons crack with their rich lading!'

Gilbert Wright, who had been 'servant to the Lady Pawlet in Hertfordshire,' had married a widow with property, and lived afterward 'on his annual rents; or on his wife's, and 'was of no calling or profession.' This man had real need of a servant who could read and write, for he himself could do neither; but he was, however, 'a man of excellent natural parts, and would speak publicly upon any occasion very rationally and to the purpose.' Lilly was kindly received by Master Wright, who found, it seems, employment enough for him. 'My work was to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; help to drive bucks when he washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames—I have helped to

carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—weed the garden. All manner of drudgery I willingly performed.'

Mrs. Wright, who brought money to her husband, brought also a jealous disposition, and made his life uncomfortable. 'She was about seventy years of age, he sixty-six,' 'yet was never any woman more jealous of a husband than she!' She vexed more than one man, too, and her first husband had temptations to cut his own throat and escape from trouble so; but he, as we shall learn by and by, got some relief otherwise, and lived till death came by better means.

Lilly had difficulty in keeping on good terms 'with two such opposite natures' as those of his master and mistress, that he managed it somehow, and says: 'However, as to the things of this world, I had enough, and endured their discontents with much serenity. My mistress was very curious to know of such as were then called cunning, or wise men, whether she should bury her husband. She frequently visited such persons, and this begot in me a little desire to learn something that way; but wanting money to buy books, I laid aside these notions, and endeavored to please both master and mistress.'

This mistress had a cancer in her left breast, and Lilly had much noisome work to do for her; which he did faithfully and kindly. 'She was so fond of me in the time of her sickness, she would never permit me out of her chamber.' 'When my mistress died (1624) she had under her armhole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which one that was there delivered unto me. There were in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine; others of the nature of Venus; some of iron, and one of gold, of pure virgin gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de Tribu Judæ Tetragrammation* + : within the middle there

was engraven a holy lamb. In the other circumference there was *Amraphel*, and three + + +. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha and Omega*.'

This sigil the woman got many years before of Dr. Samuel Foreman, a magician or astrologer; the same who 'wrote in a book left behind him,' 'This I made the devil write with his own hand, in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember.' This sigil the woman got from the doctor, who was evidently a foreman among liars, for her first husband, who had been 'followed by a spirit which vocally and articulately provoked him to cut his own throat.' Her husband, wearing this sigil 'till he died, was never more troubled by spirits' of this kind of call; but on the woman herself it seems to have failed of effect, for though she too wore it till she died, she was continually tormented by an authentic spirit of jealousy—a torment to herself and to her husband.

After this mistress had gone, Lilly lived very comfortably, his 'master having a great affection' for him; and also a great confidence in him, it seems; for when the plague (1625) began to rage in London, the master went for safety into Leicestershire, leaving Lilly and a fellow servant to keep the house, in which was much money and plate, belonging to his master and others. Lilly was faithful to his charge in this fearful time, and kept himself cheerful by amusements. 'I bought a bass viol, and got a master to instruct me; the intervals of time I spent in bowling in Lincoln's Inn Fields with Watt, the cobbler, Dick, the blacksmith, and such-like companions.' Nor did he neglect more serious business, but attended divine service at the church of St. Clement Danes, where two ministers died in this time; but the third, Mr. Whitacre, 'escaped not only then, but all contagion following,' though he 'buried all manner of people, whether they died of the plague or not,' and 'was given to drink, so that he seldom

could preach more than one quarter of an hour at a time.' This year of plague was indeed a fearful one in London, and Lilly says elsewhere, 'I do well remember this accident, that going in July, 1625, about half an hour after six in the morning, to St. Antholine's church, I met only three persons on the way, from my house over against Strand bridge, till I came there; so few people were there alive and the streets so unfrequented.' 'About fifty thousand people died that year;' but Lilly escaped death, though his 'conversation was daily with the infected.'*

Master Wright did not continue long a widower, but took to himself another wife, and a younger, who was of 'brown ruddy complexion,' and of better disposition than her predecessor in the household. Master Wright was probably a happy man for a time; but only for a short time; for in May, 1627, he died, and the estate, by agreement of the parties in it, was assigned to Lilly for payment of its debts. The trust was not misplaced; the debts were all paid, and the remainder of the estate, except an annuity of twenty pounds, which his master had settled on Lilly, he returned to the executors.

Mistress Wright, the widow, 'who had twice married old men,' had now many suitors; 'old men, whom she declined; some gentlemen of decayed fortunes, whom she liked not, for she was covetous and sparing;' 'however, all her talk was of husbands,' and, in short, William Lilly became the happy man; made happy within four months of the death of the old master. 'During all the time of her life, which was till October, 1633, we lived very lovingly; I frequenting no company at all; my exercises were angling, in which I ever delighted; my companions, two aged men.' 'I frequented lectures, and leaned in judgment to Puritanism; and in October, 1627, I was made free of the Salters' company of London.'

* Lilly's Life and Death of King Charles I.

Up to this time, therefore, the history of William Lilly, so far as he has made it known, is briefly this: Born poor, the grandfather and father having wasted the family estates, he was sent by his mother, who intended him from his infancy for a scholar, to the school of Ashby-de-la-Zouch; where, at one time, he was in trouble about his soul and the souls of his parents; and he 'frequently wept, prayed, and mourned, for fear his sins might offend God.' But the mother died, the father got into prison for debt, and poor Lilly, who had made himself the best scholar in the school, could not go up to the university as he had hoped to do, but after a wretched year at his father's house, where he was accounted useless and an encumbrance, he had to become the servant of one who could neither read nor write, doing all kinds of drudgery. Serving faithfully, the much-enduring young man won the love and confidence of the old master and mistress, and at last married the young widow, who was a wholesome-looking woman, of brown ruddy complexion, and had property, which served, among other things, to make Lilly 'free of the Salters' company.' Not a bad history, certainly, if not one of the best: he was a thriving young man, not a complaining one; but one who accepted the conditions under which he was placed, and made the best of them; which is what all young men ought to do.

And now Lilly—being a man of some property and standing, without any profession or regular business, but with an inclination to the occult arts, begot in him probably by the folly of old Mistress Wright—tells us how he 'came to study astrology.' 'It happened on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say that such a person was a great scholar; nay, so learned that he could make an almanac, which to me was strange: one speech

begot another, till at last he said he could bring me acquainted with one Evans, who lived in Gunpowder alley, who formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week (after) we went to see Mr. Evans. When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed—if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he lay.' 'He was the most saturnine man my eyes ever beheld either before I practised (astrology) or since: of middle stature, broad forehead, beetle browed, thick shoulders, flat nosed, full lips, down looked, black, curling, stiff hair, splay footed;' 'much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome; seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or another.' A very good description this, save that the shoulders of it are between the brow and nose: not a handsome man, certainly; a kind of white negro, we should say, and not the better for being white: nevertheless men of high rank came to see him, and readers who have made acquaintance with Sir Kenelm Digby will not be astonished to learn that he was one of them. He came with Lord Bothwell, and 'desired Evans to show them a spirit.' But 'after some time of invocation, Evans was taken out of the room, and carried into the fields near Battersea causeway, close to the Thames:' taken by the spirits, because the magician 'had not at the time of invocation made any suffumigation;' for spirits must always be treated gingerly. 'Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Bothwell went home without any harm;' which was better than they deserved.

Lilly, after many lessons given him by this Evans, was doubtful about the black art, as he might well be; but, he says, 'being now very meanly introduced, I applied myself to study those books I had obtained, many times twelve or fifteen or eighteen hours a day and night: I was curious to dis-

cover whether there was any verity in the art or not. Astrology at this time, viz. 1633, was very rare in London; few professing it that understood anything thereof.' Lilly gives us next some account of the astrologers of his time; but the reader need form no further acquaintance of this kind; acquaintance with Lilly, who was the best of them, will be enough for him.

In October of this year, 1633, Lilly's wife died, and left him 'very near to the value of one thousand pounds sterling'—all she had to leave. He continued a widower 'a whole year,' which he, as that phrase implies, held to be a long time in such bereavement—and followed his studies in astrology very diligently. So diligently that he soon had knowledge to impart to others, and he 'taught Sir George Knight astrology, that part which concerns sickness, wherein he so profited that in two or three months he would give a very good discovery of any disease only by his figures.'

With a new wife, which he got the next year (1634), Lilly had £500 portion; but 'she was of the nature of Mars,' which is surely not a good nature in a wife. In that same year he, with some 'other gentlemen,' engaged in an adventure for hidden treasure: they 'played the hazel rod round about the cloyster,' and digged, in the place indicated, six feet deep, till they came to a coffin; but they did not open it, for which they were afterward regretful, thinking that it probably contained the treasure. Suddenly, while they were at this work, a great wind arose, 'so high, so blustering, and loud,' that all were frightened, 'and knew not what to think or do;' all save Lilly, who gave 'directions and commands to dismiss the dæmons,' and then all became quiet again. These doings Lilly did not approve, and says he 'could never again be induced to join in such kind of work.' He engaged, however, in another transaction of still worse character, which seems to

have been even more unpleasant to him; for he says: 'After that I became melancholy, very much afflicted with the hypochondriac melancholy, growing lean and spare, and every day worse; so that in the year 1685, my infirmity continuing and my acquaintance increasing, I resolved to live in the country, and in March and April, 1686, I removed my goods unto Hersham (Horsham in Sussex, thirty-six miles from London), where I continued until 1641, no notice being taken who or what I was:' and in this time he burned some of his books, which treated of things he did not approve, and which he disliked to practise; for this man really had a conscience as good as the average, or even better: he was driven into solitude by the reproaches of it—or, perhaps, by the scoldings of a wife who 'was of the nature of Mars.'

Thus far we have followed Lilly's account of himself closely, using often his own words, because they give a more correct idea of the man than could be got from the words of another; but henceforth to the end, we will skip much and be brief. This astrologer did not always rely on his special art to discover things hidden, but used often quite ordinary means; sometimes such as are common to officers of detective police. His confessions of doings in that kind are candid enough, and we must say of his 'History of his Life and Times' that it is, on the whole, a simple, truthful statement of facts; not an apology for a life at all; for he seldom attempts to excuse or justify his actions, but leaves a plain record with the reader for good or evil.

A man, it is sometimes said, is to be judged by the company he keeps, and we will therefore say a few words of this astrologer's friends. Of men like William Pennington, of Muncaster, in Cumberland, 'of good family and estate,' introduced to Lilly by David Ramsay, the king's clockmaker, in 1684, who are otherwise unknown

to us, we will say nothing. But the reader surely knows something of Hugh Peters, the Puritan preacher—who could do other things as well as preach: with him Lilly had 'much conference and some private discourses,' and once in the Christmas holidays, a time of leisure, Peters and the Lord Gray of Groby invited him to Somerset House, and requested him to bring two of his almanacs. At another time Peters took Lilly along with him into Westminster Hall 'to hear the king tried.' But the most influential friend, perhaps, was Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, a man well known to readers of English history as very prominent in the time of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. He was high steward of Oxford, member of the council of state, one of the keepers of the great seal, a man very learned in the law, who made long discourses to Oliver Cromwell on the matter of the kingship, and on other matters. He went to Sweden as Cromwell's ambassador, and was one of the great men of that time, or one of the considerable men. Sir Bulstrode, according to Ashmole, was Lilly's patron; and indeed the great man did befriend him long, and help him out of difficulties. The acquaintance began in this wise: Sir Bulstrode being sick, Mrs. Lisle, 'wife to John Lisle,' afterward one of the keepers of the great seal, came to Lilly, bringing a specimen of the sick man. Whereupon the astrologer, having inspected the specimen, 'set a figure,' and said, 'the sick for that time would recover, but by means of a surfeit would dangerously relapse within one month; which he did, by eating of trouts at Mr. Sands' house in Surrey.' Therefore, as there could no longer be any doubt of Lilly's skill, he, at the time of Sir Bulstrode's second sickness, was called to him daily; and though the family physician said 'there was no hope of recovery,' the astrologer said there was 'no danger of death,' and 'that he would be sufficiently well in five or six weeks; and so he was.'

This Mrs. Lisle, who brought the specimen, being apparently one of Lilly's she friends, we will add that she 'made herself remarkable by saying at the martyrdom of King Charles I, in 1648, that 'her blood leaped within her to see the tyrant fall.' For this, and for other things, the woman was finally beheaded; it being impossible otherwise to stop her tongue; and I have no tear for her.

Lilly's most intimate friend, however, was Elias Ashmole, Esq. Born in 1617, the name for him agreed on among his friends was Thomas; but at the baptismal font the godfather, 'by a more than ordinary impulse of spirit,' said Elias; and under that prophetic name the boy grew up to manhood, and became for a time rather famous in high places. He was a learned antiquary, and made a description of the consular and imperial coins at Oxford, and presented it, in three folio volumes, to the library there. He made also a catalogue and description of the king's medals; a book on the Order of the Garter; a book entitled, *Fasciculus Chemicus*, and another, *Theatrum Chemicum*. He published, moreover, a book called 'The Way to Bliss;' but if he himself ever arrived at that thing, he found the way uncomfortable, if we may judge from his diary, half filled with record of his ailments, surfeits, and diseases, and of the sweatings, purgings, and leechings consequent thereupon, or intended as preventives thereof. To one kind of bliss, however, he did certainly attain—that of high society; dining often with lords, earls, and dukes, bishops and archbishops, foreign envoys, ambassadors, and princes; and they, many of them, came in turn, and dined with him, who had made a book on the Order of the Garter, and who understood the art of dining. Continental kings sent to this man chains of gold, and his gracious majesty, Charles II, was very gracious to him, and gave him fat offices, mostly sinecures: and

over and above all he gave a pension. This world is a very remarkable one—especially remarkable in the upper crust of it.

Lilly's acquaintance with Ashmole began in 1646, and continued till death did them part in 1681. Through all these thirty-five years there was a close intimacy, Ashmole being a frequent visitor at Lilly's house in the country, staying there often months at a time, and Lilly in return coming often to London, and staying weeks with his honored friend—a kind of Damon and Pythias affair without the heroics. Ashmole, we said, was famous in his time; but indeed he has a kind of fame now, and cannot soon be altogether forgotten, for he founded the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and in the library there the curious can probably find all his books, and read them, if they will; but I, who have read one of them, shall not seek for more.*

But indeed Lilly attracted the attention of Oliver Cromwell himself, and once had an interview with him—a remarkably silent one. The occasion of it was as follows: The astrologer, in his *Martinus Anglicus* (astrological almanac) for 1650, had written that 'the Parliament should not continue, but a new government should arise;' and the next year he 'was so bold as to aver therein that the Parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiers would join together against it.' These things, and others, published in *Anglicus*, offended the Presbyterians, and on motion of some one of them, it was ordered that '*Anglicus* should be inspected by the committee for plundered ministers;' and the next day thereafter Lilly was brought before the committee, which was very full that day (thirty-six in number), for the matter was an interesting one, whispered of before in private, and now made public by prophecy. The astrologer, by skilful management

* The Lives of those eminent Antiquaries, Elias Ashmole and William Lilly, &c. London, 1774.

of friends, and some lies of his own, got off without damage to himself.

At the close of the first day's proceedings in committee, as the sergeant-at-arms was carrying Lilly away, he was commanded to bring him into the committee room again. 'Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he steadfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger.' This first meeting was, it appears, the only one, for Lilly speaks of no other; but Cromwell spoke a good word for him that same night, and was ever after rather friendly to him, or at least tolerant of him. The lieutenant-general, looking fixedly at this man 'for a good space,' saw nothing very bad in him; and knowing that his prophecies favored the good cause, he, a man of strong, practical sense, was willing to let him work as one of the influences of that time.

This was not Lilly's only appearance before Parliament; sixteen years later we shall find him there again; but of that at its time; and we will look first at some of his doings in the interim. With another general our astrologer had a meeting too, but with him—General Fairfax—there was talk, not so full of meaning to me as the silence of Cromwell. 'There being,' says Lilly, 'in those times, some smart difference between the army and Parliament, the headquarters of the army were at Windsor, whither I was carried with a coach and four horses, and John Boker (an astrologer) with me. We were welcomed thither, and feasted in a garden where General Fairfax lodged. We were brought to the general, who bid us kindly welcome to Windsor.' Lilly tells what Fairfax said, and what he himself said in reply; but if these speeches were all that was there said and done, the coach and four, and the time spent, seem to me wasteful. The speeches ended, 'we departed, and went to visit Mr. Peters (Hugh Peters),

the minister, who lodged in the castle; whom we found reading an idle pamphlet come from London that morning.' He said—what gives proof, if proof be needed, that there was idle talk current in that time, as indeed there is in all times.

Our astrologer, professing a high art, standing above the common level, did not give 'up to party what was meant for mankind.' The stars look down, from their high places, on sublunary things, with a sublime indifference; and he, their interpreter, was at the service of all comers, or of all who could pay. Many came to him; among others came 'Madam Whorwood,' from King Charles, who intended to escape from Hampton Court, where he was held prisoner by the army. She came to inquire 'in what quarter of this nation he (the king) might be most safe?' Lilly, after 'erection of his figure,' said, 'about twenty miles from London, and in Essex,' 'he might continue undisturbed;' but the poor king, misguided by himself, or others, 'went away in the night time westward, and surrendered to Hammond in the Isle of Wight. Twice again, according to Lilly, Madam Whorwood came to him, asking advice and assistance for the king. This Madam Whorwood I have not met with elsewhere in my reading, and the name may be a fictitious one; but that King Charles, in his straits, sought aid of William Lilly, who by repute could read the stars, is not improbable. In 1648, Lilly gave to the council of state 'some intelligence out of France,' which he got by means not astrological, or in any way supernatural; and the council thereupon gave him 'in money fifty pounds, and a pension of one hundred pounds per annum,' which he received for two years, 'but no more.'

So Lilly, whose business as astrological prophet brought him into close contact with many kinds of men—men of all parties and sects—went on getting information of all, and by all kinds

of means; and imparting it again to all who had need; but always he had an eye to the 'main chance,' and provided well for himself. With each of his three wives he got money. The second one, who, as we remember, 'was of the nature of Mars,' died in February, 1654, and the bereaved man says that he thereupon 'shed no tear;' which we can well believe. Dry eyed, or with only such moisture as comes of joy, he, within eight months after the departure of Mrs. Mars, took another to his bosom, one who, he says, 'is signified in my nativity by Jupiter in Libra, and she is so totally in her conditions, to my great comfort.'

After the Restoration, Lilly was apprehended and committed to the Gate House. 'I was had,' he says, 'into the guard room, which I thought to be hell: some therein were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco. In the chimney of the room I believe there were two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, and almost half one load of ashes.' A sad time and place: but his 'old friend, Sir Edward Walker, garter king-at-arms,' made interest for him in the right quarters, and he was released from the place he 'thought to be hell.' In 1660 he sued out his pardon for all offences 'under the broad seal of England.'

Of Lilly's religion (so called) there is not much to be said: in early life he 'leaned to Puritanism,' as we have been told, and he probably leaned on that so long as he could find support in it; but after the Restoration (in 1663) he was made churchwarden of Walton-upon-Thames, and settled 'the affairs of that distracted parish' as well as he could; and upon leaving the place, 'forgave them seven pounds' which was due to him.

Soon after this, when the great plague of 1665 came upon London, Lilly gave up business there and retired into the country to his wife and family, and continued there for the remainder of his life; going up to the great city

occasionally to visit his friends, or on calls to business in his special line: one call from a high quarter came to him in this shape:

'Monday, 22d October, 1666.

At the committee appointed to inquire after the causes of the late fires:

'Ordered, That Mr. Lilly attend the committee on Friday next, being the 25th day of October, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the speaker's chamber, to answer such questions as shall be then and there asked him.

'ROBERT BROOKE.'

The question before Parliament was in relation to the great fire in London: 'as to the causes of the late fire; whether there might be any design therein;' and Lilly was supposed to know something about that matter, because he, in his book or pamphlet entitled '*Monarchy or no Monarchy*,' published in 1651, had printed on page seventh a hieroglyphic 'representing a great sickness and mortality, wherein you may see the representation of people in their winding sheets, persons digging graves and sepulchres, coffins, etc.;' and on another page another hieroglyphic representing a fire: two twins topsy-turvy, and back to back, falling headlong into a fire. 'The twins signify Gemini, a sign in astrology which rules London:' all around stand figures, male and female, pouring liquids (oil or water?) on the flames. When, therefore, the great fire of 1666 followed the plague of the preceding year, these hieroglyphics again attracted attention, and the maker of them was called before Parliament to declare if he, who had foreseen these events, could see into them, and give any explanation of their causes. But Lilly was prudent: to the question, 'Did you foresee the year of the fire?' he replied: 'I did not; nor was I desirous; of that I made no scrutiny.' As to the cause of the fire, he said: 'I have taken much pains in the search thereof, but cannot, or could not, give myself any the least satisfaction therein: I conclude that it was only the finger of

God; but what instruments he used therein I am ignorant.'

That William Lilly, who, as we have seen, was twice called before Parliament and questioned, attracted much attention elsewhere by his prophecies and publications, there can be no doubt; and his books found many readers. Their titles, so far as known to us, are as follows: 'Supernatural Insight;' 'The White King's Prophecy;' 'The Starry Messenger;' 'A Collection of Prophecies;' an introduction to astrology, called, 'Christian Astrology;' 'The World's Catastrophe;' 'The Prophecies of Merlin, with a Key thereto;' 'Trithemius of the Government of the World by the Presiding Angels;' 'A Treatise of the Three Suns seen the preceding winter,' which was the winter of 1648; 'An Astronomical Judgment;' 'Annus Tenebrosus;' 'Merlinus Anglicus,' a kind of astrological almanac, published annually for many years, containing many prophecies—a work which got extensive circulation, 'the Anglicus of 1658 being translated into the language spoken in Hamburg, printed and cried about the streets as it is in London;' and his 'Majesty of Sweden,' of whom 'honorable mention' was made in *Anglicus*, sent to the author of it 'a gold chain and a medal worth about fifty pounds.'

Of these books made by Lilly, we, having little knowledge, indeed none at all of the most of them, do not propose to speak; but one who has looked into the 'Introduction to Astrology' can say that it has something of method and completeness, and he can readily conceive how Lilly, studying astrology through long years very diligently, then practising it, instructing other men in it, writing books about it, could have himself some kind of belief in it; such belief at least as many men have in the business they study, practise, and get fame and pudding by. Consider, too, how his belief in his art must have been strengthened and con-

firmed by the belief of other men in it; able men of former times, and respectable men of his own time. Indeed we will say of astrology generally that it is a much better thing than the spiritualism of this present day, with its idle rappings and silly mediums.

We have named some of Lilly's friends—those only of whom we happened to have some knowledge; but he had many friends, or many acquaintances—a large circle of them. There were 'astrologers' feasts' in those days, held monthly or oftener. Ashmole (called, by a more than ordinary impulse of spirit, *Elias*) makes record in his Diary: 'Aug. 1, 1650, the astrologers' feast at Painter's Hall, where I dined;' 'Oct. 31, the astrologers' feast;' and other entries there are to the same effect. Some ten years after, Lilly seems to have had these festivals, or similar ones, in his own house; and on the 24th October, 1660, one Pepys, well known to literary men, 'passed the evening at Lilly's house, where he had a club of his friends.'*

Thus far, namely, to the year 1666, Lilly brought the history of his life: and in the continuation of it by another hand, we learn that in the country at Horsham, near London, 'he betook himself to the study of physic;' and in 1670, his old and influential friend, Mr. Ashmole, got for him from the archbishop of Canterbury a license for the practice of it. 'Hereupon he began to practise more openly and with good success; and every Saturday rode to Kingston, where the poorer sort flocked to him from several parts, and received much benefit by his advice and prescriptions, which he gave them freely and without money. From those that were more able he now and then received a shilling, and sometimes a half crown, if they offered it to him; otherwise he received nothing; and in truth his charity toward poor people was very great, no less than the care

* See Pepys' Diary and Correspondence. London, 1858. Vol. I, p. 116.

and pains he took in considering and weighing their particular cases, and applying proper remedies to their infirmities, which gained him extraordinary credit and estimation.' So William Lilly lived at Horsham, publishing his 'astronomical judgments' yearly, and helping as he could the poor there and in the neighborhood, till the 9th day of June, 1681, when he died. The 'great agony' of his diseases, which were complicated, he bore 'without complaint.' 'Immediately before his breath went from him, he sneezed three times;' which, we will hope, cleared his head of some nonsense.

In the judgment of his contemporaries, this William Lilly, astrologer, was, as we can see, 'a respectable man.' Such judgment, however, is never conclusive; for the time element is always a deceptive one; and, as all navigators know, the land which looms high in the atmosphere of to-day does often, in the clearer atmosphere of other days, prove to be as flat as a pancake: but we must say of Lilly, that though unfortunately an impostor, he was really rather above the common level of mankind—a little hillock, if only of conglomerate or pudding stone: for, in his pamphlet entitled 'Observations on the Life and Times of Charles I,' where he, looking away from the stars and treating of the past, is more level to our judgment, he is still worth reading; and does therein give a more impartial and correct character of that unhappy king than can be found in any other contemporary writing; agreeing well with the best judgments of this present time, and

showing Lilly to be a man of ability above the common. On the whole, we will say of him, that he was the product of a mother who was good for something, and of a father who was good for nothing, or next to that; that with such parentage, and under such circumstances as we have seen, he became an astrologer, the best of his kind in that time.

It would be easy to institute other moral reflections, and to pass positive judgment on the man: but instead thereof I will place here two questions:

First: Did William Lilly, in the eighteenth year of his age, need anything except a little cash capital to enable him to go up to the university and become a respectable clergyman of the Church of England, or the minister of some dissenting congregation, if he had liked that better?

Second: When this impostor and the clergymen, who as boys stood together in the same form of the school at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, come together before the judgment bar of the Most High, will the Great Judge say to each of the clergymen: Come up hither; and to the impostor: Depart, thou cursed?

'A fool,' it is said, 'may ask questions which wise men cannot answer;' and the writer, having done his part in asking, leaves the more difficult part for the consideration of the reader.*

* The reader will find this question already answered in the pages of holy writ: 'For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.'—*Matt. xvi, 27.*—ED. COM.

JEFFERSON DAVIS—REPUDIATION, RECOGNITION,
AND SLAVERY.

LETTER NO. II, FROM HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, }
July 30th, 1863. }

IN my publication of the 1st inst., it was proved by the two letters of Mr. Jefferson Davis of the 25th May, 1849, and 29th August, 1849, that he had earnestly advocated the repudiation of the bonds of the State of Mississippi issued to the Union Bank. It was then shown that the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, the tribunal designated by the Constitution of the State, had *unanimously* decided that these bonds were constitutional and valid, and that more than seven years thereafter, Mr. Jefferson Davis had nevertheless sustained the repudiation of those bonds.

In his letter before quoted, of the 23d March last, Mr. Slidell, the minister of Jefferson Davis at Paris, says, 'There is a wide difference between these (Union) bonds and those of the Planters' Bank, for the repudiation of which neither excuse nor palliation can be offered.' And yet I shall now proceed to prove, that Mr. Jefferson Davis did not only *palliate and excuse*, but justified the repudiation, in fact, of those bonds by the State of Mississippi. First, then, has Mississippi repudiated those bonds? The principal and interest now due on those bonds exceed \$5,000,000 (£1,000,000), and yet, for a quarter of a century, the State has not paid one dollar of principal or interest. 2. The State, by act of the Legislature (ch. 17), referred the question of taxation for the payment of those bonds to the vote of the people, and their decision was adverse. As there was no fund available for the payment, except one to be derived from taxation, this popular vote (to which the question was submitted

by the Legislature) was a decision of the State for repudiation, and against payment. 3. The State, at one time (many years after the sale of the bonds), had made them receivable in purchase of certain State lands, but, as this was 'at three times its current value,' as shown by the London *Times*, in its article heretofore quoted by me, this was only another form of repudiation. 4. When a few of the bondholders commenced taking small portions of these lands in payment, because they could get nothing else, the State repealed the law (ch. 22), and provided no substitute. 5. The State, by law, deprived the bondholders of the stock of the Planters' Bank (\$2,000,000), and of the sinking fund pledged to the purchasers for the redemption of these bonds when they were sold by the State. Surely there is here ample evidence of repudiation and bad faith.

The bonds issued by the State of Mississippi to the Planters' Bank were based upon a law of the State, and affirmed, by name, in a specific provision of the State Constitution of 1832. The State, through its agent, received the money, and loaned it to the citizens of the State, and the validity of these obligations is conceded by Mr. Slidell and Mr. Davis.

These bonds were for \$2,000,000, bearing an interest of six per cent. per annum, and were sold at a premium of 13½ per cent. For those bonds, besides the premium, the State received \$2,000,000 of stock of the Planters' Bank, upon which, up to 1838, the State realized ten per cent. dividends, being \$200,000 per annum. In January, 1841, the Legislature of Mississippi *unanimously* adopted resolutions affirm-

ing the validity of these bonds, and the duty of the State to pay them. (Sen. Jour. 314.)

In his message to the Legislature of 1843, Governor Tucker says:

'On the 1st of January, 1838, the State held stock in the Planters' Bank for \$2,000,000, which stock had, prior to that time, yielded to the State a dividend of \$200,000 per annum. I found also the first instalment of the bonds issued on account of the Planters' Bank, \$125,000, due and unpaid, as well as the interest for several years on said bonds.' (Sen. Jour. 25.)

The Planters' Bank (as well as the State), by the express terms of the law, was bound for the principal and interest of these bonds. Now, in 1839, Mississippi passed an act (Acts, ch. 42), 'to transfer the stock now held by the State in the Planters' Bank, and invest the same in stock of the Mississippi Railroad Company.' By the first section of this act, the Governor was directed to subscribe for \$2,000,000 of stock in the railroad company for the State, and to pay for it by transferring to the company the Planters' Bank stock, which had been secured to the State by the sale of the Planters' Bank bonds. The 10th section released the Planters' Bank from the obligation to provide for the payment of these bonds or interest. Some enlightened members, including Judge Gholson, afterward of the Federal Court, protested against this act as unconstitutional, by impairing the obligation of contracts, and as a fraud on the bondholders.

They say in this protest:

'The money which paid for the stock proposed to be transferred from the Planters' Bank to the Mississippi Railroad Company, was, under the provisions of the charter, obtained by loans on the part of the State, for the payment of which the stock, in addition to the faith of the Government, was pledged to the holders of the bonds of the State. By the terms of the contract between the commissioners on the part of the State and the purchasers of the bonds, the interest on the loans is required to be paid semiannually out of

the semiannual dividends accruing upon the said stock; and the surplus of such dividends, after paying the said interest, is to be converted into a *sinking fund* for the payment and liquidation of said loans. The bill, as the title purports, simply provides for the transfer of the stock now held by the State in the Planters' Bank, and that the same shall be invested in the stock of the Mississippi Railroad Company, leading from Natchez to Canton, which has banking privileges to twice the amount of capital stock paid in. The transferring of the stock and dividend to another irresponsible corporation, and the appropriation of the same to the construction of a road, is a violation of and impairing the obligation of the contract made and entered into with the purchasers or holders of the bonds of the State, under a solemn act of the Legislature. If it should be thought that a people, composed of so much virtue, honor, and chivalry, as the noble and generous Mississippians, would disdain, and consequently refrain, from repealing or violating their plighted faith, it may be answered, that the faith of the State, solemnly and sacredly pledged by an act of the Legislature, with all the formality and solemnity of a constitutional law, is violated by the provisions of this very bill under consideration. The faith of the State is pledged to the holders of the bonds, by the original and subsequent acts incorporating the Planters' Bank, as solemnly as national or legislative pledges can be made, that the stock and dividends accruing thereon shall be faithfully appropriated to the redemption and payment of said loans and all interest thereon, as they respectively become due; the appropriation of this fund to another purpose is, therefore, a violation of the faith of the State.' (House Jour. 443.)

Thus was it, that the stock of the bank, which for so many years had been yielding a dividend far exceeding the interest on the loan, and which stock had been pledged for the redemption of the loan, was diverted to the building of a railroad, which never did or could yield a single dollar, and the company soon became insolvent. By another clause of this act of 1839, the Planters' Bank, which, by the loan

act, was made responsible (together with the State) for the payment of these bonds, was released from the obligation to make such payments.

And now, what is the answer of Jefferson Davis on this subject? He says, in his letter of the 25th May, 1849, before quoted:

'A smaller amount is due for what are termed Planters' Bank bonds of Mississippi. These evidences of debt, as well as the coupons issued to cover accruing interest, are receivable for State lands, and no one has a right to assume they will not be provided for otherwise, by or before the date at which the whole debt becomes due.'

To this the London *Times* replied, in its editorial of the 13th July, 1849, before quoted, as follows:

'The assurance in this statement that the Planters' Bank, or non-repudiated bonds, are receivable for State lands, requires this addition, which Mr. Jefferson Davis has omitted, that they are only so receivable upon land being taken at three times its current value. The affirmation afterward, that no one has a right to assume that these bonds will not be fully provided for before the date at which the principal falls due, is simply to be met by the fact, that portions of them fell due in 1841 and 1846, and that on these, as well as on all the rest, both principal and interest remain wholly unpaid.'

Mr. Davis's 'palliation and excuse' for the non-payment of these bonds was: 1st. That the principal was not due. If this were true, it would be no excuse for the non-payment of the semi-annual interest. But the statement of Jefferson Davis as to the principal was not true, as shown by the *Times*, and as is clear upon the face of the law. Then, as to the lands. The bonds, principal and interest, were payable in money, and it was a clear case of repudiation to substitute lands. But when, as stated by the *Times*, this land was only receivable 'at three times its current value,' Mr. Davis's defence of the repudiation of the Planters' Bank bonds by Mississippi, is exposed in all its deformity. When, however, we reflect, as

heretofore shown, that the law authorizing the purchase of these lands by these bonds was repealed, and the bondholders left without any relief, and the proposition for taxation to pay the bonds definitively rejected, it is difficult to imagine a case more atrocious than this.

The whole debt, principal and interest, now due by the State of Mississippi, including the Planters' and Union Bank bonds, exceeds \$11,250,000 (£2,250,000). Not a dollar of principal or interest has been paid by the State for more than a fourth of a century on any of these bonds. The repudiation is complete and final, so long as slavery exists in Mississippi. Now, would it not seem reasonable that, before Mississippi and the other Confederate States, including Florida and Arkansas, ask another loan from Europe, they should first make some provision for debts now due, or, at least, manifest a disposition to make some arrangement for it at some future period. If a debtor fails to meet his engagements, especially if he repudiates them on false and fraudulent pretences, he can borrow no more money, and the same rule surely should apply to states or nations. Nor can any pledge of property not in possession of such a borrower, or, if so, not placed in the hands of the lender, change the position. It is (even if the power to pay exists) still a question of good faith, and where that has been so often violated, all subsequent pledges or promises should be regarded as utterly worthless.

The *Times*, in reference to the repudiation of its Union Bank bonds by Mississippi, and the justification of that act by Jefferson Davis, says:

'Let it circulate throughout Europe that a member of the United States Senate in 1849 has openly proclaimed, that at a recent period the Governor and legislative assemblies of his own State deliberately issued fraudulent bonds for five millions of dollars to 'sustain the credit of a rickety bank;'

that, the bonds in question having been hypothecated abroad to innocent holders, such holders have not only no claim against the community by whose executive and representatives this act was committed, but that they are to be taunted for appealing to the verdict of the civilized world rather than to the judgment of the legal officers of the State by whose functionaries they have been already robbed; and that the ruin of toil-worn men, of women, of widows, and of children, and the 'crocodile tears' which that ruin has occasioned, is a subject of jest on the part of those by whom it has been accomplished; and then let it be asked if any foreigner ever penned a libel on the American character equal to that against the people of Mississippi by their own Senator.'

Such was the opinion then expressed by the London *Times* of Jefferson Davis and of the repudiation advocated by him. It was denounced as *robbery*, 'the ruin of toil-worn men, of women, of widows, and of children.' And what is to be thought of the '*faith*' of a so-called Government, which has chosen this repudiator as their chief, and what of the value of the Confederate bonds now issued by him? Why, the legal tender notes of the so-called Confederate Government, fundable in a stock bearing eight per cent. interest, is now worth in gold at their own capital of Richmond, less than ten cents on the dollar (2s. on the pound), whilst in two thirds of their territory such notes are utterly worthless; and it is TREASON for any citizen of the United States,

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North or South, or any ALIEN resident there, to deal in them, or in Confederate bonds, or in the cotton pledged for their payment. No form of Confederate bonds, or notes, or stock, will ever be recognized by the Government of the United States, and the cotton pledged by slaveholding traitors for the payment of the Confederate bonds is all forfeited for treason, and confiscated to the Federal Government by act of Congress. As our armies advance, this cotton is either burned by the retreating rebel troops, or seized by our forces, and shipped and sold from time to time, for the benefit of the Federal Government. By reference to the census of 1860, it will be seen that three fourths of the whole cotton crop was raised in States (now held by the Federal army and navy) touching the Mississippi and its tributaries, and all the other ports are either actually held or blockaded by the Federal forces. The traitor pledge of this cotton is, then, wholly unavailing; the bonds are utterly worthless; they could not be sold at any price in the United States, and those who force them on the London market, in the language of the *Times*, before quoted, will only accomplish '*the ruin of toil-worn men, of women, of widows, and of children.*'

But the advocacy of repudiation by Jefferson Davis has not been confined to his own State, as I shall proceed to demonstrate in my next letter.

R. J. WALKER.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Tuesday, March 19th.

THE Prince and Princess Lubomirski left us about half an hour ago; they had decided upon going yesterday, but my father told them that Monday was an unfortunate day, and fearing that this argument would not possess sufficient weight, he ordered the wheels to be taken off their carriage.

They overwhelmed me with kindness during their sojourn in the castle; the princess, especially, treated me with great affability. Both she and the prince take a deep interest in my future lot; they endeavored to persuade my parents to send me to Warsaw to finish my education.

A foreigner, Miss Strumle, who, however, receives universally the title of madame, has recently opened a young ladies' boarding school in Warsaw. This school enjoys a high reputation, and all the young ladies of distinction are sent there to finish their education. It is the same for a young lady to have been some time at Madame Strumle's as for a young gentlemen to have been at Luneville. The prince palatine advised my mother to send me for a year to Madame Strumle. My parents prefer the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament; they say that nothing can be better than a convent.

I do not know what will be their final decision, but I feel restless and agitated. I no longer find pleasure in my reading; my work is tedious to me, and not so well executed as formerly; the future occupies my mind much more than the present; in short, I am in a constant state of excitement, as if awaiting some great event. Since the visit of the prince and princess I have an entirely different opinion of myself, and I am by no means so happy as I

was before. . . . In truth, I no longer understand myself.

Sunday, March 24th.

Ah! God be praised, my suspense is over, and we leave day after to-morrow for Warsaw. My parents have been suddenly called there on matters of business connected with the recent death of my uncle, Blaise Krasinski, who has left a large fortune and no children. I do not yet know whether I am to be placed at a boarding school or not, but I believe it will be a long time before I return to Maleszow.

Ah! how happy the idea of this journey makes me! We will go a little out of our way, that we may stop at Sulgostow. Her ladyship the starostine has at length, after a very agreeable tour, returned to her palace. The starost has introduced her to all his cousins, friends, and neighbors; she was everywhere admirably received, and will now settle down in her own mansion, at which prospect she is very well pleased; she has all the necessary qualifications for becoming a good housekeeper. The Palatine Swidzinski spoke of her so affectionately in one of his letters that my parents wept hot tears, but tears of joy, so sweet and so rare. Barbara has always been a source of happiness to her parents.

WARSAW, Sunday, April 7th.

I can scarcely believe it, but here I am fairly installed in Madame Strumle's famous boarding school. The princess palatine's advice has prevailed, and Madame Strumle has received the preference over the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament. God be praised, for I really was very anxious to come here. I received a most flattering reception.

On our way to Warsaw we stopped at Sulgostow. We found her ladyship

the starostine gay and most hospitable; the presence of our dear parents filled the measure of her happiness. She assured me that the delight of receiving one's parents in one's own house could be neither expressed nor understood. 'You must yourself experience it,' added she, 'before you can form any idea of it.'

On the table were all the dishes, confections, and beverages preferred by our parents. Barbara forgot nothing which could be agreeable to them, and the starost aided her wonderfully in all her efforts. My mother remarked that Barbara was still better since her marriage than before, to which the starost replied:

'Indeed, she is no better, for thus did I receive her from the hands of your highnesses. But she gladly profits by the present opportunity to testify her gratitude; she shows here those lovely and precious qualities which you have cultivated in her soul, and during the past three days she has been for her parents what she is every day for me.'

There was no flattery in what the starost said—it came really from his heart. He adores Barbara, and she respects, honors, and obeys him as if he were her father.

She understands perfectly the whole management of a household, and does the honors of her mansion most gracefully. Every one praises her, and the young ladies and waiting women who followed her from Maleszow are delighted with their new position.

My parents regretted the necessity of parting from their daughter; they would willingly have remained longer; but I must confess I was very anxious to see Warsaw, and was charmed when they received letters obliging them to hasten their departure.

It was really a true instinct which gave me a preference for this place. I study well, and must improve. My education will be complete, and I may perhaps become a superior woman, as I

have always desired to do; but I need much study and close application to bring me to that point; above all, must I chain my wandering fancies, and not suffer them to stray about so vaguely as I have hitherto done.

Yesterday my mother came to take me to church. I made my confession, and communed for the intention of using well the new acquirements which I have now the opportunity of making.

When I am well established here, I will write in my journal every day as I did at Maleszow; but I am still in a state of excitement from all I have seen, and I must first become better acquainted with my new dwelling.

Wednesday, April 17th.

I am already quite familiar with all the regulations of the school. I am very well pleased with Madame Strumle; she has excellent manners, and is very kind to me. I might perhaps regret our court, the magnificence, bustle, and gayety of our castle, but there comes a time for everything, and we live here very happily and comfortably.

That which seems most strange and entirely new to me is, that there is not even a little boy in the house, no men servants, women always, and only women; they wait upon us even at table.

There are about fifteen boarders, all young, and belonging to the best families.

Every one speaks highly of Miss Marianne, the Starost Swidzinski's sister, now married to the Castellan of Polaniec; she spent two years at the school, and has left an ineffaceable impression in the hearts of Madame Strumle and her young companions. They say she was very accomplished, very good and sensible, very gay, and very studious.

My parents, after having made a thorough examination of the school, felt quite satisfied; and truly they might well be so, for no one could be more securely guarded in a convent

than here. Madame keeps the key of the front door always in her pocket; no one can go out or come in without her knowledge, and were it not for two or three aged masters of music and the languages, we might be in danger of forgetting the very existence of *man-kind*.

It is expressly forbidden to receive visits even from one's male cousins within the walls of the school. The dancing master desired that the young potockis should come and learn quadrilles with their sisters and myself, but madame rejected this proposition at once, saying, 'These gentlemen are not the brothers of all my boarders, and I cannot permit them to enter my school.'

We have masters in French and German, as also in drawing, music, and embroidery. We learn music on a fine piano of five octaves and a half. What an improvement on that of Maleszow! Some of the scholars play polonaises very well, but not by rote; they read them from the notes. My master tells me that in six months I will have reached this perfection; but then I already had some ideas of music when I came.

I draw quite well from the patterns set before me, but ere I proceed any further, I wish to paint a tree in oil colors. On one of the branches I will hang a garland of flowers, encircling the cypher of my parents, and will thus testify to them my gratitude for all they have done for me, and especially for the care they have bestowed upon my education.

The young Princess Sapieha, who has been here a year, is at present employed upon such a picture, and I envy her her pleasure every time my eyes fall upon the work.

What a fine effect my picture will make in our hall at Maleszow, beneath the portrait of our good uncle, the Bishop of Kamieniec!

Our dancing master, besides the minuet and quadrilles, teaches us to walk

and courtesy gracefully. To tell the truth, I was so ignorant when I came, that I knew but one mode of making a salutation; but there are several kinds, which must be employed toward personages of different ranks; one for the king, another for the princes of the blood, and still another for lords and ladies of rank.

I learned first how to salute the prince royal, and succeeded quite well; some day, perhaps, this knowledge may be useful to me.

My lessons follow one another regularly, and I am so anxious to learn that the time passes rapidly and agreeably.

My mother is very much occupied with family affairs, and has been only once to see me.

When I first entered the school, everything surprised me, but what seemed to me most strange was that I was continually reproved, and even obliged to undergo real penance. An iron cross was placed at my back to make me hold myself upright, and my limbs were enclosed in a kind of wooden box, to straighten them. I must however think that they were already quite straight enough. All that was not very amusing for me, who thought myself already a young lady. Since Barbara's marriage I had myself been asked in marriage, and the prince palatine had not treated me as if I were a child!

Madame Strumle has commanded me to omit in future these words from my prayers: 'O my God, give me a good husband,' and to say instead, 'Give me the grace to profit by the good education I am receiving.'

One must here work continually, or think of one's work, and of nothing else.

Sunday, April 28th.

I have been nearly three weeks at Madame Strumle's school, and my poor journal has been quite neglected during all that time; but the uniformity of my life, these monotonous hours, all passed in the constant repetition of the

same occupations, afford no matter for interesting details or descriptions.

At this very moment, when I hold the pen in my hand, I am ready to lay it down, so great is the poverty of my observations.

My parents will soon leave. The princess palatineess has honored me with a visit; she remarked that my carriage was much improved. My masters are all satisfied with the closeness of my application. Madame is especially kind to me, and my companions are polite and friendly. . . . But is all this worth the trouble of writing?

I sometimes fancy that I am not really in Warsaw, so ignorant am I with regard to all political events. I have seen neither the king nor the royal family. At Maleszow we at least hear the news, and occasionally see some distinguished men.

The Duke of Courland is absent, and will not return for some time.

Sunday, June 24th.

If I were to live forever in this school, I should give up writing in my journal, and it really serves one very valuable purpose; for I find I am in great danger of forgetting Polish. With the exception of the letters I write to my parents, and the few words I say to my maid, I always write and speak French.

I progress in all my studies, and if I am sometimes melancholy, at least my time is not lost.

The princess palatineess has again been to see me. A month had passed since her last visit; she found me considerably taller, and was kind enough to praise my manners and bearing.

I am the tallest of all our boarders, and it really pleases me exceedingly to find that my waist is not quite a half yard round.

Summer has come, the fine weather has returned, but I cannot go out—a privation which is really quite vexatious. Ah! how I wish I were a little

bird! I would fly away, far away—and then I would return to my cage.

But my days and my nights must all be spent in this dull house and in this ugly street; I believe that Cooper street (*ulika Bednarska*) is the darkest, dingiest, and dirtiest street in Warsaw. God willing, next year I shall be no longer here.

Friday, July 28th.

Labor has at least the good quality of making the time pass more rapidly; our days vanish one by one, without distractions or news from without.

I just now felt a desire to write in my journal, and when I consulted the almanac to find out the day of the month, I was quite surprised to find that seven whole weeks had passed since I had written a single word in my poor diary.

This day certainly deserves to be noted down, for never since I was born did such a thing happen to me as I experienced this morning. I received a letter by the mail, and the world is no longer ignorant that the Countess Frances Krasinska is now living in Warsaw! I danced with joy when I saw my letter, my own letter! It came from her ladyship, the Starostine Swidzinska; I shall keep it as a precious and delightful remembrance. My sister writes to me that she is quite well, and happy beyond all I can imagine; she was kind enough to send me four gold ducats, which she has saved from her own private purse.

For the first time in my life I have money to spend as I will, which gives me great pleasure. With the money came the desire to spend, and a variety of projects; it seemed to me as if I could buy the whole city.

Thanks to my parents, I need nothing, and I will buy nothing for myself; but I would have liked to leave a pretty remembrance to each of my companions, a gold ring, for example; but madame quite distressed me by telling me that my four ducats would only buy four rings—a real affliction to me,

who had hoped to purchase, besides the rings, a blonde mantle for Madame Strumle herself. . . . All my projects are overturned; I have learned that the mantle will cost at least a hundred ducats, and have thence determined to give one ducat to the parish church, to have a mass said in the chapel of Jesus to draw the blessing of Heaven upon the affairs now occupying my parents, and for the continuation of the happiness of her ladyship the starostine. I will have another ducat changed into small coin, to be distributed among all the servants in the house; there will still remain two ducats, which will buy a charming collation for my companions on Sunday next. We will have coffee, an excellent beverage, which we never see here, cakes, and fruit. Madame Strumle willingly consented to this last project.

May God reward my dear starostine for the happiness she has bestowed upon me! There can be no greater pleasure than that of making presents and regaling one's friends. If I am anxious to have a husband richer than I am myself, it is solely that I may be very generous.

I am not losing my time; I improve daily. I can already play several minuets and cotillons from the notes, and will soon learn a polonaise. The most fashionable one just now has a very strange name; it is called the Thousand Fiends.

In one month more I shall begin my tree in oil colors, with its allegoric garland.

Notwithstanding my more serious studies, I by no means neglect my little feminine occupations. I am embroidering on canvas a huntsman carrying a gun, and holding his hound by a leash.

I read a great deal, I write under dictation, I copy good works, an excellent method of forming one's own style. I speak French quite as well as Polish, perhaps even better; in short, I think I

will soon be fitted to make my appearance in the best society.

As for dancing, I need scarcely say that that progresses wonderfully; my master, who has no reason to flatter me, assures me that in all Warsaw no one dances better than I do.

I occasionally visit the Prince and Princess Lubomirski, but at times when they have no company. I always hear there many agreeable and flattering things, especially from the prince. He is desirous that I should leave school now, but the princess and my parents wish me to remain here during the winter. It is now only the end of July! How many hours and days must pass before the winter sets in! Will that time ever come?

Thursday, December 26th.

Finally, God be praised, the time has come for leaving school; a new existence is opening before me; my journal will be overflowing, and I shall have no lack of matter, but plenty of charming things to say.

The prince and princess are so kind to me; they have obtained permission from my parents for me to pass the winter with them, and they will introduce me into society. I shall leave this place day after to-morrow, and will reside with the Princess Lubomirska. I am quite sorry to part from Madame Strumle and my companions, to many of whom I am sincerely attached, but my joy is greater than my sorrow, for I shall see the world, and fly away from this narrow cage.

I shall be taken to court and presented to the king and the royal family; the Duke of Courland is expected daily; I shall see him at last!

The days have become intolerably long since I knew I was to leave school.

WARSAW, Saturday, December 28th, 1799.

Never, never can I forget this day. The Princess Lubomirska came for me quite early. I bade adieu to Madame Strumle and my companions. I was glad to go, and yet I wept when I parted from them!

Before going to her own house, the princess took me to church; but I could scarcely force my recollection; there was a whole future in my brain, a whole world in my thoughts.

I am now established with the princess; her palace is situated in the quarter named after Cracow, nearly opposite to the residence of the Prince Palatine of Red-Russia, Czartoryski.

The palace in which we live is not very large, but very elegant; the windows upon one side overlook the Vistula and a handsome garden. My chamber is delightful, and will be still more agreeable in summer; it communicates on the right with the apartments of the princess, and on the left with my waiting maid's room.

The tailor came yesterday to take my measure; he is to make me several dresses. I do not know what they will be, as the princess has ordered them without consulting my taste. She inspires me with so much respect, or perhaps awe; that I do not venture to ask her the least question. I am much less afraid of the prince; his manners are so gentle and engaging. He has gone to Bialystok, where he expects to meet the Duke of Courland; he is in high favor with the duke.

We are to make some visits tomorrow, when the princess will introduce me into some of the most distinguished houses; one must thus make one's appearance, if one desires to be invited to balls and parties. I am glad, and yet I am a little frightened at the idea of these visits: I shall be so looked at, perhaps criticized; however, I shall see many new things and will have much to observe, which thought affords me much consolation in my new and trying position.

Sunday, December 29th.

At least, now I have some news to tell, and my journal will no longer be so dry and uninteresting. The prince royal, accompanied by the prince palatine, arrived yesterday about one o'clock. Indeed I am quite confused by the

palatine's overwhelming kindness; he received me as if I had been his daughter, and there is no kind of friendship or interest which he has not testified toward me.

We accomplished our visits and went to about fifteen different houses, but were not everywhere admitted. At the French and Spanish ambassadors' and the prince primate's, etc., the princess merely left cards.

Our first visit was to Madame Humiecka, wife of the swordbearer to the crown; this lady is my aunt. We then went to see the Princess Lubomirska, wife of the general of the advance guard of the royal armies; she is a full cousin to the princess palatine. She was born a Princess Czartoryska, is very young and very beautiful; she holds the first rank among the younger ladies, and loves passionately everything French. I am so glad I am a proficient in the French language; besides being very useful, it will cause me to be much more sought after in society.

French is here spoken in nearly all the more distinguished houses; only the older men retain the tiresome custom of mingling Latin in their conversation; the young people avoid this pedantry and speak French, which is much better; at least, I can understand them, which I cannot the others.

We also went to see the wife of the Grand-General Branicki. Her husband is one of the most wealthy lords of Poland, but is not very favorably regarded at court.

We then visited the Princess Czartoryska, Palatiness of Red-Russia. The conversation there was held entirely in Polish; she is quite aged, and consequently no admirer of new fashions. She introduced to us her only son, a very handsome young man, with polished and elegant manners; he overwhelmed me with the most graceful compliments. This visit was more agreeable than any of the others. But no—I think I was quite as much pleased at the palace of the Castellane

of Cracow, Poniatowaka. She is a very superior person; she talks a great deal, it is true, but then she speaks with enthusiasm and in a very interesting manner. We found her quite elated with the pleasure of welcoming her son after a long absence. Many think that this much-loved son may one day be king of Poland; I do not believe that will ever be, but I did not the less examine him with great attention. I frankly confess that I was not pleased with him, and yet he is handsome and amiable; but he has a kind of stiffness in his manners, a pretension to dignity and to airs of grandeur, which injure his bearing.

I must not forget, in enumerating our visits, to mention that paid to the Palatines of Podolia, Rzewuska. This visit possessed a doubled interest for me; I was anxious to see Rzewuski, the vice-grand-general of the crown, because I had heard my father speak of him so often.

The vice-grand-general, although belonging to an illustrious family, was brought up among the children of the common people; he went barefooted as they did, and shared all their pleasures (very rustic indeed, it seems to me). This strange education has given him great strength and a wonderful constitution. He is now quite aged; he is more than fifty years old, and yet he walks and rides like a young man. Following the old Polish custom, he permits his beard to grow, and this gives him a very grave appearance.

They say he has composed some very fine tragedies. We also called upon Madame Brühl, who received us most politely. Her husband, the king's favorite minister, is not much esteemed, but they are visited for the sake of etiquette, and likewise for that of Madame Brühl, who is very amiable.

We saw too Madame Soltyk, Castellan of Sandomir; she is a widow, but still young and beautiful. Her son is nine years old; he is a charming child, already possessing all the manners of

the best society. As we entered, he offered me a chair, and made me, at the same time, a very graceful compliment; the castellan was kind enough to say that he was a great admirer of pretty faces and black eyes. The Bishop of Cracow is this child's uncle; he was anxious to have the charge of him, but his mother was not willing to part with him.

Of all the persons whom I saw, I was the most pleased with Madame Moezynska, the widow of the grand-treasurer of the crown. She received me most affectionately, and I feel a strong attraction toward her. She expressed much admiration for me; but indeed, I received commendation everywhere, and everywhere did I hear that I was beautiful. Perhaps I owe a great part of these praises to my costume; I was so well dressed! . . . much better than at Barbara's wedding! I wore a white silk dress with gauze flounces, and my hair was dressed with pearls.

If I had seen the Duke of Courland, I should have been perfectly satisfied; but I met him in none of the houses to which I went. They say he is so happy to be once more with his family that he devotes all his time to them. This feeling seems very natural to me, for when I was at boarding school, I was very melancholy whenever I thought of my parents, and I felt an imperative desire to see them, surpassing anything I had before experienced.

The carnival will soon begin; every one says it will be very brilliant, and that there will be many balls; it is impossible that I should not somewhere meet the Duke of Courland.

Wednesday, January 1st, 1766.

All my desires have been gratified, and far beyond my hopes; I have seen the prince royal! I have seen and spoken to him! . . . I must indeed be dreaming; my mind is filled with the most lively impressions, strange and wild fancies surge through my brain, and I feel at once exalted and depressed, transported with joy and

tremulous through fear. I would not dare to confide to any one that which I am about to write; it is all perhaps only illusion, deception, error. . . .

But yet, I have always hitherto judged correctly of the effect which I produced; I instinctively divined the degree in which I pleased; I have never been deceived; can I be mistaken now? . . . And indeed, why should not a prince find me beautiful, when all other men tell me that I am so? But there was more than admiration in the prince royal's eyes, which have a peculiarly penetrating expression; his look was more kind than ordinary glances, and said more than any words. Perhaps all princes may be thus!

But that I may remember during my whole life, or rather that I may one day read all this again, I will now write down a detailed account of last evening and of the few hours immediately preceding.

Yesterday morning the Princess Lubomiraka sent for me and said, 'To-day is the last of the year, and there will be to-night a grand festival, a masked ball; all the nobility will be there, and even the king and his sons; at least, I think so. I have selected a dress for you; you will go as a virgin of the sun.'

I was so charmed with the choice of this costume, that I kissed the hand of the princess.

After dinner all the maids came to assist at my toilet, and most assuredly it was no ordinary toilet. My hair was not powdered and I wore no hoop, whence the prince said to me, quite gravely, 'This costume is not at all in accordance with received notions and fashions; any other woman would certainly be lost where she to wear it; but I am sure you will supply by the severity of your deportment and the propriety of your manners whatever may be lacking in dignity, or too light, in your dress.'

I did not forget his advice: notwithstanding my vivacity, I can assume

upon occasion a very majestic air; and indeed, I overheard some one saying at the ball, 'Who is that queen in disguise?'

Ah! I know that I was more beautiful than I usually am. My hair, without powder and black as ebony, fell in curls over my forehead, my neck, and my shoulders; my dress was made of white gauze, and had not that long train which hides the feet and impedes the emotions. I wore a zone of gold and precious stones round my waist, and was entirely enveloped in a transparent white veil; I seemed to be in a cloud. When I looked in my mirror, I could scarcely recognise myself.

The ball room, brilliantly lighted, and glittering with gold and the most gorgeous costumes, presented a dazzling spectacle; the women, nearly all robed in fancy dresses, were charming; I did not know to which one I should give the preference.

A few moments after our arrival, we learned that the Duke of Courland was in the hall; my eyes sought and found him, surrounded by a brilliant group of young men. His dress differed but little from that of the lords of his court; but I could distinguish him among them all. His figure is tall and dignified, his air noble and affable; his beautiful blue eyes and his charming smile eclipse all that approach him; where he is, no one can see anything but himself.

I looked at him until our eyes met; then I avoided his gaze, but found it always fixed upon me. But what was my confusion when I understood that he was asking the Prince Palatine Lubomirski who I was! His face lighted up with joy when he heard the answer; he made no delay in approaching the Princess Lubomiraka, and saluted her with a grace peculiar to himself. After the exchange of the preliminary compliments, the princess introduced me as her niece. I do not know what kind of a courtesy I made, doubtless quite different from that which I had learned

from my dancing master ; I was so agitated, and still am so much so, that I cannot remember the words used by the prince as he saluted me ; but the impression is not fugitive like the words.

What an evening ! The prince opened the ball with the princess palatine, and danced the second polonaise with me ; he had then time to speak to me ; and I, at first so timid, embarrassed, and agitated, found myself replying to him with inconceivable assurance. He questioned me about my parents, my sister the starostine, and all the details of her marriage. I was surprised to find him so well acquainted with my family affairs ; but then I remembered that Kochanowski, son of the castellan, is his favorite. What a good, forgiving soul that Kochanowski must have ; not only has he digested the goose dressed with the black sauce, but he has said so many kind things of us all !

The prince danced with me nearly the whole evening, and talked all the time. . . . The words would seem insignificant and absurd, were I to write them down ; but with him, tone, manner, expression, all speak and say more than words, and yet his very words signify more, depict better, and penetrate more deeply than those of others. I keep them in my memory, and fear to weaken their impression should I write them.

When, at midnight, the cannon were fired to announce the end of one year and the beginning of another, the prince said to me, ' Ah ! never can I forget the hours I have just passed ; this is not a new year which I am beginning, but a new life which I am receiving.'

This is but one of the many things he said to me ; but as he always spoke French, I should find great difficulty, in my present agitated state of mind, in translating his conversation into Polish.

All that I have read in *Mademoiselle Scudery*, or in *Madame de Lafayette*, is flat, compared with what the prince himself said to me ; but perhaps this may all be nothing more than simple politeness. Ah ! merciful Heaven, if it should be indeed an illusion, a mere court flattery, applicable to all women, or, perhaps, a series of empty compliments, due solely to my dress, which became me wonderfully well ! I am a prey to the most inconceivable perplexities, and dare confide in no one ; I should not venture to say to any one : ' Has he a real preference for me ?'

My parents are far away, and the princess does not invite my confidence ; I fear her as a cold, severe, and uninterested judge. . . . The prince palatine is very kind, but can one expose to a man all the weakness of a woman's heart ! . . . I am then abandoned to myself, without a standard of judgment, without experience or advice. . . . Yesterday, I was at school, studying as a child, and now I am thrown into a world entirely new, and in which I am playing a part envied by all my sex. . . . I surely dream, or I have lost my reason.

In ten days Barbara will be here, and she must be my good angel ; she will guide and protect me : she is so wise, and has so much judgment ! I will be so glad to lay my soul bare before her ; I have no fear of her, she is so compassionate ; she is beautiful and happy, and I have always remarked that such women are the best.

I have not seen my dear sister for nine months ; but I see from her letters that she is every day more and more loved by her husband, and satisfied with her destiny.

Shall I again see the prince royal ? Will he recognize me in my ordinary dress, and will he still think me beautiful ? . . .

MAIDEN'S DREAMING.

FAST the sunset light is fading,
Nearer comes the lonely night,
On a maid intently dreaming
Dimly falls the evening light.

Far into the future gazing,
Heeds she not the waning light ;
By the fireside softly dreaming,
Heeds she not the minutes' flight.

Heeds she not the firelight flickering
Bright upon her dark brown hair,
Tresses where the gold still lingers—
Loth to quit a home so fair.

On her lap a book is lying,
Clasped her hands upon her knee ;
Dreaming of the distant future—
Wonders what her fate will be.

Dreams of knights of manly bearing,
Nodding plumes and shining casques,
Wearing all her favorite colors,
Quick to do whate'er she asks.

Dreams of castles old and stately,
Vaulted halls all life and light,
Courtly nobles stepping through them,
Smiling dames with jewels bright.

Round her own brow, in her dreaming,
She a coronet has bound ;
Round her waist, so lithe and slender,
Venus' girdle she has wound.

Charms the knights of manly bearing,
Courtly nobles seek her grace,
Maidens free from envious passions
Love her kind and smiling face.

Now her dreams are growing fainter,
And her eyelids heavy grow ;
Dull the waning firelight flickers
On her brow as white as snow.

Lower droop the heavy eyelids—
Weary eyes they cover quite—
And the dreamy girl is sleeping
Softly in the red firelight.

THIRTY DAYS WITH THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

THE 71st Regiment N. Y. S. N. G. left New York to aid in repelling the invasion of Pennsylvania on the 17th of June. On the 19th, having meantime determined to 'go to the wars,' Dick and I presented ourselves at the armory, inquiring whether we could follow and join the regiment, and were told briefly to report there at one o'clock on Monday next, and go on with a squad.

So at one o'clock on Monday we stood ready in the armory, duly clothed in blue and buttons; but long after the appointed hour we waited without moving, I taking the chance to practise in putting on my knapsack and accoutrements, whose various straps and buckles seemed at first as intricate as a ship's rigging, and benefiting by the kindly hints of regular members who sent substitutes this trip.

At length came the word, 'Fall in,' and the squad formed, about a hundred. A few minutes' drill ensued, sufficing to show me that I needed considerably more, and then out—down Broadway to Cortlandt street—aboard the ferry boat—into the cars, and about half past seven actually off, amid the cheers and wavings of the bystanders, men, women, and children.

'Gone for a soger!' Should I ever come back? Perhaps I should wish myself home again soon enough. However, that couldn't be now, so good-by everything and everybody, and into it, head and heels.

I went, among other reasons, chiefly to see *what it was like*, and I will record my experience;—for though, since the war began, tales and sketches of military life have been written and read without number, and we have all become sufficiently learned in warlike matters to see how ignorant of, and unprepared for war the nation was at the outbreak of the rebellion; yet, all I

saw and learned was new to me, and may prove interesting to some others.

Tuesday morning by daylight we were in Harrisburg, and marched from the cars to the Capitol grounds through the just awaking town, escorted by one policeman armed with a musket. There a wash at a hydrant refreshed me—then to breakfast in a temporary shed-like erection near the depot.

An army breakfast! Huge lumps of bread and salt junk, and coffee. To this I knew it must come; but just then, after spending the night in the cars, the most I could do was to swallow some coffee, scorning however to join those who dispersed through the town for a civilized breakfast—wherein I intended to be soldierly, though before long I learned that your old soldier is the very man who goes upon the plan of snatching comfort whenever he can.

But the regiment was at Chambersburg; so for Chambersburg we took the cars, a distance, I believe, of about fifty miles.

Chambersburg, however, we were not destined to reach. Along the route we met all sorts of rumors: 71st cut up; six men in the 8th killed; fighting still going on a little in front, &c., &c.;—a prospect of immediate work. So in ignorance and doubt we came to Carlisle. Here we were greeted by part of the 71st, and the truth proved to be that the 8th and 71st had retreated to this place the night before. 'Not, not the six hundred,' however, for the left wing of our regiment had somehow been left behind, and nothing was certainly known of it. At all events, we were to go no farther, and out of the cars we came. Old members exchanged greetings, and recruits made acquaintances.

But what were we going to do? I could not learn. We waited, having

stacked arms, some sleeping beneath the trees in the College grounds, until the lieutenant-colonel appeared upon the scene. Then we marched, back and forth; toward the cars—'going back to Harrisburg'; past the cars—'no, not to Harrisburg'—through the main street, and turned away from the town, still unconscious of officers' intentions. We privates never know anything of plans or objects. We never know where we are going till we get there, nor what we are to do till we do it, and then we don't know what we are going to do next. I soon got used to this; and although conjectures and prophecies fly through the ranks, of all kinds, from shrewd to ridiculous, I very early learned it was sheer bother of one's brains attempting to discover anything, and ceased to ask questions or form theories—getting up when I heard 'Company I, fall in,' without seeking to know whether it was for march, drill, picket duty, or what not. Company officers seldom know more about the matter than their men, and I speedily came to content myself with trying to extract from past work and present position some general notion of the 'strategy' of our movements. Nor is this ignorance wholly unblissful, as leaving always room for hope that the march is to be short or the coming work pleasant. Well, in the present case, just out of the town we halted in the Fair grounds; an ample field, a high tight fence around it, a large shed in the centre. We all stacked arms—most went to sleep. I always took sleep when I could, because, in a regiment constantly on the move as ours was, if you don't want it now, you will before long.

By and by, in came the left wing, weary but safe, and were greeted with three tremendous cheers. I hastened to find Company I. The first lieutenant had come on with us—the captain I had not yet seen. To him I was now introduced.

Very soon the Fair ground was a

camp; we on one side—the 8th N. Y., Colonel Varian, opposite. Tents were up, fires blazing, and cooking and eating going on. As I had not started with the regiment, I had no tent, and none could be had here, so my camping consisted of piling my traps in a heap. But I needed none, and indeed, throughout the whole time was under one but twice. Tents are all very well, when you are quietly encamped for any length of time; but when, as with us, you are on the move continually, I consider them a humbug and nuisance. You must carry half a one all day, and at night join it with your comrade's half. The common shelter tent, which is the only one that can be so carried, is a poor protection against heavy rain, for the water can beat in at the sides and form pools beneath you; against midday sun you can guard with a blanket and two muskets, and at any other time you need no shelter.

That night I went on guard. Two hours you watch, four for sleep, and then two hours you watch again. All quiet, save that two or three prisoners are brought in from the front to be deposited in limbo, and gazed at in the morning by recruits who have never seen a live rebel.

The most surprising thing I learned in these first days, was that everything one has will certainly be stolen by his own regiment, even by his own company, if he does not watch it carefully. This practice is styled '*winning*.' It is simple, naked stealing, in no wise to be excused or palliated, and utterly disgraceful. It imposes, moreover, the grievous nuisance of remaining to guard your property when you would be loafing about, or of carrying everything—no light load—with you, wherever you go. Of course, all colonels should prevent this, and one of any force and energy could easily do so; but Colonel — is not of that kind. An excellent company officer, as I judge, he has not the activity and nerve required in the commander of a regiment, and many a wish

did I hear expressed in those thirty days that his predecessor, Colonel Martin, were still in command. Confidence in his bravery before the enemy, was universal; but many things necessary to the decorum, discipline, health, &c., of the regiment devolve duties finally upon the colonel, for whose discharge other qualities than bravery are needed.

The next afternoon, the 24th, our laziness is disturbed by orders to take three days' rations; our knapsacks are to be sent to Harrisburg; we are to pack up everything, to be ready to move. Nobody knows, of course, what it means; but a decided conviction prevails that 'something heavy is up.' Presently a hollow square is 'up,' formed of the 8th and ourselves, field officers in the centre. Colonel Varian advances. Unquestionably a speech. Perhaps a few Napoleonic words on the eve of battle. No; Colonel Varian wishes to explain that it was nobody's fault that our left wing was deserted at Chambersburg, in order to prevent ill feeling between the regiments. He does so, and appeals to our lieutenant-colonel. Our lieutenant-colonel verifies and indorses. Perfectly satisfactory; in evidence of which the two commands exchange cheers.

Henceforth we and the 8th are fast friends. We have other friends also—Captain Miller's battery, of Pennsylvania, has been in front with us, and though out for 'the emergency,' declares it will stay as long as the 71st. So we all fraternize, hailing any member as '8th,' '71st,' or 'Battery,' and cheer when we pass each other. The 8th are good cheerers, and though we outnumbered them, I think they outdid us in three times three and a 'tiger,' the inevitable refrain. The 'tiger' (sounding tige-a-h-h) is the test of a cheer. If the cheer be a spontaneous burst of hearty good feeling, the tiger concentrates its energy, and is full and prolonged—if it be only the cheer courteous or the cheer civil, the tiger will fall off and die prematurely.

Just at dark we left camp, passed rapidly through the town, along the turnpike about two miles, and halted in a cornfield beside the road, where we formed line of battle. We received orders to 'load at will,' and fire low. The 8th were on the opposite side of the road, and their battery somewhere near us. After some time, nobody appearing, permission was given to thrust our muskets by the bayonets in the ground; and soon after, one by one, the men dropped off asleep. The evening had been extremely sensational. The sudden departure, the rapid march, whither and for what we knew not, yet full of momentary expectation; the orders and preparations indicating the imminence of grim, perhaps ghastly work, in the night hours; the line of men, stretching beyond sight in the darkness, far from home, and, it might be, near to death, sleeping yet waiting:—the total was singularly impressive.

Nevertheless, I too was soon asleep, and slept undisturbed till morning. Then, rebels or no rebels, we must have breakfast. There was none to be had in the regiment; but the farmhouses supplied us, and an ancient dame intermitted packing her goods for flight, to cook the pork which made part of my three days' rations. Then I stretched myself beneath the shade of a roadside house within sound of orders, and having nothing else on hand, went to sleep again.

I was now broken in. Camp rations I could eat; camp coffee, though always *sans* milk and often *sans* sugar, I deemed good; a wash was a luxury, not a necessity; and I could sleep anywhere.

When I was aroused, I found a barricade thrown up across the road, and a force of contrabands digging a trench across the field. A cavalry picket reported the enemy within half a mile, advancing. The citizens came out from Carlisle to aid us, and we went in line into the trenches. Two men were detailed from each company to carry off the wounded; the red hospital

flag fluttered upon a house behind us, and the colonel, passing in front, told us they were very near, and exhorted us not to let them pass. But the day wore on to evening, and no rebels appeared, and at dark we moved again. Starting in a heavy rain, we marched nine miles to the borders of a town known as New Kingston. Here we halted while quarters were hunted up. Every man, tired with the rapid walking through rain and mud, squatted at once in the road, no matter where, and then along the whole column singing began. A soldier will sing under all circumstances, comfortable or uncomfortable.

At length we moved into the town and took possession of a church, distributing ourselves in aisles, pews, and pulpit. What little remained of the night, we were glad to have in quiet. It had been questionable whether we could reach Kingston, for on the march it was rumored that we were flanked; and a man, emerging from the shade as we passed, had asked a question of the chaplain, and, receiving no answer, had retreated a few yards, and fired his piece in the air, which looked very like a signal. The next morning, the 26th, we went into camp in woods just in front of the town, while the general and the surgeon established headquarters in the town.

Here we repeated substantially the programme of the day before, except that continuous rain was substituted for the baking sun, and proved far more endurable.

On the afternoon of the 27th we marched some seven or eight miles, and encamped at night in Oyster Point, about two miles from Harrisburg.

Sunday! the 28th of June. My first Sunday with the regiment. No rumors of the enemy reach us, and to us privates the prospect is of a quiet day. The boys gather round the chaplain for divine service. And as for a few minutes we renew our connection with civilization, and, amid stacked arms, tents, camp fires, and the paraphernalia

of war, sing psalms and hymns, and listen to the chaplain's prayer, I decide that this surpasses all luxury possible in camp. I shall never forget that 'church.'

But no Sunday in camp. Hardly were the services concluded, when we went forward a little to an orchard, and then line of battle again. This performance of 'laying for a fight' which never came, had by this time grown tame, in fact intolerably stupid, and I for one was growing tired of sitting in silence, when boom! crash! a cannon shot in front of us, the smoke visible too, curling above the woods, and showing how near it had been fired. A smothered 'Ah!' and 'Now you've got it, boys,' went through the ranks. It was no humbug this time. The rebels were shelling the woods as they advanced.

But it appeared we were not to receive them at that spot, for suddenly we were ordered off again, and marched across lots, to the destruction of many a bushel of wheat, clear into the intrenchments in front of Harrisburg. There for the remainder of the day we waited in line. Other regiments, we knew not what, were near us in different positions. The signal flags were waving, and officers galloping by constantly, of whom the quartermaster was hailed with shouts of 'Grub, grub.'

That night my company and two others went out on picket, taking position near our camp of the day before. In the morning we advanced a little to a lane—a cobbler's stall was converted into headquarters, and the half of the company not on duty went foraging for dinner. Pigs and chickens were captured, and cooking began in the kitchen of a deserted house close by. Apple butter, too, the prevalent institution in Pennsylvania, was found in plenty. So the two halves of the company relieved each other in standing guard and picketing. Meantime, however, the rebels, from the woods just in front, were paying their respects with two-inch shell,

which shrieked and crashed through the branches, bursting over us, around us, and many of them altogether too near to be pleasant. Moreover, by one of those blunders which cannot always be avoided, some of our own men, mistaking us, opened fire on our rear; but to this a stop was speedily put by a flag of truce, improvised from a ramrod and a white handkerchief. We were allowed to fire only three or four volleys in return. This skirmishing tries courage, I believe, more than a pitched battle. To lie on the ground for hours, two or three miles in front of your main body, ten feet from the nearest man, and be fired at without firing yourself or making any noise, is a different thing from standing in your place amid the throng and all the noise, excitement, and enthusiasm of a battle, earnestly occupied in firing as fast as you can. In a battle all the circumstances combine to produce high excitement and drive fear out of a man, leaving room only for that kind of courage properly called fearlessness or *intrepidity*, belonging to men like Governor Pickens, 'born insensible to fear.' But the highest grade of courage is that which, despite of fear, stands firm. That is the courage of principle, of *morale*, as opposed to purely physical courage. It is the last degree—at the next step we rise into heroism.

In the afternoon we were relieved by a Pennsylvania company, and as we retired in full sight of the rebels, the rascals yelled at us, and gave us several volleys, from which it is wonderful that every man escaped.

That evening we moved to the extreme rear, into Fort Washington, on the bank of the river in front of Harrisburg. Here it was said our advance work was over, and we were promised comfortable quarters and rest.

Any one nowadays can see a camp, but only one who has seen it can understand how picturesque it is. The night scene at Harrisburg was beautiful in the extreme. Behind us slept the city

—we guarded it in front, and the river rolled between. The moonlight, illuminating a most exquisite scenery, between the foliage gave glimpses of that placid stream, and shone upon the tents and bayonets of some six thousand men within the formidable works; the expiring fires sent up wreaths of smoke; grim guns looked over the ramparts down the gentle slope in front and up the beautiful Cumberland Valley; and only the occasional call of the sentry for the corporal of the guard broke the serene stillness.

Here were our friends of the 8th, and here we regained our knapsacks. Many of them had been 'gone through,' and everything 'worn.' The 56th and 29d New York, the 28d and 18th Brooklyn, besides others, were encamped inside.

Here we were sworn into the United States service for thirty days from the 17th June.

On Wednesday, July 1st, all our prospect of camp life, with its regularity of drill, inspection, and, above all, of rations, was dashed by orders to move in the morning to Carlisle. General Knipe, riding through camp, was asked where he was going to take us. 'Right into the face of the enemy,' said he. 'Hi, hi!' shouted the men.

So away we went again. I was detailed to guard baggage, and remained, loading wagons, &c., subject to the quartermaster, and went on in the cars to Carlisle, where, on the evening of the 8d, I joined the regiment when it came in.

Since we left Carlisle the rebels had been there and burned the barracks. They had shelled the town the night before, and the 87th had had a sharp skirmish with them.

On the morning of the 4th July we started about ten thousand strong—a movement in force. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought, the danger to Harrisburg was past, and, without knowing exactly where we were bound, it was plain that we were to coöperate

with Meade. That day we made a long march. Our knapsacks were left behind. The first six miles were well enough. We move on slowly, the sun overclouded, the road good, and marching, as always is allowed on a long march (save when we pass through a town), without order or file. The men talk, laugh, and sing, get water and tobacco from the roadside dwellers, and chaff them with all sorts of absurd questions. The first six miles are pleasant. At the foot of the South Mountains we rest. This is Papertown. Papertown, as far as visible, consists of one house. From the piazza of said house, an 8th makes a speech: I am not near enough to hear, but suppose it funny, for colonels and all laugh. Some go to eating, some to sleep, some take the chance, as is wise, to wash their feet at the stream below, the best preventive of blisters.

In an hour it begins to rain, and we start to go through the Gap, along which we meet squads of prisoners and deserters from Lee's army. Eleven miles through that rain. I have never seen such rain before; it is credited to the cannonading which for days past has been going on all around. Trudge, trudge; in fifteen minutes soaked through, in half an hour walking in six inches of water, in two hours walking in six inches of mud. Then throw away blankets and overcoats—men fall behind done up—men can go no farther for sore feet.

At Pine Grove, that night, Company I, out of seventy men, musters thirty at roll call. The different regiments scatter over half a mile of ground. Every fence about is converted into fuel. The cattle and hogs in the fields are levied upon—shot, dressed, cooked, and eaten. There is nothing else to be had, and the wagons cannot follow us for some time over such roads. So officers shut their eyes. It rains still, but we can be no wetter than we are, so we lie down and take it. This is our glorious Fourth!

In the morning—Sunday morning again—there is nothing to eat. In the town, which comprises half a dozen houses and an old foundery, the answer is, 'The rebels has eat us all out.' A few secure loaves of bread, paying as high as a dollar; another few boil what coffee they had carried with them and contrived to save from the rain. The rest have nothing. Henceforth the order of the day is march and starve; and the story is only of ceaseless fatigue, hunger, and rain. Thus far we have stood stiff and taken it cheerfully. There was growling before we got through.

Off again over the mountains.

If I have enough to eat, I can stand anything—if not, I break down. In two miles I 'caved in.' The captain thought the regiment would return shortly. So I staid behind. On Monday afternoon, however, they had not come back, and I started after them. I got a meal and passed the night in a house on the mountain, and, after some sixteen miles' walking, caught them on the broad turnpike the next day, and marched some seven miles farther, to Funkstown, Pennsylvania.

Here an episode. As we started the next morning (in the rain, of course), I was sent to the rear to report to a sergeant. The sergeant, with nine besides me, reported to the brigade quartermaster. The quartermaster distributed the ten, with an equal number of the 28d, through ten army wagons, to drive and guard. We went through Chambersburg to Shippensburg, where we loaded with provisions. Here I heard abundance of the doings of the rebels, who loaded seven hundred wagons at this place. I bought Confederate money and got meals at a hotel—at my own expense.

On Friday evening, the 10th, we rejoined the column at Waynesboro', a welcome arrival, for grub was terribly scarce. Here was the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac, under General Neal—'Bucky Neal,' a 'Potomaker'

called him. For a time we belonged to it, and adorned our caps with the badge of the corps, cut out of cracker.

On Saturday evening we crossed the line into Maryland, fording the Antietam creek, the bridge over which the rebels had burned; and Sunday we footed it back and forth over roads and across lots, bringing up at Cavetown.

'Earthquakes, as usual,' wrote Lady Sale, in her 'Diary.' 'Rain, as usual,' wrote we. And such rain! They do a heavy business in rain in that region, and in thunder and lightning, too. I have heard Western thunder storms described, but I doubt if they surpass such as are common beneath these mountains. Four poor fellows of the 56th, who were sitting beneath a tree, were struck by lightning—one of them killed.

On Monday we camped at Boonsboro', and on Tuesday beside a part of Meade's army. When I saw all the wagons here, and what an immense job it is to move any considerable force, with all the delays that may come from broken wheels, lame horses, and bad roads, I could not but smile at the military critics at home, who show you how general this should have made a rapid movement so; or general that hurled a force upon that point, &c.

Here, near Boonsboro', on Tuesday night, the 14th, news of the riot in New York reached us. The near approach of the expiration of our time had already made much talk of home, and now anxiety was doubled. Rumors flew through camp, and all ears and mouths were open, and before we settled for the night it came. Orderlies carried directions through the ranks to have all ready and clean up pieces to go home.

In the morning our Battery friends came up to say good-by. Seventy-first buttons were exchanged for their crossed-cannon badges, songs sung and cheers given *ad lib*.

Soon we all started, bound, we knew, for the cars at Frederick City.

The last march! It was very warm, and the road across the mountains often steep, but there was little straggling.

Most incidents of soldier life grow tame, but to the last the spectacle of the column on march retained its impressiveness for me.

We passed through Frederick just at dusk—ejaculating tenderly 'Ah! ah!' as fair damsels waved handkerchiefs at us—and went out to the junction. The cars were ready. We had done the last march. Twenty-five miles that day! And I had gone through this month of walking without foot trouble, for which I am indebted to my 'pontoon,' i. e., Government shoes. Take them large enough, and they are the only things to walk in.

Marching is the hardest thing I met with. I have always been a regular and good walker. But ordinary walking is no preparation for marching. The weight of musket and accoutrements, the dust (rain and mud in our case), the inability to see before you, and the necessity of keeping up in place, are all wearing and nervously exhausting.

We did not get off at once. Red tape delayed us, and we growled savagely. But we had plenty to eat, and a river beside us. So, bathing and eating, we passed Thursday in sight of the train. At length red tape was untied, and Thursday night the 8th and 71st set off, in cattle cars. This time the advance was a privilege. In Baltimore we were beset by women trying to sell cakes, and boys trying to beg cartridges. Along the road we ate, smoked, and slept. In Philadelphia we had 'supper' in the 'United States Volunteers' Refreshment Saloon.' I remember a bright girl there, who got me a second cup of coffee.

And so, Saturday morning, the 18th, we took the boat at Amboy, within two hours of home! But there was less hilarity than usual on the return of a regiment. Our news from the city was not the latest, and our grimmest

work might be to come—and in New York! Woe to any show of a mob we had met! The indignation was deep and intense.

But in two minutes after we landed on the Battery, papers were circulated through the ranks, and we knew all was quiet.

So up Broadway. We were too early in the street to gather much of a crowd. Those who were out hailed us heartily, and at the corner of Grand street or thereabouts an ardent individual from a fourth-story window, plying two boards cymbal-wise (*clap-boards*, say), initiated a respectable noise. And so round the corner and into the armory at Centre Market. The campaign was over, and a few days after we were paid off and mustered out.

As I said, I went to see what it was like, and I saw. It is a strange life, but a wholesome one, if you get a tolerable sufficiency to eat, and not too heavy a dose of marching. So severe a time as we had is terribly *physical*, and benumbs the brain somewhat. The campaign was short, but the utmost was crowded into those thirty days.

The first portion was advance work, always arduous. General Knipe's work was to check the rebel advance. He did so by going to the front and meeting them, and then retreating slowly before them, making a stand and demonstration of fight, at which their advance would fall back on the main body, at whose approach he would up stakes, run a few miles, and make another show. Thus he gained ten days' time, which enabled General Couch, in command of the department, to fortify, and collect and organize troops, and probably saved Harrisburg. And for the manner in which he did it, without, too, the loss of a man, he deserves credit.

On the whole, did I like it? Well, I am glad I have been. But the exact answer to that question is a sentence of Winthrop's, in his paper 'Washington as a Camp': 'It is monotonous, it is not monotonous, it is laborious, it is lazy, it is a bore, it is a lark, it is half war, half peace, and totally attractive, and not to be dispensed with from one's experience in the nineteenth century.'

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER VI.—TRUTH AND LOVE.

The Divine Attributes, the base of all true Art.

ART must be based upon a study of Nature, upon a clear and comprehensive knowledge of natural laws. No man was ever yet a *great* poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher, for Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, and human emotions. The poet must have the ability to observe things as they really are, in order to depict them with

accuracy, unchanged by any passion in the mind of the describer, whether the things to be depicted are actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory.

Nature may be regarded either as the home of man, and consequently associated with all the phases of his existence; or as an assemblage of symbols, manifesting the thoughts of the Creator. In accordance with the first

view, the poet may give it its place in the different scenes of human life, animated with our passions, sympathizing with us, and expressing our feelings; in the second, he must try to interpret this divine language, to seize the idea gleaming through the veil of the material envelope, for there is an established harmony between material nature and intellectual. Every thought has its reflection in a visible object which repeats it like an echo, reflects it like a mirror, rendering it sensible first to the senses by the visible image, then to the thought by the thought.

Genius is the instinct of discovering some more of the words in this divine language of universal analogies, the key of which God alone possesses, but some portions of whose stores he sometimes deigns to unclothe for man. Therefore in earlier times the Prophet, an inspired poet; and the poet, an un-inspired prophet—were both considered holy. They are now looked upon as insane or useless; and indeed, this is but a logical consequence of the so-called *utilitarian* views. If only the material and palpable part of nature which may be calculated, percented, turned into gold, or made to minister to sensual pleasures, is to be regarded with interest; if the lessons of the harvest, with its 'good seed and tares,' and the angels, its reapers; the teachings of the sparrow and the Divine Love which watched over them; the grass and the lilies of the field clothed in splendor by their Creator, are to awaken neither hope nor fear—then men are right in despising those who preserve a deep reverence for moral beauty; the idea of God in his creation; and respect the language of images, the mysterious relations between the visible and invisible worlds. Is it asked what does this language prove? The answer is, God and Immortality! Alas! they are worth nothing on 'Change!

Yet let him who would study his own happiness and well-being, fol-

low the advice given in the Good Book:

'Look upon the rainbow, and bless Him that made it, *for it is very beautiful.*

'It encompasseth the heavens about with the circle of its glory; the hands of the Most High have displayed it.'

As creation is symbolic, and the province of the poet is humbly to imitate the works of the Great Artist, we must expect to find him also make use of symbolic language, imagery.

Metaphor (*μεταφορά*) is the application of a physical fact to the moral order; the association of an external material fact to one internal and intellectual. As this association is not reflective, but spontaneous, and is found pervading the infancy of languages; as it is intuitively and generally understood; it must take place in accordance with a mental law which establishes natural relations of analogy between the moral world and the physical. To become perceptible, thought must be imaged, reflected upon a sensuous form; the definition by an image is generally the most clear and complete. We may have clear enough ideas of some invisible truth in our own minds, but if we would convey our conception to another, we cannot give it to him by a pure idea, for then we would still be in the internal world of intellect; we must go out from this internal world, we must seek a sign in the physical world that he can see and contemplate; we select some phenomenon which can be easily observed, and in accordance with the law of analogy of which we have just spoken, we associate our thought with it, and in this manner we can clearly communicate the thought we have conceived.

Almost all the ideas we have of the moral world are expressed through metaphors: thus we say the *movements* or *emotions* of the soul; the *clearness* or *coloring* of a style; the *heat* or *warmth* of a discourse; the *hardness* or *softness* of the heart, &c., &c. Language *expresses* the invisible thought of the

soul; in accordance with the etymology of the word (*exprimere*) it *presses* them from the soul, from the realm of internal thought, to transport them to the visible sphere. But the etymology itself is nothing but a metaphor, for the immaterial facts of the soul always remain in their own region inaccessible to the senses, and the instinctive facts of the organism always remain in the visible world, so that there can be no actual passage from one to the other, for an immaterial fact cannot be changed into a material one:—association, simultaneousness, correlation may obtain between them, but nothing more.

Saint Thomas Aquinas asserts 'that in our present state of degradation the intellect comprehends nothing without an image.' Language is in reality the association of material facts to facts of the will, heart, and intellect. Apparently insufficient to give a full idea of material things alone, it would seem almost impossible that it should ever be able to express the facts of the invisible world; but the human spirit, in accordance with the mental law impressed upon it by the Hand Divine, seizes the analogies of the *moral* phenomena with the phenomena of *nature*, and, seeing physical facts used as symbols by the Creator to convey ethical, also instinctively uses them to express the facts of the moral world; and thus is born the *human Word* which, invisibly ploughing the waves of the unseen air, can convey the most subtle thought, the most evanescent shade of feeling, the wildest, darkest, and deepest emotion. Language is man's expression of the finite, with its infinite meanings modified by the extent of his intelligence and his power of expression. It is truly a universal possession, but every man gifts it with his own individualities, his own idiosyncrasies. The style, one might almost say, is the man.

Thus the imagery of language finds its base in the very essence of our

being. The poet is one gifted to seize upon these hidden analogies, to read these mystic symbols, and, through the force of his own imagination, to reveal them to his brethren in truth and love.

The imagination has two distinct functions. It combines, and by combination creates new forms; it penetrates, analyzes, and realizes truths *discoverable by no other faculty*.

An imagination of high power of combination seizes and associates at the *same moment* all the important ideas of its work or poem, so that while it is working with any one of them, it is at the same instant working with and modifying them all in their several relations to it. It never once loses sight of their bearings upon each other—as the volition moves through every part of the body of a snake at the same moment, uncoiling some of its involute rings at the very instant it is coiling others. This faculty is inconceivable, admirable, almost divine; yet no less an operation is necessary for the production of any great work, for by the definition of unity of membership above given, not only certain couples or groups of parts, but *all* the parts of a noble work must be separately imperfect; each must imply and ask for all the rest; the glory of every one of them must consist in its relation to the rest; neither while so much as *one* is wanting can *any* be right. This faculty is indeed something that looks as if its possessor were made in the Divine image!

'The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.'

EMERSON.

By the power of the combining imagination various ideas are chosen from an infinite mass, ideas which are separately imperfect, but which shall together be perfect, and of whose unity therefore the idea must be formed at

the very moment they are seized, as it is only in that unity that their appropriateness consists, and therefore only the conception of that unity can prompt the preference. Therefore he alone can conceive and compose who sees the *whole* at once before him.

Shakspeare is the great example of this marvellous power. Not only is every word which falls from the lips of his various characters true to his first conception of them, so true that we always know how they will act under any given circumstances, and we could substitute no other words than the words used by them without contradicting our first impression of them; but every character with which they come in contact is not only ever true to itself, but is precisely of the nature best fitted to develop the traits, vices, or virtues of the main figure. So perfect and complete is this lifelike unity, that we can scarcely think of one of his leading characters without recalling all those with whom it is associated. If we name Juliet, for instance, not only is her idea inseparable from that of Romeo, but the whole train of Montagues and Capulets, Mercutio, Tybalt, the garrulous nurse, the lean apothecary, the lonely friar, sweep by. What an exquisite trait of the poetic temperament, tenderness, and human sympathies of this same lonely friar is given us in his exclamation:

'Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.'

It also explains to us that it was the good friar's unconscious affection for Juliet, the pure sympathies of a lonely but loving heart, which so imprudently induced him to unite the unfortunate young lovers. The men and women of Shakspeare live and love, and we cannot think of them without at the same time thinking of those with whom they lived and whom they loved. Indeed, when we can wrest any character in a drama from those which surround it, and study it apart, the unity of the *whole* is but apparent, never vital.

Simplicity, harmony, life, power, truth, and love, are all to be found in any high work of the *associative* imagination.

We now proceed to characterize the *penetrative* imagination, 'which analyzes and realizes truths discoverable by no other faculty.' Of this faculty Shakspeare is also master. Ruskin, from whom we continue to quote, says: It never stops at crusts or ashes, or outward images of any kind, but ploughing them all aside, plunges at once into the very central fiery heart; its function and gift are the getting at the root; its nature and dignity depend on its holding things always *by the heart*. Take its hand from off the beating of that, and it will prophesy no longer; it looks not into the eyes, it judges not by the voice, it describes not by outward features; all that it affirms, judges, or describes, it affirms from *within*. There is *no reasoning* in it; it works not by algebra nor by integral calculus; it is a piercing Pholus-like mind's tongue that works and tastes into the very rock-heart; no matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow; whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has laid bare, and that which has no truth, life, nor principle, is dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them genii.

Every great conception of Art is held and treated by this faculty. Every character touched by men like Æschylus, Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare, is by them held by the *heart*; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking, or seeming, is seized by a process from *within*, and is referred to that inner secret spring of which the hold is never lost for a moment; so that every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, opens a way down to the heart, and leads us

to the very centre of life. Hence there is in every word set down by the Imagination an awful undercurrent of meaning—an evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come.

In this it utterly differs from the Fancy, with which it is often confounded.

Fancy sees the outside, and is able to give a portrait of the outside, clear, brilliant, and full of detail. The Imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt; but in the clear seeing of things beneath, is often impatient of detailed interpretation, being sometimes obscure, mysterious, and abrupt. Fancy, as she stays at the externals, never feels. She is one of the hardest hearted of the intellectual faculties; or, rather, one of the most purely and simply intellectual. She cannot be made serious; no edge tools but she will play with; while the Imagination cannot but be serious—she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly, to smile often! There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, at which we shall not be inclined to laugh. Those who have the deepest sympathies are those who pierce deepest, and those who have so pierced and seen the melancholy depths of things, are filled with the most intense passion and gentleness of sympathy. The power of an imagination may almost be tested by its accompanying degree of tenderness; thus there is no tenderness like Dante's, nor any seriousness like his—such seriousness that he is quite incapable of perceiving that which is commonplace or ridiculous.

Imagination, being at the heart of things, poises herself there, and is still, calm, and brooding; but Fancy, remaining on the outside of things, cannot see them all at once, but runs hither and thither, and round about, to see more and more, bounding merrily from point to point, glittering here and there, but necessarily always settling,

if she settle at all, on a *point* only, and never embracing the whole. From these simple points she can strike out analogies and catch resemblances, which are true so far as the point from which she looks is concerned, but would be false, could she see through to the other side. This, however, she does not care to do—the point of contact is enough for her; and even if there be a great gap between two things, she will spring from one to the other like an electric spark, and glitter the most brightly in her leaping. Fancy loves to follow long chains of circumstance from link to link; but the Imagination grasps a link in the middle that implies all the rest, and settles there.

'Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
[Imagination.
The tufted crowtoe and pale jessamine,
[Nugatory.
The white pink and the pansy streaked with
jet,
[Fancy.
The glowing violet,
[Imagination.
The musk rose and the well attired woodbine,
[Fancy, vulgar.
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,
[Imagination.
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
[Mixed.
MILTON.

'Oh, Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frightened thou lett'st
fall
From Dis's wagon. Daffodils
That come before the swallow dare, and take
The winds of March with beauty. Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.'

Here the Imagination goes into the inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of Proserpine's; and, gilding them all with celestial gathering, never stops on their spots or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy streak of jet in the very flower that without

this bit of paper staining would have been the most precious to us of all.

'There is pansies—that's for thoughts.'

Can the tender insight of the Imagination be more fully manifested than in the grief of Constance?

'And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never—
never—

Shall I behold my pretty Arthur more.

* * * * *
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

* * * * *
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure.'

This is the impassioned but simple eloquence of Nature, and Nature's child: Shakspeare.

In these examples the reader will not fail to remark that the Imagination seems to gain much of its power from its love for and sympathy with the objects described. Not only are the objects with which it presents us *truthfully* rendered, but always *lovingly* treated.

With the Greeks, the Graces were also the *Charities* or *Lores*. It is the love for living things and the sympathy felt in them that induce the poet to give life and feeling to the plant, as Shelley to the 'Sensitive Plant;' as Shakspeare, when he speaks to us through the sweet voices of Ophelia and Perdita; as Wordsworth, in his poems to the Daisy, Daffodil, and Celandine; as Burns in his Mountain

Daisy. As a proof of the power of the Imagination, through its *Truth* and *Love*, to invest the lowliest of God's creatures with interest, we offer the reader one of these simple songs of the heart.

TO A MOUSE,

*On turning her up in her nest with the plough,
November, 1785.*

Wee, aleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hastie,

Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icheer in a thrave

'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foppage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coultter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
Nor house nor hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cold!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea's us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art bleat compared with me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear:
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear!

Poor Burns! Seventy years and more have passed since that cold November morning on which he sang this simple and tender song, yet it is as fresh in its rustic pathos, bathed in the quickening dews of the poet's heart, as if it had sprung from the soul but an hour since: and fresh it will still be long after the fragile hand now tracing this tribute to the heart of love from which it flowed shall have been cold in an unknown grave!

Such poems are worth folios of the erudite and stilted pages which are now so rapidly pouring their scoria around us. Men seem ashamed now to be simply natural. Either they have ceased to love, or to believe in the dignity of loving. The great barrier to all real greatness in this present age of ours is the fear of ridicule, and the low and shallow love of jest and jeer, so that if there be in any noble work a flaw or failing, or unclipped vulnerable part where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, pointed at, buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies, and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always perverted and misunderstood. While this spirit lasts, there can be no hope of the achievement of high things, for men will not open the secrets of their hearts to us, if we intend to desecrate the holy, or to broil themselves upon a fire of thorns.

As the poet is full of love for all that God has made, because his imagination enables him to seize it by the heart, he would in this love fain gift the inanimate things of creation with life, that he might find in them that happiness which pertains to the living; hence the constant *personification* of all that is in his pages. He personifies, he individualizes, he gifts creation with life and passion, not willingly considering any creature as subordinate to any purpose quite out of itself, for then some of the pleasure he feels in its beauty is lost, for his sense of its happiness is in that

case destroyed, as its emanation of inherent life is no longer pure. Thus the bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful because it seems happy, though it is, indeed, perfectly useless to us. The same trunk, hewn down and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge—it *has become useful*, it lives no longer *for itself*, and its pleasant beauty is gone, or that which it still retains is purely typical, dependent on its lines and colors, not on its functions. Saw it into planks, and though now fitted to become permanently *useful*, its whole beauty is lost forever, or is to be regained only in part, when decay and ruin shall have withdrawn it again from *use*, and left it to receive from the hand of Nature the velvet moss and varied lichen, which may again suggest ideas of inherent happiness, and tint its mouldering sides with hues of life. For the Imagination, unperverted, is essentially *loving*, and abhors all utility based on the pain or destruction of any creature. It takes delight in such ministering of objects to each other as is consistent with the essence and energy of both, as in the clothing of the rock by the herbage, and the feeding of the herbage by the stream.

We have seen that the soul rejects exaggeration or falsehood in Art, and indeed all high Art, that which men will not suffer to perish, has no food, no delight, no care, no perception, except of truth; it is forever looking under masks and burning up mists; no fairness of form, no majesty of seeming will satisfy it; the first condition of its existence is incapability of being deceived; and though it may dwell upon and substantiate the fictions of fancy, yet its peculiar operation is to trace to their farthest limits the *true laws* and likelihoods even of such fictitious creations.

As to its love, that is not only seen in its wish and struggle to quicken all with the warm throb of happy life,

but is also clearly manifested in the lingering over its creations with clinging fondness, 'hating nothing that it maketh,' pruning, elaborating, and laboring to gift with beauty the works of its patient hands, finishing every line in love, that it too may feel its creations to be 'good.' For Love not only gives wings, but also vital heat and life, to Genius.

Thus we again arrive at the fact that the two Divine attributes of Truth and Love, in their finite form indeed, but still 'images,' are absolutely necessary for the creation of any true work of Art. No work can be great without their manifestation; unless they have brooded with their silvery wings over its progress to perfection; and in exact proportion to their manifestation will be its greatness. On these two attributes in God repose in holy trust the universes He hath made; and that which typifies or suggests His faithfulness and love to the soul created to enjoy Him, must be a source, not only of Beauty, but of Delight.

'For He made all things in wisdom; and Truth is perpetual and immortal.'

'For Thou *lovest* all things that are, and hatest none of the things Thou hast made; for Thou didst not appoint or make anything, hating it.'

We make no attempt to give an enumeration of the attributes on which Beauty is based; we would rather in-

duce the reader to examine his Maker's great Book of Symbols for himself. We hope we have turned his attention to the fact that every Letter in this sacred Language is full of meaning; enough to induce him to investigate the glorious mysteries of the '*Open Secret*.'

Whatever may be the decisions of the men of the senses, or the men of the schools, let him fearlessly condemn any work in which he cannot find wrought into its very heart suggestions or manifestations of the Divine attributes, or an earnest effort on the part of its author, naive and unconscious as it may be, to imitate the Spirit of the Great Artist.

We have placed the Rosetta stone of Art, with its threefold inscriptions in Sculpture, Painting, and Music, with their union or *résumé* in Poetry, before him; we have given him the key to some of its wondrous hieroglyphics; let him study the remaining letters of this mystic alphabet for himself! These inscriptions are indeed trilingual, phonetic, and sacred, yet the simple and loving soul may decipher them without the genius of Champollion; their meaning is written within it. It will readily learn to connect the sign with the thing signified, and under the fleeting forms of rhythmized time and measured space, learn to detect the immutable principles which are to be its glory and joy for eternity!

CURRENCY AND THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

1. *History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions, from 1694 to 1844.* By JOHN FRANCIS. First American Edition. With Notes, Additions, and an Appendix, including Statistics of the Bank to the close of the year 1861. By J. SMITH HOMANS, Author of the 'Cyclopædia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.' New York. 8vo, pp. 476.
2. *Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in relation to the issue of an Additional Amount of United States Treasury Notes.*
3. *Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances of the United States for the Year ending June 30, 1862.*
4. *The Tariff Question considered in regard to the Policy of England and the Interests of the United States. With Statistical and Comparative Tables.* By ERASTUS B. BIGLOW. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 4to, pp. 103 and 242.
5. *The Bankers' Magazine and Statistical Register.* New York, monthly, 1861-2. Edited by J. SMITH HOMANS, jr.

THE Bank of England was created during the urgent necessities of national finance. It was a concession of a valuable privilege to a few rich men, in consideration of their loaning the capital to the treasury. 'The estimates of Government expenditure in the year 1694 were enormous,' says Macaulay, in his fourth volume. King William asked to have the army increased to ninety-four thousand, at an annual expense of about two and a half millions sterling—a small sum compared with what it costs in the year 1862 to maintain an army of equal numbers.

At the period of the charter of the bank, the minds of men were on the rack to conceive new sources of revenue with which to meet the increased expenditures of the nation. The land tax was renewed at four shillings in the pound, and yielded a revenue of two millions. A poll tax was established. Stamp duties, which had prevailed in the time of Charles II had been allowed to expire, but were now

revived, and have ever since been among the most prolific sources of income, yielding to the British Government in the year 1862 no less than £8,400,000 sterling. Hackney coaches were taxed, notwithstanding the outcries of the coachmen and the resistance of their wives, who assembled around Westminster Hall and mobbed the members. A new duty on salt was imposed, and finally resort was had to the lottery, whereby one million sterling was raised. All these resources were not sufficient for the growing wants of the Government, and the plan of the Bank of England was devised to furnish immediate relief to the finances. Montague brought the measure forward in Parliament, and 'he succeeded,' as Macaulay remarks, 'not only in supplying the wants of the state for twelve months, but in creating a great institution, which, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, continues to flourish, and which he lived to see the stronghold, through all vicissitudes, of the Whig party, and the bulwark, in dangerous times, of the Protestant succession.'

The birth of the bank and the birth of the English national debt were both in King William's time. In 1691, when England was at war with France, the national debt unfunded was £3,180,000, at an annual interest of £282,000. In 1697, at the Peace of Ryswick, this debt had swollen to £14,522,000. At the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, it had reached £34,000,000. The war with Spain in 1718 brought it up to forty millions sterling. And here it might have rested, had the advice of Shakespeare been followed:

'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace.'

But England went to war with Spain 'on the right of search.' From 1691 to

this time the debt had increased on an average about a million sterling per year. As early as 1745 the credit of the bank was so identified with that of the state, that during the invasion of the Pretender, whose forces were at Derby, only one hundred and twenty miles from London, the creditors of the bank flocked in crowds to its counter to obtain specie for its notes. The merchants intervened and signed an agreement to make the bank's notes receivable in all business transactions.

The war of the Austrian succession followed in 1742, and at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, 'forever to be maintained,' the English were saddled with a debt of £75,000,000.

'Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.'

It was early in the last century that the abuse of paper money gave a lasting and unfavorable impression against such issues. The scheme of John Law and the South Sea Bubble about the same time broke and scattered their fragments over both England and France. It was in the latter scheme or folly that Pope lost a large portion of his earnings, from which we may infer that his temper was not improved. He wrote, in his Third Epistle, dedicated to Lord Bathurst:

'Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks;
Peeress and butler share alike the box;
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.'

In the same 'Moral Essay' he alludes to paper money in the following lines:

'Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
Preguant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.'

These are among the earliest tirades against paper money; which, like many other good things, is condemned because its power has been abused and prostituted.

England's enormous debt, which should have warned the Georges against further war, was not contracted without severe sacrifices. The legal rate of interest at the opening of the funding system was six per cent. In 1714 it was reduced to five per cent. Loans during the early wars of the eighteenth century were raised on annuities for lives on very high terms, fourteen per cent. being granted for single lives, twelve per cent. for two lives, and ten per cent. for three lives. But so far was England from being awake to the enormous debt she was creating by her expensive wars, that the seventy-five millions existing in 1748 became £132,000,000 at the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763. This volume was enlarged at the end of the American Revolution to £231,000,000. During all this time the bank was the lever with which these enormous sums were raised; but the end was not yet.

The French war with Napoleon became more exhaustive, and within twenty years from the peace with America to the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, the debt went up from £231,000,000 to £537,000,000 sterling. From this period to 1815 the debt accumulated annually, until it reached its maximum, or eight hundred and sixty-one millions sterling.

During these severe changes, reverses, extravagance, and extraordinary governmental expenditure, the bank was considered the prop of national finance. The French Revolution and its consequent war with England led to many heavy outlays by the British Government. In 1795 the bank desired the chancellor of the exchequer to make his arrangements for the year without 'any further assistance' from the bank. This was again urged in

1796, and the bank appealed again to Mr. Pitt.

'The only reply from Mr. Pitt was a request for a further accommodation, on the credit of the consolidated fund, which the court refused to sanction, until they had received satisfaction on the topic of the treasury bills, and requested Mr. Pitt to enter into a full explanation on this subject, which was not even touched upon in his letter. This resolution being communicated, Mr. Pitt wrote to the governor and deputy-governor on the 12th August, that 'they might depend upon measures being immediately taken for the payment of one million, and a further payment, to the amount of one million, being made in September, October, and November, in such proportions as might be found convenient. But, as fresh bills might arrive, he was under the necessity of requesting a latitude to an amount not exceeding one million.' About the same period the court 'desired the governor and deputy-governor would express their earnest desire that some other means might be adopted for the future payment of bills of exchange drawn on the treasury.' (*Vide* 'History Bank of England,' pp. 114, 115.)

The circumstances of the nation and of the bank were known to the capitalists and to the people. Hence various causes of uneasiness and distress. The bank loaned the public treasury seven and a half millions in the years 1794, 1795, 1796, and the more they loaned to the exchequer, the less they could loan to the people. Thus followed a diminution of gold in the bank, and hoarding by the people. Gold was exported more freely to the Continent, and reduced accommodation was given to the merchants. Finally, on the 26th February, 1797, the king's council passed an order for the suspension of cash payments.

The bank was on the eve of suspension in the year 1847. On the 25th of October the cabinet authorized a violation of the charter, thereby acknowledging the inability of the bank to maintain specie payments. This order of Lord John Russell inspired fresh

confidence, and the bank immediately recovered strength, and reduced the rate of interest from 8 per cent. in October to 7 per cent. in November, to 6 and 5 per cent. in December, to 4 per cent. in January, and to 3½ in June following. The distress and revulsion of 1847 were consequent upon the overtrading and railway mania of 1844, 1845, and 1846, and the failure of crops in Ireland and England in 1847.

The distress of England in 1847 was scarcely over when France was more severely affected than at any period since the Continental War. Louis Philippe abdicated in February, 1848, when consols closed at 88½. By the close of the week they fell to 83, upon the formation of a provisional government. The political dissensions and commercial revulsion led to a large withdrawal of gold from the Bank of France, and finally the Government authorized, in March, the suspension of the bank, which was followed by the suspension of the Bank of Belgium and by the *Société Générale*.

Again, in 1857, the Bank of England was on the verge of suspension. Lord Palmerston and the then cabinet issued an order, November 12, authorizing the bank, if they thought it advisable, again to violate the charter; but it was found at the last moment unnecessary.

November was the critical period of the year 1857. The *Times* of November 12, 1857, contained these announcements:

1. Bank charter suspended.
2. Interest in London, 10 per cent.
3. " in Hamburg, 10 per cent.
4. " in Paris, 8½ per cent.
5. " in New York, 25 per cent.
6. Suspension of cash payments general by all banks in the United States.
7. Two banks stopped in Glasgow, and one in Liverpool, and a great bill panic in London.
8. Commercial credit and transactions almost suspended in the country.
9. Bullion in the bank, £7,170,000.
10. Reserve notes in the bank, £975,000.
11. Bank liabilities, £40,875,000.

'One gentleman, during the heat of the excitement at Glasgow, went into the Union Bank and presented a check for £500. The teller asked him if he wished gold. 'Gold!' replied he, 'no; give me notes, and let the fools who are frightened get the gold.' Another gentleman rushed into the same bank in a great state of excitement, with a check for £1,400. On being asked if he wished gold he replied, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said the teller, 'there is £1,000 in that bag and £400 in this one.' The gentleman was so flurried by the readiness with which the demand was granted that he lifted up the bag with the £400 only, and walked off, leaving the £1,000 on the counter. The teller, on discovering the bag, laid it aside for the time. Late in the day the gentleman returned to the bank in great distress, stating he had lost the bag with the £1,000, and could not tell whether he dropped it in the crowd or left it behind him on leaving the bank. 'Oh, you left it on the counter,' said the teller, quietly, 'and if you call to-morrow you will get your £1,000.' (*Vide* 'History Bank of England,' p. 429.)

The facts and statistics from the year 1844 to 1860 relating to the bank are superadded to the English work by the American editor. Of the important phases of this period the editor gives a slight sketch in the followning paragraphs. The prominent financial movements in England, France, and the United States are given in the subsequent pages of the volume.

'The sixteen years which followed the last charter of the bank have been pregnant with important events of a financial character; the most important, perhaps, during the whole history of the institution. The bank has twice, during this short period, been on the brink of suspension, and was relieved only by the interference of Government. The second instance occurred after new gold, to the extent of one hundred millions sterling, or more, had been poured into Western Europe from California and Australia. The Bank of France had, during the same period, suspended specie payment. Two financial revolutions have occurred in the United States, when, with few exceptions, the banks of the whole country suspended specie payments. The production of

gold and silver throughout the world, which, up to 1844, was annually about ten or twelve millions sterling, had recently advanced from twenty-five to thirty millions sterling per annum, thus stimulating industry and production largely throughout Europe and America. Sir Robert Peel, the author of the new charter of the bank, has left the world's stage, after witnessing the failure of the charter to fully accomplish the end promised; Europe and America, Asia and Europe, have been knit together by a wire cord, and capital is now subscribed to

'Put a girdle round about the earth,'

whereby London may speak to San Francisco (the prospective commercial centre of the world) in less than '*forty minutes*.' During the same short space of sixteen years the suspended States of this Union (five at least) have resumed payment of their obligations; two violent wars, with sundry revolutions, have occurred in Europe; the ancient city of the Cortez has been conquered by the 'hordes of the North,' and magnanimously given up by the captors to the possession of their weaker enemy, and millions were paid to the latter for portions of their territory; the northwest passage of the American continent has been discovered; steam has accomplished wonders between Europe and America, and between Europe and their distant colonies of Asia, Africa, and Australia; Ireland has been on the verge of starvation,* when 600,000 of her people died from hunger alone and its effects, and her population was reduced two millions by emigration and privation; England's minister has been expelled from the capital of the United States; speculation has been rife in Europe and America, and its inevitable effects, revulsion and bankruptcy, have followed in its train; the railway and the telegraph have brought remote regions together; China, with her four hundred millions of people, has been conquered by the united forces of the English and the French.

'The Bank of England, instead of pursuing one even course, with a view

* 'The scenes exhibited far exceeded in horror anything yet recorded in European history.' (Allison.) America, in her own fulness, sent succor to famished Ireland, in 1847, and when her own day of travel came near, in 1861, England volunteered no helping hand to her kindred.

to permanent commercial interests, has unfortunately, and, we fear, from selfish and individual views, fostered speculation by reducing her rate of discount to 2 per cent., and soon after, but too late, discovered the error, and forced her borrowers to pay from 6 to 10 per cent.

'We propose to give the leading events of each year, from 1844 to 1861, referring the reader to authorities where more copious information can be gained by those who wish to study the invariable connection between commerce and money.

'The bank shares in the depressed period of 1847-8 fell to 180, after having reached, in the flattering times of 1844-5, 215 per share, or 115 per cent. advance. Consols, at the same depressed period, fell to 78½, when starvation

starred Ireland in its face, and the bank simultaneously sought protection from the Cabinet.'

Attention has been recently directed in this country to the premium on gold, or to the alleged fall in the value of bank paper and Government notes. Although the premium on gold as an article of merchandise has reached a high rate during the present year, it will be seen, on reference to the reliable tables in the History of the Bank of England, that a great difference occurred during the suspension of the bank in 1797 to 1819. Gold at one time (1812) reached £5 8s., a difference of 80 per cent. The annexed table shows the changes from 1809 to 1821.

| YEARS. | Price of Gold. | | Difference from Mint Prices. | | Nominal Taxes. | Amount in Gold Currency. |
|-------------------------|----------------|--------|------------------------------|---------------|----------------|--------------------------|
| | £ | s. d. | | | £ | £ |
| 1809,..... | 4 | 9 10 | .. | 16½ per cent. | 71,887,000 | 60,145,000 |
| 1810,..... | 4 | 5 0 | .. | 9½ | 74,815,000 | 68,106,000 |
| 1811,..... | 4 | 17 1 | .. | 24½ | 73,621,000 | 55,583,000 |
| 1812,..... | 5 | 1 4 | .. | 80 | 73,707,000 | 51,595,000 |
| Sept. to Dec. 1812,.... | 5 | 8 0 | .. | 88½ | .. | |
| 1813,..... | 5 | 6 2 | .. | 36½ | 81,745,000 | 52,236,000 |
| Nov. 1812, to Moh. 1813 | 5 | 10 0 | .. | 41 | .. | |
| 1814,..... | 5 | 1 8 | .. | 80½ | 88,726,000 | 58,383,000 |
| 1815,..... | 4 | 12 9 | .. | 18½ | 88,394,000 | 66,698,000 |
| 1816,..... | 4 | 0 0 | .. | 2½ | 73,909,000 | 72,062,000 |
| Oct. to Dec. 1816,.... | 8 | 18 6 | .. | under 1 | .. | |
| 1817,..... | 4 | 0 0 | .. | 2½ | 58,757,000 | 57,259,000 |
| 1818,..... | 4 | 1 5 | .. | 5 | 59,391,000 | 56,025,000 |
| 1819, 4th Feb. | 4 | 3 0 | .. | 6½ | 58,288,000 | 54,597,000 |
| 1820,..... | 3 | 17 10½ | .. | par. | 59,812,000 | 59,812,000 |
| 1821,..... | 3 | 17 10½ | .. | par. | 61,000,000 | 61,000,000 |

The increased volume of Government and bank paper afloat in the United States since the 1st January, 1862, is conceded to be only temporary. The Government is engaged in crushing the greatest rebellion known to history; in doing this, the national expenditures are six or seven fold what they ever were before, in a time of peace. During the four years 1818 to 1816, when war raged with England, the whole ex-

penses of the Government were \$108,537,000. During the Mexican war, when the disbursements of the treasury were much heavier, the average annual expenses of the Government were about 35 to 48 millions. It will be well to recur to these tabular details for future history. They are presented as follows, for the whole period of the General Government.

**EXPENDITURES of the United States, exclusive of Payments on account of the
Public Debt.**

| | | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------------------|---|---|-------------|
| Years 1789—1792, | - | Washington, | - | - | \$3,797,000 |
| " 1793—1796, | - | " | - | - | 12,083,000 |
| " 1797—1800, | - | John Adams, | - | - | 21,338,000 |
| " 1800—1804, | - | Jefferson, | - | - | 17,174,000 |
| " 1805—1808, | - | " | - | - | 23,927,000 |
| " 1809—1812, | - | Madison, | - | - | 36,147,000 |
| " 1813—1816, | - | " | - | - | 108,537,000 |
| " 1817—1821, | - | Monroe, | - | - | 58,698,000 |
| " 1821—1824, | - | " | - | - | 45,665,000 |
| " 1825—1828, | - | John Quincy Adams, | - | - | 49,313,000 |
| " 1829—1832, | - | Jackson, | - | - | 56,249,000 |
| " 1833—1836, | - | " | - | - | 87,130,000 |
| " 1837—1840, | - | Van Buren, | - | - | 112,188,000 |
| " 1841—1844, | - | Harrison and Tyler, | - | - | 81,216,000 |
| " 1845—1848, | - | Polk, | - | - | 146,924,000 |
| " 1849—1852, | - | Taylor and Fillmore, | - | - | 194,647,000 |
| " 1853—1856, | - | Pierce, | - | - | 211,099,000 |
| " 1857—1860, | - | Buchanan, | - | - | 262,974,000 |

During the past fiscal year, 1862-3 and the year 1863-4, the Government expenditures are estimated at ten hundred millions of dollars. These heavy disbursements cannot be carried on merely by the ordinary bank paper and the gold and silver of the country. Instead of sixty-five millions of dollars, the average annual expenditures of the Government during the last administration, these now involve the sum of five hundred millions annually. Hence the obvious obligation on the part of the Government of putting in circulation the most reliable currency, and of avoiding those of local banks, which do not possess the confidence of the people at a distance. This can be done only by maintaining a currency of Government paper which every holder will have full confidence in, and in which no loss can be sustained.

There is here no conflict or competition between the Government and the State banks. The latter have the benefit of their legitimate circulation in their own respective localities; while

the national treasury furnishes to the troops and to the creditors of the nation a circulation of treasury notes which must possess confidence as long as the Government lasts.

The policy of the English Government in this respect was a wise one. At the adoption of the last charter of the bank (1844) the Government allowed the country banks to maintain from that time forward the circulation then outstanding, which was not to be increased; and as fast as the banks failed or were wound up voluntarily, their circulation was retired and the vacuum became filled by the notes of the Bank of England. The latter was forbidden by its new charter to exceed certain prescribed limits in its issues. They could issue to the amount of their capital, £14,000,000, and beyond that to the extent of gold in the vaults. Thus the bank circulation of England, Scotland, and Ireland is less now than in 1844, when the new principle was established, viz :

| BANK CIRCULATION. | | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|------------------|---------------|
| | <i>Bank of England.</i> | <i>Country Banks.</i> | <i>Ireland.</i> | <i>Scotland.</i> | <i>TOTAL.</i> |
| 1844, - | £22,015,000 | £7,797,000 | £7,716,000 | £3,804,000 | £41,325,000 |
| 1862, - | 20,190,000 | 5,680,000 | 5,519,000 | 4,053,000 | 35,442,000 |

Had this principle been adopted in the United States at the same period, the excesses and extravagance of 1856-'7 might have been obviated, as well as the revulsion of the latter year, and the distress which followed.

Let us recur to the eventful history of the bank. Although a private institution, owned and controlled by private capital, its large profits accruing for the benefit of its own shareholders, yet it became so closely interwoven with the commerce, manufactures, trade, and the public finances of the nation, that it may be considered as in reality a national institution. At its inception its whole capital was swallowed by the treasury. This was a part of the contract of charter. Its subsequent accumulations of capital, from £1,200,000, have likewise been absorbed by the Government, until now the bank reports the Government debt to them to be £11,015,100, and the Government securities held, to be £11,064,000. Without the aid of the bank, the national treasury could not, probably, have made the enormous disbursements which were actually made between the commencement of the American Revolution in 1776, and the termination of the continental war of 1815. The bank here furnished, almost alone, 'the sinews of war.'

During this eventful period there were large numbers of provincial banks of issue created in England and Ireland. These were managed mainly with a view to private profit, while the public interests have suffered severely from the frequent expansions and contractions of the volume of the currency through such private management, and from the numerous failures of these concerns. The evils of this system were for many years the subject of discussion in Parliament and among prominent journals. In 1826 the *Edinburgh Review* expressed the opinion that

'So long, therefore, as any individual, or association of individuals, may issue

notes of a low value, to be used in the common transactions of life, without lodging any security for their ultimate payment, so long is it *certain* that those panics which must necessarily occur every now and then, and against which no effectual precaution can be devised, must occasion the destruction of a greater or smaller number of banking establishments, and by consequence a ruinous fluctuation in the supply and value of money.' (*Edinburgh Review*, February, 1826.)

This was a period of great speculation in England. In the year 1838 no less than 532 companies were chartered, with a nominal capital of 441 millions sterling. These speculations were fostered by the increasing volume of bank paper. The evil increased, and was allowed to exist until the year 1844, when a stop was put to the further increase of the volume of bank circulation, and to the further incorporation of joint stock banks.

We learn one lesson here, which may have a good effect upon us if we will bear it in mind in our future legislation, and take warning from the experiences of our cotemporaries. We allude to the obvious necessity in a country like ours, and, indeed, in any country, of maintaining a national moneyed institution as a check upon the vacillation, expansions, and contractions which mark the policy of small banks of issue. This national institution, while free from individual profit, and without power to grant individual favors, should create and perform the functions of a national currency, and execute all the details required by or for the national treasury. Its chief utility would be as a check upon the excess to which all joint stock banks are liable—a sort of controlling and conservative power to prevent that mischief which our past experience shows has been the result of paper money when issued merely for private gain.

The advantage, the convenience, we may say the *necessity*, of a national circulation of paper money, are fully demonstrated by our own past history,

and by the history of European nations. This circulation should be dictated by the wants of the National Government, and convertible, at the will of the holder, into specie. With these obvious restraints it would accomplish its ends and aims.

The Bank of England, in its early stages, was endangered by various and extraordinary circumstances. Within three years of its establishment it was compelled to suspend payment to its depositors in cash, and issued certificates therefor payable ten per cent. every fortnight. In 1709 the Sacheverell riots occurred in London, and fears were felt that the bank would be sacked; but this violence was obviated by well-trained troops. In 1718 John Law's bank was established in France, and for two years kept the people in a ferment. This was followed by the South Sea scheme in England, in 1730, 'a year (the historian Anderson says) remarkable beyond any other which can be pitched upon for extraordinary and romantic projects.' The bank, of course, suffered by these speculative measures, and was repeatedly exposed to a run upon its specie resources.

In 1722 the *rest* (or reserve fund) was established by the bank, as a measure to cover extraordinary losses in the future, and to inspire more confidence among the public as to the ability of the bank to meet reverses. This fund, in July, 1862, had accumulated to £3,182,500 sterling, or about twenty-one and a half per cent. of the capital.

The first forged note of the Bank of England was presented in the year 1758, or sixty-four years after the bank was established. In 1780 these forgeries became more numerous, and were so well executed as to deceive the officers of the bank.

Let us now recur to some of the incidents connected with the bank in early ages. Of these, the author, Mr. Francis, furnishes numerous instances.

Among other frauds upon the bank

was that of clipping the guineas, by one of the clerks employed in the bullion office. This occurred in 1787.

The forgery of its notes having been made a capital offence, the waste of life in consequence was severe. During the eight years, 1795 to 1803, there were one hundred and forty executions for this crime; and two hundred and nine between 1795 and 1809; and from 1797 to 1811 the executions were 469. 'The visible connection between the issue of small notes and the effusion of blood, is one of the most frightful parts of this case.'

In 1808 a fraud on the bank to the extent of £820,000 was perpetrated by Mr. Robert Astlett, a cashier of the bank. This was in the re-issue of exchequer bills that had been previously redeemed, but which were not cancelled. This fraud amounted to about 2½ per cent. of the capital, and although it did not prevent a dividend, it prevented the distribution of a bonus which would otherwise have been paid to the shareholders.

In the year 1822 another fraud on the bank came to light. This was perpetrated by a bookkeeper, and amounted to £10,000. In 1824 the fraud of Mr. Fauntleroy on the bank was discovered, amounting to £360,000. This was done by forged powers of attorney for the transfer of Government consols.

The bank was brought near suspension again in 1825 by the imprudent expansion of its notes. After the resumption of specie payments in 1820-'21, the true policy of the bank would have been to maintain an even tenor of its way; instead of which it increased its circulation twenty-five per cent. in the year 1825 (or from £18,992,000 to £25,709,000), while the issues of the country banks were equally enlarged, giving encouragement to violent speculation among the people. The specie reserve of the Bank of England fell from £14,200,000 in January 1824 to £1,024,000 in December, 1825.

This difficulty of the bank was relieved by the issue of a few thousand bills of £1 and £2.

Speculation had been rife in 1824; no less than 624 companies were started with a nominal capital of £372,000,000, including mining, gas, insurance, railroad, steam, building, trading, provision, and other companies. At the same time foreign loans were contracted in England to the extent of £82,000,000, of which over three fourths were advanced in cash.

The country banks of England had increased their circulation from £9,920,000 in 1823 to £14,980,000 in 1825, or over fifty per cent., thus stimulating prices, and promoting speculation widely throughout the country.

Immediately following the revulsion at the close of the year 1825, Mr. Huskisson's free trade policy was advocated in the House of Commons by a vote of 223 to 40. In the same year lotteries were suppressed in England. In 1828 branches of the Bank of England were established—a measure, of course, unpopular among the provincial joint stock banks.

In the year 1832-'3 were brought forward three important measures in Parliament. One was the abolishment of the death penalty for forgery; another was the modification of the usury laws; the third was the re-charter of the bank.

The last criminal executed for forgery was a man by the name of Maynard, in December, 1829. Public sentiment had long been opposed to the infliction of this punishment for the offence of forgery, and transportation was now substituted in the prominent cases. England, at the same time, opened the way for a gradual abolishment of the usury laws. At first the relief was extended to short commercial paper, afterward to all paper having not over twelve months to run, 1837; and finally, in 1854, the usury laws were removed from all negotiable paper, as well as from bonds and mortgages.

By the new charter of 1833, Bank of England notes were, for the first time, made a legal tender, except at the bank itself. Joint stock banks were authorized in the metropolis, but were prohibited from issuing notes.

The English work of Mr. Francis is anecdotal in its character. The American edition conveys to the reader, for the first time, a resumé of the leading movements in Parliament on the subject of the bank, and its close connection with the Government finances. The part which Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished statesmen took in the relations between the bank and the exchequer, is in the supplementary portion of the new edition shown, as well as the views of Lord Althorpe, Lord Ashburton, Lord Geo. Bentinck, Mr. Thomas Baring, Lord Brougham, Mr. Gilbart, Sir James Graham, Lord King, Earl of Liverpool, Jones Loyd, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Rothschild, and others who exercised a large influence over the monetary interests of their day.

In the consideration of the banking and currency questions of the day and of the last and present century, it is desirable to have thus brought together in a single work, a continuous history of the institution which has had so large an influence upon the public interests of Europe, and a review of the important circumstances which marked the progress of the bank in its successful efforts to sustain England against foreign enemies and domestic revolutions, an index to the speculative movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when commerce, trade, and the vast monetary interests of Europe and America have been unnecessarily and cruelly involved.

The letter addressed by Secretary Chase, of the Treasury Department, to the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, and to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, under date June 7th, 1862, suggested the power by

Congress to the treasury to issue \$150,000,000 in treasury notes, in addition to this sum, authorized by the act of February 25th, 1862; also, authority to receive fifty millions of dollars on deposit, in addition to fifty millions previously authorized by Congress. These suggestions were favorably considered in both Houses, and the recommendations of the Secretary were adopted fully, leading to the adoption of a national system of finance, which will eventually reestablish and preserve national credit. Fears have been expressed in some quarters that this increased volume of paper money would be a public evil, and serve to disturb the value of property and the price of labor. This might be reasonably anticipated if the country were at peace, and the Government expenditures were upon a peace footing.

But a state of things exists now in this country hitherto unknown. The contracts of the Government involve the expenditure of larger sums than were ever paid before in the same space of time by this or any other Government. In the disbursements of these large sums it is an obvious duty of Congress to provide a national circulation of uniform value throughout the whole country—a circulation of a perfectly reliable character, not subject in the least to the ordinary vicissitudes of trade or to the revulsions which have frequently marked our history. These revulsions have been witnessed, and their results seen by the leading public men of the century. Mr. Madison saw at an early day the importance of creating and sustaining a government circulation. His language was: 'It is essential to every modification of the finances that the benefits of an uniform national currency should be restored to the community.'

Mr. Calhoun, in 1816, said: 'By a sort of undercurrent, the power of Congress to regulate the money of the country has caved in, and upon its ruin have sprung up those institutions which

now exercise the right of making money in and for the United States.'

'It is the duty of government,' says a well known writer, 'to interfere to regulate every business or pursuit that might otherwise become publicly injurious. On this principle it interferes to prevent the circulation of spurious coin.' Counterfeit coin is more readily detected than a fictitious paper currency, yet no sane man would advocate the repeal of the laws which prohibit it. Why, then, permit the unlimited manufacture of paper money of an unreliable character?

In the consideration of this subject we should divest ourselves of all selfish views of private profit and advantage. We should look only to the public good, to stability in trade and commerce, and to the general interests of the people at large as distinguished from those of a few individuals. It is clearly then the province of government to establish and to regulate the paper money of the nation, so that it shall possess the following attributes:

I. To be uniform in value throughout all portions of the country.

II. To be perfectly reliable at all times as a medium for the payment of debts.

III. To be issued in limited amounts, and under the control of the Government only.

IV. To be convertible, at the pleasure of the holder, into gold or silver.

It must be conceded that these requisites do not belong, and never can belong, to paper issued by joint stock banks, which are governed with a view to the largest profit, and which are but little known beyond their own immediate localities.

Recent history assures us that abuses have been practised in reference to the bank circulation of the country, which have led to violent revulsions and severe loss. England experienced the same results between the years 1790 and 1840, and to such an extent that in the year 1844 her statesmen devised a sys-

tem whereby no further expansion of paper money should occur. The amount then existing was assumed to be a minimum of the amount required for commercial transactions, and it was ordered that all bank issues beyond that sum shall be represented by a deposit of gold.

If the Bank of England had been governed by considerations of public welfare, and not by those of private interest, it would not have reduced the rate of interest to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1844-'5, thus producing violent speculation, and leading to the revulsion of 1849. Nor would the bank have established low rates of interest only in the year 1857, thus leading this powerful institution to the verge of bankruptcy, and to the clemency of the British Cabinet in November of that year.

England has checked the paper circulation of the country, but has not withdrawn from the bank the power to promote speculation by extravagant loans at a low rate of discount.

The Governments of France and England have both assumed control of the paper currency of their respective countries. This is sound policy, and it is one of the prerogatives that must be exercised, in its full force, by the Government of the United States and by all other governments, if stability, permanency, consistency are to be observed or maintained for the people. This is obviously necessary in a time of peace and prosperity; it is perhaps more so in a time of rebellion or war, like the present. Circumstances may arise where it will be the course of wisdom and safety to suspend specie payment; and, in some extreme exigencies, to forbid the export of specie.

This position was well explained by Mr. J. W. Gilbert, manager of the London and Westminster Bank, who, in his testimony before Sir Robert Peel, in 1848, said, 'If I were prime minister, I would immediately, on the commencement of war, issue an order in council for the bank to stop payment.

I stated also that I spoke as a politician, not as a banker. * * * I came to the conclusion that, under the circumstances of the war of 1797, a suspension of cash payments was not a matter of choice, *but of necessity.*' (*Vide 'History of the Bank of England,' New York edition, p. 130.*)

We come now to consider what is necessary, in order to restore the currency of the United States to a specie footing. This restoration is demanded alike by motives of justice and sound policy. No contracts can be well entered into, unless the currency of the country is upon a substantial and permanent footing of redemption. It is a matter which concerns every individual in the community; it is especially so to the General Government in view of its extraordinary expenditures: and no commercial prosperity can be maintained without it.

A restoration of public and private credit can be accomplished only by an observance of those sound principles of finance that have been announced by the wise men of our own and other countries. Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, each in his turn advocated a national institution, by which the currency of the country could be placed upon a reliable and permanent footing. Such an institution should control the currency and receive surplus capital on deposit; but need not interfere with the legitimate operations of the State banks as borrowers and lenders of money, nor encourage in the slightest degree, through loans, any speculative movements among the people.

In the next place our people must resort to and maintain more economy in their individual expenditure, and thus preserve a balance of foreign trade in our own favor. It is shown that, during the fiscal year ending 30 June, 1860, there were imported into the United States goods, wholly manufactured, of the value of . . . \$166,073,000, partially manufactured, 62,720,000.

We can dispense with two thirds of such articles during our present national reverses, and rely upon our own domestic labor for similar products, viz.:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Manufactures of Wool, . . . | \$87,987,000 |
| " of Silk, . . . | 82,948,000 |
| " of Cotton, . . . | 82,558,000 |
| " of Flax, . . . | 10,738,000 |
| Laces and Embroideries, . . . | 4,017,000 |
| Gunny Cloths, Mattings, . . . | 2,886,000 |
| Clothing, . . . | 2,101,000 |
| Iron, and Manufactures of Iron and Steel, . . . | 18,694,000 |
| China and Earthenware, . . . | 4,887,000 |
| Clocks, Chronometers, Watches, . . . | 2,890,000 |
| Boots, Shoes, and Gloves, . . . | 2,280,000 |
| Miscellaneous, . . . | 15,189,000 |
| | <hr/> 166,078,000 |

besides other articles exceeding one hundred millions in value.

Rather than send abroad thirty or forty millions in gold annually, as we have done of late years, let us dispense with foreign woollen goods, silk and cotton goods, laces, &c., and encourage our own mills, at least until the war and its debt are over.

Mr. Madison said much in a few words, when he said:

'The theory of *'let us alone'* supposes that all nations concur in a perfect freedom of commercial intercourse. Were this the case, they would, in a commercial view, be but one nation, as much as the several districts composing a particular nation; and the theory would be as applicable to the former as the latter. But this golden age of free trade has not yet arrived, nor is there a single nation that has set the example. No nation can, indeed, safely do so, until a reciprocity, at least, be insured to it. * * A nation, leaving its foreign trade, in all cases, to regulate itself, might soon find it regulated by other nations into subserviency to a foreign interest.'

There is much good sense, too, in the views promulgated by another president, who said, in relation to our independence of other nations:

'The tariff bill before us, embraces the design of fostering, protecting, and preserving within ourselves the means of national defence and independence, particularly in a state of war. * * *

The experience of the late war (1812) taught us a lesson, and one never to be forgotten. If our liberty and republican form of government, procured for us by our Revolutionary fathers, are worth the blood and treasure at which they were obtained, it surely is our duty to protect and defend them. * * *

What is the real situation of the agriculturist? Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus product? Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor home market. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market either at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in agriculture, and that the channels of labor should be multiplied? Common sense points out the remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor; employ it in mechanism and manufactures; thereby creating a home-market for your bread-stuffs, and distributing labor to the most profitable account and benefits to the country. Take from agriculture in the United States six hundred thousand men, women and children, and you will at once give a home-market for more bread-stuffs than all Europe now furnishes us. In short, sir, *we have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants.* It is time that we should become a little more Americanized; and, instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own; or else, in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall be rendered paupers ourselves.'

Mr. Bigelow, in his late and highly valuable work on the tariff, says truly (p. 108):

'Can any one question that our home production far outweighs in importance all other material interests of the nation? * * * It is the nation of great internal resources, of vigorous productive power and self-dependent strength, which is always best prepared and most able, not only to defend itself, but to lend others a helping hand.'

If our people would maintain their own national integrity, their own individual independence, and their true status in the great family of nations of the earth, they will [at least until the present rebellion is crushed, and until the public debt thereby created shall be extinguished] pursue a strict

course of public and private economy. Let us encourage and support our own manufactures, and thereby contribute to the subsistence and wealth of our own laborers instead of contributing millions annually to the pauper labor of European nations; especially of those nations that have failed to give us countenance in the present struggle and that have, on the contrary, given both direct and indirect aid to the rebels of the South.

The United States have within themselves, in great abundance, contributed by a bountiful Providence, the leading products of the earth. In metals and in agricultural products, we exceed any and all other countries of the earth. If we encourage the labor of our own people in the development of the great resources of the country, we shall not only preserve our own commercial independence, but we shall soon be, as we ought to be in view of such advantages, the creditor nation of the world, and compel other countries to resort to us for the raw materials for their own manufacturing districts.

With the aid of the vast iron and coal mines of our own country, we can construct and keep in force an adequate navy for peace or for war. Our skilled industry can produce firearms equal to any in the world. The vast agricultural resources of the West yield abundance for ourselves and a large surplus for other countries. The breadstuffs of the West and Northwest; the tobacco of the Middle States, and the cotton of the South are in demand, throughout nearly all Europe. Let us then be independent ourselves of foreign manufacturers, and endeavor to place the rest of the world under obligations to our own country for the necessities of life. This will do more to preserve peace than all the arguments of cabinets or the combined navies and armies of the world.

Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell said,* in parliament, in 1842,

* See 'History of the Bank of England,' p. 851.

five years before the famine in Ireland: 'We are not, we cannot be, independent of foreign nations, any more than they can of us: * * * two millions of our people have been dependent on foreign countries for their daily food. At least five millions of our people are dependent on the supplies of cotton from America, of foreign wool or foreign silk. * * * The true independence of a great commercial nation is to be found, not in raising all the produce it requires within its own bound, *but in attaining such a preëminence in commerce that the time can never arise when other nations will not be compelled, for their own sakes, to minister to its wants.*'

Now this principle, enunciated twenty years ago by men, who now hold the reins of the English Government, is *especially one for us to bear in mind.* While England, from her limited surface, can never be independent of other countries for the supply of food, we may say, and we can demonstrate, that the United States can reach that preëminence to which the great English statesman alluded—a preëminence which he would gladly attain for his own countrymen.

To the General Government was confided by the framers of the Constitution the power to 'coin money, and regulate the value thereof;' and the States were forbidden to 'emit bills of credit;' from which we may infer that it was intended to place the control of the currency in the hands of the General Government. It will be generally conceded that it would be wiser to have one central point of issue than several hundred as at present. There should be but one form for, and one source of, the currency. It should emanate from a source where the power cannot be abused, and where the interests of the people at large, and not of individuals, will be consulted.

The people have thus an interest at stake. It is for their benefit that a national circulation, of a perfectly reli-

able character, should be established. The remark made by Sir Robert Peel, in parliament, in May, 1844, at the time of the recharter of the bank, applies with equal force to the national currency of this or any other country.

‘There is no contract, public or private, national or individual, which is unaffected by it. The enterprises of trade—the arrangements made in all the domestic relations of society—the wages of labor—pecuniary transactions of the highest amount and the lowest—the payment of the national debt—the provision for the national expenditure—the command which the coin of the lowest denomination has over the necessities of life—are all affected by the decision to which we may come.’

Sir Robert Peel wisely comprehended the powers and attributes of a national currency, and we may wisely adopt his idea that such a national currency, controlled by the national legislature, for the use and benefit of the people, is the only one that can be safely adopted.

The national banking system established by Congress, in the year 1863, at the suggestion of Secretary Chase, of the Treasury Department, is the initiatory step toward a highly desirable reform in the paper currency of the country. Already over seventy national banks have been organized, under the act of Congress, with a combined capital of ten millions of dollars, whose circulation will have not only a uniform appearance, but a uniform value throughout the whole country. Numerous others are in process of organization. To the community at large the new system is desirable, because it secures to the people a currency of uniform value and perfect reliability. The notes of these institutions will be at par in every State in the Union, and holders may rely upon the certainty of redemption upon demand: whether

the institution be solvent or not—in existence or not—the Government holds adequate security for instant redemption of all notes issued under the law.

This feature of the paper currency of the country is one that has long been needed. For the want of it the States have been for many years crowded with a currency of unequal market value, and of doubtful security. Added to this is a marked feature of the new system which did not pertain to the Bank of the United States in its best days. Its workings are free from individual favoritism. No loans are granted to political or personal friends, at the risk of the Government, and all temptation to needless and hurtful expansion is thus destroyed. There is no mammoth institution, under the control of one or a few individuals, liable at times to be prostituted to political and personal ends of an objectionable character. While the banks under the new system are spread over a large space, they perform what is needed of the best managed institutions; and although perfectly independent of each other in their liabilities, expenses, losses, and in their action generally, yet together they form a practical unit, and will be serviceable in counteracting that tendency to inflation and speculation which has marked many years in the commercial history of this country.

We consider the Bank Act of 1863 as one of the most important features of the Thirty-seventh Congress, and of this Administration. It will create a link long wanted between the States and Territories, and do much to strengthen the Union and maintain commercial prosperity. The country will hereafter honor Secretary Chase for the conception and success of this scheme, even if there were no other distinguished traits in his administration of the Treasury and the Government finances.

OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SLOWLY toward the western mountains
Sinks the gold October sun ;
Longer grow the deepening shadows,
And the day is nearly done.

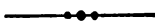
Rosy gleams the quiet River
'Neath the crimson-tinted sky ;
White-winged vessels, wind-forsaken,
On the waveless waters lie.

Glow the autumn-tinted valleys,
On the hills soft shadows rest,
Growing warmer, purple glowing,
As the sun sinks toward the west.

Slanting sunlight through the Cedars,
Scarlet Maples all aglow,
Long rays streaming through the forests,
Gleam the dead leaves lying low.

Golden sunshine on the cornfields,
Glittering ripples on the stream,
And the still pools in the meadows
Catch the soft October gleam.

Warmer grows the purple mountains,
Lower sinks the glowing sun,
Soon will fade the streaming sunlight—
See, the day is nearly done !



THE ISLE OF SPRINGS.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTRY.

AFTER having been detained in town several days longer than I had reckoned on, by heavy rains, which ran through the streets in rivers, and filled the bed of Sandy Gully, through which we must pass, with a rushing torrent of irresistible strength, a small party of us

left Kingston one morning for the mountains of St. Andrew and Metcalfe, among which lie the stations of the American missionaries whom we had come to join. We were mounted on the small horses of the country, whose first appearance excited some doubts in the mind of a friend whether he was to carry the horse or the horse him. However, they are not quite ponies, and

their blood is more noble than their size, being a good deal of it Arab. They are decidedly preferable for mountain travel to larger animals.

We directed our course over the hot plains towards the mountains which rose invitingly before us, ready to receive us into their green depths. On leaving the town, we passed first through sandy lanes bordered by cactus hedges, rising in columnar rows, and then came out upon the excellent macadamized road over which thirteen of the sixteen miles of our journey lay. As we went along we met a continual succession of groups of the country people, mostly women and children, coming into Kingston with their weekly load of provisions to sell. They eyed us with expressions varying from good-natured cordiality to sullenness, and occasionally we heard a rude remark at the expense of the 'Buckras;' but for the most part their demeanor was civil and pleasant. Most of them had the headloads without which a negro woman seems hardly complete in the road, varying in dimensions from a huge basket of yams or bananas to an ounce vial. How such a slight thing manages to keep its perpendicular with their careless, swinging gait, is something marvellous, but they manage it to perfection. Almost every group, in addition, had a well-laden donkey—comical little creatures, looking hardly bigger under their huge hampers than well-sized Newfoundland dogs, and hurrying nimbly along, with a speed that betokened a wholesome remembrance of a good many hard thrashings in the past and a reasonable dread of similar ones in the future. If I held the doctrine of transmigration, I should be firmly persuaded that the souls of parish beadles, drunken captains, and other petty tyrants, shifted quarters into the bodies of Jamaica negroes' donkeys. One patriotic black woman, whose donkey was rather refractory, relieved her mind by exclaiming, in a tone of infinite disgust, 'O-h-h you Roo-shan!' accompanying her objurga-

tion by several emphatic demonstrations on his hide of how she was disposed to treat a 'Roo-shan' at that present moment.*

Going on, we passed several beautiful 'pens,' as farms devoted to grazing are called. These near town are little more than mere pieces of land surrounding elegant villas, the residence of wealthy gentlemen whose business lies in Kingston. Here you see 'the one-storied house of the tropics, with its green jalousies and deep veranda,' surrounded by handsomely kept meadows of the succulent Guinea grass, which clothes so large a part of the island with its golden green, and enclosed by wire fences or by the intricate but delicate logwood hedges, or else by stone walls. On either side of the carriage road which swept round before the most elegant of these villas, that of Mr. Porteous, we noticed rows of the mystic century plant.

At last we left the comparatively arid plain, with its scantier vegetation, and began to ascend Stony Hill, which is 1,360 feet high where the road passes over it. The cool air passing through the gap, and our increasing elevation, now began to temper the heat, and soon the clouds began to gather again, and a slight rain fell. But I did not notice it, for every step of the journey now seemed to bring me farther into the heart of fairyland. It was not any variety of colors, but the unutterable depth of green, enclosing us, as we ascended, more and more completely in its boundless exuberance. From that moment the richest verdure of my native country has seemed pale and poor. Reaching the top of the hill, we saw above us the higher range, looking down on us through the shifting mists, with that inexpressible gracefulness which tempers the grandeur of tropical mountains.

We descended the hill on the other side into a small inland valley, containing the two estates of Golden

* This was during the Crimean war.

Spring and Temple Hall. The former, which presented nothing very noticeable then, has since passed under the management of a gentleman who to a judicious and energetic personal oversight has added a kindliness and strict honesty in his dealings with the laborers much more desirable than frequent in the island. As a result of this, Golden Spring has become a garden. A great many more dilapidated estates would become gardens under the same efficacious mode of treatment.

The streams were so swollen by the rain that on coming to what is commonly a trifling rivulet, we found it so high as to cost us some trouble to cross. However, we all got over, although one servant boy with his pack horse was caught by the current and carried down several rods almost into the river, which was rushing by in a turbid torrent. I ought to have been much alarmed, but having a happy way, in new circumstances, of taking it for granted that everything which happens is just what ought to happen then and there, I stood composedly on the farther bank, nothing doubting that the boy and the beast had their own good reasons for striking out a new track, and it was not till they were both safe on land that I learned with some consternation that they had come within an inch of being drowned.

At length we turned aside into a by-road leading up a steep hill, slippery with mud, and left this pleasant valley. I passed through it many a time afterwards, and never lost the impression of its peaceful richness.

We now found ourselves in the wild country in which our missionary stations lie. Hills rose around on every side; their surfaces broken and furrowed into every fantastic variety of shape, with only distance enough between their bases for the mountain streams to flow. In our latitude such a country would be much of the time a bleak desolation. But here the mantle of glorious and everlasting green softens

and enriches the broken and fluctuating surfaces into luxuriant and cloying beauty. In such an ocean of verdure we now found ourselves, its emerald waves rolling above, below, and around us. Our road, when once we had surmounted the short hill, was a narrow, winding bridle path, which kept along almost upon a level over a continual succession of natural causeways, spanning the gullies with such an appearance of art as I have never seen elsewhere. I afterward learned that these are dikes of trap, from which the softer rock has been gradually disintegrated, leaving them thus happily arranged for human convenience.

After three miles' travel over these roads of nature's making, in a rain which at last became quite uncomfortable, we came finally to Oberlin Mission House. A West Indian country house, without fire or carpets, must be very pleasingly fitted up not to look dreary in a wet day, and Oberlin House appeared rather cheerless as we alighted with streaming garments, the romance pretty well soaked out of us for the time. But after supper and a change of clothes, and the clearing away of the clouds, our dismal spirits cleared up too, and we went out into the garden to enjoy the rare flowers and plants—the crimson-leaved *ponsetto*, the *Bleeding Heart*, with its ensanguined centre, the curiously pied and twisted *Croton Pictum*, the *Plumbago*, well named from the leaden hue of its flowers, the long, deep-red leaves of the *Dragon's Blood*, the purple magnificence of the *Passion flower*, relieved by the more familiar beauty of the *Four o'clock* and of the *Martinique rose*. Seeing something that pleased me, I stepped forward to view it more narrowly, when a sudden access of acute pain in one foot, quickly spreading to the knee, admonished me that I had got into mischief in the shape of an ant's nest, and gave me the first instalment of a lesson I learned in due time very thoroughly, that the beauties of Jamaica are to be

enjoyed with a very cautious regard to the paramount rights of the insect creation.

When I went to bed, I found the bed-clothes saturated with dampness. But I learned that it was like a Newport fog, too saline to be mischievous. The atmosphere of the island, even in the brightest and most elastic weather, is so impregnated with moisture, that a Leyden jar will lose its charge in being taken across the room, and an electrical machine will not work without a pan of coals under the cylinder. But as no part of the island is more than twenty-five miles from the sea, this continual moisture appears to be quite innocuous, its worst effect being the musty smell which it causes in everything in the mountains, where there is the most rain. Use fortunately takes from us the perception of this, or it would be quite intolerable. Perpetual summer, and the utmost glory of earth, sky, and sea, are not to be enjoyed without drawbacks that would make a careful housekeeper very doubtful about the desirableness of the exchange. And so ended my first day in the country.

CHAPTER IV.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLAND.

I had intended writing some of my first impressions about Jamaica, particularly its negro population. But I find, on reviewing my residence of five years and a half in the tranquil island, that first impressions melt so imperceptibly into final conclusions, that it appears best not to attempt a too formal separation of them. Before recounting the results of my own experience, however, in any form, it will not be amiss to attempt some general description of the island and of its population, and to give a slight sketch of its history.

The parallel of 18° N. lat. passes through the island of Jamaica, which has thus a true tropical climate. It is 160 miles in length and 40 in average breadth, having thus a plane area of

6,400 square miles, being about equal to the united area of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Although the third in size of the Greater Antilles, it comes at a great remove after Hayti, the second, being not more than one-fourth as large. Nor does it compare in fertility with either Hayti or Cuba. The former island is the centre of geological upheaval, and the great rounded masses, sustaining a soil of inexhaustible depth, run off from thence splintering into sharp ridges, which in Jamaica become veritable knife edges, sustaining a soil comparatively thin. The character of the island is that of a mountain mass, which, as the ancient watermark on the northern coast shows, has at some remote period been tilted over, and has shot out an immense amount of detritus on its southern side, forming thus the plains which extend along a good part of that coast, varying in breadth from ten to twenty miles, besides the alluvial peninsula of Vere. In the interior, also, there is an upland basin of considerable extent, looking like the dry bed of a former lake, which now forms the chief part of the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale. The mountain mass which makes the body of the island, running in various ranges through its whole length, culminates in the eastern part of it in the Blue Mountains, whose principal summit, the Blue Mountain Peak, is 7,500 feet high. It is said that Columbus, wishing to give Queen Isabella an impression of the appearance of these, took a sheet of tissue paper, and crumpling it up in his hand, threw it on a table, exclaiming, 'There! such is their appearance.' The device used by the great discoverer to convey to the mind of the royal Mother of America some image of her new-found realms, forcibly recurs to the mind of the traveller as he sails along the southeastern coast, and notices the strange contortions of the mountain surfaces. But seen from the northern shore, at a greater distance, through the purple haze which envel-

ops them, their outlines leave a different impression. I shall always remember their aspect of graceful sublimity, as seen from Golden Vale, in Portland, and of massive sweetness, as seen from Hermitage House, in the parish of St. George. The gray buttresses of their farthest western peak, itself over 5,000 feet in height, rose in full view of a station where I long resided, and the region covered by their lower spurs, ranging in elevation from seven to ten and twelve hundred feet, is that which especially deserves the name of the 'well-watered land,' or, as it is poetically rendered, the 'isle of springs,' of which Jamaica, or perhaps more exactly Xaymaca, is the Indian equivalent. There you meet in most abundance with those crystal rivulets, every few hundred yards threading the road, and going to swell the wider streams which every mile or two cross the traveller's way, laving his horse's sides with refreshing coolness, as they hurry on in their tortuous course from the mountain heights to the sea. Farther west the mountains and hills assume gentler and more rounded forms, particularly in the parish of St. Anne, the Garden of Jamaica. I regret that I know only by report the scenes of Eden-like loveliness of this delightful parish. It is principally devoted to grazing, and its pastures are maintained in a park-like perfection. Grassy eminences, crowned with woods, and covered with herds of horses and the handsome Jamaica cattle, descend, in successive undulations, to the sea. Over these, from the deck of a vessel a few miles out, may be seen falling the silver threads of many cascades. Excellent roads traverse the parish, which is inhabited by a gentry in easy circumstances, and by a contented and thriving yeomanry. St. Anne appears to be truly a Christian Arcadia.

In respect of climate and vegetation, there are three Jamaicas—Jamaica of the plains, Jamaica of the uplands, and Jamaica of the high mountains. The

highest summit of the mountain region is below the line at which snow is ever formed in this latitude, and it is disputed whether an evanescent hoarfrost even is sometimes seen upon it. As high as four and five thousand feet there are residences, which, however, purchase freedom from the lowland heats at the expense of being a large part of the time enveloped in chilling fogs. Here the properly tropical productions cease to thrive, and melancholy caricatures of northern vegetables and fruits take their place. You see in the Kingston market diminutive and watery potatoes and apples, that have come down from the clouds, and on St. Catherine's Peak I once picked a few strawberries, which had about as much savor as so many chips. The noble forest trees of the lower mountains, as you go up, give way to an exuberant but spongy growth of tree-ferns and bushes. Great herds of wild swine, descended from those introduced by the Spaniards, roam these secluded thickets, and once furnished subsistence to the runaway negroes who, under the name of Maroons, for several generations annoyed and terrified the island.

In these high mountains the sense of deep solitude is at once heightened and softened by the flute-like notes of the *solitaire*. I shall never forget the impression produced by first hearing this. It was on the top of St. Catherine's Peak, fifty-two hundred feet above the sea, in the early morning, when the mountain solitude seemed most profound, that my companion and I heard from the adjacent woods its mysterious note. It was a soft and clear tone, somewhat prolonged, and ending in a modulation which imparted to it an indescribable effect, as if of supernal melancholy. It seemed almost as if some mild angel were lingering pensively upon the mountain tops, before pursuing his downward flight among the unhappy sons of men.

The uplands of the island, from 800 to 1,500 feet above the sea, are a cheer-

ful, sunny region, in which the tropical heat is tempered by almost constant refreshing breezes, and, in the eastern part at least, by abundant showers. Some of the western parishes not unfrequently suffer terribly from drought. There are two or three which have not even a spring, depending wholly upon rain water collected in tanks. These sometimes become dry, causing unutterable distress both to man and beast. We hear even sometimes of poor people starving during these seasons of drought. But our more favored region in the east scarcely knows dearth. Our mighty mountain neighbors seldom permitted us even to fear it, and were more apt to send us a deluge than a drought.

In the uplands our winter temperature was commonly about 75° in the shade at noon, and the summer temperature about ten degrees higher. The nights are almost always agreeably cool, and frequent showers and breezes allay the sultriness of the days. I never saw the thermometer above 90° in the shade, and seldom below 65°. It once fell to 54°, to the lamentable discomfort of our feelings and fingers. Of course, where the sun for months is nearly vertical, and twice in the summer actually so, the heat of his direct beams is intense. But those careful precautions of avoiding travelling in the middle of the day, on which some lay such stress, we never concerned ourselves with in Jamaica, and I could not discover that we were ever the worse for it. An umbrella was enough to stand between us and mischief.

On the whole, it may safely be said that there is no climate more like that which we imagine of Eden than that of the highland region of Jamaica during a large part of the year. It is true that after a while northern constitutions begin to miss the stimulus of occasional cold. But for a few years nothing could be more delightful. The chief drawback is that at uncertain cycles there come incessant del-

uges of rain for months together, making it dreary and uncomfortable both in doors and out. Years will sometimes pass before there is any excessive amount of these, and then sometimes for years together they will prevail to a most disagreeable extent. They break up the mountain roads and swell the mountain streams to such a degree as to render travelling almost impossible, and in a country where your friends are few, you do not like to be kept back from seeing them by the imminent risk of finding no road at all on the side of a hill where at best there is barely room enough between the bank and the gully for one horse to pass another, or of finding yourself between two turns of a stream, with a sudden shower making it impossible for you to get either forward or back. But during my residence I had just enough of these adventures to give a pleasant zest to life. And after a tremendous rain of hours, when the sun reappeared, and the banks of fleecy cloud were once more seen floating tranquilly in heaven, and the streams ran again crystal clear, and the hills smiled again in all the glory of their brilliant green, and the air had again its wonted temper, at once balmy and elastic, it was enough to make amends for all previous discomfort.

Although no part of the island is peculiarly favorable to constitutions of the European race, yet with prudence and temperance foreigners find this midland region reasonably healthy. The missionaries, who have mostly resided in the uplands, have but seldom fallen victims to fevers. Foreigners must not expect to live here without occasional attacks of fever; but with care, there need be little apprehension of a fatal result, except to those of a sanguine temperament or of a corpulent habit. And the general exemption from the dreadful ravages of consumption may well be thought to compensate the somewhat greater risks from fever. Even on the plains, that

immense mortality of whites from the mother country which once gave to Jamaica the ominous name of 'The Grave of Europeans,' was caused as much by their reckless intemperance as by any necessity of the climate. Or, rather, habits which in Great Britain might have been indulged in with comparative impunity, in Jamaica were rapidly fatal. It is said that another cause of the excessive mortality among the overseers was that they were often secretly poisoned by the blacks. On some plantations, I have heard it said, overseer after overseer was poisoned off, almost as soon as he arrived. In most cases, I dare say, it would be found that over-liberal potations of Jamaica rum were the poison that did the mischief. But the reports have probably some foundation in truth. An oppressed race, seldom daring to strike openly, would be very apt to devise subtle ways of vengeance. It will be remembered that one of the most frequent items in our own Southern newspapers used to be accounts of attempts made by slave girls to poison their masters' families. Arsenic, which they commonly used, is a clumsy means, almost sure to be detected; but in the West Indies, where the proportion of native Africans was always very large, the African sorcerers, the dreaded Obi-men, who exercise so baleful a power over the imaginations of the blacks, appear also to have availed themselves of other than imaginary charms to keep up their credit as the disposers of life and death, and to have often gained such a knowledge of slow vegetable poisons as made them formidable helpers of revenge, whether against their own race or against the race of their oppressors. In a recent Jamaica story of Captain Mayne Reid's, the plot centres in the hideous figure of an old Obi-man, who wreaks his revenge for former wrongs in this secret way, destroying victim after victim from among the lords of the soil. The piece is stocked with horrors enough for the most

ravenous devourer of yellow-covered literature, but nevertheless it is so true to the conditions of life in the old days of Jamaica, that it is well worth reading for a lively sense of the time when the fearful influences, of savage heathenism, slavery, and tropical passion were working together in that land of rarest beauty and of foulest sin. Evil enough remains, but, thank God, the hideous shadows of the past have fled away forever.

But these tragical remembrances and suspicions belong rather to the plains, into which we are about to descend. Here we feel distinctly that we are in the tropics. The sweltering heat, tempered, indeed, by the land and sea breezes, but still sufficiently oppressive, and almost the same day and night, leaves no doubt of this fact. Vegetation, too, appears more distinctly tropical. The character of the landscape in the two regions is quite different. In the uplands the wealth of glowing green swallows up peculiarities of form, and presents little difference of color except the endless diversity of its own shades. There are, however, some distinct features of the landscape. Conspicuous on every hillside are the groves 'where the mango apples grow,' their mass of dense rounded foliage looking not unlike our maples, and giving a pleasant sense of home to the northern sojourner. The feathery bamboo, most gigantic of grasses, runs in plummy lines across the country. Around the negro cottages, here and there, rise groups of the cocoanut palms, giving, more than anything else, a tropical character to the landscape. On a distant eminence may perhaps be seen a lofty ceiba or cotton tree, its white trunk rising sixty or seventy feet from the ground without a limb, and then putting out huge, scraggy arms, loaded with parasites. Every lesser feature is swamped in verdure, except that here and there the white-washed walls of a negro cottage of the better sort gleam pleasantly forth from

embowering hedges and fruit trees. I do not know how Wordsworth's advice to make country houses as much as possible of the color of the surrounding country may apply among the gray hills of Westmoreland; but among the green hills of Jamaica, the white which he deprecates forms a welcome relief to the splendid monotony of glowing emerald. It is not amiss to call it emerald, for there are so many plants here with glossy leaves, that under the brilliant sunlight the lustre of the green is almost more than the eye can bear. To the southward of Oberlin station, formerly belonging to our mission, rises a range of verdant hills, which in some lights has so much the pure, continuous color of a gem, as almost to realize Arabian fables to the eye. Indeed, I have gazed at it sometimes with such a feeling as Aladdin had when the magician had left him confined in the Hall of Jewels, and have almost wished for an earthquake to cleave its oppressive superbness and give a refreshing sight of the blue sea beyond.

But on descending to the plains, where there is less moisture, and where vegetation therefore is scantier, we find the unwonted forms of growth more distinct, and have the full sense of being in a southern land. Here the thorn palms, the cactus hedges, the penguin fences, resembling huge pineapple plants, and various trees and shrubs, being seen more isolated, make a stronger impression of the peculiarities of tropical forms. Here too we meet in greater abundance with the cocoanut tree, occasionally forming long avenues of lofty palms on the estates. And here we see more frequently the huge squares of many acres, heavy with the luxuriant wealth of the cane, and thronged by dusky laborers. The heat, which in the uplands is pleasant, though rather too steady in the plains, becomes oppressive and enervating. The distinction between the wet and dry seasons, also, is much more distinctly marked, and, in short, everything cor-

responds more fully with the usual idea of a tropical land.

The luxuriance and the glory of nature are the same now as ever; but everywhere over the island the traveller sees the melancholy evidences of the decay of former wealth. You may travel over miles and miles on the plains once rich with the cane, or ridge after ridge in the uplands once covered with the dark-green coffee plantations, which now are almost a wilderness. To quote the language of another, 'ridges, overgrown with guava bushes, mark the cornfields; rank vegetation fills the courtyard, and even bursts through the once hospitable roof. A curse seems to have fallen upon the land, as if this generation were atoning for the sins of the past. For while we lament the ruin of the present proprietors, we cannot forget the unrequited toil which in times gone by created the wealth they have lost; nor that hapless race, the original owners of the soil, whose fate darkens the saddest page in history.'

A passing traveller will see little to compensate the sadness occasioned by old magnificence thus in ruins, strewing the whole island with its melancholy wrecks. What there is to set off against it, we shall consider hereafter.

What survives of the agriculture and commerce of Jamaica is still, as formerly, mainly dependent on the two great staples, sugar and coffee; the former being raised chiefly in the plains and valleys, the latter in the uplands and mountains. There was, it is said, an indigenous sugar cane in the West Indies, when first discovered; but if so, it has long been supplanted by the Mauritius cane, which is now cultivated. The joints of the cane, being cut and laid horizontally in furrows, which are then covered over, spring up in a crop which comes to maturity in about a year; and when this is cut, the roots ratoon, or send up shoots for five or six years in succession. This is one reason why Jamaica sugar planters find it so

hard to compete with Cuban production. On the deep soil of Cuba the cane rattoons, it is said, not five or six, but forty years in succession.

The coffee plant is a beautiful shrub. Left to itself, it would grow twenty or thirty feet high; but it is kept down to such a height as that the berries can easily be picked by the hand. Its glossy, dark-green leaves resemble a good deal the jessamine; and the resemblance is increased during the time of flowering, by the beautiful white blossoms, of a faint, delicate fragrance, which are scattered over the branches like a light powdering of snow. It thrives well in a moist air; and coffee plantations may be seen clothing the sides of mountains three, four, and even five thousand feet above the sea. The history of the way in which coffee was introduced to the West Indies is really quite a little romance, though an authentic one. It is well known that Holland used to practise the most odious commercial monopoly ever known among Christian nations. Her spice islands were guarded with a cruel jealousy rivalling the fables of the dragon that guarded the golden apples; and her great coffee island, Java, was equally locked up from the world. To give a spice plant or a coffee plant to a stranger, was an offence inexorably punished with death. A single coffee plant, however, was allowed to come to Europe as an ornament to the conservatory of a wealthy Amsterdam burgomaster. This was still more jealously watched than its fellows in the East Indies; but at length a French visitor managed to secrete a living berry, and, taking it with him to Paris, to raise a plant. From this again a young plant was taken to Martinique, one of the French West Indies. When the young stranger, freighted with such possibilities of wealth, arrived there, it was found that the exposure of the voyage had nearly extinguished its vitality. It was tended with the most anxious care; but for two or three years it continued to lan-

guish, and threatened by an untimely death to give Dutch selfishness a triumph after all. At last, however, it took a happy start, and from that plant the whole West Indies have derived their coffee. It was introduced into Jamaica in 1720, and Temple Hall, one of the two estates which I have mentioned as being in the beautiful valley between Kingston and the American Mission, has the honor of showing the oldest coffee walk in the island.

Jamaica coffee is of an excellent quality; the berries, it is said, if kept two years, being equal to the best Mocha. As some one laments that the cooks and grooms of the Romans spoke better Latin than even Milton among the moderns could write, so I can boast in behalf of the Jamaica negroes, that even Delmonico, unless he could secure the services of one of them who understands the true method of reducing the browned berry to an impalpable powder, by pulverizing it between a flat stone and a round one, must give up all hopes of presenting his guests with the ideal cup of coffee. I would give the whole process by which an amber-colored stream, of perfect flavor, might be poured out, without a trace of sediment, to the very last drop, did I not reflect with pity that probably in all the wide extent of my country there is neither the apparatus of grinding nor the sable domestic with skill to use it. Nay, even in Jamaica, where one would think they could afford to be slow *for* a good thing, since they are so amazingly slow *to* every good thing, I grieve to say that the barbarous mill, hacking and mangling the fragrant berry, has almost universally supplanted the more laborious ancient method by which it was gently reduced to its most perfect attrition, yielding up every particle of its aromatic strength. Thus the modern demon of expedition, to whom quickness is so much more than quality, has invaded even the slumberous repose of our fair island, bringing under his arm, not a locomotive, but a

coffee mill. There are, to be sure, two or three locomotives on the twelve-mile railway between Kingston and Spanish-town, but it would be a cruel sarcasm to intimate that the genius of expedition ever brought them.

There are several other vegetable products of Jamaica, which it owes likewise to a happy accident. The mango, for instance, which now grows in such profusion on uplands and plains, that if the groves should be cut down, the face of the country would seem naked, was a spoil of war, being brought from a French ship destined for Martinique, somewhere about 1790. At first it is said the mangoes sold for a guinea a piece, with the express stipulation that the seed should be returned. Now, in a good bearing season, I have actually seen a narrow mountain road fetlock deep with decaying mangoes, besides the thousands consumed by man and beast. During the summer, in the good years, they furnish the main subsistence to the negro children, and a large part of the subsistence of the adults, and make a grateful and wholesome change from the yam and salt fish which constitute the staples of their diet the rest of the time. It is this, probably, which has given rise to the absurd report that the negroes live principally on fruits spontaneously growing.

The young leaves of the mango are of a brownish red; and amid the general profusion of green, they impart a not ungrateful relief to the eye. Even their russet blossoms have a pleasant look. But in a good season, when the fruit is ripe, the groves have a magnificently rich appearance. Rows upon rows of yellow fruit look like lines of golden apples. Most people are extravagantly fond of them; but for myself I must say that, excepting the superb 'No. 11'—so named from being thus numbered on the captured French ship—and one or two other rare kinds, I concur with the late Prof. Adams, of Amherst, in thinking that a very good

mango might be made by steeping raw cotton in turpentine, and sprinkling a little sugar over it.

Another fortuitous gift to Jamaica, so far as human intention is concerned, was the invaluable donation of the Guinea grass. Toward a century ago some African birds were brought as a present to a gentleman in the west of the island. Some grass seeds had been brought along for their feed; and when they reached their journey's end, the seeds were thrown away. After a while it was noticed that the cattle were very eager to reach the grass growing on a certain spot, and on examination it was found that the seeds thrown away had come up as a grass of remarkable succulence and nutritiousness. It was soon distributed, and now it is spread over the island. You pass rich meadows of it on every lowland estate; and it clothes hundreds of hills to their tops with its yellowish green. I do not see what the island would do without it. The pens or grazing farms in particular have been almost wholly created by it.

Jamaica has, of course, the usual West Indian fruits, the orange, the shaddock, the lime, the pineapple, the guava, the nispero, the banana, the cocoanut, and many others not much known abroad. But the lusciousness of tropical fruits compares ill with the thousand delicate flavors which cultivation has extended through our temperate clime; while, at the same time, steam makes nearly all the best fruits of the West Indies familiar to our markets. The resident of New York or Philadelphia, and still more of Baltimore, has small occasion to wish himself in the tropics for the sake of fruit.

The great staple of negro existence, and therefore the great staple of existence to the immense majority of the inhabitants, is the yam. There are some indigenous kinds; but the species most in use appear to have been brought in by the imported African slaves. This solid edible dwarfs our potatoes, a sin-

gle root varying in weight from five to ten pounds, and sometimes even reaching the weight of fifty pounds. They are of all shapes, globular, finger shaped, and long; and the latter, with their thick, brown rinds, look more like billets of wood, crusted with earth, than anything else. People in this country are apt to imagine them to be a huge kind of sweet potato, with which they have no other connection than that both are edible roots. The white yams, boiled and mashed, are scarcely distinguishable from very superior white potatoes. Above ground the plant is a vine, requiring to be trained on a pole, and a yamfield looks precisely like a vineyard. But oh, the difference! while the vineyard calls up a thousand recollections of laughing girls treading the grape, and the sunny lands of story, a yamfield reminds you only that under the ground is a bulky esculent, which some months hence will be put into a negro pot, and boiled and eaten, with an utter absence of poetry, or of anything but appetite and salt. It is plain that in this case solid usefulness stands no chance with erratic and rather loose-mannered brilliancy. And yet some kinds of yam in flower diffuse a fragrance more exquisite, I am persuaded, than comes from any vineyard. So that, after all, their homely prose has some flavor of poetry, which, when African poets arise, will doubtless be duly canonized in song.

As yet the small freeholders have chiefly occupied themselves in raising these 'ground provisions,' as yams, plantains, bananas, and the various vegetables are called. But they are more and more largely planting cane and coffee, greatly to their own advantage and that of the island.

If in this favored zone the earth is pleasant underneath, nothing can be more glorious than the heavens above. Being under the parallel of 18° N. lat., of course we have a full view of all the northern heavens, and of all the south-

ern heavens, except 18° about the South Pole. The rarefied atmosphere gives peculiar brilliancy to the stars; and on a clear night—and most nights are clear—the heavens are indeed flooded with white fire, while, according to the season of the year, Orion and his northern company appear with a lustre unwonted to us, or the Scorpion unfolds his sparkling length, or the Ship displays its glittering confusion of stars, or the Southern Cross rears aloft its sacred symbol. Meanwhile, well down toward the northern horizon, the pole star holds its fixed position, and the Great and the Little Bear, dipping toward the ocean wave, but not yet dipping in it, pursue their nightly revolutions. Long after sunset, and long before sunrise, night after night, the faint, nebulous gleam of the zodiacal lights stretches up toward the zenith. The shortness of the twilight frequently leaves the fugacious planet, Mercury, so seldom seen at the north, in distinct view. While Venus not merely casts a shadow in a clear night, as she does with us, but when she is brightest, actually shines through the clouds with an illuminating power.

Alternating with these glories of the starry firmament, the moon at the full fills the lower air with a soft, yet bright light, in which you can read without difficulty the smallest print. Under this milder illumination, the overpowering luxuriance of the landscape loses its oppressiveness, the hills assume more rounded forms, and from the general obscurity, the palms, a tree made for moonlight, stand out in soft distinctness. At such a time we forget the foul crimes which disfigure the past, and the vices which degrade the present of this fair land, and can easily imagine ourselves in the garden where the yet unfallen progenitors of mankind walked under a firmament 'glowing with living sapphires,' and together hymned the praises of their Creator. Daylight chases away this illusion, but

brings back the reality of Christian work, whose rugged but cheerful tasks replace the delicious but ineffectual dreams of *Paradise Lost*, by the hope

of contributing, in some humble measure, toward restoring in a province of fallen earth the lineaments of *Paradise Regained*.

THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

GOD is on the side of our country. Let us reverently thank him that he has favored the general march of our arms toward the sacred end of our exertions—the defeat of the daring attempt against the unity of our national power and the integrity of our free institutions. Not always in human affairs has the cause of right and freedom prevailed. In the gradual development of human society, as unfolded in the lapse of long ages, the oppressor has generally triumphed, and history has full often been compelled to record the failure of the noblest efforts, and the downfall of the most righteous designs conceived for the benefit of man. Such has been the experience of the race in those parts of the world which have longest been the theatre of human enterprise and of established government. But the American continent seems to present an exception to this uniformity of sinister events: it is destined to be the seat of civil liberty. The success of our institutions in withstanding the awful trial to which they have just been subjected, indicates the existence of providential designs toward our favored country, not to be thwarted by any mortal agency at home or abroad. Such a combination of hostile elements, so powerful and determined, has never before assailed any political structure without overthrowing it. The failure in the present instance shows that our great destiny will be accomplished in the face of all obstacles, however insurmountable they may appear to be.

Providence always accomplishes its

ends by appropriate instrumentalities; and in our case there are natural causes adequate to the great result which seems to be inevitable. In North America the principle of equal rights and of unobstructed individual progress has become the fundamental law of society. It is needless to trace the origin and growth of this principle; but its operation has been so powerful and productive, so fully imbued with moral and intellectual power, so solid and safe as a basis of national organization, as shown in the marvellous history of the United States, that no uncongenial principle is capable of resisting it, or even of maintaining an existence by its side. This is true not only with regard to that antagonistic principle which is now desperately but hopelessly waging a suicidal war within the bosom of the great republic; but it is equally true with regard to that insidious germ of despotism, which threatens to push its way through the soil of a neighboring country, displacing the free institutions which have long and sadly languished amid the civil wars of a most unhappy people. The same vigorous vitality which will renew the growth of our national authority and maintain it in the Union, will, at the same time, establish its predominant influence on the continent. Having overborne and rooted out every opposing principle within the boundaries of our own imperial domain, its growth will be so majestic that every unfriendly influence which may possibly have secured a feeble foothold in its vicinity during

its perilous struggle, will soon wither in the shadow of its greatness and disappear from around it. Foreign nations may exert their sinister authority in the Old World, and plant their peculiar institutions in that congenial soil, with their accustomed success; but no amount of skilful manipulation will preserve these exotics when transplanted in the American soil. The prevailing elements are not suited to their organization; they cannot be naturalized and acclimated. This continent, with its peculiar population and antecedents, has its own political *fauna* and *flora* fixed by nature and destiny, which cannot be utterly changed at the will of any human authority.

The most wicked and disastrous experiment of the age has been tried upon the grandest scale. It was a bold undertaking to break up the American Union, and to arrest the progress of its benign principles. To the great relief and joy of almost universal humanity, the monstrous attempt is about to result in disgraceful failure. Yet this prodigious enterprise of destruction was initiated under the most favorable circumstances, with the most auspicious promise for its fatal success. The malignant envy of all the instruments of despotism throughout the whole civilized world were brought to bear against us for the accomplishment of a work of stupendous ruin—the annihilation of American nationality, American power, and American freedom. All the bad, restless, retrogressive elements of our own population sought alliance with the foreign enemies of human liberty; and, for the most selfish and detestable of all social and political schemes, attempted to prostrate the paternal government of their country, before the expiration of the first century of its unexampled career. Vast armies of deluded citizens, led by degenerate sons of the republic—ingrates, educated at her own military schools—have impiously defied her lawful authority, and sometimes assailed her with unnatural

triumph over her arms; while foreign capital, subsidized by prospective piratical plunder, has filled the ocean with daring cruisers to destroy her commerce, and thus to weaken the right hand of her power. Feathers from the wing of her own eagle have plumed the arrows directed at her heart; while the barb has been steeled and sharpened by the aid of mercenary enemies in distant lands—aid purchased by means of the robberies which have desolated one half the land. Deep and dangerous have been the wounds inflicted on our unhappy country through this shameless combination of traitors at home and enemies of humanity abroad; but she still stands erect, though bleeding, with her great strength yet comparatively undiminished, and with her foot uplifted ready to be planted on the breast of her prostrate foes. She holds aloft the glorious banner, its stars still undimmed, and with her mild but penetrating voice, she still proclaims the principles of universal freedom to all who may choose to claim it; and with the sublimity of the most exalted human charity, she invites even the fallen enemy—the misguided betrayers of their country—to return to her bosom and share the protection of her generous institutions. In the hour of her triumph she seeks no bloody vengeance, but tenders a magnanimous forgiveness to her repenting children, wooing them back to the shelter of re-established liberty and vindicated law. All hail to the republic in the splendor of her coming triumph and the renewal of her beneficent power!

It has not been within the ability of reckless treason and armed rebellion to break down the Constitution of the country and permanently destroy its institutions; so will it be as far beyond the capacity, as it ought to be distant from the thoughts of the men now wielding the Federal authority, to operate unauthorized changes in the fundamental law which they have solemnly sworn to support. The strength

of the people has been put forth, through the Government—their blood has been profusely poured out, for the sole purpose of maintaining its legitimate ascendancy, and of overthrowing and removing the obstacles opposed by the hand of treason to its constitutional action. To uphold the supremacy of the Constitution and laws, is the very object of the war; and it would be a gross perversion of the authority conferred and a palpable misuse of the means so amply provided by Congress, to use them for the purpose of defeating the very end intended to be accomplished. Neither the legislative nor the executive department of the Government could legitimately undertake to destroy or change the Constitution, from which both derive their existence and all their lawful power. It is true that pending a war, either foreign or civil, the Constitution itself confers extraordinary powers upon the Government—powers far transcending those which it may properly exercise in time of peace. These war powers, however, great as they are, and limited only by the laws of and usages civilized nations, are not extra-constitutional; they are expressly conferred, and are quite as legitimate as those more moderate ones which appropriately belong to the Government in ordinary times. But when there is no longer any war—when the Government shall have succeeded in completely suppressing the rebellion—what then will be the proper principle of action? Will not the Constitution of itself, by the simple force of its own terms, revert to its ordinary operation, and spread its benign protection over every part of the country? Will not all the States, returning to their allegiance, be entitled to hold their place in the Union, upon the same footing which they held prior to the fatal attempt at secession? These are indeed momentous questions, demanding a speedy solution.

If we say that the Federal Government may put the States upon any dif-

ferent footing than that established by the existing Constitution, then we virtually abrogate that instrument which accurately prescribes the means by which alone its provisions can be altered or amended. But, on the other hand, if we concede the right of each State, after making war on the Union until it is finally conquered, quietly to return and take its place again with all the rights and privileges it held before, just as if nothing had happened in the *interim*, then, indeed, do we make of the Federal Government a veritable temple of discord. We subject it to the danger of perpetual convulsions, without the power to protect itself except by the repetition of sanguinary wars, whenever the caprice or ambition of any State might lead her into the experiment of rebellion. Between these two unreasonable and contradictory alternatives—the right of the Government to change its forms, and the right of the rebellious State to assume its place in the union without conditions—there must be some middle ground upon which both parties may stand securely without doing violence to any constitutional principle. The Federal Government is clothed with power, and has imposed upon it the duty, to conquer the rebellion. This is an axiom in the political philosophy of every true Union man, and we therefore do not stop to argue a point disputed only by the enemies of our cause. But if the Government has power to conquer the domestic enemy in arms against it, then, as a necessary consequence, it must be the sole judge as to when the conquest has been accomplished; in other words, it must pronounce when and in what manner the state of internal war shall cease to exist. This implies nothing more than the right claimed by every belligerent power, and always exercised by the conqueror—that of deciding for itself how far the war shall be carried—what amount of restraint and punishment shall be inflicted—what terms of peace

shall be imposed. The Constitution of the United States does not seem to contemplate the holding, by the Federal Government, of any State as a conquered and dependent province; but in authorizing it to suppress rebellion, it confers every power necessary to do the work effectually. It authorizes the use of the whole military means of the Government, to be applied in the most unrestricted manner, for the destruction of the rebellious power. If a State be in rebellion, then the State itself may be held and restrained by military power, so long as may be necessary, in order to secure its obedience to the Federal laws and the due performance of its constitutional obligations. It would be contradictory and wholly destructive of the right of suppressing rebellion by military power, to admit the irreconcilable right of the State unconditionally to assume its place in the Union, only to renew the war at its own pleasure. Acting in good faith, the Federal Government has the undoubted right to provide for its own security, and to follow its military measures with all those supplementary proceedings which are usual and appropriate to this end. This principle surely cannot be questioned; and if so, it involves everything, leaving the question one only of practical expediency and of good faith in the choice of means.

But it is said there is and indeed can be no war between the Government and any of the States; but only between the former, and certain rebellious individuals in the States. We are well aware that in the ordinary operation of the Federal Government, it acts directly on individuals and not on States. The cause of this arrangement and its purpose are well understood. But in case of war or insurrection, the power must be coextensive with the emergency which calls it forth. If States are actually in rebellion, then of necessity the Government must treat that fact according to its real nature. The fiction of

supposing the State to be loyal when its citizens are all traitors, and of considering it incapable of insurrection when all its authorities are notoriously in open rebellion, would be not less pernicious in its folly and imbecility than it would be absurd to the common sense of mankind. Undoubtedly it may be true in some instances, that the rebellion has usurped authority in the States. The will of the people may have been utterly disregarded, and set aside by violence or fraud. The insurrectionary government of the State may be only the government *de facto* and not *de jure*, using these terms with reference only to the State and its people, and not with reference to the paramount authority of the Union which, under all circumstances, deprives the insurrectionary State organization of any legal character whatever. In all cases of such usurped authority, the people of the States would have the unquestionable right to be restored to the Union upon the terms of their recent connection, without any conditions whatever. It would be the solemn duty of the United States to defend each one of its members from the violence which might thus have overthrown its legitimate government. But, on the other hand, when the people of the States themselves have inaugurated the insurrectionary movement and have voluntarily sustained it in its war upon the Government, then no such favor can reasonably be claimed for them. If excitement and delusion have suddenly hurried them into rebellion against their better judgments and their real inclinations, they are to be pitied for their misfortune, and ought to be treated with great leniency and favor; but they cannot claim exemption from those conditions which may be imperatively demanded for the future security and tranquillity of the country.

If by possibility there might be some technical legal difficulty in this view, there would be none whatever of a practical nature; for any mind gifted

with the most ordinary endowment of reason would not fail to be impressed with the gross inconsistency and inequality of holding that rebels may not only set aside the Constitution at their will and make war for its destruction, but may set it up again and claim its protection; while its defenders and faithful asserters must be held to such strict and impracticable regard for its provisions that they may not take the precautions necessary to preserve it, even in the emergency of putting down a rebellion against it. Such an irrational predicament of constitutional difficulties and political contradictions would soon necessitate its own solution. The revolution on the one side would induce a similar revolutionary movement on the other; attempted destruction by violence would justify the measures necessary to the restoration of the Government and to its permanent security in the future. There would be little hesitation in adopting these measures in spite of any doubt as to their regularity. The public safety would be acknowledged as the supreme law, and they who had placed themselves in the attitude of public enemies could not complain of the rigid application of its requirements to them.

The most inveterate of the rebels certainly do not anticipate the relaxation of this principle. They are careful to make known to the Southern people the impossibility of returning to the Union, except upon such conditions as may be prescribed by the conquering power. It is true they do this to deter their followers from indulging the thought of any restoration of their former Federal relations; but this fact of itself shows their consciousness of the justice of the position. They have betrayed their people into a situation from which they cannot reasonably hope to escape without making important concessions to the Federal Government. Their effort now is to convince the misguided population of the South that the required concessions will be

more intolerable than the indefinite continuance of a hopeless and destructive civil war.

There is no necessity, however, to go beyond the limits of the Constitution; nor is there any reason to believe that the Government, in any event, will be disposed to exact terms inconsistent with the true spirit of our institutions. A great danger, such as now threatens our country, might, in some circumstances, justify a revolution, altering even the fundamental laws, for the purpose of preserving our national unity. The justification would depend upon the nature of the circumstances—the extremity and urgency of the peril; and the change would be recognized and defended as the result of violence, irregular and revolutionary. At a more tranquil period, in the absence of danger and excitement, it would be practicable to return to the former principles of political action; or, in case of necessity, the sanction of the people might be obtained in the forms prescribed by the Constitution, and the change found necessary in the revolutionary period would either be approved and retained, modified, or altogether rejected.

But fortunately no constitutional obstacle whatever stands in the way of making such stipulations as may be appropriate between the Federal Government and the States; nor would they at all imply any admission of the right of secession, or of the actual efficacy of the attempted withdrawal from the Union. On the contrary, any agreement with the State would, *ex vi termini*, admit the integrity of its organization under the Constitution. Special agreements are usually made whenever a new State is admitted into the Union; and as all the States, old and new, stand upon an equal footing, there can be nothing in the ordinances usually adopted by the new States, conflicting with the principles on which the Government is organized. The States are prohibited from making

'any agreement or compact' with each other, without the consent of the Federal Government; but there is no prohibition against making such agreements with the Federal Government itself. What the new States may do upon entering the Union, the old States may do at any time upon the same conditions. This principle was settled upon the admission of Texas into the Union; it has been sanctioned in many other instances; and we are not aware that there is or can be any question of its soundness. Surely, if there could ever be an occasion proper for a solemn compact between the General Government and any of the separate States, it will be found at the conclusion of this unhappy war, when it will be necessary to heal the wounds of the country, and provide for its permanent peace and security. To quell an insurrection so extensive, involving so many States in its daring treason, especially when it has assumed an organized form and been recognized not only by other nations but even by ourselves, as a belligerent entitled to the rights of war, implies the necessity, in addition to the annihilation of its armies and all its warlike resources, of removing the causes of its dissatisfaction, and destroying its means of exciting disturbance. The Government is by no means bound unconditionally to recognize the old relations of States which, as such, have taken part in the rebellion; which have themselves repudiated all their constitutional rights and obligations; and which may again, at any time, renew the war, from the same impulse and for the same cause. On the contrary, the close of the disastrous contest will be a most favorable opportunity for compelling the conquered insurrection to submit to terms such as will deprive it of all capacity for similar mischief in the future. The insurrection will not be effectually suppressed unless its active principle is destroyed. Nothing can be plainer than the right

and the solemn duty of the Government in this great emergency.

Supposing these principles to be admitted, there still remains for determination the most important question as to the nature of the conditions which ought to be exacted of the returning States—a problem of the most difficult character, involving the most delicate of all considerations, and demanding for its solution the highest practical statesmanship and the most profound wisdom, based upon moderation, firmness, liberality, and justice. In this problem several elements exist in complicated combination, and each one of these must be fairly considered in the adjustment whenever it may be made. The measures of safety which the Government has been compelled to adopt in the progress of the war, and to which it may be committed without recall; the condition of the rebellious States, and their demands and propositions; and finally, the interests, rights, and just expectations of the African race, which has become so intimately involved in this terrible strife—all these must be weighed accurately in the scales of truth, and with the impartial hand of disinterested patriotism. No mere partisan considerations, no promptings of selfish ambition, and no miserable sectional enmities or fierce desires for revenge, ought to be allowed to mingle with our thoughts and feelings when we approach this great subject of restoring peace and harmony to the people and States of this mighty republic. Awful will be the responsibility of those men in authority, who shall fail to rise to the height of this momentous emergency in the history of our country—who shall be wanting in the courage, the purity, the magnanimity necessary to save the nation from disunion and anarchy.

What ought to be the conditions upon which the rebellious States are to be reestablished in their old relations, it is perhaps premature now to attempt

to determine. The war is not yet closed, although we are sufficiently sanguine to believe that we have already seen 'the beginning of the end.' But the still nearer approach of the final acts in the great drama will give a mighty impetus to events, and many great changes will be wrought in the condition of the Southern people, and in their feelings toward the Union, against which too many of them are still breathing hate and vengeance. They have scarcely yet been sufficiently chastened even by the fiery ordeal through which they have been compelled to pass. Every day, however, increases the bitterness of the scourge under which they suffer, and if it does not avail to humble them, it tends at least to convince them, in their hearts, of the terrible mistake into which they have been led. We may well hope and believe that the masses of the people will soon be brought to that rational frame of mind which will incline them to acknowledge the irresistible exigencies of their situation, and to make those concessions that may be found indispensable to peace and union. As we approach the moment of decisive action, experience will teach us the solemn duty devolving upon us. While we may not at present anticipate fully what will then be necessary, we can nevertheless determine some few principles of a general nature which must control the adjustment.

We will be compelled to consider not only the duty which the Government owes the people, in the matter of their own permanent security, but also the obligations it has assumed, the promises it has made, and the hopes it has excited in the bondsmen of the rebellious States. There must be good faith toward the black man. It would be infamous to have incited him to escape from slavery only to remand him again, upon the restoration of the Union, to the tender mercies of his master. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed in the beginning as to

the legality and policy of the Proclamation and of employing the liberated slaves as soldiers, the Government and people are too far committed in this line of action to be able now to withdraw without dishonor and foul injustice. Many of the consequences of the war may be remedied, and even the last vestiges of them obliterated. Cities may be rebuilt, desolated fields made to bloom again with prosperity, and commerce may return to its old channels with even increased activity and volume. Many wounds may be healed, and many separations may be brought to an end by the renewal of friendships broken by the war; but the separation of the slave from his master, so far as it has been caused by any action of the Government, can never be remedied. That must be an eternal separation, resting for its security upon the humanity as well as the honor of the American people. What! Shall we restore the States unconditionally, and permit the fugitive slave law again to operate as it did before the rebellion? Shall we consent to see the men whom we have invited away from the South dragged back into slavery tenfold more severe by reason of our own act inducing them to escape? This is plainly impossible. Argument is wholly out of place; feeling and conscience revolt at the very idea. It may be admitted that this question, with its peculiar complications, presents the most difficult and dangerous of all problems; but there is no alternative: we must meet and solve it at the close of this rebellion. We have to combat the selfish interests of a class still powerful, aided by the great strength of a popular prejudice almost universal. The emergency will require the exertion of all our wisdom and all our energy.

The vast body of slaves in the South have not yet been incited to action, either by the movements of our armies or by the potency of the Proclamation. Whether they will be, and to what extent, depends upon the continuance of

the war, and its future progress. The result in this particular remains to be seen, and cannot now be anticipated. What legal effect the measures of the Government may have upon the slaves remaining in the South would be a question for the decision of the courts; and doubtless most of them would be entitled to liberation as the penalty of the treason of their masters, who may have participated in the rebellion. But it is well worthy of consideration whether it would not be wise and better for all parties, including the slaves, to commute this penalty by a compact with the States for the gradual emancipation of the slaves remaining at the time of the negotiation. The sudden and utter overthrow of the existing organization of labor and capital in those States, coming in addition to the awful devastation which the war has produced, will deal a disastrous blow, not alone to those unfortunate States, but to the commerce and industry of the whole country.

But neither the Government of the United States alone, nor this together with the Africans, liberated and unliberated, can prescribe their own requirements, as the law of the emergency, without reference to other great interests involved. The question must necessarily be controlled by the sum of all the political elements which enter into it. It is desirable to restore the States to the Union with as little dissatisfaction as possible, and even with all the alleviation which can properly be afforded to the misfortunes of the people who have so sadly erred in their duty to themselves and to their country. After any settlement—the most

favorable that can be made—heavy will be the punishment inflicted by the great contest upon the unhappy population of the rebellious region. In many things, it is true, they will suffer only in common with the people of all the States; but they will also have their own peculiar misfortunes in addition to the common burdens. A generous Government, in the hour of its triumph, will seek to lessen rather than to aggravate their misfortunes, even though resulting from their crimes. Having received them back into the bosom of the Union, it will do so heartily and magnanimously, yielding everything which does not involve a violation of principle, and endanger the future tranquillity of the country. The harmony of the States, their homogeneity, and their general progress in all that contributes to the greatness and happiness of communities, ought to be, and doubtless will be, the benign object of the Government in the settlement of the existing difficulty. If these high purposes necessarily require in their development a provision for the rapid disappearance of slavery, the requirement will not arise from any remaining hostility to the returning States; on the contrary, it will look to their own improvement and prosperity, quite as much as to the peace and security of the whole country. The day will yet arrive when these States themselves will gratefully acknowledge that all the sacrifices of the war will be fully compensated by the advantages of that great and fundamental change, which they will undoubtedly now accept only with the utmost reluctance and aversion.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GORTON.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

CHAPTER IX.

HIRAM was never in serious difficulty before.

When he came carefully to survey the situation, he felt greatly embarrassed, and in real distress. To understand this, you have only to recollect what value he placed on church membership. In this he was perfectly sincere. He felt, too, as he afterward expressed it to Mr. Bennett, that he had not 'acted just right toward Emma Tenant,' but he had not the least idea the matter could possibly become a subject of church discipline. The day for such extraordinary supervision over one's private affairs had gone by, it is true, but Dr. Chellis, roused and indignant, would no doubt revive it on this occasion.

Hiram had absented himself the first Sunday after his interview with his clergyman, but on the following he ventured to take his accustomed seat. The distant looks and cold return to his greeting which he received from the principal members of the congregation, were unmistakable. Even the female portion, with whom he was such a favorite, had evidently declared against him.

He had gone too far.

However, he went into Sunday school, and took his accustomed seat with the class under his instruction. It was the first time he had been with it since he left town to attend on his mother. The young gentleman who had assumed a temporary charge of this class, which was one of the finest in the school, shook hands with cool politeness with Hiram, but did not offer to yield the seat. The latter,

already nervous and ill at ease by reason of his reception among his acquaintances, did not dare assume his old place, lest he should be told he had been superseded. He contented himself with greeting his pupils, who appeared glad to see him, and sitting quietly by while they recited their lesson. Then, taking advantage of the few moments remaining, he gave them a pathetic account of the loss of his mother, and exhorted them all to honor and obey their parents. In the afternoon he did not go back to church, but went to hear Dr. Pratt, the clergyman who, the reader may recollect, had been recommended by Mr. Bennett on Hiram's first coming to New York. Our hero was not at all pleased with this latter gentleman. The fact is, to a person of Hiram's subtle intellect, a man like Dr. Chellis was a thousand times more acceptable than a milk-and-water divine.

From Dr. Pratt's, Hiram proceeded to his room, to take a careful survey of his position, and, as we said at the beginning of the chapter, he found himself in serious difficulty, greatly embarrassed and in real distress. He could not join another church, for a letter had been formally refused from his own. He could not remain where he was, for the feeling there was too strong against him, besides, evidently, Dr. Chellis was determined to institute damaging charges against him. He thought of attempting to make friends with Mr. and Mrs. Tenant, and humbly asking them to intercede for him, but the recollection of his last interview with Mrs. Tenant discouraged any hope of success. Emma, alas! was

away, far away, else he would go and appeal to her—not to reinstate him as her accepted, but—to aid him to get right with Dr. Chellia. Such were some of the thoughts that went through his brain as he sat alone by his open window quite into the twilight. He felt worse and worse. Prayer did not help him, and every chapter which he read in the Bible added to his misery. At last it occurred to him to step to his cousin's house, not far distant, and talk the whole matter over there.

Although Mr. Bennett's family were out of town during the summer, he was obliged to remain most of the season, on account of his business. Up to this time he had not mentioned the fact of the breaking his engagement; indeed, he had avoided the subject whenever the two had met, because he knew he was wrong, and there was something about Mr. Bennett, notwithstanding his keen, shrewd, adroit mercantile habits, which was very straightforward and aboveboard, and which Hiram disliked to encounter. Besides, he had always been praised by his cousin for his tact and management, and he felt exceedingly mortified at being obliged to confess himself cornered. But something must be done, and that speedily. Yes, he would go and consult him. Hiram took his hat and walked slowly to Mr. Bennett's house. He found him extended on a sofa in his front parlor, quite alone and in the dark, enjoying apparently with much zest a fine Havana segar. It was by its light that Hiram was enabled to discover the smoker.

'Why, Hiram, is it you? Glad to see you!'—so his greeting ran. 'Didn't know you ever went out Sunday evenings except to church. Take a segar—oh, you don't smoke. It's deuced lonesome here without the folks. Must try and get off for a week or two myself. Why didn't I think to ask you to come and stay with me? Well, we will have some light on the occasion, and a cup of tea.' And he rose to ring the bell.

'Not just yet, if you please,' said Hiram, checking the other. 'I want to have some conversation with you, and I need your advice. I am in trouble.'

By a singular coincidence, these were the very words which Mr. Tenant employed when he went to consult his friend Dr. Chellia. As Hiram differed totally from Mr. Tenant, so did the drygoods jobbing merchant from the Doctor. Both were first-rate advisers in their way: the Doctor in a humane and noble sort, after his kind; the merchant in a shrewd, adroit, quick-witted, fertile manner, after his kind.

Mr. Bennett and Hiram both sat on the sofa, even as the Doctor and Mr. Tenant had sat together. It was quite dark, as I have said, and this gave Hiram a certain advantage in telling his story, for he dreaded his cousin's scrutinizing glance.

Mr. Bennett was much alarmed at Hiram's announcement. 'In trouble?' What could that mean but financial disaster?

'I was afraid he would speculate too much,' said Mr. Bennett to himself; 'but how could he have got such a blow as this? I saw him the day after his return, and he said everything had gone well in his absence.'

He settled himself, however, resolutely to hear the worst, and, to his praise be it spoken, fully determined to do what he could to aid the young man in his difficulties.

Hiram was brief in his communication. When he chose, he could go as straight to the point as any one. He did not attempt to gloss over his story, but put his cousin in possession of the facts pretty much as the reader understands them.

It is doubtful if Mr. Bennett was much relieved by the communication. Indeed, I think he would have preferred to have some pecuniary tangle out of which to extricate his cousin. In fact, it was impossible for him to suppress a feeling of contempt, not to say disgust, at Hiram's conduct. For, worldly

minded as he was, it was what he never would have been guilty of. Indeed, it so happened that Mr. Bennett had actually married his wife under circumstances quite similar, three months after her father's failure, and one month after his death; so that where he expected a fortune, he had taken a portionless wife and her widowed mother. What is more, he did it cheerfully, and was, as he used to say, the happiest fellow in the world in consequence. It would have been singular, therefore, if while hearing Hiram's story he had not recurred to his own history. In indulging his contempt for him, he unconsciously practised an innocent self-flattery.

He did not immediately reply after Hiram concluded, but waited for this feeling to subside, and for the old worldly leaven to work again.

'A nice mess you're in,' he said, at length, 'and all from not seeking my advice in time. Do you know, Hiram, you made a great mistake in giving up that girl? I'm not talking of any matter of affection or sentiment or happiness, or about violating pledges and promises. That is your own affair, and I've nothing to do with it. I have often told you that you have much to learn yet, and here is a tremendous blunder to prove it. The connection would have been as good as a hundred thousand dollars cash capital, if the girl hadn't a cent. That clique is a powerful one, and they all hang together. Mark my words: they won't let the old man go under, and it would have been a fortune to you to have stood by him. You've taken a country view of this business, Hiram. There every man tries to pull his neighbor down. Here, we try to build one another up.'

'You are doubtless correct,' replied Hiram, 'but the mischief is done, and I want you to help me remedy it. If you can't aid me, nobody can.'

Mr. Bennett was not insensible to the compliment.

'Certainly, certainly,' he answered, 'you know you can count on me. I have always told you that you could, and I meant what I said. But you must permit me to point out your mistakes, and I tell you you should have asked my advice in this affair.'

'Very true.'

'You think Dr. Chellis won't yield?'

'I am sure of it.'

Mr. Bennett sat fixed in thought for at least five minutes, during which time, I am inclined to think, Hiram's countenance, could it have been seen through the darkness, would have been a study for an artist. For it doubtless exhibited (because it could *not* be seen) his actual feelings and anxieties. He was startled at last into an exclamation of fright by receiving an unexpected slap on his shoulder, which came from Mr. Bennett, who, rising at that moment, gave this as a token of having arrived at a happy solution of the difficulty. In this respect he was as abrupt as Dr. Chellis had been with his friend.

'The thing is settled. There is but one course to pursue, and you must take it. I will explain when we can have more light on the subject, to say nothing of our cup of tea.'

He rang the bell, the parlor was lighted, and tea served, when Mr. Bennett again broke the silence.

'Hiram,' he said, abruptly, 'you must quit the Presbyterian church.'

Hiram's heart literally stopped beating. He turned deadly pale.

Mr. Bennett perceived it. 'Don't be frightened,' he said. 'You have made a great mistake, and I would help you repair it. I repeat, you must quit the Presbyterian church, and you must join ours. You must indeed,' he continued, seeing Hiram look undecided.

'Does it teach the true salvation?' asked Hiram, doubtingly.

'How can you ask such a question?' replied Mr. Bennett, in a severe tone; 'are we not in the apostolic line? Are not the ordinances administered by a clergy whose succession has never been

broken? You—you Presbyterians, *may* possibly be saved by the grace of God, but you have really no church, no priesthood, no ordinances. We won't discuss this. I will introduce you to our clergyman, and you shall examine the subject for yourself. Perhaps you don't know it, Hiram, but I have been confirmed; yes, I was confirmed last spring. When I had that fit of sickness in the winter, I thought more about these matters than I ever did before, and I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to be confirmed. I have felt much more comfortable ever since, I assure you. My wife, you know, is a strict churchwoman. She and you will agree first rate if you come with us. For my part, I don't pretend to be so very exact. I believe in the spirit more than the letter, and our clergyman don't find any fault with me. What say you, will you call on him? If yes, I will open up a little plan which I have this moment concocted for your particular benefit. But you must first become a churchman.

Hiram sat stupefied, horrified, in a trance, in a maze. Cast loose from his church, within whose pale he was accustomed to think salvation could only be found, the possibility that there might be hope for him in another quarter nearly took away his senses. He had been accustomed to regard the Episcopalians as little better than Papists, and *they* were the veritable children of wrath. Could he have been mistaken? He was now willing to hope so. It could certainly do no harm to confer with the clergyman. He would hear what he had to say, and then judge for himself, and so he told his cousin.

'All right; you talk like a sensible man. Now, Hiram, between us two, I am going to find you a wife.'

Hiram started. His pulse began again to beat naturally.

'Yes, I have found you a wife, that is, if you will do as I advise you, instead of following your own head. I tell you what it is, Hiram; you're green in these matters.'

Hiram smiled an incredulous smile, and asked, in a tone which betrayed a good deal of interest, 'Who is the young lady?'

'Never mind who she is until you come over to us. Then my wife shall introduce you. But I'll tell you this much, Hiram: she has a clear two hundred thousand dollars—no father, no mother, already of age, in our first society, and very aristocratic.'

'Is she pious?' asked Hiram, eagerly.

'Excessively so. Fact is, she is the strictest young woman in the church in—Lent. She belongs to all the charitable societies, and gives away I don't know how much.'

'Humph,' responded Hiram. The last recommendation did not seem specially to take with him. Still his eyes glistened at the recital. He could not resist asking several questions about the young lady, but Mr. Bennett was firm, and would not communicate further till Hiram's decision was made.

Thus conversing, they fell into a pleasant mood, and so the evening wore away. When Hiram rose to leave, he found it was nearly midnight. His cousin insisted he should remain with him, and Hiram was glad to accept the invitation. He did not feel like returning to his solitary room with his mind unsettled and his feelings decomposed.

In a most confidential mood the two walked up stairs together, and Mr. Bennett bade Hiram good night in a tone so cheerful that the latter entered his room quite reassured. He proceeded, as was his habit, to read a chapter in the Bible, but his teeth chattered when, on opening the volume, he discovered it to be—the prayer book!—something he had been accustomed to hold in utter abomination. He controlled his feelings sufficiently to glance through the book, and at last, selecting a chapter from the Psalter, he perused it and retired. He dreamed that he was married to the rich girl, and had

the two hundred thousand dollars safe in his possession. And so real did this seem that he woke in the morning greatly disappointed to find himself minus so respectable a sum.

'I must not lose the chance,' said Hiram to himself, as he jumped out of bed. 'With that amount in cash I would teach all South street a lesson. I wonder if this is the true church after all;' and he took up the prayer book this time without fear, as if determined to find out.

He spent some time in reading the prayers, and confessed to himself that they were quite unobjectionable. Mr. Bennett's warning that there was no certainty of salvation out of the *church* (i. e. his church) was not without its effect. As Hiram sought religion for the purpose of security on the other side, you can readily suppose any question of the validity of his title would make him very nervous; once convinced of his mistake, he would hasten to another church, just as he would change his insurance policies, when satisfied of the insolvency of the company which had taken his risks.

After breakfast Hiram renewed the subject of the last night's conversation, and Mr. Bennett was pleased to find that his views were already undergoing a decided change.

'Now, Hiram,' he exclaimed, 'if you do come over to us, it's no reason you should join *my* church. You may not like our clergyman. You know, when you first came to New York, I recommended you to join Dr. Pratt's congregation instead of Dr. Chellis's; but you wanted severe preaching, and you have had it. Now there are similar varieties among the Episcopalians. Dr. Wing, though a strict churchman, will give you sharp exercise, if you listen to him. He will handle you without gloves. He is fond of using the sword of the spirit, and you had best stand from under, or he will cleave you through and through. My clergyman, Mr. Myrtle, is a very different man. He believes in the goe-

pel as a message of peace and love, and his sermons are beautiful. One feels so safe and happy to hear him discourse of the mercy of God, and the joys of heaven.'

'Nevertheless,' replied Hiram, stoutly, 'I hold to my old opinion, and I confess I prefer such a preacher as Dr. Wing to one like Mr. Myrtle. But under existing circumstances I shall go with you.'

He was thinking about the splendid match Mr. Bennett had hinted at.

'I am glad to hear you say so,' said Mr. Bennett; 'it will bring us more frequently together. You have a brilliant future, if you will listen to me; but it won't do to make another blunder, such as you have just committed.'

'I suppose you will tell me now about that young lady?' asked Hiram, with an interest he could not conceal.

'Not one word, not one syllable,' replied the other, good humoredly, 'until you are actually within the pale. Don't be alarmed,' he continued, seeing Hiram look disappointed. 'To tell you would not do the least good, and might frustrate my plans. But I will work the matter for you, my boy, if it is a possible thing; and for my part I see no difficulty in it. When my family come in town we will organize. Meantime let me ask, have you learned to waltz?'

'To waltz?' exclaimed Hiram, in horror. 'No. I don't even know how to *dance*; I was taught to believe it sinful. As to waltzing, how can you ask me if I practise such a disgusting, such an immoral style of performance, invented by infidel German students to give additional zest to their orgies.'

'Did Dr. Chellis tell you that,' said Mr. Bennett, with something like a sneer.

'No; I read it in the *Christian Herald*.'

'I thought so. Dr. Chellis has too much sense to utter such stuff.'

'Does Mr. Myrtle approve of waltzing?' inquired Hiram, with a groan.

'Hiram, don't be a goose. Of course, Mr. Myrtle does not exactly *approve* of it. That is, he don't waltz himself, his wife don't waltz, and his children are not old enough; but he does not object to any 'rational amusement,' and he leaves his congregation to decide what is rational.'

'Well, I shall not waltz, that's certain.'

'Yes you will, too. The girl you are to marry—the girl who has a clear two hundred thousand in her own right—*she* waltzes, and *you* have got to waltz.'

Hiram's head swam, as if already giddy in the revolving maze; but it was the thought of the two hundred thousand dollars, nothing else, which turned his brain. The color in his face went and came; he hesitated.

'I will think of it,' at last he ejaculated.

'Of course you will,' cried Mr. Bennett, 'of course you will, and decide like a sensible man afterward, not like an idiot; but you must decide quick, for I must put you in training for the fall campaign.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, simply this; the girl will not look at you unless you are a fashionable fellow—don't put on any more wry faces, but think of the prize—and I must have you well up in all the accomplishments. For the rest, you are what I call, a finely-formed, good-looking, and rather graceful fellow, if you are my cousin.'

Hiram's features relaxed.

'When can I call on Mr. Myrtle?' he asked.

'Not for several weeks. He is taking a longer vacation than usual. However, come with me every Sunday, and you will hear Mr. Strang, our curate, who officiates in Mr. Myrtle's absence. A most excellent man, and a very fair preacher.'

'Have you a Sunday school connected with the church?'

'Do you think we are heathen, Hiram? Have we a Sunday school?'

I should suppose so! What is more, the future Mrs. Meeker is one of the teachers.'

'Yet she waltzes?'

'Yet she waltzes.'

'Well, I hope I shall understand this better by and by.'

'Certainly you will.'

The two proceeded down town to their business.

* * * * *

In a very few days after, Hiram Meeker was the pupil—the private pupil—of Signor Alberto, dancing master to the aristocracy of the town. [That is not what he called himself, but I wish to be intelligible.] Alberto had directions to perfect his pupil in every step practised in the world of fashion. Hiram proved an apt and ready scholar. He gave this new branch of education the same care and assiduity that he always practised in everything he undertook. Mr. Bennett was not out of the way in praising his parts. Signor Alberto was delighted with his pupil. His rapid progress was a source of great pleasure to the master. To be sure, he could not get on quite as well as if he had consented to go in with a class; but this Hiram would not think of. Still the matter was managed without much difficulty, as the Signor could always command supernumeraries.

When it came to the waltz, Alberto was kind enough to introduce to Hiram a young lady—a friend of his—who, he said, was perfectly familiar with every measure; and who would, as a particular favor, take the steps with him, under the master's special direction. It took Hiram's breath away, poor fellow, to be thrown so closely into the embraces of such a fine-looking, and by no means diffident damsel. It was what he had not been accustomed to. True, *he* had been in the habit at one time of playing the flirt, of holding the girls' hands in his, and pressing them significantly, and sighing and talking sentimental nonsense; but here the tables were turned. Hiram was the bashful one, and the

young lady apparently the flirt. She explained, with tantalizing *nonchalance*, how he ought to take a more encircling hold of her waist. She illustrated *practically* the different methods—close waltzing, medium waltzing, and waltzing at arms' length. She would waltz light and heavy—observing to Hiram that he might on some occasion have an awkward partner, and it was well to be prepared.

To better explain, the young lady would become the gentleman; and in whirling Hiram round, she exhibited a strength and vigor truly astonishing.

All the while Hiram, with quick breath, and heightened color, and whirling brain, was striving hard and failing fast to keep his wits about him. What was most annoying of all, the young lady, though so accommodating and familiar as a partner to practise with under the master's eye, when the exercise was over appeared perfectly and absolutely indifferent to Hiram. She was quite insensible to every little byplay of his to attract her notice, which, as he advanced in her acquaintance, he began to practice before the lesson commenced, or after it was finished. The fact is, whoever or whatever she might be, she evidently held Hiram in great contempt as a green-horn. Strange to say, for once all his powers of fascination failed; and the more he tried to call them forth, the more signal was his discomfiture. It does not appear that Hiram, after finishing his education with Signor Alberto, attempted to continue his acquaintance with his partner in the waltz. Once during the course he did ask the young lady where she lived, and intimated that he would be pleased to call and see her; but the observation was received with such evident signs of dissatisfaction, that he never renewed the subject, and it is doubtful if he ever explained to himself satisfactorily his failure to get in the good graces of such a handsome girl and so perfect a waltzer.

CHAPTER X.

The Rev. Augustus Myrtle, rector of St. Jude's, was one of those circumstances of nature which are only to be encountered in metropolitan life. This seems a paradox. I will explain. All his qualities were born with him, not acquired, and those qualities could only shine in the aristocratic and fashionable circles of a large city. As animals by instinct avoid whatever is noxious and hurtful, so Augustus Myrtle from his infancy by instinct avoided all poor people and all persons not in the 'very first society.'

Children are naturally democrats; school is a great leveller. Augustus Myrtle recognized no such propositions. While a boy at the academy, while a youth in college, he sought the intimacy of boys and youths of rich persons of *ton*. It was not enough that a young fellow was well bred and had a good social position—he must be rich. It was not enough that he was rich—he must have position.

I do not think that Augustus Myrtle sat down carefully to calculate all this. So I say it was instinctive—born with him. A person who frequents only the society of the well bred and the wealthy must, to a degree at least, possess refined and elegant and expensive tastes, and it was so in the case of Myrtle. His tastes were refined and elegant and expensive.

His parents were themselves people of respectability, but very poor. His mother used to say that her son's decided predilections were in consequence of her unfortunate state of mind the season Augustus was born, when poverty pinched the family sharply. Mr. Myrtle was a man of collegiate education, with an excellent mind, but totally unfitted for active life. The result was, after marrying a poor girl, who was, however, of the 'aristocracy,' he became, through the influence of her friends, the librarian of the principal library in a neighboring city, with a fair salary, on which, with occa-

sional sums received for literary productions, he managed to bring up and support his small family. At times, when some unexpected expenses had to be incurred, as I have hinted, poverty seemed to poor Mrs. Myrtle a very great hardship, and such was their situation the year Augustus was born.

He was the only son, and the hope of the parents centred on him. It was settled that he should be sent to the best schools and to a first-class college. He had, perhaps, rather more than ordinary ability, the power to display to the best advantage the talents and acquirements he did possess, together with attractive manners, which, though reserved, were pleasing. He was slight, gracefully formed, and a little above the ordinary height. He had a dark complexion, a face thin and colorless, with fine, large, black eyes.

When I say Augustus Myrtle sought only the intimacy of the rich and well bred, you must not suppose he was a toady, or practised obsequiously. Not at all. He mingled with his associates, assuming to be one of them—their equal. True, his want of money led to desperate economical contrivances behind the scenes, but on the stage he betrayed by no sign that affairs did not flow as smoothly with him as with his companions. In all this, he had in his mother great support and encouragement. Her relations were precisely of the stamp Augustus desired to cultivate, and this gave him many advantages. As usually happens, he found what he sought. By the aid of the associations he had formed with so much assiduity, to say nothing of his own personal recommendations, he married a nice girl, the only child of a widowed lady in the right 'set,' and with sixty thousand dollars, besides a considerable expectancy on the mother's decease. Shortly after, he became rector of St. Jude's, the most exclusive 'aristocratic' religious establishment in New York.

At this present period, the Rev. Au-

gustus Myrtle was but thirty-five, and, from his standing and influence, he considered it no presumption to look forward to the time when he should become bishop of the diocese.

His health was excellent, if we may except some *very* slight indications of weakness of the larynx, which had been the cause of his making two excursions to Europe, each of six months' duration, which were coupled with an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars by his indulgent congregation to pay expenses.

* * * * *

While Mr. Myrtle and his family were still absent, Hiram had made very sensible progress in mastering the mysteries of the Episcopal form of worship, and became fully versed in certain doctrinal points, embracing all questions of what constitutes a 'church' and a proper 'succession.' His investigations were carried on under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Strang, a man of feeble mind (Mr. Myrtle was careful to have no one near him unless the contrast was to his advantage), but a worthy and conscientious person, who believed he was doing Heaven service in bringing Hiram into the fold of the true church. Hiram was again in his element as an object of religious interest. Before the rector had returned, he became very impatient to see him. It was a long while since he had been at communion, and he began to fear his hold on heaven would be weakened by so long an absence from that sacrament. Besides, he felt quite prepared and ready to be confirmed.

The Myrtles returned at last. In due time, Mrs. Bennett talked the whole matter over with Mrs. Myrtle. Hiram was represented as 'a very rich young merchant, destined to be a leading man in the city—of an ancient and honorable New England family—very desirable in the church—a cousin'—[here several sentences were uttered in a whisper, accompanied by nods and signs significant, which I shall never be

able to translate]—‘must secure him—ripe for it now.’

I think I forgot to say that Mrs. Myrtle and Mrs. Bennett were in the same ‘set’ as young ladies, and were very intimate.

The next day Mrs. Bennett opened the subject to Mr. Myrtle, his wife having duly prepared him. The object was to introduce Hiram into the church in the most effective manner. This could only be done through the instrumentality of the reverend gentleman himself. Everything went smoothly. Mr. Myrtle was not insensible to the value of infusing new and fresh elements into his congregation.

‘Of course,’ he observed, ‘this wealthy young man will take an entire pew.’ (The annual auction of rented pews was soon to come off, and Mr. Myrtle liked marvellously to see strong competition. It spoke well for the church.)

‘He will *purchase* a pew, if a desirable one can be had,’ answered Mrs. Bennett.

‘Oh, that is well. How fortunate! The Winslows are going to Europe to reside, and I think will sell theirs. One of the best in the church. Pray ask Mr. Bennett to look after it.’

‘Thank you. How very considerate, how very thoughtful! We will see to it at once.’

The interview ended, after some further conversation, in a manner most satisfactory.

* * * * *

It was a magnificent autumnal afternoon, the second week of October, when Hiram Meeker, by previous appointment, called at the residence of the Rev. Augustus Myrtle. The house was built on to the church, so as to correspond in architecture, and exhibited great taste in exterior as well as interior arrangement. Hiram walked up the steps and boldly rang the bell. He had improved a good deal in some respects since his passage at arms with Dr. Chellis, and while under the aus-

pices of Mr. Bennett. He had laid aside the creamy air he used so frequently to assume, and had hardened himself, so to speak, against contingencies. I was saying he marched boldly up and rang the bell.

A footman in unexceptionable livery opened the door. Mr. Myrtle was engaged, but on Hiram’s sending in his name, he was ushered into the front parlor, and requested to sit, and informed that Mr. Myrtle would see him in a few minutes. This gave Hiram time to look about him.

It so happened that it was the occasion of a preliminary gathering for the season (there had been no meeting since June) of those who belonged to the ‘Society for the Relief of Reduced Ladies of former Wealth and Refinement.’ This ‘relief’ consisted in furnishing work to the recipients of the *bounty* at prices about one quarter less than they could procure elsewhere, and without experiencing a sense of obligation which these charitable ladies managed to call forth.

There was already in the back parlor a bevy of six or eight, principally young, fine-looking, and admirably dressed women.

Arrayed in the most expensive silks, of rich colors, admirably corresponding with the season, fitted in a mode the most faultless to the exquisite forms of these fair creatures, or made dexterously to conceal any natural defect, they rose, they sat, they walked up and down the room, greeting from time to time the new comers as they arrived.

The conversation turned meanwhile on the way the summer had been spent, and much delicate gossip was broached or hinted at, but not entered into. Next the talk was about dress. The names of the several fashionable dressmakers were quoted as authority for this, and denunciatory of that. Congratulations were exchanged: ‘How charmingly you look—how sweet that is—what a lovely bonnet!’

All this Hiram Meeker drank in with

open ears and eyes, for from where he was sitting, he could see everything that was going on, as well as hear every word.

One thing particularly impressed him. He felt that never before had he been in such society. The ladies of Dr. Chellis's church were intelligent, refined, and well bred, but here was *rox*—that unmistakable, unquestionable *ton* which arrogates everything unto itself, claims everything, and with a certain class is everything.

I need not say, to a person of Hiram's keen and appreciative sense, the picture before him was most attractive. How perfect was every point in it! What minute and fastidious attention had been devoted to every article of dress! How every article had been specially *designed* to set off and adorn! The hat, how charming; the hair, how exquisitely coiffed; the shawl, how magnificent; the dress how rich! The gloves, of what admirable tint, and how neatly fitted; and how wonderfully were the walking boots adapted to display foot and ankle! And these did not distinguish one, but *every one* present.

I do not wonder Hiram was carried away by the spectacle. There is something very overpowering in such a scene. Who is sufficient to resist its seductive influences?

In the midst of what might be called a trance, when Hiram's senses were wrapt in a sort of charmed Elysium, the Rev. Augustus Myrtle entered the room. He did not look toward Hiram, but passed directly into the back parlor. He walked along, not as if he were stepping on eggs, but very smoothly and noiselessly, as if treading (as he was doing) on the finest of velvet carpets.

Instantly what a flutter! How they ran up to him, ambitious to get the first salute, and to proffer the first congratulation! How gracefully the Rev. Augustus Myrtle received each! Two or three there were (there were reasons, doubtless) whose cheeks he kissed dec-

orously, yet possibly with some degree of relish. The rest had to content themselves with shaking hands. Many and various were the compliments he received. Their 'delight to see him, how well he was looking,' and so forth.

Presently he started to leave them.

'Oh, you must not run off so soon, we shall follow you to your *sanctum*.'

'An engagement,' replied Mr. Myrtle, glancing into the other room.

A score of handsome eyes were turned in the direction where Hiram was seated, listening with attention, and watching everything. Discomfited by such an array, he colored, coughed, and nervously shifted his position. Some laughed. The rest looked politely indifferent.

'A connection of the Bennetts,' whispered Mrs. Myrtle, 'a fine young man, immensely rich. He is to come in future to our church.'

'Ah,' 'Yea,' 'Indeed,' 'Excellent.' Such were the responses.

Meanwhile Mr. Myrtle had greeted Hiram courteously, and invited him to his library. This was across the hall, in a room which formed a part of the church edifice.

As Hiram followed Mr. Myrtle out of the parlor, several of the ladies took another look at him. They could not but remark that he was finely formed, fashionably dressed, and, thanks to Signor Alberto, of a very graceful carriage.

The interview between Mr. Myrtle and Hiram was brief. The latter, thoroughly tutored by his cousin, was careful to say nothing about his previous conviction and wonderful conversion, but left Mr. Myrtle, as was very proper, to lead in the conversation. He had previously talked with Mr. Strang, which, with the recommendation of Mrs. Bennett, left no doubt in his mind as to Hiram's fitness to receive confirmation.

It was very hard for him to be informed that his early baptism must go

for nothing—what time his father and mother, in their ignorance and simplicity, brought their child to present before God, and receive the beautiful rite of the sprinkling of water.

A dreadful mistake they made, since no properly consecrated hands administered on that occasion. But nevertheless, Hiram is safe. Lucky fellow, he has discovered the mistake, and repaired it in season.

‘I think, Mr. Meeker, your conversations with Mr. Strang have proved very instructive to you. Here is a work I have written, which embraces the whole of my controversy with Mr. Howland on the true church (and there is not salvation in any other) and the apostolic succession. Having read and approved this,’ he added with a pleasant smile, ‘I will vouch for you as a good churchman.’

Hiram was delighted. He took the volume, and was about to express his thanks, when Mrs. Myrtle appeared at the door, which had been left open.

‘My dear, I regret to disturb you, but’—

‘I will join you at once,’ said Mr. Myrtle, rising. This is Mr. Meeker, a cousin of your friend Mrs. Bennett’—as if she did not know it.

Mrs. Myrtle bowed graciously, and said, with charming condescension:

‘Then it is *you* I have heard such a good report of. You are coming to our church away from—’

‘Never mind from where, my dear,’ said Mr. Myrtle pleasantly, and he bowed Hiram out in a manner which positively charmed our hero.

That evening Mr. Bennett told Hiram he had purchased a pew for him—price sixteen hundred and fifty dollars.

‘Sixteen hundred and fifty dollars,’ exclaimed the other, in amazement.

‘Yes.’

‘Why, I can’t stand that. The dear-est pews in Dr. Chellis’s church were not over six hundred. You are joking.’

‘You are an idiot,’ retorted Mr. Bennett, half pettishly, half playfully. ‘Have you not placed yourself in my hands? Shall I not manage your interests as I please? I say I want sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. I know you can draw the money without the least inconvenience. If I thought you could not, I would advance it myself. Are you content?’

Hiram nodded a doubtful assent.

‘How fortunate,’ continued Mr. Bennett, ‘that the Winslows are going to Europe, and how lucky I got there the minute I did! Young Bishop came in just as I closed the purchase. I know what *he* wanted it for, and I know what *I* wanted it for. Hiram, a word in your ear—your pew is immediately in front of our heiress! Bravo, old fellow! Now, will you pay up?’

Hiram nodded this time with satisfaction.

The second Sunday thereafter one might observe that the Winslows’ pew had been newly cushioned and carpeted, and otherwise put in order. Several prayer books and a Bible, elegantly bound, and lettered ‘H. Meeker,’ were placed in it. This could not escape the notice of the very elegant and fashionably dressed young lady in the next slip. Strange to say, the pew contained no occupant. But just before the service was about to commence, Hiram, purposely a little late, walked quietly in, and took possession of his property. His *pose* was capital. His ease and *nonchalance* were perfectly unexceptionable, evidencing *haut ton*. He had been practising for weeks.

‘Who can he be?’ asked the elegant and fashionably dressed young lady of herself. She was left to wonder. When he walked homeward, Hiram was informed by Mr. Bennett that the elegant and fashionably dressed young lady was Miss Arabella Thorne, without father, without mother, of age, and possessed of a clear sum of two hundred thousand dollars in her own right!

AMERICAN FINANCES AND RESOURCES.

LETTER NO. I, FROM HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

LONDON, 10 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, }
August 6, 1863. }

THE question has been often asked me, here and on the continent, *how has your Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Chase) so marvellously sustained American credit during this rebellion, and when will your finances collapse?* This question I have frequently answered in conversations with European statesmen and bankers, and the discussion has closed generally in decided approval of Mr. Chase's financial policy, and great confidence in the wonderful resources of the United States.

Thus encouraged, I have concluded to discuss the question in a series of letters, explaining Mr. Chase's system, and stating the reasons of its remarkable success. The interest in such a topic is not confined to the United States, nor to the present period, but extends to all times and nations. Indeed, finance, as a science, belongs to the world. It is a principal branch of the doctrine of 'the wealth of nations,' discussed, during the last century, with so much ability by Adam Smith. Although many great principles were then settled, yet political economy is emphatically progressive, especially the important branches of credit, currency, taxation, and revenue.

Mr. Chase's success has been complete under the most appalling difficulties. The preceding administration, by their treasonable course, and anti-coercion heresies, had almost paralyzed the Government. They had increased the rate of interest on Federal loans from six to nearly twelve per cent. per annum. Their Vice-President (Mr. Breckenridge), their Finance Minister (Mr. Cobb), their Secretary of War (Mr. Floyd), their Secretary of the Interior (Mr. Thompson), are now in the traitor

army. Even the President (Mr. Buchanan), with an evident purpose of aiding the South to dissolve the Union, had announced in his messages the absurd political paradox, that *a State has no right to secede, but that the Government has no right to prevent its secession.* It was a conspiracy of traitors, at the head of which stood the President, secretly pledged, at Ostend and Cincinnati, to the South (as the price of their support), to aid them to control or destroy the republic. Thus was it that, in time of profound peace, when our United States six per cents. commanded a few weeks before a large premium, and our debt was less than \$65,000,000, that Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Cobb) was borrowing money at an interest of nearly twelve per cent. per annum. Most fortunately that accursed administration was drawing to a close, or the temporary overthrow of the Government would have been effected. Never did any minister of finance undertake a task apparently so hopeless as that so fully accomplished by Mr. Chase in reviving the public credit. A single fact will illustrate the extraordinary result. At the close of the fiscal year ending 1st July, 1860, our public debt was only \$64,769,708, and Secretary Cobb was borrowing money at twelve per cent. per annum. On the first of July, 1863, in the midst of a stupendous rebellion, our debt was \$1,097,274,000, and Mr. Chase had reduced the average rate of interest to 3.89 per cent. per annum, whilst the highest rate was 7.30 for a comparatively small sum to be paid off next year. This is a financial achievement without a parallel in the history of the world. If I speak on this subject with some enthusiasm, it is in no egotistical

spirit, for Mr. Chase's system differs in many respects widely from that adopted by me as Minister of Finance during the Mexican war, and which raised United States *five per cents.* to a premium. But my system was based on specie, or its real and convertible equivalent, and would not have answered the present emergency, which, by our enormous expenditure, necessarily forced a partial and temporary suspension of specie payments upon our banks and Government. Mr. Chase's system is exclusively his own, and, in many of its aspects, is without a precedent in history. When first proposed by him it had very few friends, and was forced upon a reluctant Congress by the great emergency, presenting the alternative of its adoption or financial ruin. Indeed, upon a test vote in Congress in February last, it had failed, when the premium on gold rose immediately over twenty per cent. This caused a reconsideration, when the bills were passed and the premium on gold was immediately reduced more than the previous rise, exhibiting the extraordinary difference in a few days of twenty-three per cent., in the absence of any intermediate Federal victories in the field.

Such are the facts. Let me now proceed to detail the causes of these remarkable results. The first element in the success of any Minister of Finance is the just confidence of the country in his ability, integrity, candor, courage, and patriotism. He may find it necessary, in some great emergency, like our rebellion, to diverge somewhat from the *via trita* of the past, and enter upon paths not lighted by the lamp of experience. He must never, however, abandon great principles, which are as unchangeable as the laws developed by the physical sciences. When Mr. Chase, in his first annual Treasury Report of the 9th of December, 1861, recommended his system of United States banks, organized by Congress throughout the country, furnishing a circulation based upon private means and credit, but se-

cured also by an adequate amount of Federal stock, held by the Government as security for its redemption, it was very unpopular, and encountered most violent opposition. The State banks, and all the great interests connected with them, were arrayed against the proposed system. When we reflect that many of these banks (especially in the great State of New York) were based on State stocks, and in many States that the banks yielded large revenues to the local Government;—when we see, by our Census Tables of 1860 (p. 198), that these banks numbered 1642, with a capital paid up of \$421,890,095, loans \$691,495,580, and a circulation and deposits, including specie, of \$544,469,184,—we may realize in part the tremendous power arrayed against the Secretary. This opposition was so formidable, that neither in the public press nor in Congress did this recommendation of Mr. Chase receive any considerable support. Speaking of the *currency* issued by the State banks, and of the substitute proposed by Mr. Chase, he presented the following views in his first annual Report before referred to, of December, 1861:—

‘The whole of this circulation constitutes a loan without interest from the people to the banks, costing them nothing except the expense of issue and redemption and the interest on the specie kept on hand for the latter purpose; and it deserves consideration whether sound policy does not require that the advantages of this loan be transferred in part at least, from the banks, representing only the interests of the stockholders, to the Government, representing the aggregate interests of the whole people.

‘It has been well questioned by the most eminent statesmen whether a currency of bank notes, issued by local institutions under State laws, is not, in fact, prohibited by the national Constitution. Such emissions certainly fall within the spirit, if not within the letter, of the constitutional prohibition of the emission of bills of credit by the States, and of the making by them of anything except gold and silver coin a legal tender in payment of debts.

'However this may be, it is too clear to be reasonably disputed that Congress, under its constitutional powers to lay taxes, to regulate commerce, and to regulate the value of coin, possesses ample authority to control the credit circulation which enters so largely into the transactions of commerce and affects in so many ways the value of coin.

'In the judgment of the Secretary the time has arrived when Congress should exercise this authority. The value of the existing bank note circulation depends on the laws of thirty-four States and the character of some sixteen hundred private corporations. It is usually furnished in greatest proportions by institutions of least actual capital. Circulation, commonly, is in the inverse ratio of solvency. Well-founded institutions, of large and solid capital, have, in general, comparatively little circulation; while weak corporations almost invariably seek to sustain themselves by obtaining from the people the largest possible credit in this form. Under such a system, or rather lack of system, great fluctuations, and heavy losses in discounts and exchanges, are inevitable; and not unfrequently, through failures of the issuing institutions, considerable portions of the circulation become suddenly worthless in the hands of the people. The recent experience of several States in the valley of the Mississippi painfully illustrates the justice of these observations; and enforces by the most cogent practical arguments the duty of protecting commerce and industry against the recurrence of such disorders.

'The Secretary thinks it possible to combine with this protection a provision for circulation, safe to the community and convenient for the Government.

'Two plans for effecting this object are suggested. The first contemplates the gradual withdrawal from circulation of the notes of private corporations and for the issue, in their stead of United States notes, payable in coin on demand, in amounts sufficient for the useful ends of a representative currency. The second contemplates the preparation and delivery, to institutions and associations, of notes prepared for circulation under national direction, and to be secured as to prompt convertibility into coin by the pledge of United States bonds and other needful regulations.

'The first of these plans was partial-

ly adopted at the last session of Congress in the provision authorizing the Secretary to issue United States notes, payable in coin, to an amount not exceeding fifty millions of dollars. That provision may be so extended as to reach the average circulation of the country, while a moderate tax, gradually augmented, on bank notes, will relieve the national from the competition of local circulation. It has been already suggested that the substitution of a national for a State currency, upon this plan, would be equivalent to a loan to the Government without interest, except on the fund to be kept in coin, and without expense, except the cost of preparation, issue, and redemption; while the people would gain the additional advantage of a uniform currency, and relief from a considerable burden in the form of interest on debt. These advantages are, doubtless, considerable; and if a scheme can be devised by which such a circulation will be certainly and strictly confined to the real needs of the people, and kept constantly equivalent to specie by prompt and certain redemption in coin, it will hardly fail of legislative sanction.

'The plan, however, is not without serious inconveniences and hazards. The temptation, especially great in times of pressure and danger, to issue notes without adequate provision for redemption; the ever-present liability to be called on for redemption beyond means, however carefully provided and managed; the hazards of panics, precipitating demands for coin, concentrated on a few points and a single fund; the risk of a depreciated, depreciating, and finally worthless paper money; the immeasurable evils of dishonored public faith and national bankruptcy; all these are possible consequences of the adoption of a system of government circulation. It may be said, and perhaps truly, that they are less deplorable than those of an irredeemable bank circulation. Without entering into that comparison, the Secretary contents himself with observing that, in his judgment, these possible disasters so far outweigh the probable benefits of the plan that he feels himself constrained to forbear recommending its adoption.

'The second plan suggested remains for examination. Its principal features are, (1st) a circulation of notes bearing a common impression and authenticated

by a common authority; (3d) the redemption of these notes by the associations and institutions to which they may be delivered for issue; and (3d) the security of that redemption by the pledge of the United States stocks, and an adequate provision of specie.

'In this plan the people, in their ordinary business, would find the advantages of uniformity in currency; of uniformity in security; of effectual safeguard, if effectual safeguard is possible, against depreciation; and of protection from losses in discount and exchanges; while in the operations of the Government the people would find the further advantage of a large demand for Government securities, of increased facilities for obtaining the loans required by the war, and of some alleviation of the burdens on industry through a diminution in the rate of interest, or a participation in the profit of circulation, without risking the perils of a great money monopoly.

'A further and important advantage to the people may be reasonably expected in the increased security of the Union, springing from the common interest in its preservation, created by the distribution of its stocks to associations throughout the country, as the basis of their circulation.

'The Secretary entertains the opinion that if a credit circulation in any form be desirable, it is most desirable in this. The notes thus issued and secured would, in his judgment, form the safest currency which this country has ever enjoyed; while their receivability for all Government dues, except customs, would make them, wherever payable, of equal value, as a currency, in every part of the Union. The large amount of specie now in the United States, reaching a total of not less than two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars, will easily support payments of duties in coin, while these payments and ordinary demands will aid in retaining this specie in the country as a solid basis both of circulation and loans.

'The whole circulation of the country, except a limited amount of foreign coin, would, after the lapse of two or three years, bear the impress of the nation whether in coin or notes; while the amount of the latter, always easily ascertainable, and, of course, always generally known, would not be likely to be increased beyond the real wants of business.

'He expresses an opinion in favor of this plan with the greater confidence, because it has the advantage of recommendation from experience. It is not an untried theory. In the State of New York, and in one or more of the other States, it has been subjected, in its most essential parts, to the test of experiment, and has been found practicable and useful. The probabilities of success will not be diminished but increased by its adoption under national sanction and for the whole country.

'It only remains to add that the plan is recommended by one other consideration, which, in the judgment of the Secretary, is entitled to much influence. It avoids almost, if not altogether, the evils of a great and sudden change in the currency by offering inducements to solvent existing institutions to withdraw the circulation issued under State authority, and substitute that provided by the authority of the Union. Thus, through the voluntary action of the existing institutions, aided by wise legislation, the great transition from a currency heterogeneous, unequal, and unsafe, to one uniform, equal, and safe, may be speedily and almost imperceptibly accomplished.

'If the Secretary has omitted the discussion of the question of the constitutional power of Congress to put this plan into operation, it is because no argument is necessary to establish the proposition that the power to regulate commerce and the value of coin includes the power to regulate the currency of the country, or the collateral proposition that the power to effect the end includes the power to adopt the necessary and expedient means.

'The Secretary entertains the hope that the plan now submitted, if adopted with the limitations and safeguards which the experience and wisdom of senators and representatives will, doubtless, suggest, may impart such value and stability to Government securities that it will not be difficult to obtain the additional loans required for the service of the current and the succeeding year at fair and reasonable rates; especially if the public credit be supported by sufficient and certain provision for the payment of interest and ultimate redemption of the principal.'

Congress adjourned after a session of eight months, and failed to adopt Mr.

Chase's recommendation. Indeed, it had then but few advocates in Congress or the country. Events rolled on, and our debt, as anticipated by Mr. Chase, became of vast dimensions. In his Report of December, 1861, the public debt on the 30th June, 1862 (the close of the fiscal year), was estimated by the Secretary at \$517,372,800; and it was \$514,211,371, or more than \$3,000,000 less than the estimate. In his Report of December 4, 1862, our debt, on the 30th June, 1863, was estimated by Mr. Chase at \$1,122,297,403, and it was \$1,097,274,000, being \$25,023,403 less than the estimate. The *average* rate of interest on this debt was 8-89, being \$41,927,980, of which \$30,141,080 was payable in gold, and \$11,786,900 payable in Federal currency. It will thus be seen that the whole truth, as to our heavy debt, was always distinctly stated in advance by Mr. Chase, and that the debt has not now quite reached his estimate. Long before the date of the second annual Report of the Secretary, the banks had suspended specie payments, and the Secretary renewed his former recommendation on that subject in these words:—

‘While the Secretary thus repeats the preference he has heretofore expressed for a United States note circulation, even when issued direct by the Government, and dependent on the action of the Government for regulation and final redemption, over the note circulation of the numerous and variously organized and variously responsible banks now existing in the country; and while he now sets forth, more fully than heretofore, the grounds of that preference, he still adheres to the opinion expressed in his last Report, that a circulation furnished by the Government, but issued by banking associations, organized under a general act of Congress, is to be preferred to either. Such a circulation, uniform in general characteristics, and amply secured as to prompt convertibility by national bonds deposited in the treasury, by the associations receiving it, would unite, in his judgment, more elements of soundness and utility than can be combined in any other.

‘A circulation composed exclusively of notes issued directly by the Government, or of such notes and coin, is recommended mainly by two considerations:—the first derived from the facility with which it may be provided in emergencies, and the second, from its cheapness.

‘The principal objections to such a circulation as a permanent system are, 1st, the facility of excessive expansion when expenditures exceed revenue; 2d, the danger of lavish and corrupt expenditure, stimulated by facility of expansion; 3d, the danger of fraud in management and supervision; 4th, the impossibility of providing it in sufficient amounts for the wants of the people whenever expenditures are reduced to equality with revenue or below it.

‘These objections are all serious. The last requires some elucidation. It will be easily understood, however, if it be considered that a government issuing a credit circulation cannot supply, in any given period, an amount of currency greater than the excess of its disbursements over its receipts. To that amount, it may create a debt in small notes, and these notes may be used as currency. This is precisely the way in which the existing currency of United States notes is supplied. That portion of the expenditure not met by revenue or loans has been met by the issue of these notes. Debt in this form has been substituted for various debts in other forms. Whenever, therefore, the country shall be restored to a healthy normal condition, and receipts exceed expenditures, the supply of United States notes will be arrested, and must progressively diminish. Whatever demand may be made for their redemption in coin must hasten this diminution; and there can be no reissue; for reissue, under the conditions, necessarily implies disbursement, and the revenue, upon the supposition, supplies more than is needed for that purpose. There is, then, no mode in which a currency in United States notes can be permanently maintained, except by loans of them, when not required for disbursement, on deposits of coin, or pledge of securities, or in some other way. This would convert the treasury into a government bank, with all its hazards and mischiefs.

‘If these reasonings be sound, little room can remain for doubt that the

evils certain to arise from such a scheme of currency, if adopted as a permanent system, greatly overbalance the temporary though not inconsiderable advantages offered by it.

‘It remains to be considered what results may be reasonably expected from an act authorizing the organization of banking associations, such as the Secretary proposed in his last Report.

‘The central idea of the proposed measure is the establishment of one sound, uniform circulation, of equal value throughout the country, upon the foundation of national credit combined with private capital.

‘Such a currency, it is believed, can be secured through banking associations organized under national legislation.

‘It is proposed that these associations be entirely voluntary. Any persons, desirous of employing real capital in sufficient amounts, can, if the plan be adopted, unite together under proper articles, and having contributed the requisite capital, can invest such part of it, not less than a fixed minimum, in United States bonds, and, having deposited these bonds with the proper officer of the United States, can receive United States notes in such denominations as may be desired, and employ them as money in discounts and exchanges. The stockholders of any existing banks can, in like manner, organize under the act, and transfer, by such degrees as may be found convenient, the capital of the old to the use of the new associations. The notes thus put into circulation will be payable, until resumption, in United States notes, and, after resumption, in specie, by the association which issues them, on demand; and if not so paid will be redeemable at the treasury of the United States from the proceeds of the bonds pledged in security. In the practical working of the plan, if sanctioned by Congress, redemption at one or more of the great commercial centres, will probably be provided for by all the associations which circulate the notes, and, in case any association shall fail in such redemption, the treasurer of the United States will probably, under discretionary authority, pay the notes, and cancel the public debt held as security.

‘It seems difficult to conceive of a note circulation which will combine higher local and general credit than

this. After a few years no other circulation would be used, nor could the issues of the national circulation be easily increased beyond the legitimate demands of business. Every dollar of circulation would represent real capital, actually invested in national stocks, and the total amount issued could always be easily and quickly ascertained from the books of the treasury. These circumstances, if they might not wholly remove the temptation to excessive issues, would certainly reduce it to the lowest point, while the form of the notes, the uniformity of devices, the signatures of national officers, and the imprint of the national seal authenticating the declaration borne on each that it is secured by bonds which represent the faith and capital of the whole country, could not fail to make every note as good in any part of the world as the best known and best esteemed national securities.

‘The Secretary has already mentioned the support to public credit which may be expected from the proposed associations. The importance of this point may excuse some additional observations.

‘The organization proposed, if sanctioned by Congress, would require, within a very few years, for deposit as security for circulation, bonds of the United States to an amount not less than \$250,000,000. It may well be expected, indeed, since the circulation, by uniformity in credit and value, and capacity of quick and cheap transportation, will be likely to be used more extensively than any hitherto issued, that the demand for bonds will overpass this limit. Should Congress see fit to restrict the privilege of deposit to the bonds known as five-twenties, authorized by the act of last session, the demand would promptly absorb all of that description already issued and make large room for more. A steady market for the bonds would thus be established and the negotiation of them greatly facilitated.

‘But it is not in immediate results that the value of this support would be only or chiefly seen. There are always holders who desire to sell securities of whatever kind. If buyers are few or uncertain, the market value must decline. But the plan proposed would create a constant demand, equalling and often exceeding the supply. Thus a steady uniformity in price would be

maintained, and generally at a rate somewhat above those of bonds of equal credit, but not available to banking associations. It is not easy to appreciate the full benefits of such conditions to a government obliged to borrow.

‘Another advantage to be derived from such associations would be found in the convenient agencies which they would furnish for the deposit of public moneys.

‘The Secretary does not propose to interfere with the independent treasury. It may be advantageously retained, with the assistant treasurers already established in the most important cities, where the customs may be collected as now, in coin or treasury notes issued directly by the Government, but not furnished to banking associations.

‘But whatever the advantages of such arrangements in the commercial cities in relation to customs, it seems clear that the secured national circulation furnished to the banking associations should be received everywhere for all other dues than customs, and that these associations will constitute the best and safest depositaries of the revenues derived from such receipts. The convenience and utility to the Government of their employment in this capacity, and often, also, as agents for payments and as distributors of stamps, need no demonstration. The necessity for some other depositaries than surveyors of ports, receivers, postmasters, and other officers, of whose responsibilities and fitness, in many cases, nothing satisfactory can be known, is acknowledged by the provision for selection by the Secretary contained in the internal revenue act; and it seems very clear that the public interest will be secured far more certainly by the organization and employment of associations organized as proposed than by any official selection.

‘Another and very important advantage of the proposed plan has already been adverted to. It will reconcile, as far as practicable, the interest of existing institutions with those of the whole people.

‘All changes, however important, should be introduced with caution, and proceeded in with careful regard to every affected interest. Rash innovation is not less dangerous than stupefied inaction. The time has come when a circulation of United States notes, in

some form, must be employed. The people demand uniformity in currency, and claim, at least, part of the benefit of debt without interest, made into money, hitherto enjoyed exclusively by the banks. These demands are just and must be respected. But there need be no sudden change; there need be no hurtful interference with existing interests. As yet the United States note circulation hardly fills the vacuum caused by the temporary withdrawal of coin; it does not, perhaps, fully meet the demand for increased circulation created by the increased number, variety, and activity of payments in money. There is opportunity, therefore, for the wise and beneficial regulation of its substitution for other circulation. The mode of substitution, also, may be judiciously adapted to actual circumstances. The plan suggested consults both purposes. It contemplates gradual withdrawal of bank note circulation, and proposes a United States note circulation, furnished to banking associations, in the advantages of which they may participate in full proportion to the care and responsibility assumed and the services performed by them. The promptitude and zeal with which many of the existing institutions came to the financial support of the Government in the dark days which followed the outbreak of the rebellion is not forgotten. They ventured largely, and boldly, and patriotically on the side of the Union and the constitutional supremacy of the nation over States and citizens. It does not at all detract from the merit of the act that the losses, which they feared but unhesitatingly risked, were transmuted into unexpected gains. It is a solid recommendation of the suggested plan that it offers the opportunity to these and kindred institutions to reorganize, continue their business under the proposed act, and with little loss and much advantage, participate in maintaining the new and uniform national currency.

‘The proposed plan is recommended, finally, by the firm anchorage it will supply to the union of the States. Every banking association whose bonds are deposited in the treasury of the Union; every individual who holds a dollar of the circulation secured by such deposit; every merchant, every manufacturer, every farmer, every mechanic, interested in transactions de-

pendent for success on the credit of that circulation, will feel as an injury every attempt to rend the national unity, with the permanence and stability of which all their interests are so closely and vitally connected. Had the system been possible, and had it actually existed two years ago, can it be doubted that the national interests and sentiments enlisted by it for the Union would have so strengthened the motives for adhesion derived from other sources that the wild treason of secession would have been impossible?

'The Secretary does not yield to the phantasy that taxation is a blessing and debt a benefit; but it is the duty of public men to extract good from evil whenever it is possible. The burdens of taxation may be lightened and even made productive of incidental benefits by wise, and aggravated and made intolerable by unwise, legislation. In like manner debt, by no means desirable in itself, may, when circumstances compel nations to incur its obligations, be made by discreet use less burdensome, and even instrumental in the promotion of public and private security and welfare.

'The rebellion has brought a great debt upon us. It is proposed to use a part of it in such a way that the sense of its burden may be lost in the experience of incidental advantages. The issue of United States notes is such a use; but if exclusive, is hazardous and temporary. The security by national bonds of similar notes furnished to banking associations is such a use, and is comparatively safe and permanent; and with this use may be connected, for the present, and occasionally, as circumstances may require, hereafter, the use of the ordinary United States notes in limited amounts.

'No very early day will probably witness the reduction of the public debt to the amount required as a basis for secured circulation. Should no future wars arrest reduction and again demand expenditures beyond revenue, that day will, however, at length come. When it shall arrive the debt may be retained on low interest at that amount, or some other security for circulation may be devised, or, possibly, the vast supplies of our rich mines may render all circulation unadvisable except gold and the absolute representatives and equivalents, dollar for dollar, of gold in the treasury or on safe deposit else-

where. But these considerations may be for another generation.

'The Secretary forbears extended argument on the constitutionality of the suggested system. It is proposed as an auxiliary to the power to borrow money; as an agency of the power to collect and disburse taxes; and as an exercise of the power to regulate commerce, and of the power to regulate the value of coin. Of the two first sources of power nothing need be said. The argument relating to them was long since exhausted, and is well known. Of the other two there is not room, nor does it seem needful to say much. If Congress can prescribe the structure, equipment, and management of vessels to navigate rivers flowing between or through different States as a regulation of commerce, Congress may assuredly determine what currency shall be employed in the interchange of their commodities, which is the very essence of commerce. Statesmen who have agreed in little else have concurred in the opinion that the power to regulate coin is, in substance and effect, a power to regulate currency, and that the framers of the Constitution so intended. It may well enough be admitted that while Congress confines its regulation to weight, fineness, shape, and device, banks and individuals may issue notes for currency in competition with coin. But it is difficult to conceive by what process of logic the unquestioned power to regulate coin can be separated from the power to maintain or restore its circulation, by excluding from currency all private or corporate substitutes which affect its value, whenever Congress shall see fit to exercise that power for that purpose.

'The recommendations, now submitted, of the limited issue of United States notes as a wise expedient for the present time, and as an occasional expedient for future times, and of the organization of banking associations to supply circulation secured by national bonds and convertible always into United States notes, and after resumption of specie payments, into coin, are prompted by no favor to excessive issues of any description of credit money.

'On the contrary, it is the Secretary's firm belief that by no other path can the resumption of specie payments be so surely reached and so certainly maintained. United States notes receivable for bonds bearing a secure specie inter-

est are next best to notes convertible into coin. The circulation of banking associations organized under a general act of Congress, secured by such bonds, can be most surely and safely maintained at the point of certain convertibility into coin. If, temporarily, these associations redeem their issues with United States notes, resumption of specie payments will not thereby be delayed or endangered, but hastened and secured; for, just as soon as victory shall restore peace, the ample revenue, already secured by wise legislation, will enable the Government, through advantageous purchases of specie, to replace at once large amounts, and, at no distant day, the whole, of this circulation by coin, without detriment to any interest, but, on the contrary, with great and manifest benefit to all interests.

'The Secretary recommends, therefore, no mere paper money scheme, but, on the contrary, a series of measures looking to a safe and gradual return to gold and silver as the only permanent basis, standard, and measure of values recognized by the Constitution—between which and an irredeemable paper currency, as he believes, the choice is now to be made.'

Congress, however, was still unwilling to adopt the recommendations of the Secretary, until the necessity was demonstrated by the course of events. On reference to the laws, which are printed in the Appendix, it will be found, that the great features of the system of the Secretary were as follows:

1. A loan to the Government upon its bonds reimbursable in twenty years, but redeemable after five years, at the option of the nation, the interest being six per cent., payable semi-annually in coin, as is also the principal.

2. The issue of United States legal tender notes, receivable for all dues to the nation except customs, and fundable in this United States 5-20 six per cent. stock.

3. The authorization of the banks recommended in his Report, whose circulation would be secured not only by private capital, but by adequate deposits of United States stock with the Government.

4. To maintain, in the meantime, as near to specie as practicable, this Federal Currency,—1st, by making it receivable in all dues to the Government except for customs; 2d, by the privilege of funding it in United States stock; 3d, by enhancing the benefit of this privilege, not only by making the stock, both principal and interest, payable in specie, but by making it gradually the ultimate basis of our whole bank circulation, which, as shown by the census tables before referred to (including deposits), nearly doubles every decade.

5. By imposing such a tax on the circulation of the State banks, as, together with State or municipal taxes, would induce them to transfer their capital to the new banks proposed by the Secretary.

6. To relieve the *new banks* from all State or municipal taxation.

7. In lieu thereof, to impose a moderate Federal tax on all bank circulation, as a bonus to be paid cheerfully by these banks for the great privilege of furnishing ultimately the whole paper currency of the country, and the other advantages secured by these bills.

This tax, as proposed by the Secretary, was one per cent. semi-annually, which *in effect* would have reduced the interest on our principal loans from six to four per cent. per annum, so far as those loans were made the basis of bank circulation. Congress, however, fixed this tax at about one half, thus making the interest on such loans equivalent in fact to five per cent. per annum, so far as such loans, at the option of the holder, are made the basis of banking and of bank circulation. This is a privilege which gives great additional value to these loans, for the right to issue the bank paper circulation of the country free from State or municipal taxes, is worth far more than one half per cent. semi-annually, to be paid on such circulation. That this privilege is worth more than the Federal tax, is

proved by the fact, that many banks are already being organized under this system, and by the further fact, that more than \$200,000,000 of legal tenders have already been funded in this stock, and the process continues at the rate of from one to two millions of dollars a day. It will be observed, that the holders of such bonds can keep them, if they please, disconnected with all banks, receiving the principal at maturity, as well as the semi-annual interest, in gold, free from all taxes.

This system has been attended with complete success, and notwithstanding the increase of our debt, the premium on gold, for our Federal currency, fundable in this stock, has fallen from 78 per cent. in February last, before the adoption of Mr. Chase's system, to 27 per cent. at present; and before the 30th of June next, it is not doubted that this premium must disappear. No loyal American doubts the complete suppression of the rebellion before that date, in which event, our Federal currency will rise at once to the par of gold. In the meantime, however, gold is at a premium of 27 per cent., which is the least profit (independent of future advance above par) so soon to be realized by those purchasing this currency now, and waiting its appreciation, or investing it in our United States 5-20 six per cent. stock.

But, besides the financial benefits to the Government of Mr. Chase's system, its other advantages are great indeed. It will ultimately displace our whole State bank system and circulation, and give us a *national currency*, based on ample private capital and Federal stocks, a currency of *uniform* value throughout the country, and always certainly convertible on demand into coin. Besides, by displacing the State bank circulation, the whole bank note currency of the Union will be based on the stocks of the Government, and give to every citizen who holds the bonds or the currency (which will embrace the whole community in every State),

a direct interest in the maintenance of the Union.

The annual losses which our people sustain under the separate State bank system, in the rate of exchange, is enormous, whilst the constant and ever-recurring insolvency of so many of these institutions, accompanied by eight general bank suspensions of specie payment, have, from time to time, spread ruin and devastation throughout the country. I believe that, in a period of twenty years, the saving to the people of the United States, by the substitution of the new system, would reach a sum very nearly approaching the total amount of our public debt, and in time largely exceeding it. As a question, then, of national wealth, as well as national unity, I believe the gain to the country in time by the adoption of the new system, will far exceed the cost of the war. It was the State bank system in the rebel States that furnished to secession mainly the sinews of war. These banks are now generally insolvent, but, if the banking system now proposed had been in existence, and the circulating medium in all the States had been an uniform national currency based entirely on the stocks of the United States, the rebellion could never have occurred. Every bank, and all its stockholders, and all the holders of the stock and notes of all the banks, embracing our whole paper currency, would have been united to the Government by an interest so direct and universal, that rebellion would have been impossible. Hamilton and Madison, Story and Marshall, and the Supreme Court of the United States, have declared that to the Federal Government belongs the 'entire regulation of the currency of the country.' That power they have now exercised in the adoption of the system recommended by the Secretary. Our whole currency, in coin as well as paper, will soon, now, all be national, which is the most important measure for the security and perpetuity of the Union, and the welfare of the

people, ever adopted by Congress. It is to Congress that the Constitution grants the exclusive power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States;' and a sound, uniform currency, in coin, or convertible on demand into coin, is one of the most essential instrumentalities connected with trade and exchanges. After these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed with the discussion of the subject in my next letter.

R. J. WALKER.

VOICELESS SINGERS.

A BIRD is singing in the leaves
That quiver on yon linden tree ;
So soft and clear the song he sings,
The roses listen dreamily.

The crimson buds in clusters cling ;
The full, sweet roses blush with bloom ;
And, white as ocean's swaying foam,
The lily trembles from the gloom.

I know not why that happy strain
That dies so softly on the air,
That perfect utterance of joy,
Has left a strange, dim sadness there.

Perchance the song, so silver-sweet,
The roses' regal blossoms shrine :
Perchance the bending lily droops,
And trembles, 'neath its thrill divine.

It may be that all beauteous things,
Though lacking music's perfect key,
Have with their inmost being twined
The hidden chords of melody.

So pine they all, to hear again
The song they know, but cannot sing ;
The living utterance, full and clear,
Whose voiceless breathings round them cling.

Yet still those accents waken not ;
The bird has left the linden tree ;
A summer silence falls once more
Upon the listening rose and me.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

THE following is a true story, by a late well-known member of the Detective service, and, with the exception of some names of persons and places, is given precisely as he himself related it.

Late one Friday afternoon, in the latter part of November, 18—, I was sent for by the chief of the New York Police, and was told there was a case for me. It was a counterfeiting affair. Notes had been forged on a Pennsylvania bank; two men had been apprehended, and were in custody. The first, Springer, had turned State's evidence on his accomplice; who, according to his account, was the prime mover in the business. This man, Daniel Hawes by name, had transferred the notes to a third party, of whom nothing had been ascertained except that he was a young man, wrote a beautiful hand, and had been in town the Monday before. He was the man I was to catch.

It was sundown when I left the superintendent's office. I had not much to guide me: there were hundreds of young men who wrote a beautiful hand, and had been in town last Monday. But I did not trouble myself about what I did not know; I confined myself to what I did know. Upon reflection I thought it probable that *my man* had been in intimate relations with Hawes for the last few days, probably since Monday last, although it was not known that he had been in town since that day. He might not be a resident in the city; but I decided to seek him here—since, if he had not left town before the arrest of Springer and Hawes, he would not just now run the risk of falling into the hands of the police by going to any railroad station or steamer wharf.

I determined, therefore, to follow up the track of Hawes, and thereby, if pos-

sible, strike that of his confederate—which was, in fact, all that could be done.

Hawes was a small broker. He lived in Eighteenth street, and had an office in Wall street.

He lived too far up town, I thought, to go home every day to his dinner; he went then, most probably, always to the same eating house, and one not far from his office.

After inquiring at several restaurants near by, I came to one in Liberty street, where, on asking if Mr. Hawes was in the habit of dining there, the waiter said yes.

'Have you seen a young man here with him, lately?' I inquired.

'No—no one in particular,' replied the waiter.

'Are you sure of it? Come, think.'

After scratching his head for a moment, he said:

'Yes, there has been a young man here speaking to him once or twice.'

'How did he look?'

'He was short, and had black hair and eyes.'

'Who is he? What does he do?'

'He is clerk to Mr. L——, the linen importer.'

'Where does Mr. L—— live?'

The waiter did not know. Looking into a Directory, I ascertained his residence to be in Fourteenth street. The stores by this time were closed, so I went immediately to Mr. L——'s house, and asked to see him. He was at dinner.

'I am sorry to disturb him,' said I to the servant, 'but I wish to speak with him a moment on a matter of importance, and cannot wait.'

Mr. L—— came out, evidently annoyed at the intrusion.

'Have you such a person in your employment?' said I, describing him.

'No, sir, I have not.'

'You had such a person?'

'I have not now.'

'Did you discharge him?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'What business is that of your's?' he asked, rather huffily.

'My name, sir, is M——, of the police. I am after this fellow, that's all. Tell me, if you please, why you discharged him?'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Mr. L——. 'I took you for one of his rascally associates. I discharged him a week or ten days ago. He was a dissipated, good-for-nothing fellow.'

'Was he your bookkeeper?'

'No, he was a junior clerk.'

'Have you any of his handwriting that you can show me?'

He fumbled in a side pocket and drew out a pocketbook from which he took a memorandum of agreement, or some paper of the sort, to the bottom of which a signature was attached as witness.

'That's his writing,' said he.

It was a stiff schoolboy's scrawl.

This was not my man then. I apologized to Mr. L—— for the trouble I had given him, and withdrew.

Lost time, said I to myself. I am on the wrong track. I must back to the eating house, and begin the chase again from the point where I left off. I saw the same waiter.

'I want you to think again,' said I,

'Try hard to remember whether there was never any other man here with Hawes on any occasion.'

After reflecting for a little while, he said he thought he recollected his going up stairs not long ago, with another man, to a private room.

'Did you wait on him yourself at the time you speak of?' I asked.

'No—most likely it was Joe Harris.'

'Will you send for him, if you please.' Joe Harris came.

'You waited on Mr. Hawes a few days ago, when he dined with another

gentleman in a private room up stairs, didn't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Who was that other man?'

'He is a young man who is clerk in a livery stable in Sullivan street.'

'What are his looks?'

'He is tall and light haired.'

'Do you know his name?'

'His name is Edgar.'

I hurried up to Sullivan street, went into the first livery stable I came to, inquired for the proprietor, and asked him if he had a young man in his stable of the name of Edgar.

He said he had.

'Does he keep your books?'

'Yes, he takes orders for me.'

'Let me see some of his handwriting, if you please.'

He stepped back into the office and took from a desk a little order book. I opened it: there were some orders, hastily written, no doubt, but in a hand almost like beautiful copperplate.

This was my man—I felt nearly certain of it. I asked where he lived, and was told, with his mother, a widow woman, at such a number in Hudson street. I started for the place. It was now nine o'clock. Arriving at the house, I rang the bell. It was answered by a servant girl.

'Does Mr. Edgar live here?' I inquired.

'Yes, sir.'

'Is he at home?'

'No, sir.'

'When will he come home?'

'I don't know.'

'Does he sleep here?'

'Sometimes he does, and sometimes he doesn't.'

'Where is he likely to be found? I should like to see him.'

She said she really didn't know, unless perhaps he might be at a billiard saloon not far off. I went there. A noisy crowd was around the bar. I looked around the room and closely scrutinized every face. No tall, light-haired young man was there. I asked

the barkeeper if Mr. Edgar had been there that evening. He said no, he had not seen anything of him for two or three days. I asked him if there was any other place he knew of that Edgar frequented, and was told he went a good deal to a bowling alley in West Broadway near Duane street. Not much yet, I thought, as I hurried on to West Broadway. Descending a few steps into a basement, I entered a sort of vestibule or office to the bowling saloon. 'Has Mr. Edgar been here this evening?' I inquired of the man in attendance.

'He is here now,' was the reply, 'in the other room, through that door.'

I passed through the door indicated into the bowling alley, and accosted the marker:

'Is Mr. Edgar here?'

'He has just gone—fifteen minutes ago.'

'Do you know where he went to?'

'Seems to me some of them said something about going to the Lafayette Theatre.'

I am on his track now—I said to myself—only fifteen minutes behind him. I bent my steps to the theatre—taking with me a comrade in the police service, whom I had encountered as I was leaving the saloon. We hurried on with the utmost rapidity, but on reaching the theatre, found, to my disgust, what I had already feared, that the play was over, and the theatre just closed.

'Better give it up for to-night,' said my companion; 'we know enough about him now, and can take up the search again to-morrow.'

'It won't do, Clarke,' said I, 'we have inquired for him at too many places. Stay, I've a notion he may be heard of at some of these oyster cellars hereabouts.'

I went down into one of them, and asked if a tall young man with light hair had been there that evening. A tall young man with light hair and mustache had come in from the thea-

tre with a lady, and had just left. I asked my informant if he knew the lady. She was a Miss Kearney, he answered.

'What?' I continued, 'didn't her sister marry the actor Levison?'

'Yes, the same person.'

'He lives in Walker street, near the Bowery, I believe?'

'Yes, I think so,' replied the man.

I considered a moment. Of course no one could tell me where Edgar had gone to; but I was tolerably certain he had gone home with the girl. Where she lived I did not know, but I thought it probable the actor could tell me. So we started on to Walker street. There are—or were at the time I speak of—several boarding houses in Walker street. We passed one or two three-story houses with marble steps. 'Shall I ask along here?' said Clarke. 'No,' I answered; 'poor actors don't board there; we must look for him farther on.' We kept on, and after a little while, we found one that seemed to me to be likely to be the house we were looking for. I rang the bell and inquired for Mr. Levison. He was gone to bed. It was now twelve o'clock. I desired the man that opened the door to tell him that some one was below who wished to see him immediately. He soon returned, saying that Mr. Levison was in bed, and could not be disturbed: I must leave my business, or call again next day.

I thought it necessary to frighten him a little; so I sent up word that I was an officer of police, and he must come down instantly, or I should go up and fetch him. In a few moments the actor made his appearance, terribly frightened. Before I could say anything he began to pour out such a flood of questions and asseverations that I could not get a word in: What did I want with him? I had come to the wrong man; he hadn't been doing anything, etc., etc. 'I don't want you,' I began—but it was of no use, I could not stop him; his character was excellent, anybody would vouch for

him; I ought to be more sure what I was about before I roused people from their beds at midnight, etc., etc. His huddled words and apprehensive looks made me suspect there was something wrong with him; but it was no concern of mine then. I seized him by the shoulder, and ordered him to be quiet.

'Don't utter another word,' said I, 'except to answer my questions, or I'll carry you off and lock you up. I have not come to arrest you. I only want to ask you a few questions. Haven't you a sister-in-law named Miss Kearney?'

'Yes, what do you want with her?'

'I am not going to do her any harm. I only want to know where she lives.'

'Oh! she lives in — street.'

'Do you know the number?'

'Goodness, yes; it is number 34. I have boarded there myself until only a little while ago.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, I have got a dead-latch key somewhere about.'

'The deuce you have! Give it to me; it is just what I want.'

'Give you a dead-latch key! a pretty notion!'

'I wouldn't give it to any man—not to all the detective squad in New York.'

'Look here, my friend, I am M——, pretty well known in this town. I have a good many opportunities in the course of my business to do people good turns, and not a few to do them ill turns. It is a convenient vocation to pay off scores, particularly to persons of your sort. If you will give me that key, I'll make it worth your while the first chance I have. If you don't, you'll be sorry; that's all.'

I gave him a significant look as I concluded. He looked me in the face a minute—as if to see how much I meant, or if I suspected anything; then turned and ran up stairs. In a few

moments he came down, and handed me the key. I took it with satisfaction.

'Now,' said I, 'you'll have no objections to telling me where your sister-in-law's room in the house is.'

'Third story, back room, second door to the left from the head of the stairs.'

'Thank you, good night.'

We walked rapidly to — street, and reaching the house, I stopped a moment to examine my pistols, by the street lamp, and then softly opened the door. Clarke and I stepped in, and I shut the door.

Leaving my comrade in the hall, I crept noiselessly up stairs, and tapped at the door of the room.

'Who is there?' called out a woman's voice. 'Open the door,' I replied, 'and I'll tell you what I want.'

'You can't come in. I have gone to bed.'

'Oh, well, I am a married man; I'll do you no harm; but you must let me in, or I shall force the door.'

After a moment's delay the door was opened by a young woman in a morning wrapper, who stood as if awaiting an explanation of the intrusion. I passed by her, and walked up to a young man sitting in a low chair by the fire, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: 'You are my prisoner.' He raised his head and looked up. 'Why, Bill,' I exclaimed, 'is this you? I have been looking for you all night under a wrong name. If I had known it was you, I'd have caught you in an hour.' And so I would.

It is only necessary to say further, that he was the man I was set to catch. I may add, however, that a large amount of the counterfeit notes, and the plates on which they were printed, were secured, and the criminal sent to Sing Sing in due course of law.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND GARDEN.

By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, jr. Boston:
J. E. Tilton & Co. Price \$2.50.

J. E. TILTON & Co. are the publishers of the series of photographic and lithographic cards of flowers, leaves, mosses, butterflies, hummingbirds, &c., noted for their beauty of execution. 'Flowers are so universally loved, and accepted everywhere as necessities of the moral life, that whatever can be done to render their cultivation easy, and to bring them to perfection in the vicinity of, or within the household, must be regarded as a benefaction.' This benefit our author has certainly conferred upon us. The gift is from one who must himself have loved these lily cups and floral bells of perfume, and will be warmly welcomed by all who prize their loveliness. In the pages of this book may be found accurate and detailed information on all subjects likely to be of interest to their cultivators. We give a list of the contents of its chapters, to show how wide a field it covers. Chap. I. The Green-House and Conservatory. Chap. II. Window Gardening. Chap. III, IV, V, VI. Plants for Window Gardening. VII. Cape Bulbs. VIII. Dutch Bulbs. IX. The Culture of the Tube Rose. X. The *Gladiolus* and its culture. XI. How to force flowers to bloom in Winter. XII. Balcony Gardening. XIII. The Wardian Case and Winter Garden. XIV. Stocking and Managing Wardian Cases. XV. Hanging Baskets and Suitable Plants, and Treatment of Ivy. XVI. The Waltonian Case. XVII. The Aquarium and Water Plants. XVIII. How to grow specimen Plants. XIX. Out Door Gardening, Hot Beds. XX. The Garden. XXI. Small Trees and Shrubs. XXII. Hardy Herbaceous Plants. XXIII. Hardy Annuals. XXIV. Bedding Plants. XXV. Hardy and half hardy Garden Bulbs. XXVI. Spring Flowers and where to find them.

The appearance of this book is singularly elegant, its tinted paper soft and creamy, its type clear and beautiful, its quotations evince poetic culture, and its illustrations are exquisitely graceful. It is a real pleasure to turn over its attractive leaves with the names of loved old flower-friends greeting us on every page, and new claimants with new hopes and types of beauty constantly starting up before us. What with Waltonian cases, hanging baskets, Wardian cases, &c., our ladies may adorn their parlors with *artistic* taste with these fragrant, fragile, rainbow-hued children of Nature.

'Bright gems of earth, in which perchance we see
What Eden was, what Paradise may be.'

'From the contemplation of nature's beauty there is but the uplifting of the eye to the footstool of the Creator.'

HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS. A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia in the Summer of 1862. Compiled and published at the request of the Sanitary Commission. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A book which should be in the hands of all who love their country. The Sanitary Commission deserve the undying gratitude of the nation. Their organization is one of pure benevolence; the men and women working effectively through its beneficent channel have given evidence of some of the noblest and divinest attributes of the human soul. It is difficult to form any idea of the magnitude and importance of the work the commission has achieved. 'Never till every soldier whose last moments it has soothed, till every soldier whose flickering life it has gently steadied into continuance, whose waning reason it has softly lulled into quiet, whose chilled blood it has warmed into healthful play, whose failing frame it has nourished into strength, whose fainting heart

it has comforted with sympathy,—never, until every full soul has poured out its story of gratitude and thanksgiving, will the record be complete; but long before that time, ever since the moment that its helping hand was first held forth, comes the Blessed Voice: ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’

‘The blessings of thousands who were ready to perish, and tens of thousands who love their country and their kind, rest upon those who originated, and those who sustain this noble work.’

This book is full of vivid interest, of true incident, of graphic sketches, of loyalty, patriotism, and self-abnegation, whether of men or of noble women, and recommends itself to all who love and would fain succor the human race.

AUSTIN ELLIOT. BY HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of *Ravenshoe*, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co. New York.

A GRAPHIC novel of considerable ability, and more than usual interest. The tone is highly moral throughout. The lessons on duelling are excellent. Would that our young men would lay them to heart! The characters are, many of them, well drawn and sustained—we confess to a sincere affection for the Highlander, Gil Macdonald, and the Scotch sheep-dog, Robin. Many of the scenes in which they appear are full of simple and natural pathos.

HUSBAND AND WIFE; or, The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. By the Author of the *Parent's Guide*, etc. Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

A SUGGESTIVE book on an important subject. The writer assumes that ‘there are laws of hereditary transmission in the mental and moral, as well as the physical constitution. Precisely what these laws are, she does not assume to state. Such as are well known will however be helpful to all, and will facilitate the discovery of those yet hidden from us. Women, who bear such an important part in parentage, should be the most clear-sighted students of nature in these things. It is to woman that humanity must look for the abatement of many frightful evils, malformation, idiocy, insanity, &c., yet

the principles pertaining to the knowledge of her own duties and powers, which ought to be a part of the instruction of every woman, are rarely placed before her. Much that pertains to the same phenomena among the lower animals may properly constitute a part of her studies in natural history; but with the laws which govern the most momentous of all social effects—the moral and mental constitution of individuals composing society—with the gravest of possible results to herself—the embodiment of power and weakness, capacity or incapacity, worth or worthlessness in her own offspring, she is forbidden all acquaintance. Yet when she assumes the duties and responsibilities of maternity, such knowledge would be more valuable to her and to those dearest to her, than all of the treasures of the gold-bearing lands, if poured at her feet.’

The laws of hereditary transmission make the staple of this book. It is written by a lady, and will commend itself to all interested in this subject. Pearl, in the *Scarlet Letter*, and Elsie Venner, are artistic exemplifications of such disregarded truths.

VICTOR HUGO, by a Witness of his Life: Madame Hugo. Translated from the French, by CHARLES EDWIN WILBOUR, translator of ‘*Les Misérables*.’ Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

A BIOGRAPHY of a remarkable man, written by a constant observer of his actions, almost a second self, can scarcely fail to prove interesting. In this case the interest is increased by its close connection with a popular novel. Indeed, the readers of ‘*Les Misérables*’ will be astonished to find what a flood of light is thrown upon that master work by this charming life-history of its author. Marius is but a free variation of Victor Hugo himself. In Joly, the old school-mate of the Pension Cordier, the author of Jean Valjean becomes closely acquainted with a real galley slave. In short, the great romance is a part of the life of Victor Hugo, and cannot be fully understood without the biography—its completion.’

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BARONET.

J. MUNSSELL, 78 State street, Albany, announces for publication by subscription, ‘*The Life and Times of Sir William John-*

son, Baronet.' The work is by William L. Stone, son of Colonel Stone, well known as editor and biographer. The materials of this *Life* were derived from original papers furnished by the family of Sir William, from his own diary, and other sources which have never before been consulted. The work was begun by the late William L. Stone, has been completed by his son, and with the *Lives of Brant and Red Jacket*, brings down the history of the Six Nations and their relations with Great Britain, from 1560 to 1824. The edition will be very nearly confined to the number subscribed for. Price \$5, payable on delivery.

Sir William Johnson was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in this country before the Revolution, was distinguished in Colonial history, and active in the French and Indian war. His life was one of romantic interest and vicissitude. The work is highly spoken of by the literati who have seen the advance sheets. Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, F. Parkman, G. W. Curtis, Lewis Cass, &c., testify to its interest and historical accuracy. From the well-known ability of its author, it may be safely and highly commended to the reading and thinking public.

BEYOND THE LINES; or, a Yankee Prisoner Loose in Dixie. By Captain J. J. Geer, late of General Buckland's Staff. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday, publisher, 1308 Chestnut street.

CAPTAIN JOHN J. GEER was, before the war, a minister of the Methodist Church in Ohio, was taken prisoner before the battle of Shiloh, in a skirmish with Beauregard's pickets, passed some months in rebel prisons, made his escape, and pleasantly tells the story of his adventures. He reports that the large slaveholders and the wretched clay-eaters are all Secessionists, but that a large middle class, people who own but few slaves and till their own fields, are mostly true to the Union, in the parts of the South he visited. The book is one of incident, contains many curious pictures of life and character, and will address itself to a large class of readers.

THE AMBER GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE many readers of Miss Prescott will be glad to welcome the present collection of her very popular tales. It contains: *The Amber Gods. In a Cellar. Knitting Sale-Socks. Circumstance. Desert Lands. Midsummer and May. The South Breaker.*

Few writers have attained distinction and recognition so immediately as Miss Prescott. Her fancy is brilliant, her style glowing, and culture and varied information mark the products of her pen.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE; a Dramatic Romance. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AN historical romance, cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form, by Henry Taylor. It has been too long known to the community to require any commendation at the present date. It has gone through many editions in England. We are glad to see it in the convenient and pleasant form of Ticknor's "*Blue and Gold*," so well known to American readers.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN; a Colonial Magazine. Published monthly by Messrs. Rollo & Adam, 61 King street, Toronto, Canada West.

THE articles of this magazine are of varied interest, generally well written and able. "What is Spectrum Analysis?" given by the Editor in the August number, is a contribution of research and merit.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. Boston: By the proprietors, at Walker, Wise & Co's, 245 Washington street.

CONTENTS: Tertullian and Montanism. The Reality of Fiction. Rome in the Middle Age. Zachokke's Religious Meditations. Henry James on Creation. Loyalty in the West. Altar, Pulpit, and Platform. A Month of Victory and its Results. Review of Current Literature. Theology.

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

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THE DEFENCE AND EVACUATION OF WINCHESTER,

ON THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1863, BY THE UNION FORCES, UNDER COMMAND OF
MAJOR-GENERAL R. H. MILROY.

THE history of many important military operations in the present war, will be recorded most correctly in the proceedings of the Courts of Inquiry and Courts Martial, which, from time to time, have been or may be organized to investigate the conduct of the parties responsible for them. The reports of commanding officers are no doubt often colored, if not by their own interests and inclinations, at least by their enthusiasm and partial view of their own purposes; and even the description of disinterested reporters and eye witnesses may be distorted and exaggerated, either by their own peculiarities of excited imagination, or from their imperfect opportunities for observation. But in cases where numerous witnesses are questioned, and cross examined under the solemnities of judicial proceeding, each one knowing that others equally well informed have been or subsequently will be interrogated on the same points, the probabilities in favor of a truthful result are very greatly enhanced.

About the middle of June last, the sudden and unexpected irruption of the
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rebel army under General Lee into the Shenandoah Valley, surprised and surrounded a division of our army, commanded by Major-General R. H. Milroy, and compelled the evacuation of that post, in a manner and under circumstances which have elicited the severest criticism and censure of the public press. The commanding officer of these forces was placed in arrest by the General-in-chief of the army. No charges were made against him; but he himself demanded a court of inquiry, which was ordered by the President. That court has recently concluded its labors, and the testimony taken has been submitted to the President as the Commander-in-chief of the army, for his examination and decision.

Although this particular affair was one of subordinate importance, it was, nevertheless, somewhat connected with the great invasion of Pennsylvania by the rebel army last summer; and on that account, as well as from its own intrinsic interest, it is well worth the brief notice which we now propose to give it. In the general history of the

war, the minute detail of such operations will necessarily be overlooked; but the interest of truth requires that the principal features and the actual result, even in these cases, should be fairly stated, and especially that the actors should receive impartial judgment at the hands of the public, with such just censure or applause as may be due to their conduct. In the tremendous operations of the war now raging around us, minor events may escape present attention; but no part of the great and bloody drama can fail to be of importance to the future student of this momentous period in our national history.

At the time of the occurrences that form the subject of the inquiry recently instituted, from which we chiefly derive the materials for this sketch, General Milroy was in the department and under the immediate command of Major-General R. C. Schenck, whose headquarters were at Baltimore. The force at Winchester consisted in all of about nine thousand men, and this body had occupied that position for six months previous to the evacuation. The particular work assigned to General Milroy and his command, was to assist in guarding that important link of communication, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, against the incursions of a considerable rebel force in the valley, under the notorious leaders Imboden, Jones, and Jenkins. The forces at Winchester constituted but a part of those employed in this service. There was, of course, a considerable body of men at Harper's Ferry, with smaller bodies at Martinsburg, Romney, and New Creek, all intended to coöperate in the protection of the railroad.

A question of much interest had been started between General Halleck, the general-in-chief of the army, and General Schenck, the commander of the department, as to the best means of disposing the forces on this road, for its complete security. General Halleck thought the proper mode was to post

his forces immediately on the line of the road, with blockhouses and other defences for resisting the attacks of the enemy. General Schenck, on the other hand, insisted upon holding a line some distance to the south, with a view of watching the enemy, and meeting his attacks before he reached the immediate vicinity of the road. This difference of opinion had been the subject of frequent discussion between these two officers, and gave rise to several telegraphic communications from General Halleck to General Schenck, which the former probably intended as orders, but which the latter, in view of their peculiar phraseology, considered to be merely advisory, and not having the character of peremptory orders. General Halleck expressed the decided opinion, if he did not actually command, that the main body of General Milroy's forces should be withdrawn from Winchester, and a small force only left as an outpost to watch the enemy. General Schenck, on the other hand, as he testified before the Court of Inquiry, believed that any small force left at that point must inevitably be captured; and he therefore determined to leave the whole garrison until the occasion should occur for its withdrawal. He therefore gave no order to General Milroy to evacuate his position until after the telegraphic wire had been cut, when it was too late to communicate with him. On the contrary, the last order received from General Schenck, at Winchester, was to hold the position and await further orders.

The solicitude about the forces at Winchester arose from the anticipated movements of Lee's rebel army. After the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, it soon became the subject of universal apprehension that the victors in that field would make an attempt upon Washington, and with that ultimate object would invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. In the early days of June, the movements of the enemy on the Rappahannock indicated some ag-

gressive design, though the precise nature of the enterprise about to be undertaken was unknown to our military authorities, who waited with much anxiety for its development. A great raid across the Potomac by Stuart's famous cavalry was anticipated; but its inception was thought to have been seriously embarrassed, if not wholly thwarted, by the several attacks of our own forces, especially by that at Beverly Ford. Still the mysterious movements of the rebel army perplexed our generals, while a distinct impression prevailed everywhere that the Confederates were about to advance northward, menacing Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

While this state of uncertainty mystified the General-in-chief, as he sat at the centre of his converging lines of telegraphic wires, and paralyzed the movements of the Army of the Potomac, there began to be an unusual activity of the rebel forces on the several roads leading through the passes of the Blue Ridge, in the direction of Harper's Ferry and Winchester. It was on Friday, the 12th day of June, that the first indications were seen of the approach of the enemy in force. On that day a strong reconnoitring party from Winchester was sent out on the Strasburg road, under command of Colonel Shawl, of the 87th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. This party consisted of Colonel Shawl's regiment of infantry, the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and one section of Battery L, of the 5th regular artillery; and when its advance was within about two miles of Middletown, it encountered a superior force of cavalry drawn up in line of battle. By a well-concerted piece of strategy, the enemy was lured into pursuit until he fell into an ambush, and received the effective fire both of our artillery and infantry from a dense wood within one hundred yards of the road. Repulsed and pursued by our cavalry, the enemy retreated in confusion, and in this handsome little affair lost no less than fifty

in killed and wounded, and thirty-seven prisoners. These prisoners all proved to be part of the rebel forces which had long been in the valley, and thus served to allay all apprehension of the approach of any part of Lee's army from that direction.

Another reconnoissance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Moss, of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was sent out on the Front Royal road on the same day. On his return, this officer reported a large force of the enemy, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, at Cedarville, twelve miles from Winchester; but as the accounts of officers present, and of reliable scouts, were contradictory, and as it did not appear that he had taken the precautions necessary to enable him to ascertain the strength and character of the enemy, the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Moss was discredited. Nevertheless, on Friday night, the pickets around Winchester were doubled, and strong cavalry patrols were kept out on all the principal roads. A messenger was also sent to Colonel McReynolds, who commanded the 3d brigade at Berryville, notifying him that the enemy was reported to be in force on the Front Royal road, and ordering him to reconnoitre in that direction, to be in readiness to move, and in case of serious attack, to fall back on Winchester. It was also arranged that upon the firing of the four large guns in the fort at Winchester he was to march immediately to that place. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, at about 8 o'clock, the enemy was reported to be approaching on the Front Royal road, and the concerted signal was given for the return of the 3d brigade, under Colonel McReynolds, to unite with the main forces at Winchester. Berryville is on the direct road from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, about twenty miles from the latter place, and ten from the former. The 3d brigade, under Colonel McReynolds, consisting of his own regiment, the 1st New York Cavalry, commanded by Major A. W. Adams,

the 6th Indiana Infantry, the 67th Pennsylvania Infantry, and the Baltimore battery, Captain Alexander, had been stationed at Berryville, to keep open the road to Harper's Ferry, and to watch the passes of the Blue Ridge and the fords of the Shenandoah river in that direction.

When this part of General Milroy's forces was thus ordered to join him at Winchester, it was not known or suspected that any portion of General Lee's army was in the valley. The movement was made with a view to concentrate the command, and to repel an attack from that portion of the enemy's forces which were known to have been in that vicinity for many months. It was deemed possible that Stuart's cavalry might have crossed the Blue Ridge, as had been apprehended, but there was no intention to abandon the position upon the approach of such an enemy. Indeed it was believed that, even if Stuart had entered the valley, his advance on Winchester would prove to be a mere feint to enable the main body of his forces to cross into Maryland.

Winchester is not a place of any strategic importance; nor is it easily to be held against a greatly superior force. It is approachable on all sides by numerous roads, without any difficulty of intercommunication. But there are some strong positions near the place susceptible of fortification; and several of these had been very skilfully improved by General Milroy, during his occupation of the post—not with any view, however, of attempting to hold it, in case of an attack by overwhelming numbers, but to resist any sudden concentration of the forces which were known to be in the valley or likely to invade it. These fortifications would have successfully resisted Stuart's cavalry, with all the field artillery he could have brought against them.

On Saturday, the 13th of June, the enemy was encountered early in the day within a short distance of Win-

chester; but no enemy appeared in the direction of the Strasburg road until the afternoon. Our forces held both roads, but they gradually withdrew, skirmishing, during the day, as the enemy steadily approached the town. At about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, a prisoner was captured, who professed to belong to Hay's Louisiana brigade, of Ewell's rebel corps. From this prisoner was derived the information that both Ewell and Longstreet, with their entire forces, fifty thousand strong, were in the immediate vicinity of Winchester. This report was soon fully confirmed by a deserter, who shortly afterward entered our lines; and now, for the first time, it was rendered certain that the command at Winchester was in the immediate presence of an overwhelming force, probably the advance of Lee's entire army.

At this time the 3d brigade, under Colonel McReynolds, was on the march from Berryville to Winchester, in pursuance of the signal, which had been given early in the morning. The direct road from Berryville to Winchester was only ten miles; but the appearance of the enemy at Berryville prevented Colonel McReynolds from taking that route. He accordingly pursued the Harper's Ferry road for a short distance, then turning to the left by a circuitous road through Summit Point to Winchester. His rear guard was attacked by the enemy's cavalry before leaving Berryville, and also again with greater violence at the Opequan Creek, between Summit Point and the Martinsburg road. The enemy was handsomely repulsed in both instances, but particularly in the latter, when the cavalry, under Major A. W. Adams, and the artillery, commanded by Captain Alexander, were both brought into action. After a march of thirty miles, the 3d brigade reached the forts at Winchester about ten o'clock at night.

After it became known what force was in front of Winchester, early in the night of Saturday, under cover of the

darkness, the men were withdrawn from the Front Royal and Strasburg roads, and posted in the southern part of the town, with orders to retire to the forts at two o'clock in the morning.

It was now apparent that a very large force of the enemy had approached Winchester, and virtually surrounded it. The Berryville road, the direct route to Harper's Ferry, was held by them. An attack had been made on our forces at Bunker Hill, on the Martinsburg road, during the day (Saturday), and some time in the evening the telegraphic line, which communicated by that road, was severed. Thus Winchester seemed to be entirely isolated and cut off from all its communications. Without any warning whatever, the whole rebel army had eluded the Army of the Potomac, and had poured over the mountains like an avalanche into the Shenandoah Valley. General Milroy did not, for a moment, suppose that this movement could have taken place without the timely knowledge of the authorities at Washington, and he very naturally supposed he had been left unadvised and without orders, because of some movement of the Army of the Potomac, which would soon relieve him from his perilous position.

General Schenck was in expectation of early advice in case of any movement of Lee's army into the valley. In his testimony he produced several telegrams to General Halleck inquiring for information on this subject; but down to Sunday, the 14th, it seems there was no knowledge of Lee's movements in possession of the commander-in-chief of the army. On Friday the 12th, General Schenck had telegraphed General Milroy in these words: *'You will make all the required preparations for withdrawing, but hold your position in the mean time. Be ready for movement, but await further orders.'* The additional orders had not been received. The telegraph had been in operation during the greater part of Saturday, while the enemy was gathering around the post; and when, that

night, the real situation became known, the most obvious conclusion arising from the circumstances was, that General Schenck had ordered the place to be held until further orders, for some important reason connected with the wider plans of the General-in-chief of the army. The cutting of the telegraphic wire was the only circumstance which cast any doubt upon this view. But in consultation with some of his officers on Saturday night, the commanding general, with their concurrence, adopted the conclusion that his orders prohibited him from leaving Winchester at that time, even if he could have done so with safety, which was more than doubtful. He resolved, therefore, to await the events of Sunday, when the enemy would probably have massed his forces; and if relief should not come during the day, it would then be more easy to determine in what manner and by what route it would be possible to escape. This conclusion was undoubtedly the wisest that could have been adopted. The most critical military judgment will hardly succeed in finding any ground of complaint against this decision in that serious emergency.

So passed the night of Saturday. On Sunday morning the contest was renewed, and kept up with great energy during the whole day, chiefly within the suburbs of the town of Winchester. In the afternoon a sudden and unexpected attack was made upon an unfinished earthwork on Flint Ridge, which, as it commanded the Pughtown and Romney roads, was occupied by Battery L of the 5th regular artillery, supported by the 110th and part of the 116th Ohio volunteer infantry, all under command of Colonel Keifer, of the former regiment. A reconnoissance had been previously ordered in that direction, and had been made or pretended to be made by part of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry, the officer in charge of the party reporting that there was no enemy on either of those

roads or between the two for a considerable distance from Winchester. Within two hours after this report was made, an overwhelming force appeared in that very quarter. The enemy opened on the position with not less than twenty guns, and precipitated upon it a column of at least ten thousand men. After a gallant but ineffectual resistance, Colonel Keifer was enabled to make good his retreat, under cover of the guns from the main fort, which commanded the position. The guns of Battery L were most effectively served in this affair, and executed great slaughter in the ranks of the enemy; but the horses having been nearly all killed, they were necessarily spiked and abandoned.

Our forces, pressed by the enemy on all sides, were now concentrated within the fortifications, and the rifle pits immediately in front of them; and the contest was continued with artillery on both sides until darkness compelled its cessation. In his report of this affair, General Milroy, with characteristic ardor at this juncture, says: 'To my regret, the enemy made no effort to take my position by assault.' It was probably about this time that the rebel General Ewell is reported with his glass to have descried General Milroy in the lookout, which had been constructed some distance up the flagstaff of the main fort, and to have exclaimed, 'There's that d—d old Milroy, who would stop and fight, if the d—l himself was after him.'

With the exception of the loss of Battery L, which was wholly attributable to the imperfect reconnoissance or the false report of Captain Morgan, who commanded the reconnoitring party, the advantage in the fighting, both on Saturday and Sunday, had all been with our forces; and there can be little doubt that the enemy would have suffered severely in any attempt to take the forts by assault.

But it was now apparent that the only alternatives were an evacuation or a surrender. A council of war was

ordered by the commanding general, and the three brigade commanders, Brigadier-General Elliott, 1st brigade; Colonel Ely, of the 18th Connecticut, 2d brigade; and Colonel McReynolds, of the 1st New York Cavalry, 3d brigade, were called into consultation. The critical condition of the command was perfectly understood. In pursuance of orders previously received, which looked to the early evacuation of the place, most of the stores had been sent away. The communication with Martinsburg, from which supplies had been obtained always in a few hours, had been cut off; and it now appeared that the stock of ammunition had been very nearly expended, and the men were already on half rations. It was therefore resolved to retreat from the forts at one o'clock in the morning (of Monday 15th June), abandoning everything except the horses, and such supply of ammunition as each man could take upon the march. There was some question as to the feasibility of taking the field artillery; but as the enemy's pickets were within two or three hundred yards of the rifle pits, and as the forts were located on a rocky ridge, which could not well have been descended by the guns without arousing the enemy, it was finally determined to spike and leave them.

The fortifications had been constructed on the ridge, extending northwest from the town; and the guns in position commanded the Martinsburg road to the extent of their range. Probably on this account the enemy had not made his appearance in that direction; and this road, therefore, seemed to offer the only means of escape. The council of war resolved to march by this road to the point whence diverges a cross road to Summit Point, and thence by that place to Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. The three brigades were directed to go out in the order of their numbers, the 1st New York Cavalry, of the 8d brigade, being placed in the extreme rear. Notwithstanding the great pre-

cautions taken to elude the enemy immediately in front of the forts, the chief apprehension was that these forces would follow and harass the column on its retreat.

At two o'clock, on the morning of Monday, June 15th, with the most perfect silence, and in extreme darkness, the fortifications were evacuated, and the command of General Milroy commenced its march in the order and by the route designated. The bold and energetic resistance of the day previous had led the enemy to expect a renewal of the contest on Monday morning. Hence he was completely deceived and eluded; and the head of the retreating column had proceeded four and a half miles from Winchester, when suddenly, while it was yet quite dark, it encountered Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, eight or ten thousand strong, posted at the junction of the roads to Martinsburg and Summit Point. The commanding general, expecting only an attack from behind, was near the rear when the firing began. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and in riding up to the front, and passing Colonel McReynolds, some distance ahead of his troops, ordered him to go back and hurry up his brigade. The forces of the 1st and 2d brigades were at once thrown into line of battle, the former on the left and parallel with the Martinsburg road, and the latter at right angles with the road, facing the woods in which the enemy were posted. The first brigade, by a gallant charge, succeeded in driving the enemy from their guns; the second, led by General Milroy in person, was three times repulsed by greatly superior numbers. Pending these successive charges, during which General Milroy's horse was shot under him, he awaited the arrival of the 3d brigade, and sent repeated messengers to order it up. His purpose was only to engage the enemy long enough to enable the whole column to pass away under cover of the severe blow he had given the enemy in the

first charges of the two brigades engaged. But, unfortunately, the only part of the 3d brigade which could be found upon the field was the 1st New York Cavalry, which had been drawn up in line of battle by Major Adams, without having received any orders from the brigade commander. The rest of the brigade had gone to the right in the early part of the conflict, and, with the exception of the 6th Maryland Volunteers, became disorganized and scattered. Colonel McReynolds himself became separated from his troops, and reached Harper's Ferry alone, among the first who arrived.

Thus thwarted in his plans by the failure of the 3d brigade to respond to the orders given, the commanding general was compelled to continue the retreat with only the regiments which were yet upon the field. General Elliott's forces, being in advance, mostly escaped. Colonel Ely himself was captured with a considerable number of his men; and the delay of the 3d brigade, giving the enemy the full advantage of his superiority in numbers, enabled him to cross the Martinsburg road in pursuit, and cause the remaining part of the command to separate into two parts, one of which, under the commanding general, made its way to Harper's Ferry; and the other, pushed too far to the left, was compelled to retreat upon Hancock, and thence into Pennsylvania. The first of these divisions pursued the Martinsburg road beyond the field of battle, and diverged thence through fields and by-roads to Harper's Ferry. The 3d brigade, with the exception of the 1st New York Cavalry, left the Martinsburg road before reaching the position of the enemy, and, by making a detour back toward Winchester, effected its escape to Charlestown, not, however, without a considerable loss of men captured by the enemy.

It has been ascertained, from prisoners since taken by our army, that the rebel force thus encountered at the junction of the Martinsburg and Sum-

mit Point roads, on the morning of the 15th June, had then just reached this position; and at the time when General Elliott drove the enemy from their guns, Johnson and his staff were nearly surrounded, between the 1st and 2d brigades of General Milroy's forces, and were in imminent danger of being captured. If the 8d brigade had taken part in the action, in obedience to the orders given, doubtless this important capture might have been made; and the retreat, which has been pronounced a disastrous failure, would have been crowned with brilliant success. Upon such events, often hang the fortunes of men and armies!

But notwithstanding the derangement of plans, and the want of coöperation in conducting this retreat, the result was by no means so disastrous as has been generally supposed. Out of 6,900 effective men who marched from Winchester, a little more than 6,000 escaped the enemy, and although scattered in different directions, were found to be on duty when recently the subject was investigated by order of Major-General Schenck.

Most extravagant representations have been made as to the loss of stores and ammunition by this evacuation. But the inquiry has established that a large part of the wagons had been previously sent away in safety, that very few stores were on hand, and that the ammunition was nearly exhausted. The horses were all taken on the retreat, and notwithstanding some confusion and disorder among the teamsters, were mostly saved to the Government. The guns left in the fortifications, and the empty wagons, constituted the principal loss; and these, in comparison with amounts of public property which during the war have been abandoned at many other places, without comment or complaint, were truly insignificant.

In estimating this affair, it cannot be fairly characterized as either disgraceful or particularly disastrous. The

movements of Lee's army were wholly unknown in advance either to General Schenck, or to the General-in-chief of the army. The little force at Winchester, without any warning, was called upon to encounter the advance of Lee's army in overwhelming numbers. Without at first knowing or suspecting the character of the enemy, General Milroy held this gathering force at bay and in check for three days; and when finally surrounded and compelled to cut his way out, did so with a loss of less than one thousand of his effective men, of which number the killed and wounded were inconsiderable. It is known from our paroled officers, that during the investment and retreat, the enemy lost at least three hundred killed, and seven hundred wounded, while our casualties were not one fourth of that number.

Lee's army having escaped the army of the Potomac, was on its way to Pennsylvania. This check and delay of its onward march was important in its results. It was the first obstacle met by the invading host. It served to reveal the movements and the concealed purpose of the enemy, and enabled our army to pursue and counteract his designs. Had there been no such obstacle, the rebel army would have swept on unopposed into Maryland, and would have had three, or at least two more days of unobstructed license to revel in the spoils he sought. He might have reached Harrisburg, if such was his intention; and, at all events, he would have plundered and destroyed in a single day, far more than was lost at Winchester.

In the course of his testimony, General Schenck did not hesitate to say, that if he had been left to his own judgment in the control of the forces within his department, he would have concentrated them all at Winchester, with the view to meet and check the contemplated advance of Lee's rebel army, until the Army of the Potomac could have come forward to his relief.

Undoubtedly this disposition of his command would have had a controlling influence on the rebel campaign of last summer, in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The movements of both armies would have been materially changed, and the result must have been modified accordingly. The invasion of the loyal States might have been altogether prevented, or it might have been rendered even more disastrous. Speculations of this kind as to movements which could have been made, are not of much value, inasmuch as they cannot alter the irrevocable past. Military operations are subject to so many contingencies, that it is impossible to conjecture with any certainty what results might have followed a different plan of campaign. Yet there could be no improvement in military science, and no benefit from disastrous experience, unless the errors of any particular movement may be pointed out and freely criticized. If General Schenck's idea had been adopted, and preparation made at Winchester to meet the advance of Lee's army, the movements of the Army of the Potomac would have been conformed to that arrangement, with coöperation between the scattered forces of the Middle Department and those under command of General Hooker. The campaign would have been in some measure under our control; whereas, in the actual circumstances, the enemy passed without opposition, except at Winchester, into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and selected his own field of operations. It was most fortunate, though almost fortuitous, so far as our army was concerned, that it had the good fortune to be posted as it was in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, with Cemetery Hill as the centre of our line. General Meade has all the credit and honor of having made the best disposition of his army, and carried it into the engagement with all the advantages of that magnificent position. But the selection of the battle ground was not the result of any strategy on our part.

Doubtless the enemy's ignorance of the topography enabled Meade to occupy the favorable ground which gave him the great victory in Pennsylvania.

Both Major-Generals Schenck and Milroy are volunteer officers, raised from civil life to their present high position. The former has heretofore been mostly known as a politician of the Whig school, long a member of the national House of Representatives, and therein connected with the navy rather than the army. He has again been returned to Congress by his district in Ohio, and it is understood that he will soon leave his position in the army, carrying his honorable wounds into another field of service, where his usefulness to his country in this great crisis will not be diminished.

General Milroy has had the advantage of a military education, and has had much of that experience and training which are necessary to make an accomplished soldier. He graduated at the University of Norwich, Vermont—the same that sent from its academic halls the gallant and lamented General Lander, who died at an early period of the war. Whatever may be the character of that institution as a military school, under the shadow of the great reputation of West Point, it has at least the merit of having imparted to these two of its graduates an enthusiastic love for the profession of a soldier, and a perfect readiness, in a good cause, to meet its privations and dangers. At the commencement of the Mexican war, General Milroy raised a company in his native State of Indiana, and commanded it in the field until the expiration of its term of service. He was even more prompt in preparation for the present rebellion. Anticipating its occurrence, some time before its commencement, he undertook the organization of a company at Rensselaer, Indiana; and, in spite of the ridicule of such an undertaking, he persevered, and presented his company, one of the first to respond to the Presi-

dent's earliest call for volunteers. Thus entering the service as a captain, he has rapidly risen through the intermediate grades to his present position. He is not yet forty-eight, though his perfectly white hair would seem to indicate a greater age. But his red beard and whiskers contrast strongly with the snow on his head, and, together with a flashing bluish-gray eye, indicate the energetic and ardent temperament of unconquerable youth. Though not large in person, he is tall and erect, with a fine, soldierly form. His address is quick, and nervous to such a degree as to deprive him of even the ordinary fluency of speech. His want of words to express the thoughts that evidently burn within him, together with a remarkable diffidence among strangers, renders him incapable of making an impression, at first, proportionate to his real merit. He has, however, always enjoyed great popularity among his men, commanding their entire confidence, and has never failed to endear himself to his intimate companions. His heart has been earnestly with the Union, in the work of its preservation, from the beginning of the war; and whatever may be the disposition of the authorities toward him, his strong convictions and his active temperament will hardly permit him to remain idle during the deadly peril of the nation.



THE TWO SOUTHERN MOTHERS.

HEARD you not the din of battle,
Cannon's roar, and musket's rattle,
Clash of sword, and shriek of shell,
Victor's shot, and vanquished's yell?

Saw you not yon scene of slaughter,
Human blood poured out like water;
Northern valor, Southern pride,
Stern resolve on either side?

Cheering on his flagging men,
Rallying to the charge again,
Comes a bullet, charged with grief,
Strikes the brave Confederate chief.

Down he falls, amid the strife,
Horses trampling out his life:
Scarce can his retreating force
Find and save his mangled corse.

Home they bore him to his mother—
He was all she had—none other:
Woful mother! who can borrow
Words to paint her frantic sorrow?

As she mourned her slaughtered brave,
Came and spake her aged alave,
Came, and spake with solemn brow :
'Missis, we is even, now.

'I had ten, and you had one ;
Now we're even—all are gone :
Not one left to bury either—
Slave and mistress mourn together.

'*Every one of mine you sold—*
Now your own lies stark and cold :
To the just Avenger bow—
Missis ! I forgive you *now*.'

Thus she spoke, that sable mother ;
Shuddering, quailed and crouched the other.
Yea ! although it tarry long,
PAYMENT SHALL BE MADE FOR WRONG !



DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA ;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Friday, January 8d.

My patience, or rather my impatience, has not been exposed to any very severe trial : I have seen the prince royal twice. He recognized me ; how childish I was to doubt it ? Why should I think him less skilful than myself ; and under what dress could I mistake him ?

On New Year's day, just as I was writing in my journal, the palatine came into my room, and said : 'Fanny, you have surpassed my expectations ; you have been perfect in everything ; your dress, and still more your manners, at the ball, have charmed every one ; you have pleased universally, and even persons of the highest rank. I have just returned from court, where, with the

senators and ministers, we presented our homage to his royal majesty : his royal highness the Duke of Courland took me aside to tell me that he had never seen anything comparable to you. 'Were it not for the court etiquette,' added he, 'which forces me to pass the first day of the year with the king my father, I should go in person to present my congratulations to Mademoiselle Frances Krasinska.'

When I heard these words spoken by the prince palatine, I thought my heart would burst within my bosom. The prince was kind enough to seem as if he had not noticed my confusion, and left me alone with my joy, my delirium, my wild fancies. . . . I was not

then mistaken: the prince royal will come to see me. Yes; the prince palatine told me so; he has never seen anything comparable to me. This phrase haunts my memory like a delicious strain of melody.

Dinner was soon after announced. I was gay—out of myself; the princess scolded me. After dinner we went out to make visits, and found no one at home: everybody was out, offering the congratulations proper to the season. Friends and acquaintances met in the street, and all said to one another: 'I was just going,' or 'I have just been to see you.' The carriages crossed and jostled one another in the streets, and a halt was ordered whenever it was possible to recognize friends amid the crowd, when cards were reciprocally exchanged.

When the night came, the footmen lighted the carriage lamps, and boys ran before with torches; all these lights, vehicles, and liveries made up a charming spectacle—so gay and animated! There were a few accidents, but, God be praised, nothing happened to us. It was late when we returned, and I was very tired: I soon fell asleep, but my sleep was no rest. I dreamed, I pondered, and I saw the future. . . . How many things, how much weakness, and how much strength may exist in a woman's teeming brain!

The next day, precisely at twelve o'clock, after having made my toilet for the day, I went to the reception room, where the princess was already seated; I had just commenced to work at my embroidery, when a chamberlain entered hastily, and cried aloud: 'His royal highness the Duke of Courland.' The princess rose precipitately to receive him in the antechamber. At first I thought I would retire; but curiosity, or some feeling, I know not what, overcame my fear, and I remained. He entered, approached my workstand, and asked after my health. Notwithstanding my embarrassment, I replied with considerable self-possession. He took

a seat near my frame, and seemed interested in my work. I had so strong a desire to appear calm that I succeeded in threading a fine needle with my heavy silk; but God knows how I trembled. . . .

The prince royal praised my skill, and found opportunities of saying many kind and flattering things to me, although he spoke much more to the princess than to myself; he remained about half an hour. I now know that my dress did not change me in his eyes. As he left he told me he hoped to see me this evening at the ball given by the French ambassador, Marquis d'Argenson.

Ah! Barbara's wedding was nothing compared to the *fêtes* in Warsaw: there was as much luxury and magnificence, but the exquisite grace and chivalric courtesy here universal were wanting.

The country may try as it will, it is always a mere parody on the city: in the city, all are nearly alike; all are equally polished, and equally amiable; no one is permitted to speak tiresome truths; the compliments are all ready made, and people only differ in their mode of speaking them. From this general rule I must except the prince royal; his language has another coloring, and his graceful speeches have an air of inspiration.

But he could not say much to me at the Marquis d'Argenson's ball. I was no longer a Virgin of the Sun, and etiquette is much more rigid at a dress ball than at a fancy ball; besides, all the women near us tried to hear what he was saying to me, which displeased me exceedingly; such curiosity is disgusting in persons of high rank.

The princess is in an excellent humor; the prince royal danced only with her last evening; that is, she is the only lady advanced in years who had that honor. The prince palatine is kinder than ever; he asks no questions and offers me no advice. I am awaiting my sister's arrival with the greatest im-

patience; how many things I will have to tell her!

It is not yet a week since I left school, and the time seems to me ages long: so many events and such divers impressions crowd a lifetime into a few days! New emotions have given birth to a new nature; my dreams as a young girl have been surpassed, or rather have become a serious reality.

Sunday, January 5th.

Would any one believe it? During the whole of yesterday I thought neither of balls, nor of fêtes, not even of the prince royal himself: my mind was exclusively filled with my sister. She came sooner than had been expected, and was taken ill immediately after her arrival. The princess was sent for, and hastened to Barbara to remain all day. I desired to accompany her, but was not permitted. Until midnight I was in a horrible state of uneasiness; I sent to three churches to have masses said. Finally, at one o'clock, the princess returned; she told me that Barbara was doing well, and had given birth to a daughter. This morning I begged the princess to permit me to visit my sister, but she replied that I could not do so, as it was not proper for a young girl to visit a lady in Barbara's situation. There was nothing to be said, and so I must wait.

The starost called here for a moment; he seemed very, very happy. They say the little one is charming, red and white, and so plump; she is to be called Angelica, to please our mother, who is so named. Oh! if I could only see the dear child! I have all the honor of being an aunt, without any of the pleasure.

The prince royal sent to congratulate the princess upon the birth of the little girl, and he was kind enough to inquire after me by the same messenger.

Wednesday, January 8th.

My sister improves daily, but she does not yet leave her bed. I have seen the prince royal but once this week; he had gone hunting with the king;

but yesterday he amply indemnified us by making us a visit of at least an hour. How good he must be! how tenderly he loves his father! and when he spoke of his mother, his eyes were wet with tears. He seems excellently well disposed toward the Poles; I do not think, so far as I can judge, that a more noble and energetic soul could anywhere be found. All that I had heard of him, all that I had written in my journal, is the most exact truth. He is even far above all the praises bestowed upon him; no one could describe the tone of his voice, his smile, or the expression of his eye, so filled with deep and noble thought; I am not at all surprised at the empress's predilection for him. He has already succeeded in winning the attachment of his people in Courland; he is seen once, and he pleases; again, and he is loved. . . . I believe that were the king to die, he would be proclaimed king of Poland.

Ah, well! this prince, so much beloved, has distinguished me highly; I can no longer doubt that I am pleasing to him; certain words have confirmed the eloquence of his eyes. . . . Yes, indeed, I may be quite sure, since even the prince palatine himself has told me so.

I believe that the princess takes a malicious pleasure in spoiling all my happiness; she said to-day, at table, with quite an indifferent air, that the prince royal had already been much pleased with many women, and that, for him, the last was always the most beautiful. . . . How childish I am, to torment myself thus! Am I the only beauty in the world? The Starostine Wessel, Madame Potocka, and the Princess Sapieha are far more beautiful than I, and then they understand how to add grace to their beauty, while I am entirely devoid of the knowledge of any kind of art. Yet, the prince royal assures me, that is my greatest charm. Nevertheless, my color seems pale beside the brilliancy of those

ladies; their cheeks are rose tinted, and always rose tinted, while my color varies according to my emotions. Madame Potocka was charming at the French ambassador's ball; the prince royal danced with her twice, and no one could avoid remarking her. But, in truth, what more can I desire? My whole ambition was to see him, and to be noticed by him during a few moments; my wishes have been gratified, and yet I long for more, still more. . . . The heart has, then, infinite faculties for ceaseless longing.

Sunday, January 12th.

Now I ought to be completely happy. Last Thursday, at the Prince Czartoryski's ball, the prince royal danced with me alone. He came the day before to make us a visit, and yesterday, he sent his aid-de-camp to invite us to a representation of the Italian opera *Semiramide*, which is to take place at the court.

During the whole time of the play, the prince paid attention to no one but myself. I was presented to the king, who gave me a most gracious reception; he asked me for my parents, and especially for my mother. The starost came to announce that the prince had concluded to stand godfather to his daughter, and that he had chosen me for godmother. . . . I will then hold the child at the baptismal font with the prince, and then I shall be of the same rank with himself. The will of God be done! The ceremony will take place with great solemnity in the cathedral church of St. John. Several other baptisms were to have taken place upon the same day, but they will be postponed through respect for the prince. The first society of Warsaw will be present at the ceremony; every one will speak of it, and certainly the *Polish Courier* will chronicle this important news. What will Madame Strumle and all the young ladies at the school say? What will my parents, and all our court at Maleszow say? What will our little Matthias say?

Oh! that Matthias! How often I think of him! He is responsible for all my torments, and all my uneasiness; without him, my reason would never have abandoned me, nor would such wild hopes have sprung up within my heart.

Scarcely one moment have I been able to rejoice over the approaching ceremony; the princess has just told me that marriage is forbidden between persons who have stood together as godfather and godmother at a baptism; I shuddered as I listened! Great God! what can all this mean? I no longer know myself. All within my soul is confusion and disorder: my own thoughts terrify me; I pass alternately from joy to sorrow; delicious hopes smile upon me, and then I am overwhelmed by a strange presentiment of coming sorrow. I am in a state of continual agitation: I tremble, and long to quit the world, and then again feel drawn toward it by bonds so sweet and so strong. . . .

At least I shall soon once more see my sister. That meeting will afford me a really happy moment; true consolation is to be found in sweet and confiding affections. After the ceremony, we will go to my sister's; she is doing remarkably well; she sits up, but cannot yet leave her room.

Wednesday, January 15th.

The baptism took place yesterday, and I saw my sister. How charming she is! She has grown paler and somewhat thinner. She is, as she always was, good like an angel; and she is so happy! The prince royal quite insisted that my name should be given to the little one, but Barbara would not agree to that; she said that we owed the preference to our mother's name. He has, however, obtained a promise from her that her second daughter shall be named Frances.

The little one is lovely, but red as a crab; she cried during the whole time of the ceremony: they say that is a good sign, and that she will probably

live to grow up. God grant it, for I love her already. I was so embarrassed, I had not the least idea how I ought to hold her in the church. My hands failed me; the prince royal aided me most kindly; how good he is!

I was as much surprised as pleased at finding myself standing before the altar at his side, in the presence of so numerous an assemblage, and at seeing my name inscribed on a great book with his: the prophecies of our little Matthias will doubtless receive no further fulfilment.

Every one congratulates me upon the honor I have had. The prince royal has redoubled his kindness to me since the ceremony; his manner is more familiar; and he calls me now, 'My pretty gossip:' when he speaks of the child, he says, 'our Angelica.' He has made the most magnificent presents to her ladyship the starostine and myself; his generosity toward the poor and my sister's servants was truly regal.

He has promised the starost his interest with the king, to obtain for him the castellanship of Radom. Alas for me! I can do nothing for my family; but I have embroidered a dress for Angelica which has cost both time and labor; the prince royal told me he thought it in the best taste. I will shortly embroider a cap for the dear little one.

But I am forgetting a piece of news of the greatest importance. Prince Jerome Radziwill, the standard bearer of Lithuania, is preparing a grand hunt to amuse the king and the prince royal. He is expending the most enormous sums to surpass everything of the kind hitherto seen. He has filled his park with all kinds of game, brought expressly from the forests of Lithuania. The hunt will begin to-morrow; the weather is favorable; it is freezing hard, and the sledges will slide over the snow most charmingly. The prince royal insists upon my being present at this *fête*. The four beauties of Warsaw will occupy the same sledge, driven by

the prince royal himself. (I must here say that I am one of the four beauties now in fashion.) We will all wear the same costume, differing only in color. I have chosen crimson; Madame Potocka, blue; Madame Sapieha, green; and Miss Wessel, orange. Our velvet dresses will be trimmed with sable, and our caps will be made of the same material. I am sorry Barbara cannot see it all; but she has her Angelica, and that is a happiness worth all the rest.

Friday, January 17th.

I was brought up in a castle with a brilliant court, and I have seen the royal fêtes at Warsaw; but I never beheld anything comparable to the Prince Radziwill's hunt. We set out at nine in the morning, amid an innumerable quantity of sledges and horses; our equipage was the most splendid, and followed next after the king's. The prince wore a hunting dress of green velvet. I do not know whether it was his costume which rendered his appearance so striking, or his bearing which threw such a charm about his dress; of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is, that I never saw him look so well.

We first went a considerable distance beyond the church of the Holy Cross; then we flew down the side of the hill on which Warsaw is built. In the centre of the plain, near Szulec and Ujazdow (now Lazienki), Prince Radziwill has had a park made and an iron pavilion built. The situation is admirable; the building is open upon all sides, and defended against the wild beasts by bristling points of sharpened iron. All the furniture is covered with green velvet. The king and the prince royal took their places within the pavilion, while the guests occupied a lofty amphitheatre raised without; the little hills to the right and left were crowded with curious spectators. At some distance from the pavilion began long avenues, bordered with fine trees.

As soon as all had arrived, and had taken their destined places, the hunting

horns were sounded. The prince's huntsmen let loose eight elks, three bears, twenty-five wolves, and twenty-three wild boars; dogs trained for the purpose drove the animals toward the king's pavilion. The shouts of the huntsmen and the howlings of the animals were deafening. The king killed three boars with his own hands; the prince royal killed at least twenty of the creatures, and, not yet content, he fought a bear with a club, a proof of great strength and skill. I am to have the bear's skin, the main trophy of the prince's hunt, as a carpet. These amusements lasted until four in the afternoon; we then had a collation. We counted eighty-four huntsmen and foresters belonging to Prince Radziwill; they were all richly dressed. Latin and Polish verses were distributed among the guests. Everything was charming. Prince Radziwill desired thus to commemorate the anniversary of the king's coronation. There will also be a grand ball this evening at Marshal Bielinski's, to celebrate the same event.

Sunday, January 19th.

The ball was superb. The prince royal was charmingly gay; the king had given him a star set with diamonds. The supper was splendid, exquisite; and the enforced abstinence of Friday by no means diminished the luxury and abundance; there were an infinity of dishes, but not a particle of meat.

I danced a great deal, and have pains in my feet which cause me much suffering; but I am sorry that I complained, for I shall now be obliged to keep my room for ten days to rest. The princess is quite uneasy about my health. She fears lest so many balls and such late hours should be injurious to me. In truth, I do not think my cheeks are as rosy as they were a few weeks ago.

We have received letters from Maleszow; my mother was kind enough to write to me herself. She begs me to take good care of myself, and, above

all, to act prudently, and beware of heeding vain flatteries. She says: 'Do not become vain or proud through the praises bestowed upon you. Caprice has more influence upon the world's judgment than either beauty or merit. If reason is lulled to sleep through the power of such deceitful murmurs, the happiness of a whole life is in danger, and one may suddenly fall from a great height, with all one's weight, upon the earth.'

I hope my good mother's fears will never be realized, and, if my desires have been too lofty and ambitious, I will in future endeavor to chain them in the depths of my soul. My mother's letter caused me many tears; I carry it with me wherever I go, and read it often. God has endowed the words of parents with the power of going directly to their children's hearts. Happy the young girl who has never left her father's house! Notwithstanding all my triumphs, I often regret our castle at Maleszow.

WARSAW, Wednesday, January 29th.

My quarantine is finally ended, but I am sorry to say there have been four balls during my seclusion. I particularly regret a masked ball, where I was to have made one in a Scotch quadrille with the three celebrated beauties. Miss Malachowska took my place, and I was forced to remain alone, notwithstanding the entreaties of the prince royal and of many others; but when the princess once says no, there is no use in attempting to induce her to change her mind. I confess I was really vexed, but it would have been very ungracious to have let it be perceived; at my age, one should be reasonable; besides, I ought not to regret anything, for the prince royal has often been to see me, and has told me that he approved my resignation and the strength of my character.

Since the baptism, the distance separating the prince royal, heir apparent to the throne, from the Starostine Frances Krasinska, has been gradually

decreasing; the prince royal desires me to treat him as my equal: what precious and inconceivable goodness! The hours he passes with us are the most delightful that can be imagined; he talks of his journeys to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to Courland, and amid the society surrounding us, he even finds opportunities to say words to me which I alone can comprehend. The prince royal knows and appreciates all the intrigues which are mining our unfortunate republic, but, through respect for his father, he dare not say what he thinks. Great God! If he should one day be king!

The princess, who eagerly seeks a bad side to the best things, says that his politeness has no other aim than to make a party for himself, and when he is master of the crown, he will forget or despise us. I do not believe this, and repel such a suspicion as the deepest injustice. The princess would be very glad to see Lubomirski on the throne, but I doubt exceedingly the possibility of such an event.

The sisters canonesses have a *soirée* this evening, to which I am invited. The superior, Miss Komorowska, is a very respectable personage. Madame Zamoyaska, born Zahorowska, was the foundress of this community: she copied it from that existing at Remiremont, in Lorraine. It serves as an asylum for young ladies who will not or who cannot marry; they live there in retirement, but still receive visits. Madame Zamoyaska bought the Marieville, in one of the main streets, on purpose to establish this community of canonesses. Twelve ladies of the highest rank are received there, but eight young girls belonging to the lesser nobility are also admitted.

The last days of the carnival are finally at hand.

Ash Wednesday, *February 16th.*

After such constant and fatiguing excitement, one grows tired of pleasure and longs for rest. I am almost glad when I think the carnival is over.

During the past three weeks I have led a purely external life, absorbed in balls, dress, and visits. One must have tried this mode of life to know how sad and tiresome it really is. My success, my happiness, are envied by others, while I long only for solitude, only for a few quiet moments, in which I may enjoy my own thoughts and reflections.

Barbara seems to comprehend my sufferings. I see her often, and certain words which occasionally fall from her lips explain her fears for me. She sees before me a destiny by no means in harmony with my tastes, requirements, and faculties; she would wish for me a future such as her heart and her reason have made for her; she understands life, and has set me to dreaming of another happiness. . . . I begin to reflect. . . . But how beautiful Madame Potocka looked at the masked ball yesterday evening! Her dress as a sultana became her astonishingly. Her beauty shone as a sun above that of all other women; every one admired her, and all coveted the honor of dancing with her. As for me, I could only dance one Polonaise; I was attacked by so severe a pain in my foot that I could not leave my seat, and I was forced to decline the invitations of the prince royal and of several noblemen. Thank heaven, the carnival is over!

Saturday, *February 20th.*

I am going to Sulgostow when I least expected to make such a journey, and must first write a few hasty lines. The starost and my sister called yesterday to say farewell. The prince palatine came to my room this morning, and told me my brother and sister were very anxious I should accompany them home. 'It is very probable,' he added, 'that your father and mother will soon join you there.' I always yield implicit obedience to the will of the palatine, and made no resistance in this case: I will go. The princess approves highly of my resolution. I will go, since they desire it; and yet the prince royal is ignorant of my approaching departure,

and there is no one whom I could ask to inform him of it: he will hear it as one of the ordinary items of every-day news.

If I dared I would ask the princess to say farewell for me, and present my regrets to him; but I should never have the courage to confide in her—and, besides, will my departure cause him any pain? Will a single thought, a single remembrance follow me, when there are so many beautiful women in Warsaw? . . . Madame Potocka will still be here. . . . But I am called, and must hasten my preparations.

Sunday, March 15th.

I returned to Warsaw two days ago. I do not know how it was, but I forgot my journal, and was forced to abstain from the consolation of writing during my absence.

I remained three weeks at Sulgostow. I tell it to my shame, but the time weighed upon my soul as a lengthened torture. I did not see my parents, as they are not expected there for four days yet, and the prince palatine came for me in such haste that we made the journey in one day; fresh horses awaited us at each stopping place, so that we did not lose a single moment.

The prince royal came to see us the day after our arrival. He is much changed; he seems sad or suffering. He gave me to understand that my departure had given him great pain, and he said with some bitterness, that one should have some consideration for a friend. . . . A friend! this heartfelt word fell from his lips. Oh! how remorseful I felt for having made this journey! And yet I made it against my own will.

The prince palatine maintains that all is for the best. I must confess I can see no reason for making me suffer, and for afflicting the prince royal; but I have made a promise to myself to obey the palatine blindly; I believe him to be destined to play a large part in all the events of my life. The princess

received me most kindly upon my return.

I have embroidered a cushion for the cathedral, with I.H.S. upon it. I found all that was needful for my work at Sulgostow, and I was so diligent that I finished it before my departure. I worked fervently, for I was accomplishing a secret vow; God alone knows my intention, God alone can grant my prayers.

The anniversary of Barbara's marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Sulgostow. How many changes in the space of a year! Before Barbara's marriage, I was always gay and always happy; that is to say, always calm. I enjoyed my insignificant liberty; my life was like a cloudless sky; I experienced none of those moments of bliss which are yet a real suffering, nor of those hours of torment possessing so strange a charm.

Thursday, March 19th.

The prince royal was as gay and amiable yesterday as during the first days of our acquaintance. He came in the morning and passed an hour with us; he could not remain longer, as he was obliged to accompany his father on a hunting party to the forest of Kapiños: but he returned in the evening when we least expected him; he came quietly, without any escort, and with an absence of ceremony, and an air of mystery which added to the charm of his presence.

The chase was successful, and quite a singular event took place. The forest of Kapiños borders upon that of Zabórow; the proprietor of the last-mentioned domain is said to be a gentleman of good family; he gave the king a splendid reception when his majesty passed through his lands, and the king promised the gentleman a starosty, as a recompense for his fidelity, on condition that he would first permit him to kill a bear upon his territory. Several bears were killed, but the starosty seemed forgotten; the poor gentleman, always hoping and always disappointed, killed

a bear himself at the last hunt. He dragged it to the king's feet, and said to him, 'Sire, ursus est, privilegium non est.'

The king laughed heartily at this sally, and promised him solemnly that he should have the promised starosty.

The prince royal remained two hours with us: he is now freer, and can leave his father more easily, because his brothers, Albert and Clement, are in Warsaw. Every one says that Prince Clement is very good and very pious; he has a decided vocation for the ecclesiastical state, and it is presumed he will take orders. It is a proof of great wisdom on the king's part to consecrate one of his sons to God; but it is fortunate the choice did not fall upon Prince Charles.

Tuesday, March 24th.

Notwithstanding it is Lent, my days pass quite gayly. The prince royal comes often to see us; he repeats unceasingly that the court etiquette weighs upon him; he is glad to be free from it: but to-morrow I am again to be separated from him. The princess is in the habit of making a retreat of a week before Easter, in order to prepare for her confession; all religious ladies do the same, and I must of course accompany the princess to the convent of the Holy Sacrament.

During a whole week we will see none but priests, we will read only books of prayer, and work only for the church or for the poor.

Holy Thursday, April 2d.

I have made my confession, and am now prepared to receive the holy communion. I never remember to have been so calm, or to have felt so much quiet in my soul. It is an inestimable blessing to be at peace with God and with one's self. How solemn and how sweet are the ceremonies of our holy religion! What a happiness to have been brought up in the knowledge of its mysteries! I have an excellent confessor, the Abbé Baudoin; he is very popular among the ladies of the court,

because he is a Frenchman. But, popularity aside, he would still be the confessor of my choice; he is a worthy and a holy man, possessing all the virtues taught by Christ; one follows his counsels with respect; his views of religion console and show one the way to heaven without forcing one entirely to quit the earth. I passed several hours with him, and he knew how to reach my heart, even while condemning my faults. He caused me to feel humiliated for my sins, without crushing me, or driving me to despair; he showed me the futility of all human things, the sadness and emptiness of all pleasures arising from vanity and self-love. . . . Indeed, during a few moments, I thought seriously of consecrating my life entirely to God, and of becoming a gray nun in the convent under the Abbé Baudoin's direction.

I was measuring my cell, and counting the number of steps I could take in my new asylum; I thought my resolution nearly taken, when my maid entered and began to tell me some trifle concerning the prince royal's huntsman! . . . The chain of my holy thoughts was immediately broken, and I strove in vain to relink it; I could remember but one point, and that was, that the Abbé Baudoin had told me it was possible to secure one's salvation even while living in the great world, and that this difficult struggle, when brought to a victorious conclusion, was as pleasing to God as that virtue which had never dared the combat.

Why, then, should I throw myself into a world of sacrifices, whose extent is unknown to me, and perhaps beyond my strength? I will follow my destiny, while maintaining the purity of my conscience. Yes, I swear never to commit any action unworthy of the name of Krasinski. If I sin, alas! it is through too much pride; my desires are placed very high; the Abbé Baudoin does not blame me; he says that ambition is criminal only when it leads us from the path of virtue. . . .

What God requires, is a heart prepared for every sacrifice—a will ready to yield all for His sake ; and I feel that I possess this disposition ; I experience an indefinable quietude, and my soul is comforted. This week has seemed to me a foretaste of heaven ; I have seen no one but the nuns and my confessor, the sole confidant of my thoughts and feelings, and the time has passed rapidly and without tedium. To-day I am once more to find myself in the great world. I am to witness the ceremonies of Holy Thursday in the castle. I am very curious to see this religious solemnity.



N O V E M B E R .

Low the leaves lie in the forest ; on the damp earth, brown and chill,
Gather near the evening shadows. Hark ! the wind is sorrowing still.

Vanished are the pine-crowned mountains, hidden in a dusky cloud ;
See the rain, it falleth ever from the wan and dreary sky ;
Rusheth on the swollen streamlet, wildly whirling, foaming by ;
And the branches, leafless waving, in the Fall wind low are bowed.

See, the golden-rod no longer bends its yellow-plumèd head,
By the roadside lies it faded—'mid the grasses—pale and dead ;
While alone the stately mullein rears its brown and withered crest.
Quiet skies of early Autumn mirrors now the lake no more,
But its waters struggle fiercely, laden storm-clouds flying o'er,
And the rain it falleth ever, and the wind will never rest.

Once the hills were clad in scarlet : vanished all their beauty now ;
Perished now the crown of glory that encircled then their brow ;
Low the crimson leaves are lying, and the withered boughs are chill ;
Faded are the purple daisies, and the little pool looks sad,
Missing now the gentle flowers that once made it bright and glad ;
For the rain it falleth ever, and the wind is never still.

Closer fall the gloomy shadows, and the forests drearier seem,
Still the leaden clouds are flying, rusheth wilder yet the stream ;
And the reckless wind is telling now a wild and fearful tale,
While the trees all listen trembling, and the mullein bows its head,
And the dusky lake grows angrier, and the dark pool mourns its dead ;
For the rain it falleth ever, and the winds but louder wail.

THE ASSIZES OF JERUSALEM.

THERE is in the Royal Library at Munich a room called the Cimelien Hall, in which the manuscripts and works with binding richly ornamented in gold and precious stones are kept. Many a visitor to this hall has felt deep interest as his eyes have rested upon an open manuscript, to be seen through the glass doors of its case, written with inverted strokes and adorned with various colored initial letters. The interest has risen on learning that this contains the 'Assizes of Jerusalem,' of which there are but few manuscripts in existence—one at Venice and several at Paris. This work is in the old French language, and the frequent recurrence on the open page of such words as *jurés, larcin, vol, meurtre*,* in connection with the word '*assises*,' leads the visitor to suppose that this may be a judicial report of remarkable criminal cases—a kind of 'Pitaval.'†

But these yellow leaves contain one of the most important documents connected with the history of civilization which the night of the middle ages has given us: it is indeed an invaluable inheritance from that period—nothing less than the laws of the kingdom of Jerusalem, as founded by the Crusaders at the end of the eleventh century.

The kingdom of Jerusalem! At the very mention of the name, there seems to pass over us a breeze from that charmed time when Christendom, inspired by its faith with heroic zeal, went forth to rescue from insult and ignominy the tomb of the Redeemer. Who does not feel a kind of longing after that romantic splendor of the Orient, which impelled the people of Europe to leave homes and families

upon this great enterprise beyond the sea? Who does not gladly lose himself in contemplating the traditions of life and deeds, contests and poesy of those chivalrous times, and dream over again a short portion of that brief but beautiful dream of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem?

Nor is it merely this feeling of romance which binds us to the law book of the Crusaders. It has important political and judicial significance. In the kingdom of Godfrey of Boulogne lived mixed up together, formed into a kind of variegated checkerwork, people of all lands and languages of the Occident—French, Italians, Spanish, English, and Germans. The system of law which united this mixed multitude was indeed the German, at least in its fundamental and leading forms and features, as this was before the time when the flourishing of the law school at Bologna had brought again everywhere into use the Roman law. There is, however, a perceptible influence of the Roman law in this work, and indeed an occasional reference to it as an authority. It has, therefore, its importance to jurists, but its general interest is deeper, disclosing, as it does, a view of a distant age, and of a land long since covered with the charm and glory of song.

This manuscript is in the old French tongue, was evidently written by an Italian hand in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and bears the title: '*Livres des assises et bons usages dou réaume de Jerusalem.*'

'Assize,' primarily means an assembly of several wise men in the court of a prince for the making of laws; but it comes thence to mean that which they have determined upon as law, and is so used in the judiciary of the Christian Orient.

* Jurors, larceny, theft, murder.

† Francis de Pitaval, born at Lyons, in 1673, gave this word to the judicial literature of Europe, by a work entitled '*Causes célèbres et intéressantes.*'

We shall see that the Munich manuscript does not fully make good its name. It is not in the proper sense a law book, but rather notes in regard to the judiciary of the kingdom, made by authors of unknown names. There are internal evidences that the original compilation must have taken place from 1170 to 1180 of the Christian era, that is, before the recapture of Jerusalem, and is therefore from the best of sources. It contains, however, but a single department of the judiciary system of Jerusalem, and the deficiency must be supplied from the Venetian manuscript. Still, however, there remains little to desire in regard to the completeness of the sources from which we learn the contents of these books of 'Assizes.'

Before passing to a notice of the law book of the Crusaders, it is necessary to premise a brief statement of the political condition upon which this system of law was based, since it is only by knowing this that we can understand the laws.

When the Christian kingdom of Asia was in its bloom, it consisted of four provinces, viz.: 1, the principality of Antioch; 2, the duchy of Edessa; 3, the principality of Syria or Jerusalem; and 4, the duchy of Tripolis. These four formed the kingdom of Jerusalem, of which they were feudal dependencies. The principality of Jerusalem was the home domain of the king of Jerusalem, as Hugh Capet, for instance, was duke of France and king in France.

The kings of Jerusalem, like those of France, surrounded themselves with four crown officers, viz.: the seneschal, constable, marshal, and chamberlain, whose authority and influence were the same as those of the name in Europe.

Each of the above-named divisions was again subdivided into baronies and greater fiefs, the holders of which were called 'men of the kingdom.' The lower vassals were designated by

the name of 'liegemen.' Among them were, however, included the immediate servants of the king, ranking with the class from which higher officials are taken in Europe.

The king executed justice in a court constituted of peers, and called the high court,* and the laws which governed its decisions were called 'assizes of the high court.'†

Those barons who held courts and administered justice to their vassals scattered over the land, of which there were twenty-two in the principality of Syria, based their decisions also upon these assizes; they did not, however, sit in their own right as patrimonial judges, but by royal concession, and the king could at any time he chose preside over these courts, associating with himself any number of his liegemen to sit with him.

Besides these noble vassals, called also the 'chivalry of the kingdom,'‡ there was a very considerable Latin population who held no fiefs, but still were perfectly free men, and were designated as citizens.§ We find in our work no statement of their political relations; we only know that they had their own law, and that in the issue of the ordinances for the government of their towns or cities, they had a right to participate, and were obliged, in case of need in the land of Jerusalem, to furnish, as were also the clergy, a certain quota of foot soldiers.

To this Latin population justice was administered by a court of sworn burghers, presided over in Jerusalem itself by the viscount of the kingdom, and elsewhere by the viscounts or bailiffs of the several cities. Of these courts there were thirty-seven in the principality of Jerusalem. This was called the lower court, or court of the burghers, and the laws which formed its rule of judgment, 'the assizes of the burghers' court.'

* La haute cour.

† Assises de la haute cour.

‡ La chevalerie du royaume.

§ Bourgeois.

The jurisdiction of the two above-named courts did not, however, extend over all subjects, since that of the clerical courts embraced matters pertaining to the laity, which are now no longer regarded as ecclesiastical: for instance, the case of husband and wife treating each other with mutual blows; for it would seem that these connubial feuds were not quite prevented, either by the gallantry of this time of chivalry, or by the feeling which had animated the rushing crowds when they left Europe for the Orient, that they were going to a land elevated above the range of terrible sins and troubles—perhaps to that they had heard called heaven.

In the seaports, the Italians and people of Marseilles enjoyed the right of being tried by judges of their own, and in accordance with the usages of their own countries; and as if to make this checkerwork quite complete, the Syrian Christians were allowed trial before the rasis or presidents of their several towns. In this latter respect a change was introduced somewhat gradually, which was quite remarkable in view of the prevalent ideas of the times. Feudalism had tended to concentrate the power as much as possible in the same hands, without regard to the difference of matter in question—that is, to divide labor by quantity, and not by quality. But here we find for the first time a division of jurisdiction according to the *matter*, and in the later period of the kingdom, marine and commercial courts were established. The former, called ‘courts of the chain’* (from the chain by which the entrance to the harbor was closed), gave judgment in questions of freight or payment of sailors’ wages, or in any questions which might arise between the ship-owners and captains. The commercial court,† which, in addition to its own special functions, took the place of the properly Syrian courts, was constituted

of four Syrian and two Frankish judges, under the presidency of a Frank. This was an important measure, and indicated great progress in international commercial intercourse, since in other matters the various nationalities of the kingdom were so strictly distinguished that the Syrian could not be witness against the Greek, or the Frank against the Armenian, or the Jacobite against the Nestorian, etc. In commerce and trade, the assizes held not so strictly in relation to religion and national descent; for whether Syrian or Greek, Jew or Samaritan, Nestorian or Saracen, they were still men, as well as the Franks, and must pay or serve according to judgment rendered, just as in the burghers’ court, and hence it was determined that the court of commerce should apply the assizes of the burghers’ court.

The above is given as the basis upon which the legislation of the kingdom rested, and now we may best hear the assizes themselves in regard to the beginnings of this legislation. In the first chapter of the assizes of the high court, as given us by John of Ibelin, we have the following:

‘When the holy city of Jerusalem was won from the enemies of the cross, and restored to the true men of the Sayiour, * * * when the princes and barons who conquered it had chosen, as king and lord of the kingdom of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Boulogne, * * * who was a man of understanding, and anxious to place the said kingdom in a good condition, and to have his people and all others who should come and go and dwell in the kingdom, guided, kept, ruled, sustained, held together, and judged according to justice and reason, he chose, upon the advice of the patriarch of the holy city and church of Jerusalem, and that of the princes, barons, and wisest men he could find, prudent men, whose business it should be to inquire and know from the people of various lands there present, what were the customs of their respective countries. All that these men could ascertain they wrote, or caused to be written, and laid before Duke Godfrey, who assembled the

* Cours de la chaîne.

† Cour de la fonde,—fonde signifying the place, probably, where traders came together.

patriarch and the other people mentioned above, showed them the result, and caused the papers to be read to them. With their counsel and acquiescence he took from the report what seemed to him good, and made out from the same assizes and customs, which should be held, applied, and observed in the kingdom of Jerusalem.'

Our author further tells us that both Godfrey himself and the later kings, in their diets of the kingdom, extended and improved these laws. The diets were generally held at Acre, at the season of the arrival of the pilgrims from Europe, as this gave opportunity to ascertain what was the law of their several homes in relation to the matter in question; and it is even said that messengers were sent over the sea expressly for this purpose. William of Tyre, the celebrated chronicler of the time, has preserved to us an interesting case of this special legislation. He says that after the conquest of the holy city, and return home of most of the pilgrims, the danger from the Saracens having become imminent, many of the newly invested feudal tenants began to desert their fiefs, upon which Godfrey issued the following assize:

'Whoever shall hold such deserted fief in possession for one year, shall be considered as having gained it by prescriptive right, and shall be defended in its possession against the previous owner who has deserted it.'

The same William of Tyre tells us of a diet held at Neapolis in Samaria, in the year 1120, 'at which, in order to banish from the land the immoralities and crying abuses which had crept into it, there were issued comprehensive regulations, embraced in twenty-five chapters; and it seems from the form of the oath of the later kings that Amalrick I and his son Baldwin IV had undertaken a formal revision of the legislation.' It is therefore probable that we retain very little of the system established *immediately* upon the conquest. If we had no evidence of revisions and changes, the sad and unquiet times

through which Godfrey had to pass would fully justify this conjecture.

But let us hear what tradition says in regard to the external condition of these laws:

'These assizes (vide chap. iv) were written each by itself in large Gothic letters. The first letter at the beginning was illuminated with gold, and all the rubrics and titles were written separately in red, as well all the other assizes as those of the higher and those of the burghers' court. Each sheet had the signature and seal of the king, the patriarch, and the viscount of Jerusalem, and these sheets were called 'Letters of the Sepulchre,'* because they were kept in a great chest in the Holy Sepulchre. Whenever a question arose in court in regard to an assize, making it necessary to consult these writings, the chest was opened in the presence of nine persons. The king must either be there personally or be represented by a crown official, and then two vassals of the king, the patriarch of Jerusalem, or in his place the prior of the Holy Sepulchre, two canons, the viscount of Jerusalem, and two sworn citizens. So the assizes were made—so they were kept.'

These statements have proceeded upon the supposition that this law book was for the whole kingdom; but history has preserved facts which look to the conclusion that this was law only for the principality of Syria. But when we consider that these assizes actually procured for themselves a recognition beyond the bounds of the kingdom, and that no special law for the other three grand divisions has ever been found, we shall be constrained to regard this system of law as that of all the provinces.

The bloom of the Oriental kingdom of Jerusalem was but brief. On the 9th of October, 1187, Saladin captured the holy city, and the treasures of the Holy Sepulchre fell into infidel hands. The fate of the *Lettres du Sepulchre* in this catastrophe is in dispute. Most think that they were destroyed by the enemy; some, however, and among them Stephen of Lusignan, whose work, en-

* 'Lettres du Sepulchre.'

titled, 'Chorography and brief General History of the Island of Cyprus,' which was printed at Bologna in 1573, maintain that they were saved and carried to Cyprus. It is certain that we no longer possess the originals; but the authority of these assizes was not extinguished by that catastrophe, but on the contrary, their sway became wider with the extension of the Frankish rule.

In this respect the isle of Cyprus is most important. As in the year 1198 this 'sweet land and sweet island' (as the poets of the time called it) was placed by Richard the Lion-hearted under the government of Guido of Lusignan, the assizes of Jerusalem went into force immediately as the law of the new kingdom. This effect was increased by the union of the two kingdoms which took place soon after, but was unfortunately of brief duration. Thus was preserved to this law book a flourishing period of life long after the Christian kingdom in Asia was lost.

Then, when in the year 1204 the Latin empire was established at Constantinople, the assizes of Jerusalem went into effect there. The following is an account of this event:

'As there were many peoples about Constantinople which had not been governed by the Roman law, and the situation of the conqueror himself required new ordinances, and because indeed the empire could not be governed otherwise than by the 'usages and assizes' as they are in the Orient, the emperor Baldwin determined to send a messenger to the king and patriarch of Jerusalem, praying them to send to him a copy of their 'usages and assizes.' When these arrived, they were read in the presence of all the barons, and it was thereupon resolved to administer justice in accordance with these, and especially those chapters adapted to times of peace.'

Hence there are translations of the assizes to be found in modern Greek, and the dukes of Athens, princes of Thebes, and other lords of that region, who appear in Shakspeare's comedies,

applied this system of law, and perhaps many an obscure custom referred to in those plays might be explained by this fact.

It was especially the customs preserved in the principality of Achaia which the Venetian government of Negropont subjected to an examination by twelve citizens, and which, with a few exceptions, particularly in the parts relating to judicial combats, were sanctioned by the doge Francesco Foscari.

But the most romantic chapter in the history of the extension of this law, is the account of its introduction into the Frankish principality of the Morea. This principality was wrested from the Byzantine empire, in the year 1215, by William of Champlitte, at the head of a band of adventurers, and passed by intrigue into the hands of the family Ville Hardouin. An old chronicler of the times tells us that when the second prince of this family, Godfrey II, reigned in the Morea, an imperial squadron landed at Pontikos, carrying the beautiful Agnes, with her suite of ladies and knights, to James, king of Aragon, to whom her father had promised her in marriage on receiving from that king the promise of an auxiliary corps for his army. Godfrey was a man who well understood human life. He appeared at the port, testified his high veneration for the princess, and invited her to rest herself from the voyage in his land. The princess seems not to have regarded this journey to her unknown bridegroom as very pressing; she accepted the invitation, and on the second day Godfrey's friends suggested to him that he ought not to let slip so fine a chance to secure a beautiful wife. His decision was at once made. He presented himself as suitor to the princess, and succeeded in convincing her that it would be much better for her to marry him, whom she had seen and knew, than a man of whom she knew nothing, who might be crooked, or lame, or otherwise unworthy of her.

She consented to be married at once. Her train of attendants returned pleased to Constantinople, bearing the tidings to the emperor, her father, whose rage on receiving this intelligence may be imagined. There was, however, but one thing to be done—he must bear it with the best grace he could. The parties met afterward at Larissa. Godfrey resigned his crown to his father-in-law, received it back again as a fief from him, and was required to accept the assizes of Jerusalem as the law by which he should govern it.

This system of law differs from others in this important respect, that the highest nobility and bravest heroes of the Christian Orient were the most zealous and successful jurists. We cannot give them a special notice. The most distinguished was John of Ibelin, count of Jaffa, Ascalon, and Rama, born about the year 1200. His attempts to restore the lost *Lettres du Sepulchre* has succeeded so well that his work has, until recently, been regarded as identical with those lost books, and even now, when the laws of the kingdom of Jerusalem are spoken of, the work of John of Ibelin is generally understood to be meant. It was this very book which the barons of the kingdom of Cyprus, in 1368, when Peter I, by his arbitrary rule, had subverted justice, set up in a solemn assembly as the code of the kingdom. In order to make it as like as possible to the *Lettres du Sepulchre*, it was sealed in the same manner, placed in a closed chest, and kept in the cathedral of Nicosia, and this chest was not allowed to be opened except in the presence of the king and four vassals.

When in the year 1489 the republic of Venice obtained, through Catharine Cornaro, possession of the isle of Cyprus, the republic bound itself by a solemn act to observe these assizes. The copy which had been preserved at Nicosia was subsequently lost by some unknown event, and when in the mean time the French language had ceased

to be the prevailing one, there was a commission appointed in the year 1531 to make out a new text from the best manuscripts which could be found. This revision of the assizes of Jerusalem was translated into Italian, and was still in use in 1571, making the period during which it was in force almost five centuries.

Having thus traced the external history of this system, we now turn to its material contents.

No one any longer regards the forming of a system of law as an independent, arbitrary, or accidental thing. Every such must be a product and copy of the entire intellectual life of the age, and this piece of legislation is indeed a true mirror of the Christian world in Europe at the time; and the outline only rises more sharply, boldly, and clearly to view, because there is presented to us at the same time so rare a phenomenon in the march of civilization as the building up of a state organization, for which there is no foundation in the land where it is to be established.

The manner in which the spiritual elements fermented and boiled at that time in the Occident—how the most shocking rudeness and barbarism throve side by side with the most exalted religious enthusiasm—the lowest forms of materialism by the side of spiritual fanaticism—superstition, ignorance, and vile falsehood, side by side with energy, valor, and generosity—all this is drawn with sharpest features in the assizes.

The history shows us these men in their frantic cruelty, butchering the inhabitants of conquered Jerusalem, men, women, and children without distinction, delighting in their torment, and then, smeared with their blood, moving in procession to the holy places, singing their Christian songs of praise, all dissolved in tears of deepest emotion. They had left Europe in swarms, many so ignorant as not to know whether the holy land which they sought lay on this earth or in those regions which

they had heard called heaven—so frenzied in their fanaticism as to forget that they might still have bodily wants, and hence throwing away their effects, and yet so low in their ideas as only to enjoy physical things. Such are very much the men for which these laws seem to have been made. Upon one leaf we read: 'That man is without sentiments of honor, though he be of highest rank, who, being called to stand as counsel by the lowest vassal, before a tribunal of justice, declines to do so; for they are all alike the true followers of Christ;' and by the side of this that most unchristian of all legal institutions, slavery, assumes a form so barbarous that the legislator does not blush to place slaves, though among them were Christians, on the same level with domestic animals.

This same irreconcilable opposition which appears in moral principles, shows itself again in the political foundation of the assizes. Originating in the clash of arms, grown up in the contests and necessities of war, on a soil where nothing but constant war could save it from annihilation, the system is purely martial—made for conflict and strife. And still it is but one side which shows this character; for, in the midst of this precarious existence of the new kingdom, is seen an elevation of commerce till then unknown—a pursuit of trade for which feudal ideas had provided no place. As Schiller declared that the Crusaders laid the foundation of civil liberty in Europe, so we may say that in the assizes of Jerusalem the narrow views in regard to civil life, which controlled the west of Europe in the middle ages, were exploded. Here the idea of the modern state dawned, though of course and singularly enough, side by side with its absolute antithesis, the feudal state in its purest form.

In the ancient view, it was natural that any man should rule who had the power, and incomprehensible that any one should allow himself to be ruled

who could avoid it. Any other than a forced relation to a lord was nonsense to antiquity, and the moral duty of obedience was unknown.

The idea of voluntary obedience, however, having dawned and become penetrated with the light of Christianity, formed the first element of the feudal system. No prescribed series of duties within the cold enclosure of legal forms bound mutually to each other the lord and his vassal. They were bound by the all-embracing feeling of fidelity. Hence the Lombard law of feuds compares the relation to that of husband and wife.

While on the one hand, in the youth of this institution, the virtues which spring from reciprocal fidelity and love developed themselves from this relation—a relation inwardly and mutually binding lord and vassal, and resulting in holding together all the members of the state—so on the other hand, where there is no restraint to insolence and arbitrary despotism, except that found in the mere sense of moral obligation, they transcend all bounds, and find their natural reaction in the resistance of the subject, destroying the very idea of a state. In the feudal system, however, it is not the state which guarantees, secures, and defends the rights of the individual. Whoever claims protection and justice is referred to his immediate feudal superior, to whom alone, and not to the state, as a whole, he owes duty. The state, as a moral person—as a society—is entirely in the background.

It is one of the rarest phenomena which present themselves in the Christian laws of the Orient, that in connection with this state-life based upon pure private right, the modern notion of society should have had its rise. One of the first appearances of change was in the criminal law of the assizes. Not that this rose above the spirit of the times, for it was barbarous in the extreme, impregnated throughout with the idea of literal retaliation—for in-

stance, whoever secretly buried a dead body, must be buried alive—and again, it recognized scarcely any punishment but death and the most horrid mutilations, such as cutting off of nose, ears, tongue, hands, etc., and cannot, with all the palliations arising from the necessities of the Crusaders, be regarded as an improvement upon the preceding.

But among the genuine products of the middle ages, suddenly arose a principle which has become the basis of modern criminal law, though it won its first recognition, and that with difficulty, centuries later.

Punishment inflicted upon the guilty was at that time universally regarded as an atonement due to the injured person, but the assizes declare: 'Punishment is decreed, not in the interests of the injured, but in those of the entire state.'

In carrying out this principle, the sufferer from theft, when he might have taken the thief and voluntarily let him go, was punished by forfeiture of body and estate to the feudal lord, and the assizes declare that 'when no one in case of murder appears to make complaint, the king, or the ruler of the land, or the lady of the city where the dead was found, shall do so, for the blood of the slain cries to heaven.'

As before intimated, there are two grand divisions of the assizes. Those of the high court contain a complete system of feudal law, of which indeed a fuller view could scarcely be found than the one above named by John of Ibelin. The feudal law of the Orient was like that of France of that day, though peculiarities are everywhere to be met with as the result of the constant state of siege in which Jerusalem was involved; and hence the fact that the feudal system, which had its birth in war, and led ever thither again, appears nowhere more clearly and fully than in these assizes.

Reference has been made to the shortness of the period allowed by the

statute limiting titles and claims. Of the same class is the rule that when a fief falls to one, he cannot claim it unless he be present in the land and seek the investiture in his own person. Hence is explained the oft-repeated maxim of the feudal lawyers of Jerusalem: *A mort ne peut aucuns choses escheir*; which means that in matters of inheritance, substitution is not valid, and each must derive his claim from the last holder of the fief—thus restricting the succession of minors, who would need protection.

In this oriental law there was a peculiarity in regard to granting leave of absence to vassals. We have seen that the vassal was not allowed to leave home, lest his services should be lost to the state in a time of danger. But a journey back to Europe might be necessary, and in this case the two interests were united by an arrangement called *le commendement du fief*, by which the vassal gave up his fief to his lord, who received its income and secured the absent owner against the provisions of the law limiting the claims of absentees to one year.

Feudal duties were the same in the Orient as in the Occident, since fidelity is always and everywhere the same thing; but the greater perils which encompassed the Crusaders led to a more rigid exaction of the performance of these duties.

In regard to the homage which the feudal tenant performs on entering into this relation, the assizes say:

'If a man or woman pay homage to the chief feudal lord of the kingdom, they shall, with their folded hands lying in his, say: 'Sire, I will be your vassal for this fief, and I promise to protect and defend you for life and for death.' And the lord shall answer: 'And I accept thee with God's faithfulness and my own;' and he shall in faithfulness kiss him upon the mouth.'

A special duty in the Orient was to redeem a feudal lord from captivity among the enemies of the cross, even by pawning or selling one's own fief or

that obtained through a wife. The chief duty, however, even in this case, was that of military service, and in the Venetian manuscript is to be found the rule by which this service was to be rendered.

A peculiar case deserves here to be mentioned. It might happen that a man held tenures from two different lords. This was not in itself inadmissible, and he had only, in accepting the latter fief, to make a reservation of his fidelity to an earlier lord. He could then discharge his duty to one by a substitute, and might even render service to one against the other. It was only forbidden personally to fight a feudal lord. John of Ibelin says:

‘In such case the vassal shall appear before his lord, and shall say to him, in the presence of his men: ‘Sire, I am your man, but with reservation of my duty to N. N. This N. N. now comes in arms against you, and I regret that I cannot help you, because my lord is on the other side, and I cannot bear arms against him, *where his body is*; I must, therefore, report myself as *personally* serving neither you nor him. I desire my people to serve you against him who would rob you, and who now leads the contest against you.’

Women to whom a fief or the guardianship of one should fall, could not of course render military service; but in place of this, they were obliged to marry—a punishment by most perhaps not deemed severe, except for the fact that they could not freely choose their own husbands.

John of Ibelin says that ‘if a fief fall to a girl of twelve years or more (if younger, she is to be held under a guardian, according to law), the feudal lord can summon her to take a husband.’ This may be done by the lord in person, or by his authorized attorney, who thus addresses the lady: ‘My lady, I offer you, in the name of my lord (name given), three knights (names all given), and call upon you in his name, within the time of (time specified), to take one of the three whoso names have been given you.’ This may not, after all, be

a great hardship, for the ladies of our time and land are not sure of three candidates to choose from. These three must of course have been of the lady’s own rank, and have given their own consent to the presentation of their names—otherwise it would be no offer.

‘If the lady thus warned shall not, within the prescribed time, either choose one of the three candidates, or assign for not doing so a reason acceptable to the court,—for instance, that she was more than sixty years old would be a valid reason, since if she had a husband living, he would not be required to serve after that age,—‘she shall lose the fief for one year, after which time the lord may challenge her again.’

On the other hand, if the lord shall omit to make this demand, the lady can serve a warning upon him, that he must, within three times fourteen days, present her three eligible candidates for her choice in marriage, and if he shall fail to do so, she can then choose for herself. If the lord had failed, however, because he could not find the men who were willing to run the risks of this candidacy, it is difficult to perceive what additional inducements the lady’s efforts could furnish.

So much for the law of the chivalry of the kingdom. I now pass to that of the burghers.

The assizes of the burghers’ court offer neither in matter nor in form so complete a system as that already noticed. On the contrary, it is but a motley and confused jumble, more like a collection of decisions in concrete cases than a proper law book. They are, however, exceedingly rich in interesting matter.

The character of this burgher class, and indeed its very existence, is a most remarkable phenomenon; for this respectable class, occupying a position almost on a level with that of the nobility, was several centuries later in making its appearance in the Occident. The burgher who struck a nobleman lost his hand, while the nobleman who

struck a burgher lost his horse, and must pay one hundred sols. Later, however, the burgher could commute his punishment with a fine of one thousand sols, and must pay one hundred sols as an indemnity, thus making the two cases nearly equal.

The term burgher has generally been understood to designate the inhabitant of a city, whose quiet and orderly life was passed in occupations of trade and industry; but *such* burghers were surely not to be found in the kingdom of Jerusalem; for the burghers sprang from the common people, of which the accounts of the Crusades made the chief portion of the army of the Crusaders to have consisted; and when we remember how little respect these showed for the princes in the army—that they once chose Godfrey Burel out of their own number as their leader—we shall not be astonished that there arose from this class of warriors a population who were not to be subjected to a humiliating position in relation to the chivalry.

A free and vigorous life shows itself in the whole system of law which governed these burghers. Here we meet, for the first time in the middle ages, the principles of marine and commercial law, rising above the then rather limited views of the Roman law on those subjects, which in the German law books are not mentioned at all. We find among other things strict personal arrest of delinquent debtors—a very ingenious provision against fraud—and a settlement of those cases of intervention which have so troubled our jurists, by an application of the rule, 'The hand must defend the hand,' as follows:

'Be it known that if any one lend his horse to another, and the latter say to him: 'To-morrow I shall bring your horse back,' and being allowed to take the horse away, he is apprehended by another person for debt, this creditor may take the borrowed horse for his debt.'

The two following laws give us some-

thing of an insight into the condition of the kingdom of the Crusaders, the one in relation to servants, the other in relation to physicians:

'When it shall happen that a man or woman hire a man servant or a chambermaid, reason requires that the man or woman who hires them shall have power to dismiss them at will, because they are bound for their wages only so long as they serve. But the servant or maid cannot separate themselves from their master or mistress without their consent until the termination of the engagement. But when the servant or maid thus hired shall wish to go back over the sea, reason requires that the man or woman grant them leave, because they wish to cross the sea, and they shall pay them according to the time of service. * * * When, however, servant or maid shall depart *without* such leave, they break faith and forfeit their wages for the whole time of service. And if such servant be found with any other person in the kingdom, his or her hand with which they made promise to serve and afterward denied God and broke faith, shall be pierced through with a red-hot iron.'

Again:

'When it shall happen that any one hire a servant or chambermaid, become angry with him or her, and box their ears, and the latter enter complaint to the court, reason requires that the man or woman be *not* subject to judicial proceeding for a simple boxing of the servant's ears. But if the man or woman shall excessively beat the servant or maid, or cause the same to be done, or shall inflict upon them an open wound, and they shall enter complaint of the same to the court, law and reason require that the servant or maid receive justice the same as against strangers.'

In regard to physicians, the assizes provide as follows:

'If by any mishap I wound one of my slaves, or the same be wounded by any other person, and I call a physician, who agrees with me to heal him for a stipulated price, and then says to me on the third day, after having well observed the wound, that he can heal it without fail, and it come to pass, because he uses the lancet unskilfully, or when he should not have used it at all,

or because when he should have cut the wound or swelling in the top or lengthwise he cut it obliquely, and the patient die in consequence; or when the slave's wound is in such place as to require warm applications, for instance upon the brain or nerves, and the physician always makes cold ones; or if my slave have a swelling upon a part where emollients should be applied to mollify the sore and cause suppuration and discharge, and the physician make always warm and dry applications by which the sore is internally inflamed, and he die of it; or if the physician do not attend him every day, and he die in consequence, reason requires that he pay what the slave was justly worth before he fell sick, or what the owner had paid for him; for this is right and reasonable, according to the assizes of Jerusalem. And the court shall expel that physician from the city where he performed such malpractice. But if the physician can show before the court that the patient drank wine or ate meat which he had forbidden, or did anything else which he should not have done at all, or at least not so soon as he did, reason requires that, even though the physician could or should have treated him differently, he should not be made to pay for him; for it is more reasonable to suppose that death followed from the patient's doing what was forbidden than in consequence of the medical treatment. But if the physician make no prohibition in regard to eating or drinking, he must still pay for him, for the physician is justly bound, as soon as he sees a patient, to direct what he shall eat and what he shall not eat, and if he do not do this, and mischance occur, it should come upon him.'

'And if a physician be guilty of such malpractice in case of a Frankish man or woman, reason requires that he should be hanged.'

We can see from this assize that a law sometimes effects the opposite of that which was intended, and unreasonable provisions oppress the patient instead of the physician. Amalrick I fell sick, and felt that he needed an aperient, but the Syrian physicians refused to prescribe such. He sent for the European physicians, and they also declined to take the hazard of prescribing. To obtain the prescription

there was no alternative but to issue a royal rescript absolving the physicians beforehand from the provisions of this assize. In the mean time, however, the favorable period passed by and the king died.

In regard to marriage—the most important of social institutions—the provisions of the canon law are mainly reproduced, with the genuine German practice of joint possession of the property, as expressed in the passage: *Sachés que nul home n'est si dreit heir au mort come est sa feme.* ('No one so properly as the wife inherits the property of a deceased husband.')

Still, however, oriental views left their traces upon this institution. This appears in the facility with which a man could obtain a divorce from his wife, and in the jealous strictness in regard to conjugal infidelity. Vitry says:

'The pullans'—a name analogous to that of creole in the West Indies, given to the descendants of the Crusaders in the Orient—'have gone so far in their oriental zeal, that they no longer allow their wives to go to church, to processions, or to any religious exercises.'

When the council of Neapolis had provided cruel and barbarous mutilations for persons unfaithful to the marriage vow, King Amalrick issued the assize that 'the man who should detect his wife in the commission of such offence, might without guilt kill both parties;' but he added the very nice distinction, that 'if he killed *one* party and spared the *other*, he should, as a murderer, be hanged without grace.' Perhaps this law may have been a device to save both parties; for a man would naturally hesitate to undertake a work, failure to *complete* which would cost him his life.

The last means everywhere for establishing truth was the judicial combat. There are found, by way of exception, in the assizes of the burghers' court, cases of the judgment of God by the fire test, in which the defendant is acquitted of

the charges against him, by holding in his hand, without injury, for a given length of time, a red-hot iron. Torture was sometimes prescribed, and the so called abrevement (water test) used. The assize says :

‘If the accused confess the crime charged, he shall be hanged; if he do not confess, he shall be drawn to the torture, and kept in the water until he shall confess, and shall then be immediately hanged. But if he continue three days without confessing or dying under torture’—a thing not easily imagined—‘he shall be imprisoned one year, and then set free.’

The complainant must prove a charge of murder, high treason, or manslaughter, by single combat with the accused. Women, old men, and non-combatants might be represented by a so-called champion.

John of Ibelin describes the combat as follows :

‘The knights who engage in the combat for murder or manslaughter must fight on foot and without helmet, with heads shorn around, being dressed in red military coats, or shirts of red silk falling down to the knees, the arms cut off above the elbow, red breeches of cloth or silk, and shields higher by half a foot than their heads, with two holes of the ordinary size, so that the antagonist can be seen through them. Each shall have a lance and two swords, one of the latter girded about him, the sheath drawn up to his hips, the other fastened to the shield, so that he can have it when needed.’

Only three days may intervene between the interchange of pledges and the combat.

‘When the combatants who shall have mutually pledged themselves to the combat present themselves, they must appear on the appointed day on foot, between six and nine o’clock in the morning, before the palace of the lord, and call him, being clothed and equipped as above, having also several shields and swords borne before them, in order that, on entering the place of combat, they may select what they need.’

‘And then the lord shall cause all the weapons to be examined by his

court, so as to know whether they are in order; and if one lance is longer than the other, he shall shorten it, and he shall have the two combatants well watched as they go to the place of combat, that neither may run away; also that they receive no bodily injury or annoyance, and be not insulted or derided; for the lord must protect them against all this, since they are in his keeping. When they shall have entered the place of combat, the feudal lord shall station some of his people to watch the place, and one of these shall say, in the presence of the others, to each of the combatants: ‘Select your weapons which ye desire in order to finish the combat.’ This they shall do, and the weapons selected shall be kept in the place, and the rest carried away. Then shall each combatant be made to swear that he carries about his person neither talisman, nor charm, nor witchcraft, that he has had no such provided for this combat, and that no other person has done this with his knowledge, that he has neither given nor promised anything to any one to procure the making of talisman, charm, or witchcraft, in order to aid himself or damage his antagonist in this contest, and that he bears about him no other weapons than those seen by the court.’

‘Then shall they bring the combatants together upon the place of combat, where there shall be a copy of the gospels. The accused shall first swear upon his knees with his right hand upon the gospels, and shall say: ‘As I have not murdered the deceased, so help me God and the holy gospel.’ The complainant shall say that he lies, and that he takes him up as a perjured person, and shall then take him by the thumb, and shall swear: ‘So let God and his holy gospel help me, as the accused murdered the deceased.’ And then shall the guards station the combatants, one at each end of the place, and the proclamation shall be made at all the four corners of the field, that no one of whatever rank shall do or say anything by which either party can be helped or hindered, and in case any one shall do so, his person and goods shall fall to his feudal lord. And if the corpse of the murdered person is present, it shall be so placed as to be seen over the entire place of combat, and the complainant, whether man or woman, in case of being represented by a combatant, shall be there bound so

as neither to benefit nor injure either of the parties by word, or deed, or bearing, and shall only pray to God, but not so as to be heard by either combatant. * * * And the guard shall so arrange that the sun cannot shine more in the face of one than of the other; and one of the guards shall then say: 'Shall the command now be given? We have made all ready.' And the lord shall answer: 'Let them come together.' And they shall let them come together, and shall withdraw themselves; and if one fasten upon the other, and they wrestle and fall, the guards shall go to the place and as near to them as they can, in order to be able to hear in case one shall cry for grace; and if one cry and they hear, they shall say to the other, 'Cease; it is enough.' And then shall the lord cause the conquered party to be taken to the gallows and hanged by the neck' (a grace scarcely worth crying for), 'or his corpse, in case he had been killed without crying for grace. The weapons of the vanquished man and those which the victor threw away belong to the lord. Should it appear in the course of the contest that one of the parties had other weapons than those which had been seen by the court, the guards shall seize him, and the lord shall pronounce sentence upon him as a murderer.

'And if any one, who is no knight, is accused of murder, it shall be done as above, only that the combatants shall be armed otherwise than as knights.'

If the vanquished man did not fight for himself, but as a substitute, his lot was subject to some variation; if he fought for a woman, then not *he*, but the *woman*, was to be hanged; if he fought for a witness who had been accused of perjury in a civil suit, then the champion was to be hanged and the perjured man merely lost his right of testifying on oath; in case of representing any of the principal parties in a criminal process, a vanquished champion and the person whom he represented were both to be hanged; and in case of representing a witness in a criminal case, the *vanquished champion, the witness, and the complainant were all hanged.*

It is easily perceived that in such single combat the judgment of God was not upon the main question, but upon the question which of the two had committed perjury. So in case of the application of the single combat in civil suits, which, however, could take place only when the amount claimed was at least one mark.

Whoever prosecuted a claim must establish it by at least two witnesses; and if he brought these, the defendant could not establish the contrary by better witnesses or documents, but must either submit, or convict the witnesses of perjury. This was done as follows: When the first witness, kneeling, had taken the oath, the defendant stepped forward, took hold of the witness' thumb, and raised him up, declaring him a false and perjured witness, and that he was ready to maintain this with his life. Then followed the judicial combat as above.

The procedure was similar when any one would contest a judgment already rendered. The court itself must be solemnly accused of falsehood; the complainant must fight with *all* the associate judges of the court, or have his tongue cut off as a calumniator. Whoever in such case did not vanquish *all* the judges of the court, and that, too, *on the same day*, must be hanged.

The obvious remark in relation to all the processes above described is, that unless hanging was much more honorable then than now, however numerous the capital crimes committed, probably few complaints were entered, very few witnesses accused of perjury, very few combatants cried for grace, even in the most desperate struggle, very few judicial decisions were contested, and very few injured husbands used their right of punishing the unfaithful wife and her accomplice, since *all parties, innocent and guilty, stood about equal chances of being hanged at the end.*

The Crusades furnish the subject of frequent popular disquisitions and sketches, but the laws by which the

Crusaders lived in their promised land have rarely, if ever, been popularly sketched in this country. This brief notice may do something toward supplying this desideratum, and at the same time toward reconciling the most poetic reader—the greatest admirer of the institutions of chivalry—to having been born in this prosaic age, nearly a thousand years later. It may make such persons feel that even ‘the glorious uncertainty of the law’ has some advantages over the judicial processes of the kingdom of Jerusalem.

But I must not close my article, as some in similar cases have done, without informing the reader to whom he is indebted mainly for it. I have myself often entered that hall in the Royal Library at Munich, and looked with interest upon that manuscript of the Assizes of Jerusalem; but I have never studied it. In the winter of 1858,

however, I heard a course of popular lectures on various subjects, by a number of distinguished men, before an audience of invited ladies and gentlemen, at the lecture room of Baron von Liebig’s chemical laboratory. One of these was delivered by Baron de Voelkerdorff on the Assizes of Jerusalem. On opening my box of books, after my return from Europe a few weeks since, I came across a volume containing the course of lectures to which I have referred. As my eye rested upon this one, I remembered the interest with which I had listened to its original delivery, and resolved that the public should have a chance to feel something of the same. This article is the fruit of that resolution, and though not strictly a translation, may still be regarded as little more or less than such, and the credit given wherever the reader shall deem it due.



LETTERS TO PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE.

LETTER I.

LOYALTY AND SOVEREIGNTY.

DEAR SIR: I address you in your quality of President of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, and with reference to your speech and your letter to Mr. Crosby, published in the tracts issued by your Society. I should have done so sooner but that I hoped Mr. Crosby would himself have taken the matter in hand; and though it is somewhat late in the day, I venture to recall the public attention to what you have put forth, both because in a general view it is never too late to expose error on matters of fundamental importance, and because, in this case, there are some special reasons why it should be done, arising from your personal position. If you were a mere

hackneyed party politician, I should not think it worth while to take any public notice of what you have said.

I should be glad to confine myself strictly to the question of the truth or error of what you have advanced, apart from its bearings on yourself personally; but as most of what you have put forth is in the way of vindicating your loyalty and justifying your conduct at this time, I shall have to consider also its validity for your purpose. This is a necessity of the case which I have not made. Before proceeding to your letter to Mr. Crosby, I shall first consider some matters in your speech.

In a crisis such as this, when the clutch of the wickedest rebellion the world ever saw is grappling the throat of the national existence, you are open-

ly in opposition to the action of the Government, and apparently in sympathy with the rebels. Yet you claim to be loyal, and you vindicate your claim in a very remarkable way. Loyalty with you is fidelity to the sovereign. That sovereign is the people. To that sovereign you profess to bear true allegiance, and therefore your loyalty is not to be impeached, however much you may oppose yourself to the action of the authorities constituted by the sovereign. A singular sort of loyalty; very much of a piece, some may say, with the religion of the man who disobeys the bidding of those whom God bids him obey, because of his profound reverence for the supreme authority of God!

You, of course, deny this. You make the issue that the action of the constituted authorities is contrary to the will of the sovereign—is, in fact, the exercise of usurped powers. You propose to appeal directly to the sovereign for the determination of this issue; that is, you propose to bring the sovereign to be of the same mind with you, if you can. 'We mean,' you say, 'to use our rights of free discussion, and to look for the answer to our appeal to the ballot box.' And you ask, 'Is it disloyalty to appeal to the sovereign, or to exercise that portion of the sovereign power which of right belongs to us, as part of the people?'

Now, there is certainly nothing necessarily disloyal in making and discussing before the people the issue you make, any more than there is anything necessarily villanous in a man's availing himself of his extreme legal rights before the courts: whether it be so in fact or not, depends on the circumstances, on the spirit, purpose, and effect of the thing. But there is a great deal of nonsense (pardon me) in calling this an exercise of *that portion of the sovereign power which of right belongs to you as part of the people*—nonsense which, if it were merely nonsense, and as palpable to everybody as it is to those

who are accustomed to correct thinking and accurate expression on the subject, it would not be worth while to expose; but which, being taken for sound sense (as it is very likely to be by many of the people among whom you have undertaken to diffuse political knowledge), becomes very pernicious nonsense, that ought not to be suffered to pass.

A portion of the sovereign power belonging to you and your associates as individuals! The sovereignty of the nation split up into fractional shares—each of you possessing (say) one thirty-millionth part of the integral unit, and possessing it, of course, exclusively and therefore separately, if you are to exercise it individually, even in the way of clubbing your respective shares as you propose! Heard ever any one the like? Why, you might as well say that each individual in the nation possesses the entire sovereign power. As well say thirty million whole sovereigns, as thirty million fractional sovereigns. Equal falsehood, equal absurdity, either way.

Political sovereignty is as incapable of division as it is of forfeiture or of alienation. It is the right and power which society—considered as the state—has to do whatever is necessary to its existence and welfare. It resides in the whole people as one body politic. It is not an attribute of individuals. Individual rulers are sometimes called sovereigns; but they cannot be such in the strict and just sense of the term. It is simply impossible that any individual should possess in himself the inherent, indefeasible, inalienable, and inviolable right and power to govern a nation; and it is no less impossible that you and your associates, in your separate capacity as individuals, should possess any 'portion' of it, and therefore none 'of right belongs' to you.

I do not deny your 'rights of free discussion.' But I deny that they are sovereign rights, and that the exercise of them is an exercise of sovereign

power. They are individual, personal rights, and that of itself determines the absurdity of calling them sovereign.

Besides, in point of fact, they are rights which are practically valid for you only in the will of the sovereign. Whether they are in their nature primordial or prescriptive rights, makes no difference as to this point. The will of the sovereign is the only effectual guarantee of the natural rights of individuals, and the only source of their political rights. The sovereign recognizes the former, confers the latter, and secures both. There is not a particle of political right or power possessed or exercised by any individual in the nation which is not derived by grant from the sovereign power. A certain number of individuals in the nation have, for instance, the right of voting at the primary elections and for the determination of certain questions submitted to a popular vote. This is a delegated right, granted only to a certain number of individuals, not as sovereigns or parcel sovereigns, but as subjects of the state, acting, for certain definite purposes, and within certain prescribed limits, as agents of the sovereign power.

So with all other political powers exercised in the nation—whether legislative, judicial, or executive; whether exercised by individuals or by constituted bodies: all stand in the will of the sovereign power; all are derived and delegated powers—ministerial, and not imperial.

It is easy now to see the pernicious influence which your doctrine about the sovereign rights of individuals must have upon the unreflecting masses who accept it as sound sense, and particularly upon those of them who vote at the primary elections.

In the first place, it generates a false and practically mischievous notion of their relation to the other constituted authorities of the state. You are yourself an example in point.

You ask whether it is a mistake or an exaggeration in you to 'say that presidents, and governors, and all the departments of State or Federal machinery, are all subordinate to the people?'

It is certainly neither a mistake nor an exaggeration to say so, provided by the people you understand the whole people, in their sovereign capacity as one body politic. But it is an egregious mistake, an absurd and mischievous falsehood, to say so, if by the people be understood those who vote in the primary elections—whether the concurring majority of them or all of them. The people who vote are not *the* sovereign people. In their capacity of voters they are—in common with all the other functionaries of the Government—coördinate parts of the indivisible organism of the State. The legislative, judicial, and executive functionaries of the Government—constituted directly or indirectly through the ministerial agency of their votes—when thus constituted, hold their powers not *from* the voters, but *through* them *from* the sovereign; and to that sovereign alone are they responsible for the exercise of them. They are, therefore, not 'subordinate' to the voters, either in the sense of deriving their powers from them, or in the sense of being accountable to them, and there is no other sense of the term that is not futile here. They are subordinate in both these respects to the sovereign power of the nation; but so, too, are the voters themselves; and the former no more than the latter.

But those who accept your instructions are not likely so to understand this. They are not likely to be wiser than their teachers, and cannot perhaps be so safely trusted with the dangerous edge tools of false doctrine. You tell them that all Government officials, in all departments, are subordinate to the sovereign people; and they are sure to understand it that they, the voters, are the sovereign people, and that all the constituted authorities are subordinate

to them in point of power—hold their powers from them alone, and are responsible to them alone—while they themselves hold their powers from themselves, and are responsible only to themselves. Hence (and you yourself have in this speech set them the example) we hear them talking of themselves as the ‘masters,’ and Government officials as their ‘servants,’ just as though both alike were not servants of one and the same sovereign master, whose right and power it is—within the sphere of the state, and for the just ends of the state—to control every individual in the nation. There is a world of mischief in the use of such words among the ignorant and unreflecting, and demagogues well know how to avail themselves of the power it gives them.

The pernicious tendency of your doctrine about the sovereign power and sovereign rights of individuals is seen in another and more general point of view.

Political sovereignty—residing, as we have seen it does, in the whole people as the state, or as one body politic—is not an absolute sovereignty. It is limited to the just ends of the state—the maintenance of social justice and the general security and welfare. There is no sovereignty to do wrong. The state is so far a moral person that its sovereignty cannot rightfully be exercised from mere will, arbitrary caprice, or passion; but only dutifully, in just ways, and for its proper ends.

But the people whom you teach to consider as themselves individually possessed of a portion of the sovereign power, and (as they will think) so far sovereigns, have mostly no other idea of sovereignty than the absolute right to have their own will and way in any way. Regarding their political rights as their own, inherent, personal possession and property, and not as public trusts, they are not likely to feel themselves limited in the manner of exercising them by any sense of duty to the

state. The stronger this false notion of rights, the feebler the sense of moral obligation in the exercise of them. Woe to the people to whom rights are everything and duties nothing, or to whom the standing for their own rights is the highest and most sacred political duty! Among such a people, in times of high excitement, springs up a political fanaticism far less respectable in its origin, and far more dangerous to the public welfare, than the philanthropic fanaticism which you denounce in language so nearly bordering on fanatic violence.

I am sorry to have been obliged to insist at such length upon the simplest elements of political science and the theory of our Government. But you have made it needful. You have put forth notions radically false and practically mischievous on fundamental questions; and you have done it in the way most calculated to impose on the minds of the ignorant and unthinking—by quietly assuming their truth. One wonders to see you apparently so unconscious of the utter contradiction between that which you take for granted and that which, in the general consent of respectable writers and thinkers, is held to be settled beyond debate. There is one at least among your associates (if I mistake not) who would be ashamed to stand godfather to your assumptions in regard to sovereignty and sovereign rights.

It is important for one who is so fond as you are of making distinctions, to see to it that they are just and valid. It is of immense moment that one who builds so much on words should rest his structure on the solid foundation of a correct and exact conception of them. Words are often things, and sometimes things of tremendous consequence, and none more so than those which enter into the grounding principles of politics. No theoretical error but works practical mischief. No one should be more aware of this than he who undertakes the ‘diffusion of polit-

ical knowledge' among the people of this country. The false notions on sovereignty and sovereign rights which you have put forth, are precisely the ones to take root and bear evil fruit among the least instructed and least thoughtful, the most passionate and unscrupulous of our people. In short, it is among the lowest and worst elements of our social life—among the sort of persons that swelled the majorities in the Sixth Ward of Sodom—that you will find your most numerous disciples and readiest coadjutors in your bad work of opposing the constituted authorities of the state; and this at a time when every good man and true patriot should think much more of duties than of rights, and be more willing to forego personal rights for his country's good, than by factious assertion of them to weaken the arm of public power struggling to save the national existence.

I shall go on in another letter to consider your utterances on the distinction between the Government and the Administration, and your special pleas for hostility to the constituted authorities.

LETTER II.

GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION—CONSTITUTIONALITY.

DEAR SIR: I now proceed to consider your letter to Mr. Crosby, which I cannot help regarding as fitted to excite sentiments of mortification as well as grief in the minds of all intelligent men and good patriots who in time past have known and honored you. What such as have not known or cared for you will be apt to think, I shall not undertake to say.

One of Mr. Crosby's questions was this: 'What appears to you the sufficient reason for a Christian citizen to ally himself with others for the extreme and radical purpose of undermining and paralyzing the power of the Government at a crisis when unanimity of support is plainly essential not only to

the welfare but to the very life of the nation?'

This is a plain question, and one may well wonder how it was possible for you to suppose that you were fairly meeting it and effectually rebutting the charge it implies by raising the distinction you make between the Government and the Administration. The sense in which Mr. Crosby used the word Government is perfectly obvious; and if he had a right to use it in that sense—as he undoubtedly had—it seems to me it was for you to answer it in its plain meaning; to answer the question he asked, and not another, which he did not ask. But you preferred to go into critical analysis and to make sharp distinctions of words. Let us look at the work you have made of it.

You tell Mr. Crosby that he has 'fallen into the prevalent error of confounding the Government with the Administration of the Government,' and that 'they are not the same.' Now, they *are* the same, when both words are used to signify the same thing.

You say that 'the word government has, indeed, two meanings.' Webster gives a round dozen. In its political applications it has four. You add, 'In order to relieve the subject from ambiguity'—though there is in this case no ambiguity to relieve—that the ordinary meaning of government in free countries is that form of fundamental rules and principles by which a nation or state is governed,' etc. No doubt this is one of the meanings of the word. No doubt government, considered with reference to its quality or the manner of its constitution, does often signify a system of polity, a determinate organization and distribution of the supreme powers of the state. But this is not its 'ordinary' meaning—either in the sense of its being the most correct and proper, or the most frequent use of the term. The other meaning to which you refer—that which makes it 'synonymous with the administration of pub-

lic affairs'—is equally legitimate, and a great deal more frequent. The word not only '*sometimes*' has this meaning, but has it, I presume to say, ten times oftener than it has what you call its 'ordinary meaning,' and for the sufficient reason that there is occasion to speak ten times of Government as an actual exercise of the supreme powers where there is to speak of it once as an abstract system of polity.

But you say that when the word is used in 'a meaning synonymous with administration of public affairs, then '*the Government*' is metonymically used for *administration*, and should not be confounded with the original and true signification of the term *Administration*, which means the *persons collectively* who are intrusted with the execution of the laws, and with the superintendence of public affairs.'

Pardon me, but this strikes me as a singular combination of futilities and falsities. In the first place, when the word government is used synonymously with administration, to signify in a general way the conduct of public affairs, there is nothing 'metonymical' in the case: one word is not rhetorically put for the other; either word may be rightfully used to signify the same thing, that is, they are so far forth simply synonymous terms. In the next place, what in the world do you mean by saying that the '*original and true*' signification of the term administration is the *persons collectively* who are intrusted with the execution of the laws, and with the superintendence of public affairs? It is one of the meanings of the word indeed, and so a 'true' one—though no more true than its other authorized meanings, but it is not the 'original' one; on the contrary, it is secondary and derived. And finally, what earthly warrant have you for talking of 'confusion' being made when the *Government* is used to signify 'the persons collectively' by whom public affairs are conducted? It is just as correct to use the word Government in

this sense, as it is to use the word Administration. Both words are rightfully so used; and you would here, I suppose, be in no error in saying 'metonymically' used, if you have a fancy for that epithet: *Administration* is 'metonymically' put for the official persons and acts of the persons who have the direction of national affairs, and *Government* is just as often 'metonymically' put for the same persons and acts—and with *equal right*; for it is authorized by established usage, which is the supreme law of language. By what right, then, do you assume to limit the term government to signifying a 'form of fundamental rules and principles,' or at least to insist that when used synonymously with administration, it shall *not* be used to signify the 'persons collectively' by whom the affairs of the nation are conducted; and when Mr. Crosby uses it—as he obviously does—in that sense, to talk to him of 'error and confusion?' When Lord Russell spoke the other day in the British Parliament of 'awaiting an explanation from the American Government' in the matter of the Peterhof, and when the London *Times* spoke of 'the Government at Washington being anxious,' you might as properly have taken them to task for the 'error' and 'confusion' of talking as if our 'form of fundamental rules and principles' could give an explanation, or feel disturbed in mind. Mr. Crosby had a perfect right to use the word in the sense in which he obviously did use it. He fell, therefore, into no 'error.' He 'confounded' nothing; he did not identify different things, nor wrongfully put one thing for another.

In short, your distinction between the Government and the Administration falls away into a sheer, absurd futility. And well if it escape a harsher judgment; for when you go about to make irrelevant distinctions in a plain case, where there is none to be made, and tax your correspondent (no matter in what soft phrase) with errors and

confusions when he was guilty of none—it will go nigh to be thought by many an unworthy subterfuge, serving no other purpose than the fallacious one of shifting the question, and misleading dull minds.

Of the same sort is what you further say in support of this futile distinction. You talk of the Administration being '*utterly destroyed* without affecting the health of the Government,' of the Government '*remaining intact, unscathed, while the Administration is swept out of existence;*' and you say 'every change of Administration, at every election, exemplifies this great truth'!

By Government, I suppose you here unconsciously mean something different from what you had before defined as its 'ordinary meaning,' for you would hardly talk of the 'life' and 'health' of an abstract scheme of polity, of a set of 'rules and principles.' I take it, therefore, that you mean, or ought to mean, a living, acting something. Now imagine a Government without an Administration, with its Administration '*utterly destroyed,*' '*swept out of existence.*' How long afterward would it continue to exist? One day? One hour? One moment? No; the 'life' of a Government implies the perpetual, uninterrupted exercise of the supreme powers of the state, and that depends upon the undying official life of living administrative functionaries; and therefore to say, as you do, that the Administration is '*utterly destroyed,*' '*swept out of existence,*' every time new members are elected to fill the place of those whose term of office has run out, is an absurd exaggeration of language, and certainly serves no good purpose, but only affords to those who are capable of being deceived by it a fallacious show of support to a distinction which I have proved to be irrelevant and futile in this case.

It seems to me it is not for you to talk about 'the prejudices and befogged intellects' of those who are unable to see 'in the light' of your notable 'ex-

plication' that 'opposition to the Administration'—such as you now make—is not opposition to the Government.' And your pretension 'to rally in support of the Government,' and to 'uphold and strengthen' it, by such opposition, will, I am afraid, be looked upon by intelligent men and good patriots as absurd and impudent to the last degree—an outrage, in fact, on language and on common sense.

But enough for your verbal distinctions—a great deal too much, indeed, were it not that if you can put forth such things in good faith, it is to be presumed that there may be others of easy faith enough, through disloyal predisposition of feeling, to take them as sound and valid, and so find comfort in error and an evil course.

To come now to the real merits of the case. You denounce the Administration, and seek to stir up popular disaffection to it, not for heartlessness, hesitation, and feebleness in prosecuting the war, but precisely for whatever of earnestness, promptitude, and energy it displays—not, in short, for what it does not do, but for what it does do, in striking down the rebellion. It is vain for you to justify your conduct by professions of allegiance to the sovereign people and loyalty to the Government. Why, it is the great will of the sovereign people (to whom you profess such faithful allegiance) that the Government (to which you profess such devoted loyalty) should be saved from destruction by crushing to utter extinction the armed rebellion that seeks its overthrow. And the Administration—and I may include Congress, since the action of that body is also the object of your denunciation—is the organ of the sovereign people, carrying out its sovereign will in all the acts you denounce. I do not say that the conduct of affairs has been in all respects satisfactory to the people. There have been too many things that looked to them like want of heart, want of earnestness,

want of energy, want of wisdom, particularly in the earlier conduct of the war—too many indications of a disposition, if not to protract the struggle, yet to make this terrible crisis of the nation a time for political combinations and contractors' gains. They have seen these things with grief and stern displeasure. But the acts you denounce meet their sovereign approval. They are in favor of all earnest and vigorous measures for subduing the rebels, and for repressing and punishing traitorous sympathy with them, and treasonable aid and comfort to them.

But you denounce these acts as unconstitutional. To a bare, unsupported assumption it might be enough to say that the constitutionality of all these acts has been again and again affirmed by authorities of far greater weight than yours or mine—by scores of statesmen and judges of the highest eminence in the land. But I will go a little into the question.

I assert that it is perfectly constitutional to repress an armed rebellion by force of arms. It is the sworn duty of the Administration under the Constitution to do so. And all the acts you condemn come in one way or another under powers delegated to Congress and to the Executive. The constitutional right to make war carries with it the constitutional right to employ all the means sanctioned by the laws of war. This is the amply sufficient justification of each and every one of the measures you denounce—the Emancipation Proclamation, the Confiscation acts, the suspension of *habeas corpus*, and the arrest of traitorous abettors of the rebels.

As to the *Proclamation*—whether it is to be regarded as in its own proper effect conferring the *legal* right to freedom, or whether it is to be taken simply as a notification to the rebels (and to the slaves also, so far as it should get to their knowledge) of what the President, in his supreme military capacity, was about to order and en-

force, as our armies might come into contact with the slaves—is a question not necessary to determine here. But no intelligent man needs be told that even in a war with a foreign enemy, with honorable belligerents, it is always a matter lying rightfully in the discretion of the commander of an invading army to proclaim and secure the emancipation of slaves; and in a rebellion like this it is the height of absurdity, or of something much worse than absurdity, to quarrel with the military policy of depriving the rebels of the services of loyal men forced to dig trenches and minister supplies to them. What constitutional right have rebels—in arms for the overthrow of the Constitution—to be exempted from the operation of the laws of war? Who but a rebel sympathizer would challenge it for them?

As to the *Confiscation* acts—it is enough to say that the Constitution gives Congress power 'to declare the punishment of treason.' Confiscation of property—as well as forfeiture of life—is a punishment attached to this great crime in the practice, I believe, of every Government that has existed. The rebels confiscate all the property of men in the South loyal to the Union, on which they can lay their hands; and their practice can be condemned by us only on the ground that the crime of rebellion makes all their acts in support of it criminal. But as you have no word of condemnation for the rebellion, so you have none for their confiscation acts. You would throw the shield of the Constitution only over the property of rebels. Loyal men, however, are of opinion that as the hardship of paying the expenses entailed by this accursed rebellion must fall somewhere, it is but just it should fall as far as possible on the rebels, rather than on us. If confiscation of rebel property chance to bear hard on the innocent children of traitors, it is no more than what constantly chancings in time of domestic peace, in the pecuni-

any punishment of crimes far less heinous than treason; and loyal men see no good reason why the hardship should not fall in part on the children of traitors, rather than wholly (as in part it must) on our children.

As to the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*: many foolish and disloyal people, out of the folly and disloyalty of their hearts, talk as if the thing itself were something wicked and monstrous; although the Constitution plainly provides that it may be done, 'when, in cases of rebellion and invasion, the public safety may require it.' Who is to judge of the necessity, and who is to exercise the power of suspending it, the Constitution does not declare; and in the silence of the Constitution and in the absence of any legislation on the point, the President might well presume that the discretion of exercising a power constitutionally vested somewhere, and designed to be exercised in emergencies of public peril, liable to arise when Congress might not be in session, was left to him. At all events, he took the responsibility of deciding that the public safety required its exercise. Congress has since justified his course, and legalized the power in his hands. The loyal people of the nation approve its action.

And finally, the constitutional right in certain cases to suspend the ordinary privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* carries with it, of course, an equally constitutional right to make what you call 'arbitrary arrests.' The very object of granting the power to vacate the privilege of the writ is to enable the Executive to hold in custody such persons as it may judge the 'public safety requires' the holding of—with-out its purpose being frustrated by judicial interference. But the power to hold in custody is utterly nugatory, if there be no power to take into custody. To suppose that the Constitution grants the one, but denies the other, is to suppose it self-stultified by

contradictory provisions—and that in a case where the public safety in time of imminent peril is concerned. The only consistent and sensible view of the Constitution is, that as the validity of the writ of *habeas corpus* is the ordinary rule, and its suspension the extraordinary exception—so the power to make arrests by civil process only is the ordinary rule, and the power to make arrests by military or executive authority is the extraordinary exception—both exceptions alike holding 'when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require.' In such cases the ordinary guarantees of personal liberty are constitutionally made to give way to the operation of the extraordinary powers demanded by the necessities of the state. It has always been so in all Governments; and every Government—unless it suicidally abnegate its highest function and supremest duty, that of maintaining itself and securing the national safety—must, in time of rebellion and civil war, possess such powers, powers to repress and prevent, in the first moment of necessity, what, if let go on, it might be too late to cure by judicial or any other process.

The rebels arrest, imprison, or banish those who are disaffected to their cause. They have a right to do so, provided their rebellion itself be justifiable; although they have made themselves objects of just execration and abhorrence by the abominable atrocities of cruelty and murder they have in thousands of instances perpetrated upon those whom they knew or suspected to be faithful to the Union. Your sensibilities, however, are excited only in behalf of the traitors among us, who have done more, and are doing more, to aid and comfort the public enemy, and to weaken the military power of the Government, than whole divisions of rebels in arms. While millions of good patriots stand amazed at the extraordinary and unparalleled leniency with which the Government has for the

most part dealt with these traitors—that is, *done nothing* with them—you and your associates are fierce in your denunciations of its action in the few cases in which it has temporarily arrested them; and even the requiring of them to take the oath of allegiance as a condition of release, has been made matter of bitter invective. What but disloyalty to the national cause, what but sympathy with the rebels, can prompt such denunciations—made, too, with a view to stir up popular disaffection to the Government?

To sum up: I have shown that all the acts you denounce are as perfectly constitutional as they are just and necessary in principle, and sanctioned by the practice of all Governments.

But even if it were otherwise; even if the framers of the Constitution—never contemplating the possibility of such a crisis as the present—had embodied in that instrument no provision of extraordinary powers for such an exigency—none the less would it be the duty and the right of Congress and of the Executive to adopt whatever measures they should judge the public safety to require. What the Constitution had not granted they would be bound, if necessary, to assume; and even if the Constitution stood in the way, they would be bound to go over it in order to save the national existence. It is one of those cases in which necessity gives sovereign right. It is doubtless a very illegal thing to blow up people's houses, yet what civic magistrate, not a fool, would hesitate to do it when nothing else could arrest the conflagration of a city; and what court of law is there (outside of *Lilliput*, where poor Gulliver was condemned to death for saving the royal palace by an illegal fire engine) so foolish as to sustain an action against the magistrate in such a case? What must be thought, then, of the good sense and loyalty of those who would interpose the Constitution to prevent the sup-

pression of a gigantic rebellion, which puts the Constitution, the Government, and the national existence in imminent peril of destruction? Who, that knows anything which a man of decent intelligence is bound to know, but knows that '*the salvation of the republic is the supreme law?*' On this principle the old Revolutionary Congress went, when, without a particle of delegated warrant from the several States, it assumed to act for the whole people as a nation, and, among other things, invested Washington with nearly dictatorial powers to carry on the war—a principle that Washington had already before acted on in more than one case of summary dealing with the Tories of his day. The sovereign sense of the nation sustained this assumption, and gave it the validity of supreme law. And I believe the nation would now sustain the Government in the assumption of any powers necessary to the putting down of the rebellion, even if ample powers were not already granted in the Constitution.

History has no record of a conspiracy more treasonable, flagitious, and infamous than that in which this rebellion originated; no record of a rebellion more foul, more monstrous, more wicked. The great heart of the nation is filled with just indignation and abhorrence. It understands and feels that every consideration of national interest and welfare, of national honor and dignity, of justice, and fidelity to the great trust received from the fathers of the republic, alike forbid the nation to consent to its own dismemberment, or to a compromise with rebels in arms, and a surrender of the great principles involved in the contest—principles which lie at the foundation not only of our national Government, but of all government, and all political order. It understands and feels that the preservation of the national Government, and of all the sacred interests bound up with it, is a necessity for the nation, is the one grand paramount obligation

now resting upon it. Its stern determination is to carry on this war, at all costs and all hazards, so long as there is a rebel in arms. Hundreds of loyal leaders of the people—statesmen and jurists of the highest eminence, Southern born as well as Northern born—have said, and only articulated the great voice of the nation when they have said: ‘*Constitution or no Constitution, put down the rebellion, and save the national existence. Time enough then to inquire whether it was done under the Constitution, or outside of it, or over it.*’

At the same time the people believe that the Constitution gives the Government ample powers to put down the rebellion, as they have also given it unlimited resources of men and money. It would not be true to say that they have always been satisfied with the progress and success of the Government in the use of these powers and resources. There was doubtless a time when the public feeling demanded a more clear and decisive policy, and more vigor in the prosecution of the war. The people would like to have had the whole military system of the country revised and made more perfect. They would be better pleased if measures had been seasonably taken by which we might have had a well-organized and well-drilled army of reserve, two hundred thousand strong. Appreciating, however, the circumstances of the country at the opening of the war, the gigantic magnitude of the rebellion, and the immensity and complication of the problems pressing on the Administration, they have on the whole been disposed to be patient and trustful. And as long as they believe there is an honest, earnest purpose in the Administration to extinguish the rebellion by force of arms, they will sustain it. What they would do if ever they should come to the conviction that the national existence is in peril through incapacity, selfish personal ambitions or treachery on the part of the Administration, it is not necessary to predict.

The conjuncture is not likely to arrive. Of one thing, however, you may be sure: the great loyal body of the nation have no quarrel with Congress or with the Administration for any of the measures that are the objects of denunciation by you and your associates, and they hold the men who utter these denunciations to be worse enemies to their country than the rebels in arms—morally far worse than the great mass of the misguided followers of the rebel chiefs.

LETTER III.

SLAVERY.

DEAR SIR: A considerable portion of your letter is taken up with a discussion of the rebel Vice-President Stephens's declaration touching slavery.

In his speech at Savannah, Mr. Stephens, speaking of the new Government which the rebels had set up, says: ‘Its foundations are laid, its corner stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition.’

One would think this was clear enough, and that it was doing no injustice to its substantial purport to say that Mr. Stephens here makes slavery the corner stone of his new Government. You say, however, that this is ‘an egregious misapprehension,’ that ‘*he has made no such declaration.*’ ‘Let us learn’ (you go on) ‘what he actually did say. His language is this: ‘The foundations of our new Government are laid, its corner stone rests upon’—what? slavery? no—‘upon the *great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man*, that slavery,’ which he then defines to be ‘subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition.’

This is nice! How admirably your *italic* emphasis upon the first clause, your intercalated comments, and the slight way of bringing in the second clause, serves to bring out the full, undivided force of the whole sentence!

What a charming union of acuteness and moral nobleness it exhibits! Equally admirable for the same qualities is your distinction between basing a government upon *slavery* and basing it upon a *great truth* about slavery. Mr. Stephens has said that the corner stone of his new Government rests upon the *great truth* that slavery is the natural and moral condition of the negro. He has not, therefore, said that it rests on *slavery*! And so you think yourself justified, do you, in your emphatic assertion that 'he has made no such declaration'? You stand impregnable and triumphant—on the words! You stick to what is 'nominated in the bond'—the very Shylock of criticism!

But not satisfied with this, you strengthen the case by argument: Mr. Stephens did not say so, or mean so, because he would have been very foolish if he had—so must every one be that thinks he did. Mr. Stephens's 'language' (you say) 'could not be applied to slavery; it would be a strange misapplication of terms to call slavery a physical, philosophical, and moral truth.' But irresistible as your logic is, did you really suppose that the 'plain men' who (according to your motto) in troubled times like these 'read pamphlets,' were any of them so stupid as to think that your wonderful distinction amounts to anything? Did you suppose any man of decent intelligence would fail to see that it makes no practical difference—since slavery, as an institution, was to be the inevitable consequence of the *great truth* about it—and that therefore Mr. Stephens's declaration amounts substantially to saying that slavery was to be the corner stone of his new Government; and so your assertion, that 'he has made no such declaration,' is a paltry verbal quibble, unworthy of a sensible and fair-minded man.

So of your way of proving that the rebel Government have adopted no such corner stone. It is like yourself, and unparalleled but by yourself.

First, you allege that even if Mr. Stephens had said so, his individual assertion is no law for the Government; next, that 'there is not one word in the Constitution of the Confederacy that gives color to any such idea as slavery being the corner stone of their Government; on the contrary, section ix, article i, *clearly repudiates it.*' You did not quote the article you refer to. Your 'plain men,' when they come to see it, will perhaps have an opinion on the question why you did not. The article is as follows: '*The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States of the United States, is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.*'

Now did you really think that this article 'clearly repudiates' the idea of the rebels intending to have slavery for one of their fundamental institutions, or did you presume on the ignorance or stupidity of those you have undertaken to instruct in political knowledge? The article itself contains no such repudiation, nor is there anything to warrant your inference that such was its purport, and everybody that knows anything about it, knows that it is a gross misrepresentation of its real object to say so.

The rebel Constitution was framed by delegates from the seven Lower Slave States. It was adopted February 8, 1861. Neither Tennessee nor Virginia nor any of the Border States had then joined the rebel Confederacy. Most of these States were opposed to the reopening of the African slave trade from principle and sentiment. The material interests of Virginia were strongly opposed to it. The staple product of Virginia was slaves. She lived only by breeding negroes for the market of the slave-consuming States of the Lower South. To reopen the African slave trade would destroy the profits of her great staple. The price of negroes would go down from *one thousand dollars* to *two hundred*. It

was well known, however, that there had been for several years a clamor in the Lower States for the repeal of the law of the Union prohibiting the African slave trade, that the determination to have the trade reopened '*in the Union or out of the Union*' had been publicly proclaimed in South Carolina, and that the matter of demanding it from the Congress of the Union had been before the Legislature of that State, on the recommendation of the Governor, three or four years before the breaking out of the rebellion.

Under these circumstances the rebel Constitution was framed. And however important to the slave-buying interest of its framers and of the people they assumed to represent, the opening of the African slave trade may have been felt to be, it was felt to be far more important at that crisis to secure the accession of Virginia and the Border States to the rebel cause by prohibiting it. Hence the adoption of the article you refer to without quoting, and of the next very significant article, which you neither quote nor refer to: '*Congress shall also have power to prohibit the importation of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy.*' The first of these articles, prohibiting the African slave trade, is a guarantee to the interests of the slave breeders if they join the Confederacy; and the second a threat, that if they do not join it, they may have no benefit from the prohibition in the first. Yet knowing all this, or bound to know it, you represent the prohibition of the African slave trade in the rebel Constitution as a 'clear repudiation' of the idea of slavery being intended to be a fundamental institution under their Government! Shame on you! It is a thousand miles away from having any such meaning or purpose; and I confess I am utterly unable to conceive how any man of decent intelligence could in good faith make the representation you do. *Suppressio veri, allegatio falsi.*

Besides, what object could you have? You vindicate the doctrine, 'the great truth,' by which (according to you, as according to Mr. Stephens) slavery as an institution is justified. You approve of slavery, or, as Mr. Stephens euphuistically terms it, the 'subordination of the negro to the superior race.' You know that slavery is a fundamental institution in the rebel scheme. Why then take pains to produce a contrary impression, by resorting to such futile distinctions, such wretched quibbles, and such absurd logic? It seems to me nothing but a mania for verbal distinctions and sophistical special pleas can explain such a gratuitous self-sacrifice.

Or is it, possibly, that you thought you could persuade your 'plain men who read pamphlets,' that in virtue of the sweet euphuism, 'subordination to the superior race,' negro slavery at the South was in some way to be divinely transformed, and, though called slavery, was not in fact to be slavery after the old former fashion? '*Subordination to the superior race*'! It certainly merits the praise of Mr. Justice Shallow: 'It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed, too; . . . and it is good, yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Very good; a good phrase!'

But you knew it was to be the *same sort of subordination* that has always prevailed at the South. What is that? It is a subordination that is legally determined as follows: 'Slaves shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal* in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatever.' (South Carolina Laws, 2 Brevard's Digest, 229.) 'A slave is one who is in the full power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must

belong to his master.' (Louisiana Civil Code, art. 35.) 'The slave is 'entirely subject to the will of his master.' (Idem, art. 173.)

This is the legal condition of the slave—the same in all the slave-holding States. The laws and decisions resting upon this principle of chattelhood and absolute ownership and dominion are too numerous to cite. They may be summed up in the words of Judge Crenshaw (1 Stewart's Ala. Rep., 320): '*the slave has no civil rights.*' It is matter of settled law, that he can make no contract; cannot form a legal marriage; cannot constitute a family—husbands and wives, parents and children, being liable (except in Louisiana) to be sold apart; cannot protect his wife's or daughter's chastity against the master's will; has no right of self-defence, but may be lawfully killed for resisting or striking his master or (in some States) any white man; has no appeal from his master; can bring no action; cannot testify in courts; has no right to education, but teaching him to read and write is penally prohibited.

The laws do not pretend to recognize and protect him as a person, except against murder and excessive cruelty; and these laws are nullified if the master take care to kill or torture him apart from the presence of white witnesses; and even if there be legal witnesses, the murderer or torturer can seldom be brought to punishment. 'A cruel and unreasonable battery' on a slave by the master or hirer is *not indictable*. This is Judge Ruffin's decision. (2 Devereux's N. C. Rep., 265). This decision is celebrated for the language in which it is announced, and the grounds on which it is rested.

'*The power of the master,*' says the Judge, '*must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect.* I most freely confess my sense of the harshness of this proposition. I feel it as deeply as any man can. And as a principle of moral right, every person in his re-

tirement must repudiate it. But in the actual condition of things it must be so. There is no remedy. This discipline belongs to the state of slavery. They cannot be disunited without abrogating at once the rights of the master, and absolving the slave from his subjection. It constitutes the curse of slavery to both the bond and the free portion of our population. But it is *inherent in the relation* of master and slave. That there may be particular instances of cruelty and deliberate barbarity where, in conscience, the law might properly interfere, is most probable. The difficulty is to determine where a court may properly begin. Merely in the abstract, it may well be asked which power of the master accords with right. The answer will probably sweep away all of them. But we cannot look at the matter in this light. The truth is we are forbidden to enter on a train of general reasoning on the subject. *We cannot allow the right of the master to be brought into discussion in the courts of justice. The slave, to remain a slave, must be made sensible that there is no appeal from his master, that his power is, in no instance, usurped, but is conferred by the laws of man, at least, if not by the laws of God.*'

Such is slavery under the slave code. Men are sometimes better and sometimes worse than their laws. We need not wonder that volumes might be filled with recitals of cruelties and atrocities of torture, ending, in many cases, only with the death of the victim. Nor need we wonder at the more loathsome moral abominations so prevalent in Southern society, which degrade the whites even more than the blacks—of children begotten by masters upon the persons of their slave women—begotten in lust and sold for gain; of beautiful quadroons and octoroons sought and bought for the base pleasure of their owners; of families, where the lawful wives and daughters of the master are served by slaves that are their own uncles, brothers, or sisters, born of

slave women, yielding to the master's lustful will. *Amalgamation is a Southern, not a Northern taste and practice.* The most abominable case that has recently come to light, is that of the young slave mother, at New Orleans, of whose children her own father (a rich rebel) was the father! All these things are inevitably incident to a state of slavery, and there is no law against them.

Such is slavery—such is the institution you advocate as divinely ordered, under the soft phrase, '*subordination to the superior race*'! And this is the way you speak of those whom you term radical Abolitionists: 'Look at the dark conclave of conspirators, freedom-shriekers, Bible-spurners, fierce, implacable, headstrong, denunciatory, Constitution and Union haters, noisy, factious, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against all who venture a difference of opinion from them, murderous, passionate advocates of imprisonments and hangings, blood-thirsty,—and if there be any other epithet in the vocabulary of wickedness, do they not every one fitly designate some phase of radical Abolitionism?'

I cannot help fancying that it will occur to some that by substituting *slavery-shriekers* and *Bible-perverters* in this sentence, it might at least equally well describe Northern pro-slavery zealots. At any rate, your language is the very extravagance of coarse pro-slavery fanaticism. I have never been of mind with those you term radical Abolitionists; but it seems to me that of the two fanaticisms, the anti-slavery fanaticism is the most respectable in principle, less selfish, and more generous in impulse. I have all my life been disposed to leave the South in undisturbed possession of its constitutional pound of slavery flesh. But when the slaveholders showed an inveterate determination not to be con-

tent with that, but to *nationalize* slavery, to carry it everywhere, and to make it the great element of political control throughout the nation, I felt no constitutional obligation to submit. And when the conspirators, foiled in their designs, rushed into open rebellion, I made up my mind that slavery had best be destroyed—for only when it is, will the conditions of true unity between the South and the North begin to exist—then only will the prosperity and peace of the nation be established on a permanent basis. This is now the opinion of a great many of the best and wisest men at the South. I believe that slavery will be destroyed in the progress and sequel of this war—to the ultimate incalculable advantage of the South.

One word more: You have seen fit to quote Burke and Milton, for the sake of a fling at the *clergy* who venture to discuss the questions of the day. I do not know how far some of your associates will be disposed to thank you. Perhaps their being on your side gives them a capacity not possessed by the others, and exempts them from the application of your rebuke. I have an impression that the culture and habits of thinking of the members of the clerical profession do not particularly unfit them for taking just and sound views on the questions that agitate the public mind, and that their position—cutting them off from all offices and emoluments that are the objects of ambition to party politicians—gives them some special advantages for doing so. For myself, having all my life been devoted to study and thought on the great principles of social and moral order, I feel myself as well qualified, at least, to offer an opinion, as though I had been devoted to the mechanical application of the principles of physical science.

C. S. HENRY.

BUCKLE, DRAPER, AND THE LAW OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

FIRST PAPER.

So parallel are the lines of thought in Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization' and Professor Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' while they continue within the same limits in discussing the law of individual and social progress; and so exactly does the latter work resume the consideration of this law at the point where the English writer abandoned its further analysis, to commence to apply that which he had made to the history of various nations, that one might almost suppose the two authors had undertaken the task conjointly, and divided the work between them.

It was the purpose of Mr. Buckle, in his introduction, to ascertain the sources of social, and, incidentally, of individual development—the fundamental causes of human progression; and subsequently to verify the principles established, by tracing, in general outlines, the rise and advance of leading nations under their impulse. The basis upon which he started in his examination was this: 'That when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the results of some antecedents; and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results.'

From this proposition the historian concludes 'that the actions of men, being determined solely by their antecedents, must, under precisely the same circumstances, always issue in precisely the same results. And as all antecedents are either in the mind or out of it, we clearly see that all the variations in the results—in other words, all

the changes of which history is full, all the vicissitudes of the human race, their progress or their decay, their happiness or their misery—must be the fruit of a double action; an action of external phenomena upon the mind, and another action of the mind upon the phenomena.'

Mr. Buckle gives it as the result of his investigations concerning the relative influence of these two agencies: That external or physical laws have been most powerful in the earlier ages of the world, and among the most ignorant nations; that in proportion as knowledge increases, the power of this class of agencies diminishes, and that of mental laws becomes more predominant; that these latter are therefore the great motor forces of civilization, consisting of two parts, the moral and the intellectual, of which the latter are vastly superior as instruments of social advancement, the former being comparatively stationary in their effects; finally, as the formal statement of the laws of human development, he says:

'1st. That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2d. That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it. 3d. That the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish, relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths; moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4th. That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit—the notion that society cannot prosper, unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and

the church; the state teaching men what they are to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe.'

In all these points the recent work of Professor Draper coincides with that of the lamented English writer. The main object of the former is, however, to discuss a question more basic than those undertaken by the author of 'Civilization in England,' the consideration of which was by him formally declined: namely, the question of a predetermined order of development lying back of all physical and mental phenomena. The opening sentences of the American book will sufficiently indicate the purpose of its pages:

'I intend, in this work, to consider in what manner the advancement of Europe in civilization has taken place, to ascertain how far its progress has been fortuitous, and how far determined by primordial law.

'Does the procession of nations in time, like the erratic phantasm of a dream, go forward without reason or order? Or, is there a predetermined, a solemn march, in which all must join, ever moving, ever resistlessly advancing, encountering and enduring an inevitable succession of events?

'In a philosophical examination of the intellectual and political history of nations, an answer to these questions is to be found. * * * Man is the archetype of society. Individual development is the model of social progress.'

It will be sufficient for our present purpose to indicate the line of Dr. Draper's argument, in seeking for a solution to the problem of progress, and to sum up the conclusions to which he is ultimately led by his investigations.

In the intellectual infancy of a savage state, man regards all passing events as depending on the arbitrary volition of a superior but invisible power. The tendency is necessarily to superstition. After reason, aided by experience, has led him forth from these delusions as respects surrounding things, he still clings to his original ideas as respects objects far removed, believing the stars to be inhabited by mysterious powers, or to be such themselves. Gradually

he emerges from star worship as he did from fetichism, still venerating and perhaps exalting into immortal gods the genii whom he once supposed to inhabit the stars, long after he has ascertained that the latter are without any perceptible influence on him.

He is exchanging, by ascending degrees, his primitive doctrine of arbitrary volition for the doctrine of law. As the fall of a stone, the flowing of a river, and the ordinary operations of nature familiar to him have been traced to physical causes, to like causes are at last traced the revolutions of the stars. In events and scenes continually increasing in greatness and grandeur, he is detecting the dominion of law. This perception is extended, until at last it embraces all natural events, until they are seen to be the consequences of physical conditions, and therefore the results of law.

'But if we admit that this is the case, from the mote that floats in the sunbeam to multiple stars revolving round each other, are we willing to carry our principles to their consequences, and recognize a like operation of law among living as among lifeless things, in the organic as well as the inorganic world? What testimony does physiology offer on this point?'

Physiology, in its progress, has passed through the same stages as physics. Living beings were once considered to be beyond the power of external influences, the various physiological functions being carried forward by a feigned immaterial principle, called the vital agent. But when it was discovered that the heart is constructed upon the recognized rules of hydraulics; the eye upon the most refined principles of optics; that the ear was furnished with the means of dealing with the three characteristics of sound—its tympanum for intensity, its cochlea for pitch, and its semicircular canals for quality; and that the air, brought into the great air passages, calling into play atmospheric pressure, was conveyed upon physical principles into the ultimate cells of the lungs, and thence to the blood;

when these and very many other like facts were brought into prominence by modern research, it became necessary to admit that animated beings do not constitute the exception once supposed, and that organic operations are the result of physical agencies.

‘If thus, in the recesses of the individual economy, these natural agents bear sway, must they not operate in the social economy too?’

‘Has the great, shadeless desert nothing to do with the habits of the nomade tribes who pitch their tents upon it—the fertile plain no connection with flocks and pastoral life—the mountain fastnesses with the courage that has so often defended them—the sea with habits of adventure? Indeed, do not all our expectations of the stability of social institutions rest upon our belief in the stability of surrounding physical conditions? From the time of Bodin, who nearly three hundred years ago published his work ‘*De Republica*,’ these principles have been well recognized: that the laws of nature cannot be subordinated to the will of man, and that government must be adapted to climate. It was these things which led to the conclusion that force is best resorted to for northern nations, reason for the middle, and superstition for the southern.’

The importance of physical agents and physical laws in the social as well as in the individual economy, is variously illustrated by Professor Draper, who points out the essential part they play in several departments of nature. To the merely mechanical inclination of the earth’s axis of rotation toward the plane of her orbit of revolution around the sun, we owe the changing seasons and the method of life which is dependent on these. The alteration of that physical arrangement would involve a corresponding alteration in the whole life of the globe. So, again, the possibility of existence upon the earth, in any way, depends upon conditions altogether of a material kind. It is necessary that our planet should be at a definite mean distance from the source of light and heat, the sun; and that the form of her orbit should be almost

a circle, since it is only within a narrow range of temperature, secured by these conditions, that life can be maintained.

It is through natural agents also that the means of regulation are secured in the present economy of the globe. Through heat, the distribution and arrangement of the vegetable tribes are accomplished; through their mutual relations with the atmospheric air, plants and animals are interbalanced, and neither permitted to obtain a superiority. The condensation of carbon from the air and its inclusion in the strata constitute the chief epoch in the organic life of the earth giving a possibility for the appearance of the hot-blooded and more intellectual animal tribes. That event was due to the influence of the rays of the sun.

Passing from inorganic to organic forms, our author remarks that their permanence is altogether dependent ‘on the invariability of the material conditions under which they live. Any variation therein, no matter how insignificant it might be, would be forthwith followed by a corresponding variation in the form.’ At this point we are brought to the far-famed ‘development theory,’ which, since the publication of the ‘*Vestiges of Creation*,’ has been the scientific battle field of the naturalists of the world. Professor Draper is, of course, a firm adherent of this theory. He continues:

‘The present invariability of the world of organization is the direct consequence of the physical equilibrium, and so it will continue as long as the mean temperature, the annual supply of light, the composition of the air, the distribution of water, oceanic and atmospheric currents, and other such agencies, remain unaltered; but if any one of these, or of a hundred other incidents that might be mentioned, should suffer modification, in an instant the fanciful doctrine of the immutability of species would be brought to its true value. The organic world appears to be in repose, because natural influences have reached an equilibrium. A marble may remain forever motionless upon a level table; but let the surface be a

little inclined, and the marble will quickly run off. What should we say of him who, contemplating it in its state of rest, asserted that it was impossible for it ever to move?

'When, therefore, we notice such orderly successions, we must not at once assign them to a direct intervention, the issue of wise predeterminations of a voluntary agent; we must first satisfy ourselves how far they are dependent upon mundane or material conditions, occurring in a definite and necessary series, ever bearing in mind the important principle that an orderly sequence of inorganic events necessarily involves an orderly and corresponding progression of organic life.

'To this doctrine of the control of physical agencies over organic forms I acknowledge no exceptions, not even in the case of man. The varied aspects he presents in different countries are the necessary consequences of those influences.'

Whether we advocate the doctrine of the origination of the human race from a single pair, or from different races at different centres, we are, in Dr. Draper's judgment, alike driven to the conclusion of the transitory nature of typical forms, to their transmutations and extinctions. In the former case, we can only account for diverse races, having different shades of complexion, different varieties of skull, etc., by the admission of the paramount control of physical agents, such as climate and other purely material circumstances; in the latter, we can only account for the varieties visible among the different races themselves on similar grounds.

Variations in the aspect of man are best seen when an examination is made of nations arranged in a northerly and southerly direction, the differences of climate being much greater in this direction than from east to west. These variations do not affect complexion, development of the brain, and, therefore, intellectual power, only. But differences of manners and customs, that is, differences in the modes of civilization, must coexist with diversities of climate. An ethical element is therefore necessarily of a dependent nature; its dura-

bility arises from its perfect correspondence with the conditions by which it is surrounded. Whatever can affect that correspondence will touch its life.

With such considerations the author passes from individuals to groups of men or nations:

'There is a progress for races of men as well marked as the progress of one man. There are thoughts and actions appertaining to specific periods in the one case as in the other. Without difficulty we affirm of a given act that it appertains to a given period. We recognize the noisy sports of boyhood, the business application of maturity, the feeble garrulity of old age. We express our surprise when we witness actions unsuitable to the epoch of life. As it is in this respect in the individual, so it is in the nation. The march of individual existence shadows forth the march of race existence, being, indeed, its representative on a little scale. Groups of men, or nations, are distributed by the same accidents, or complete the same cycle as the individual. Some scarcely pass beyond infancy; some are destroyed on a sudden; some die of mere old age. In this confusion of events, it might seem altogether hopeless to disentangle the law which is guiding them all, and demonstrate it clearly. Of such groups each may exhibit, at the same moment, an advance to a different stage, just as we see in the same family the young, the middle aged, and the old. * * * In each nation, moreover, the contemporaneously different classes, the educated and illiterate, the idle and industrious, the rich and poor, the intelligent and superstitious, represent different contemporaneous stages of advancement. One may have made a great progress, another scarcely have advanced at all. How shall we ascertain the real state of the case? Which of these classes shall we regard as the truest and most perfect type?'

In order to deal with this problem, and to demonstrate the general nature of a movement having such diverse components, we must, continues Professor Draper, select, from a family or a nation, or a family of many nations, such members or classes or states as most closely represent respectively its type or have advanced most completely

in their career. In a state the leading or intellectual class is always the true representative. It has passed gradually through the lower stages, and has made the greatest advance.

We are next called to notice that individual life is maintained only by the production and destruction of organic particles, death being necessarily the condition of life; and that a similar process occurs in the existence of a nation, in which the individual represents the organic molecule, whose production, continuance, and death in the person, answers to the production, continuance, and death of a person in the state. In the same manner that individuals change through the action of physical agencies and submit to impressions, so likewise do aggregates of men constituting nations. 'A national type pursues its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, and being represented by infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, and death, respectively.'

This orderly process may, however, be disturbed by emigration, by blood admixture, or by other exterior or interior occurrences, which would involve a corresponding change in the national characteristics and duration; perhaps result in the rapid and total disappearance of the community.

For—and this brings us to the last point of analogy which Professor Draper gives between individual and national life—nations, like individuals, die. Empires are only sandhills in the hourglass of Time; they crumble spontaneously away by the process of their own growth.

'A nation, like a man, hides from itself the contemplation of its final day. It occupies itself with expedients for prolonging its present state. It frames laws and constitutions under the delusion that they will last, forgetting that the condition of life is change. Very able modern statesmen consider it to be the grand object of their art to keep things as they are, or rather as they

were. But the human race is not at rest; and bands with which, for a moment, it may be restrained, break all the more violently the longer they hold. No man can stop the march of destiny. * * * The origin, existence, and death of nations depend thus on physical influences, which are themselves the result of immutable laws. Nations are only transitional forms of humanity. They must undergo obliteration as do the transitional forms offered by the animal series. There is no more an immortality for them than there is an immortality for an embryo in any one of the manifold forms passed through in its progress of development.

'We must, therefore, no longer regard nations or groups of men as offering a permanent picture. Human affairs must be looked upon as in continuous movement, not wandering in an arbitrary manner here and there, but proceeding in a perfectly definite course. Whatever may be the present state, it is altogether transient. All systems of civil life are therefore necessarily ephemeral. Time brings new conditions; the manner of thought is modified; with thought, action. Institutions of all kinds must hence participate in this fleeting nature; and, though they may have allied themselves to political power, and gathered therefrom the means of coercion, their permanency is but little improved thereby; for, sooner or later, the population on whom they have been imposed, following the external variations, spontaneously outgrows them, and their ruin, though it may have been delayed, is none the less certain. For the permanency of any such system it is essentially necessary that it should include with its own organization a law of change, and not of change only, but change in the right direction—the direction in which the society interested is about to pass. It is in an oversight of this last essential condition that we find an explanation of the failure of so many such institutions. Too commonly do we believe that the affairs of men are determined by a spontaneous action or free will; we keep that overpowering influence which really controls them in the background. In individual life we also accept a like deception, living in the belief that everything we do is determined by the volition of ourselves or of those around us; nor is it until the close of our days that we discern how

great is the illusion, and that we have been swimming, playing, and struggling in a stream which, in spite of all our voluntary motions, has silently and resistlessly borne us to a predetermined shore.'

These lines were written before the commencement of our civil war. The following sentence, taken from the postscript to the preface, gives them, at this time, additional significance :

'When a nation has reached one of the epochs of its life, and is preparing itself for another period of progress under new conditions ; it is well for every thoughtful man interested in its prosperity to turn his eyes from the contentions of the present to the accomplished facts of the past, and to seek for a solution of existing difficulties in the record of what other people in former times have done.'

Guided by this law of development, Professor Draper sets out on his task of investigating the course of European progress. For the purpose of facilitating this investigation, he divides the intellectual progress of the nations examined, into five periods : 1, The Age of Credulity ; 2, The Age of Inquiry ; 3, The Age of Faith ; 4, The Age of Reason ; 5, The Age of Decrepitude ; corresponding with the five divisions of individual life, as previously stated, from infancy to old age. The general line of examination and its results may be stated by giving the opening paragraphs of his closing chapter :

'The object of this book is to impress upon its reader a conviction that civilization does not proceed in an arbitrary manner, or by chance, but that it passes through a determinate succession of stages, and is a development according to law.

'For this purpose we considered the relations between individual and social life, and showed that they are physiologically inseparable from one another, and that the course of communities bears an unmistakable resemblance to the progress of an individual, and that man is the archetype or exemplar of society.

'We then examined the intellectual history of Greece—a nation offering the

best and most complete illustration of the life of humanity. From the beginning of its mythology in old Indian legends, and of its philosophy in Ionia, we saw that it passed through phases like those of the individual to its decrepitude and death in Alexandria.

'Then addressing ourselves to the history of Europe, we found that, if suitably divided into groups of ages, these groups, compared with each other in chronological succession, present a striking resemblance to the successive phases of Greek life, and therefore to that which Greek life resembles—that is to say, individual life.'

Looking at the successive phases of individual life, Professor Draper finds intellectual advancement to be their chief characteristic. The anatomist discovers that the human form advances to its highest perfection through provisions in its nervous structure for intellectual improvement. In like manner the physiologist ranks the vast series of animals now inhabiting the earth in the order of their intelligence. The geologist declares that there has been an orderly improvement in intellectual power of the beings that have successively inhabited the earth.

The sciences, therefore, join with history, infers Professor Draper, in affirming that the great aim of nature is intellectual improvement ; intellectual improvement in the individual, and hence, man being the archetype of society, intellectual advancement in the race.

'What, then, is the conclusion inculcated by these doctrines as regards the social progress of great communities ? It is that all political institutions—im perceptibly or visibly, spontaneously or purposely—should tend to the improvement and organization of national intellect. * * *

'A great community, aiming to govern itself by intellect rather than by coercion, is a spectacle worthy of admiration. * * * Brute force holds communities together as an iron nail binds pieces of wood by the compression it makes—a compression depending on the force with which it has been hammered in. It also holds more tenacious

ly if a little rusted with age. But intelligence binds like a screw. The things it has to unite must be carefully adjusted to its thread. It must be gently turned, not driven, and so it retains the consenting parts firmly together. * * *

'Forms of government, therefore, are of moment, though not in the manner commonly supposed. Their value increases in proportion as they permit or encourage the natural tendency for development to be satisfied.'

Intellectual freedom should be secured in free countries, adds Dr. Draper, as completely as the rights of property and personal liberty. Philosophical opinions and scientific discoveries are entitled to be judged of by their truth, not by their relation to existing interests.

'There is no literary crime greater than that of exciting a social, and especially a theological odium against ideas that are purely scientific, none against which the disapproval of every educated man ought to be more strongly expressed. The republic of letters owes it to its own dignity to tolerate no longer offences of that kind.'

'To an organization of their national intellect, and to giving it a political control, the countries of Europe are rapidly advancing. They are hastening to satisfy their instinctive tendency. The special form in which they will embody their intentions must, of course, depend to a great degree on the political forms under which they have passed their lives, modified by that approach to homogeneity, which arises from increased intercommunication.'

In an all-important particular, concludes Dr. Draper, the prospect of Europe is bright. It approaches the last stage of civil life through Christianity. Universal benevolence cannot fail to yield better fruit than has been secured in the past. There is a fairer hope for nations animated by a sincere religious sentiment, who, whatever their political history may have been, have always agreed in this, that they were devout, than for a people who, like the Chinese, now passing through the last stage of civil life in the cheerlessness of Buddhism, dedicate themselves to a selfish

pursuit of material advantages, who have lost all belief in a future, and are 'living without any God.'

The large space given to the statement of the purpose and drift of 'The Intellectual Development of Europe,' will allow only a brief consideration, in this paper, of the two great points presented by its author. These are, the question of the relative value of moral and intellectual truths in the progress of the human race; and the nature of the law of individual and social development. Both Professor Draper and Mr. Buckle affirm, and endeavor to support the affirmation with array of proof, that intellectual truths are more important and more concerned in the march of society, in the advancement of mankind, than moral ones; and both conclude that the great object of life, its final achievement, is intellectual culture and mental unfoldment in the individual and in the race. To the consideration of these points we will, therefore, direct our attention.

The social, political, religious, and scientific development of the world proceeds under the operation of two grand antagonistic principles. One is the principle of Unity. The other that principle which is the opposite of unity, which we will call Individuality. The first tends to bring about coöperation, consolidation, convergence, dependence; the second to produce separation, isolation, divergence, and independence. Unity is the principle which tends to order; Individuality to freedom. The desire of order is the animating sentiment of conservatism. The love of freedom is the vital essence of progress. Unity is the static, and Individuality the motic force of human society. Both are inherent in the nature of things, and equally important as elements of a true social organization. Unity is allied to the affections, which are synthetic in their character; Individuality, to the intellect, which is mainly analytical,

critical, and disruptive in its tendency. Unity is predominant in religion, which is static in its nature; Individuality, in science, which is primarily disturbing. In the distribution of the mental faculties, Unity relates to the moral powers, and Individuality to the intellectual; the former being, as both Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper have shown, more stationary in their character than the latter.

Unity is represented in social affairs by the institutions of community which tend to bind the people into a composite whole; Individuality, by the personal independence which liberates from the conventionalities of association and creates social freedom. In the religious domain, Unity is represented by faith, which is allied to the emotional or affectional nature, and is predominantly concessive, unquestioning, and submissive; Individuality, by the spirit of inquiry and investigation, which will only believe after intellectual examination and satisfaction. In political affairs, Unity is represented by the principle of leadership, seen, in its one-sided and imperfect form, in despotic or monarchical rule; Individuality, by the democratic principle of political equality. In science, the two principles have various analogues in different departments. In rational mechanics, unity is analogous to statics, and individuality to dynamics. In astronomy, unity to the centripetal, and individuality to the centrifugal force. Unity is allied to synthetical, and individuality to analytical chemistry. It will not be necessary to specify further analogies. These two principles are everywhere present throughout the universe; and it is through the mutual play of their opposite drifts, when rightly adjusted and balanced, that harmony is secured, as in the revolutions of the planets; while disharmony is the result, wherever it exists, of an undue preponderance, either of the tendency to unity, on the one hand, or of that to disunity or individuality, on the other.

In virtue of this analysis, looking at the question solely from the stand point of abstract science, we should affirm that moral truth, as the analogue or representative of the principle of unity, and as the converging tendency, was exactly the equal and counterpart of intellectual truth, the analogue of the diverging tendency, represented by the principle of individuality. To assert the contrary, would be equivalent to averring that dynamics were more important agencies in mechanics than statics; that the centrifugal force was more essential to the harmonious movements of the heavenly bodies than the centripetal, because the functions of statics and centripetal force are more stationary in their nature; or that the head was more important than the heart, which two parts are, in the human organism, the respective representatives of intellect and affection, the basis of moral power.

The truth, in relation to all these particulars, will appear on closer examination, if not already shown, to be this: *that the principle of Unity and the principle of Individuality must everywhere be represented in proximately equal proportions, in order to effect a just balance of conditions and to secure practical harmony.* Centralization and freedom must everywhere coexist, and be equally operative. Conservatism is as important to society as progress. Conservatism overbalancing progress, destroys society by stagnation, blotting out the individuality of the person and moulding men into machine-like uniformity; progress preponderating over conservatism, destroys the community by disrupting bands of association before new methods are sufficiently understood, and giving reins to a liberty whose untutored use can end only in anarchy and unbridled license. Conservatism and progress, the centripetal and centrifugal forces of society, each being equally balanced, will result in a harmonization of social interests that will cause community to move on its career as evenly as the planet

moves in its graceful orbit. So in every other department, wherever these opposite principles are equally adjusted by allowing each full play, there results perfect consonance and peace. Order and freedom in government; unity and liberty in church; individuality and mutuality in society; these are the elements, when alike operative, of security and success in their respective domains, in individual and social life.

To secure the highest state of civilization, it is therefore essential that there should be an equal activity of the intellectual and of the moral or (as they may be more appropriately called) the religious faculties: religion being, in its broadest sense, devotion—arising from a conscientious feeling of duty or obligation—to that which appears to the individual as the highest truth; and the faculties which are active in the exercise of this devotion being the moral or religious ones. Viewed as a question of abstract science merely, the investigation might be arrested at this point, with the conclusion that intellectual and moral agencies were both indispensable to the progress of humanity, and the right relations of society, and, therefore, equally important elements of social advancement. Additional proof will be given incidentally, however, of this general truth, in the consideration of the special case of the relative value of these agencies in the past progress of the nations.

It has been said that the development of the world proceeds under the operation of the antagonistic principles of unity and individuality. Unity, as a prior idea to individuality, which latter arises from the disintegration of that which was formerly one—had, historically, a prior development. The period of its paramount sway in the first grand division of time stretches from the dawn of history up to about the twelfth century, or to the beginning of the revival of learning. The principle of individuality then began to be active, and has guided the subsequent progress

of civilization. At no time, nor in any nation, however, has either one of these principles been entirely inactive. One or the other has *preponderated*, and thus given distinct characteristics to its age. It is to these preponderating drifts that reference is made in the foregoing division, as specially marking periods.

The opposite tendencies of unity and individuality, and their successive development have been somewhat vaguely apprehended by Professor Draper,—who has not, however, perceived them as *principles*,—and have furnished him with the periods into which he arbitrarily divides the progressive epochs of social growth. If we change these divisions into their proper order—an order singularly disarranged by this author—we shall have substantially the representative periods in the historical domain, of unity and individuality. The order in which these eras are placed in 'The Intellectual Development of Europe' is, 1, Age of Credulity; 2, Age of Inquiry; 3, Age of Faith; 4, Age of Reason; 5, Age of Decrepitude. It is evident, however, as partially shown by Mr. Buckle, that the age of inquiry is uniformly subsequent to the age of faith, and immediately precedes the age of reason. Comparing this distribution, moreover, with the one given by Dr. Draper of the five stages of human existence to which he makes it correspond, we find childhood given as the age of inquiry, youth of faith, and manhood of reason. The ages of inquiry and faith should, however, change places, in order to be congruous. In applying these periods to the history of Greece, the age of inquiry is made to extend from the rise of philosophy to the time of Socrates; and the age of faith to comprise the epochs of Socrates, Plato, and the Skeptics, up to about the time of Aristotle. But in any such division as Dr. Draper attempts, the age of faith should precede the rise of philosophical speculation, and the age of inquiry should include the era of ethical as well as of physical

investigation. In the application to European history a similar error is made. The age of inquiry is given as the epoch of the rise of Christianity and the establishment of the papal power; then follow the thousand years of the age of faith, the age of reason beginning a little before the time of Galileo. The time given to the age of inquiry should have been included in the age of faith, while the real European age of inquiry is the era of the restoration of learning, the development of modern languages, the invention of printing, and the Reformation, an era which Dr. Draper discusses in a chapter entitled: 'APPROACH TO THE AGE OF REASON IN EUROPE. *It is preceded by the Rise of Criticism.*' Certainly the epoch of the rise of criticism, of the Reformation, and of printing, is the age of inquiry, if any age is entitled to that name.

Changing then the places of the age of inquiry and that of faith, we shall have, so far as the grand or European division is concerned, the epochs of credulity and faith, both essentially stationary elements, included within the stage of the development of the principle of unity; and those of inquiry and reason, both mainly productive of change, within the period of the reign of the principle of individuality. Judging now solely from our knowledge of the nature of these opposite drifts, what should we expect to discover as the prevalent characteristics of their respective periods of supremacy? We should look, during the time in which the principle of unity was developing its powers, for the predominant manifestation of all those elements of progress which belong on the side of order, strength, stability, permanence, conservatism, community of interests, associative effort, uniformity in political and religious belief, moral activity; for all those elements, in fine, which tend toward the unification of social power and interests, and toward progress by coöperation; and we should expect a cor-

responding lack of tendencies of an opposite kind. On the other hand, during the era in which the principle of individuality predominated, we should be prepared to see a preponderating manifestation of all those elements which tend to freedom, change, disintegration of interests, antagonistic or competitive effort, diversity in political and religious belief, intellectual activity; of all those drifts, in short, which relate to the individualizing of social power and interests, and to progress by antagonism; with corresponding absence of the elements active in the preceding epoch.

Turning now to Dr. Draper's storehouse of historical facts, do we find our expectations realized or disappointed?

We discover that during the age in which the principle of unity was dominant, vast, magnificent, opulent empires existed, consolidated, stable, powerful, orderly; but whose subjects possessed comparatively no freedom, which resisted all effort at progression, denied to men political equality, and sought to prevent all desire of change. We see a religious organization which bound the people in a single faith by a common creed; which fostered a spirit of brotherly sympathy; kept alive the fire of holy zeal by pious ministrations; taught the universal brotherhood of the human race; cultured the emotional nature of its worshippers; sought to eradicate pauperism, to abolish slavery, and to inculcate practical humility, treating peasant and king as equals before God; endeavored to provide for the spiritual and material wants of mankind; to become the guardian of the weak, the educator of the ignorant, the rescuer of the vicious, the comforter of the sorrowing, and the strong hand of protection between selfish or brutal power and the lowly; which, however, resisted all efforts at intellectual freedom, shut its ears to the voice of science, strove to repress the rising desires of the soul and keep it in perpetual bondage and darkness. We behold, next, a social organ-

ization, in which, as a general rule, though with many exceptions, each individual held his fitting place, the station for which he was best adapted by natural character and training; in which each rank recognized its obligations of deference toward superiors, and of guardianship toward inferiors, and fulfilled, in the main, as they were then understood, the practical duties which these obligations created; in which the rich and powerful were the social fathers of the poor and humble, securing them from physical want and from the snares of designing men; but in which the spirit of independence was not alive, the dignity of labor was denied, the development which results from competitive struggles unknown, and education uncared for.

But the achievements of this stage of individual and social growth, those which stand out as the illustrious and characteristic features of the time, were its moral or religious accomplishments. The pages of history which detail the events of this epoch, are crowded with relations of heroic devotion to the individual's highest ideal of truth, not as occasional acts of life, but as the dominating purpose of existence; of loyalty to men and women of superior powers; of self-sacrifice for the welfare of others. The sentiments of Christianity, which appeal mainly to the heart, took fast hold on the emotional and affectional natures of a simple people not yet developed in their intellectual faculties. A sense of responsibility for his every action rested heavily on every person. Men shut themselves in dungeons, scourged their flesh, lacerated their bodies, inflicted all manner of torture on their frames, that they might purge away every evil desire, every wrong propensity, and conquer their material elements into submission to the spiritual. Deeds of lofty self-abnegation, rarely if ever known to modern days, were then common. Stern virtue, as virtue was then understood, was largely prevalent. The habits of life were devout,

reverential, careful of sanctities, solemn and austere. Individuals and community lived in the constant remembrance of being strictly accountable for the manner and actions of their lives. A moral and religious atmosphere pervaded society, such as our modern levity can little understand. An atmosphere which impregnated every living being who came within its scope, and hallowed their lives, so that the guiding and animating spirit of the day, among high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, was the conscientious desire of thinking, acting, and living as God wished and as their better natures approved; of being pure in their purposes and holy in their deeds, as purity and holiness were then conceived; of subduing and controlling their passions, and in all ways being devoutly scrupulous that everything they did was dictated, not by a desire to gratify a selfish impulse nor an ebullition of feeling, but by a conviction of duty under a sense of eternal responsibility to God.

The moral and religious grandeur of the age could not avail, however, for the highest purposes of civilization, in the absence of intellectual vigor and mental growth. Devotion itself made men bigots. Their love of God, unaccompanied by right views of human liberty, induced cruel persecutions. Humanity had no hope in such developments alone, grand as they were, and a new principle began its career, gradually supplanting the first. What does our historian give as the facts of civilization since the century preceding the Reformation, from which time the tendency to individuality has been predominant?

The great kingdoms and empires of the earlier days melted away under its influence. The divine right of kings, and the theory that power sprang from the ruler, gradually yielded to the democratic principle of political equality and the origination of power in the people. Civil liberty became the touchstone of good government, instead of cen-

tralization of power and consolidation. General eligibility to office grew into vogue in the place of the ancient mode, which practically limited the selection of statesmen and officials to a privileged class, comprising the largest and most cultured minds of the nation. Freedom, and consequent diversity, in thought, in speech, and in action, became paramount considerations to coercion and resulting uniformity in these respects. The functions of rule were step by step curtailed until they dwindled theoretically, and, to a large extent, in the most advanced countries, practically, into two only—the protection of person and of property. That government is best which governs least, came to be an axiom of political progress; and the paramount purpose of civil organization is beginning to be regarded, not, as under the monarchical sway, the preservation of order, but the liberty of the people.

In ecclesiastical affairs, we see the integrality of the church destroyed under the influence of the Protestant principle of private judgment, one of the first fruits of individuality. We perceive sects gradually subdividing into sects, until, instead of a unity of religious sentiment and a sympathy of religious action under the impulse of a common creed, an innumerable variety of religious denominations came into existence, each embodying different beliefs in diverse articles of faith, and refusing Christian fellowship with the others. In this transition the gain has been great, and the loss has been great. The human soul has been liberated to the light of intellectual truth, and emancipated from the bands of ancient superstition. The blessings of education, culture, mental development, and social expansion, have been accorded to the people. Gloomy asceticism has yielded to more hopeful views of life. Dark and depressing theological dogmas have received more cheerful interpretations; and the design of creation, the nature of man, and the destiny of human-

ity are seen in more alluring colors. The expectations of the future are no longer made terrible by visions of a dreadful God; but beneficence and goodness smile through all the purposes of a loving Father.

All this is gain, is strength, is progress. But what shall we say of that fierce spirit of religious antagonism, which resulted from the disruption of the unity of the church? Of that decline in power which can only exist by consolidation of effort in sympathy of spirit? Of the loss of that capacity through powerful organization to influence men, to perform vast deeds of benevolence, superintend the spiritual and material conditions of the indigent, provide for the comfort of the poor, check the encroachment of the strong on the weak, and hold community in respectful awe by the force of its moral and religious sentiments? The cultivation of the intellectual faculties released the nations from the domination of a narrow-minded spiritual power; but it caused men to forget, to a great extent, while in the hot pursuit of knowledge, that moral culture is equally as essential as mental. To the intellectual gain, during this period of development, we must add a corresponding moral or religious loss. We miss, in modern life, the ever-present, all-pervading, conscious sense of high individual accountability which directed the thoughts, controlled the feelings, and overshadowed the lives of the children of the former stage of progress. The activities of intellectual and material existence absorb the energy of our era, and leave little inclination and less strength for the cultivation and expansion of the deeper faculties of man's nature. In all that side of religious progress which comes from the inculcation of true ideas concerning God, man, human destiny, and human duty; in all which belongs to the *intellectual* side of religion, the side which enhances our knowledge of what should be done, we have far surpassed the nations and

the people of the past. But in all that pertains to the emotional, the devotional, and especially to the *moral* side of religion, we are far behind them. The animating spirit of life, under the predominating influence of the religious sentiment, was, as we have seen, a conscientious endeavor to live, in all ways, a life of purity, of virtue, and of implicit obedience to the highest dictates of truth, according to the understanding of truth which then prevailed. To do that which they deemed right, no sacrifice was too great, no labor too arduous, no suffering too severe. The deep, abiding, earnest, controlling spirit of the time, shone bright and glorious through all its ignorance, degradation, and superstition, a warning to our later and more cultured age, that the triumphs of the intellect are not all that is requisite for the final achievements of civilization.

The influence of the individualizing tendency is no more perceptible on the page of history, in political and religious affairs, than in the relations of social life. The gradual advance in political ideas, as relating to the liberty of the people, modified the oppressive trade-caste systems of the older nations, and wholly abolished them in the more advanced. Competitive industry introduced intelligence and self-reliance among the people. The doctrine of the equality of men elevated the spirit of the laborer, and dispersed, to a greater or less extent, as the doctrine made itself felt, that servile veneration which the lower classes paid to the higher; the essential dignity of labor is becoming acknowledged. To all these benefits, there have been, nevertheless, corresponding losses. Competitive industry has developed the mental faculties of the people; but has also left the ignorant and the weak still under the feet of the intelligent and the rich, while the recognition of the doctrine of social and political equality has eliminated from the community those distinctive classes who formerly consti-

tuted themselves the supervisors and patrons of the indigent, and the providers for their material wants. It is for this reason that the lowest orders of modern society exhibit relatively a condition of physical misery unknown to the poor of former times. So, while the inherent and native dignity of manhood has cropped out, under the impulse of this same idea of the equality of man, reverence for things to which reverence is due, respect for sanctities of whatever kind, deference to superior worth in any sphere—these and other virtues which belong on that side of truth which consists of the recognition of the inherent *inequality* of man in mental, moral, and spiritual characteristics, are rapidly disappearing, giving place to that spirit of dead-levelism so peculiarly illustrative of the prevalent sentiment in this country, and so aptly denominated ‘Young America.’

It is in the loss of this side of truth, this want of recognition of the inherent inequality in men, that one of the greatest elements of national power has disappeared. That individuals differ in their organization and capacities one from another, and are hence, in this respect, unequal, is a generally accepted truism. From this inequality it results that every man has some sphere in which he is superior to all others, and in regard to the concerns of which he should be the voluntarily recognized authority. But, except in the departments where men are entirely ignorant, and hence are forced to acknowledge the supremacy of others, there is, among the most advanced peoples, scarcely any recognition of this great truth of voluntary deference to those who are entitled to superiority. Persons of only ordinary capacities, who read the newspaper, but who otherwise have had little time or inclination for study, boldly argue abstrusest questions concerning military methods, political economy, theology, or ethics, with students and thinkers, without the slightest suspicion that they have no *moral* right to enter into

such a dispute, under such circumstances; their true position being that of learners. It is not wholly from a want of knowledge that such errors are committed. Men are mainly aware that *political* equality does not mean equality of faculties and of functions. This assumption of a parity which has no existence, arises in a large measure from a want of moral power; from a lack of that religious development, so prevalent in the first stage of progress, which made it possible to conquer pride, subdue egotism, cultivate humility, defer to superiority, and enabled the individual in all ways to accept cheerfully his proper position in society, and cordially to recognize that of every other, so far as he understood them. Political and social equality emancipate mankind from civil slavery, from social oppression, from the forced domination of assumptive aristocracies, from the pride of rank; they prohibit any imposition of authority which the individual does not willingly accept; but they do not lift one iota of that responsibility which rests upon every human being to honor the truth wherever or whatever it may be. Truth demands that we recognize our superiors, in whatever sphere we may find them, and eagerly avail ourselves of their advantages; that we recognize our inferiors, and give them, if they will accept, of our store. That we in America are no longer coerced into the acknowledgment of an assumed superior class, only renders our obligation of voluntary deference more binding. The selfishness and recklessness which the principle of individuality has developed in its course; the disregard of moral duties which it has engendered, promise only disaster and defeat to our national career, unless speedily counteracted by a development of the opposite tendency.

Finally, it is in the sphere of intellectual growth, with its resulting scientific achievement and material prosperity, that we must look for the greatest re-

sults of the period in which the principle of individuality has preponderated. It is needless to undertake to detail these here. Every department of human concern has felt their influence, and advanced under it. Through science, the world in which we live has been unfolded to our vision; the organism we inhabit made known; the history of the past revealed; and the destiny of our future forecast. To science, the offspring of intellectual activity, we owe our increased facilities for travel; the gradually accumulating comforts of life; extended commercial advantages; national growth; social amelioration; increased power over the elements; and rapidly accumulating wealth. To mental development we owe civil freedom, social culture, and religious liberty; commerce, invention, arts, education, enterprise. The principle of individuality still guides the development of our day; science is discovering new resources; and practical applications are introducing new elements of prosperity. The stage of unity has done its work; it gave us great elements of civilization, but not enough. The stage of individuality, now swiftly advancing to its close, has furnished magnificent contributions to progress, but could not achieve the highest point. We are passing into a third era, which shall combine the good results of each, and ultimate a nobler form of individual and social life.

Here, then, we may pause in our investigation and ask the conclusion. Have intellectual truths been more important in the past progress of the world than moral ones? Let us sum up. We have seen that the early ages of the world were dominated by the principle of unity; that during its career the moral agencies preponderated, while the intellectual were subordinated; that society, under the influence of these agencies, developed to a higher degree than subsequently certain elements, such as political order, national

stability, religious sympathy, moral responsibility, associative labor, deference, reverence, and others, absolutely essential to the highest well-being of a nation; that these elements, however, in the absence of those of an opposite or counteracting nature, had a morbid rather than a healthful action, and kept humanity in darkness and stagnation, being inadequate to all the requirements of social progress; that a new development then began, under the impulse of a new and opposite principle, which evolved precisely those tendencies the want of which had prevented the complete realization of the highest purposes of national life; such were intellectual culture, political liberty, social equality, religious freedom and others; that in the course of the development of these principles, likewise absolutely necessary to the complete organization of community, those which had been predominant under the operation of the drift toward unity, became dormant; so that the results of the second stage of progression were, practically, the same as those of the first, namely, the evolution of magnificent principles, which in the absence of their counterparts had not a healthful action, and were unavailable for the establishment of the highest civilization; and finally, we have seen, from the nature of the two principles, that neither is adequate, alone, to the inauguration of a true social order, neither to develop the indispensable requisites which belong to its opposite, but that in every harmonious organization both must be present, mutually functioning, interblending, and expanding.

This, then, is the answer: The moral agencies have tried to secure the highest social state without the aid of the intellectual, and have failed. The intellectual agencies have sought to secure the same object without the aid of the moral, and have likewise failed. There is no possibility of establishing this *desideratum* without the full and uninter-

rupted play of the moral faculties; no possibility of establishing it without the full and uninterrupted play of the intellectual faculties; both have been equal factors in the history of the past in an isolated way; both will be equal factors in a blended harmony in the history of the future. One is humanity's head, and the other humanity's heart. With the absence of either the nation is not yet come into its birth; it is still an embryo.

In this exhibition of the nature and tendency of the principles of unity and individuality, we have also the means of correcting the error into which Professor Draper has fallen respecting the law of human development. He, together with Mr. Buckle, has failed to perceive that the *static* forces are as important to human growth as the *motive*. He would reject the fruits of the stage of unity and be satisfied with the splendid achievements of the intellectual era. Dazzled by the brilliancy of this later age he is not conscious that in securing the finer results of our riper civilization, we have left in abeyance the deeper, sterner, and more religious elements of life. He would urge us onward in our merely intellectual career, unmindful of the lesson, which the pages of his own history logically teach, which the principles we have pointed out unerringly confirm, that intellectual development, religious liberty, civil freedom, social equality, unbalanced and unregulated by the centralization, consolidation, moral force, religious responsibility, and the tendencies which belong to the principle of unity, push irresistibly toward disintegration, and end inevitably in political revolution, national disruption, and social anarchy. Toward that goal the nations are now steadily setting under the operation of the tendency to individuality. In the direction which Dr. Draper points for success and prosperity are only disaster and despair: 'The organization of the national intellect' has been and will be fruitless, unless

accompanied by the organization of the national moral power. China has the former in an inferior and stunted way, without the latter, and is fitly described by the historian as passing cheerlessly through the last stage of civil life. Had she been less selfish, had she felt deeply the moral and religious obligation she owed to humanity, China had liberated the intellectual faculties to a complete freedom under the sanctification of the moral agencies, and added to that permanence, which is one of the chief factors of national success, the freedom which is the other.

The 'predetermined order of development' has not destined the peoples of the earth to the melancholy fate of China. The climacteric of the present stage of progress is rapidly approaching, is even now touching with its finger the startled nations. When it shall have passed, the world will enter upon the third and final stage of civil progress, in which the organized power, social order, moral grandeur, religious unity, and coöperative industry of the past epoch will be allied to the civil liberty, social equality, intellectual culture, and practical activity of the present. Under these combined influences humanity will start upon a new career, whose achievements in literature, in science, in art, in religion, in practical activities, will make even the vast accumulations of our modern day seem to the future historian insignificant accomplishments, 'a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.'

To the American student of history his own country presents, at the present time, a most mournful and convincing example of the inability of intellectual agencies to secure national stability or individual prosperity in the absence of moral strength. Here education has been general, mental activity great, and literary culture prevalent. Here, nevertheless, during half a century a giant wrong has held paramount sway; dominating the sentiment, dictating the

policy, controlling the action of the Government, and, at the same time, bending commercial interests to its purpose, giving the law to public opinion, and directing the destiny of the republic. Not to any want of knowledge has the reign of this tyrant been due. The slaveholding institutions of the South are mainly sustained by men of high mental development and large intellectual culture. The statesmen who staked the freedom of a race against the chance of political honor, were renowned for mental vigor. The people who turned a deaf ear to the cry of the bondmen, are celebrated throughout the world for their intelligence.

The weakness of the nation was not intellectual, but moral. The 'selfish pursuit of material advantages' had conquered, in the slaveowner of the South, and in the mercantile community of the North, the love of equity and the desire of right. Political ambition was stronger among the statesmen of the North, than the instincts of mercy or the sense of religious responsibility. Love of gain weighed heavier with the people of the United States than the love of God or of their fellow-men. In vain the voice of warning has been sounded. In vain has the republic been urged to love mercy and to do justice. The country lay in a moral lethargy, from which no gentle means could rouse it, and the dread thunderbolt of war was launched to smite it into action. Through humiliation and suffering; amid widows' tears and orphans' grief; through struggle and privation; by the stern baptism of blood, the nation is being awakened to its deficiencies, is being called to the development of higher virtues.

This latest lesson of history is solemn and impressive. Fruitlessly shall communities teem with material advantages and wealth; in vain shall peoples increase their industrial resources; futile the universality of education and the liberalizing results of intellectual growth; these shall endure but for a

season, as the glitter on the waves, un- and is practically active in securing
less the national life is grounded on the social welfare of the brotherhood of
religious devotion to the highest truth, man.



TREASURE-TROVE.

A DAY in the heart of summer,
A sky of that glorious hue
That dazzles and melts like the ocean,
In its fathomless, infinite blue !

The topmost leaves of the maple
Are stirred by a wondrous song,
That swells, and dies ; then rising,
Still clearer floats along.

Oh, where have I heard that music ?
Whence its familiar tone ?
The beauty that thrills it, trembles
Not in the song alone :

It dwells in sunsets, that deepen
In the glory and gloom of night ;
In waters that glance and sparkle,
In the hush of the lingering light.

Like the waves of a springing river,
That from silver fountains wells ;
Higher, and fuller, and sweeter
That liquid melody swells.

Oh, the haunting, dim-shadowed expression,
That sighs on the breathless air !
If ever a soul were in music,
A soul is thrilling there !

That song, with its burden immortal,
I heard it long ago !
I know its every cadence,
That quivers and pulses so :

I claim it, bird of summer !
That wondrous song of thine ;
Though thine its tuneful utterance,
Its melody is mine.

Then sing till, tranced in rapture,
 The day forgets to wane ;
 And the winds of heaven are silent,
 To hear that magic strain.

Sing till the pain of thy transport
 O'erpowers each dying tone !
 Thou canst not warble a measure
 That is not all mine own.



MATTER AND SPIRIT.

MR. EDITOR : In the July number of *THE CONTINENTAL*, I notice some editorial remarks upon a portion of my article 'Touching the Soul,' which appeared in the June number. For these remarks I am under obligation to you, as pointing out the looseness of my phraseology, whereby I have failed to convey the idea I intended ; for which looseness the only excuse must be that my mind was occupied more with the thought than with the expression, and the latter was so absorbed in the former as to have suffered in consequence. For it seems to me that the strictures are due to misapprehension of the position assumed.

To commence with the assumed operation of spirit on the material world, as seen in the action of nature : Does not the theory that the mysterious productive forces are in their own nature spiritual verge somewhat closely upon the dogmas of pantheism ? What else than this was the belief of the ancients, which placed a Naiad in every stream and a Dryad in every tree ? Does it not draw still nearer to Shelley's theory of a 'Spirit of Nature,' which was his God, creating, shaping, and pervading all things ? In a word, does not such a theory, in effect, place a god in every object ?

Spirit acts independently of God.

And here I would not be misunderstood. For though God, as the Author of all spiritual being, may be said to be the indirect cause of all spiritual action, since, if he had not created it, the action could not have resulted, yet He has created the soul to act upon its own promptings, and entirely independent of Himself, holding it, at the same time, to a strict accountability for all the deeds done in the body. To deny this, is to deny the whole doctrine of free-will agency, and with it that of all human responsibility, unless we go to the other and blasphemous extreme of branding with cruelty and injustice the entire system of revealed religion. In consequence, then, of this independent action of spirit, we see the soul of man constantly departing from its normal state, effecting evil as well as good, and guilty of action for which its Creator can in no wise be held responsible. And upon this simple fact hangs the whole system of future rewards and punishments. If now we consider this force which we have been discussing to be spiritual in its nature, it is not for us to draw the line between it and the soul of man. Spirit, so far as it touches our knowledge or experience, is one and the same thing the world over, differing only in degree of its qualities. If we concede to this force the status

of spirit, we must also concede to it that essential characteristic or faculty of spirit, *independent action*; and hence the Creator God could not be said to have any hand whatever in the works of this spiritual force—in other words, in the creation of any of the features of the physical world—further than in the original creation of the spirit which underlies and produces them. But this position is in direct variance with the teachings of Holy Writ, wherein we are told that He maketh every flower to bloom, every leaf to grow, and without Him not even a sparrow falls to the ground. In fact, upon almost every page of the sacred book is recognized and taught the fact of the direct intervention of God, not only in human affairs, but also in every work of nature, however minute and insignificant.

And as another result of this independent action, we should find this spiritual force, as in the case of the human soul, frequently departing from its normal state, deviating from the laws which now seem to control it, and multiplying so-called 'freaks of nature,' abnormal works in the physical world, calculated to derange the comfort of mankind and render all things uncertain and insecure. In a word, it would be in the power of such a force, or combination and opposition of forces, to turn the earth again to its original chaos. With such a belief, then, we must assume that God has delegated the care of the material world to other hands of His own creation, and left the comfort and well-being of humanity at the mercy of another spirit, no wiser and perhaps not even so far advanced in the scale of progress as itself.

But it seems to me that the mysterious productive forces of nature can in no wise be called spiritual. Certainly spirit 'animates, informs, and shapes the universe,' in the sense that all things are created and all agencies are kept in operation by an all-powerful God, who is

himself pure Spirit, but in no other sense; for God makes use of certain principles or laws to accomplish all things in this world of ours. That unknown force which vivifies the seed and produces the stalk, the blade, and the ear, which clothes the earth with verdure, and which underlies and induces all the works of nature, is not a thinking, reasoning spirit, like that which renders humanity godlike; but a principle—a law—a mere agency whereby the Almighty effects his designs, which is wholly controlled by him, dependent upon him for its very existence, and which in each individual instance ceases to be with the accomplishment of its end; a principle which humanity cannot comprehend, and with which human spirit can have no sympathy or connection except as it excites wonder and admiration. Under this view all the objects of nature are the products, not of spirit, but of law, which is itself the product of the one great Creative Spirit whereby all things are. Even if we admit that so subtle is the connection between the spirit and the law, the law and the material object, that matter may, after all, be said to be the work of and acted upon by spirit, yet it will be seen that even in this instance, spirit does not act directly upon matter, but only through certain intermediate agencies, of which more anon; while, in the matter under discussion, the direct action of spirit upon matter is assumed by the so-called spiritualists.

Again, in regard to the connection of the soul with the organized frame, nothing is better established than the mutual action and reaction between the mind and body. A volume of truth is contained in the simple and hackneyed phrase, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. A diseased frame is almost invariably accompanied by depression of spirits and a disinclination, if not an absolute disability for profound thought; and, on the other hand, a diseased mind soon makes itself manifest to the outer world in an enfeebled and sickly frame. The

merest tyro in medical science recognizes the fact that in sickness no medicine is so effective as cheerfulness, hope, and a determined will; while not unfrequently the direst evil against which the physician has to contend is despondency. And many other instances might be given of this mutual action, which are unnecessary in this connection, since the point is conceded.

Yet, as regards the outer world, it is nevertheless true that the soul cannot directly perceive material objects, but only through the agency of the physical senses. In the matter of sight and sound, the atoms of the elastic medium must first make a material and tangible impression upon the eye and ear, which impression is conveyed by the nerves to the brain, where all human knowledge of the mystic process ceases. We only know that there is an intimate connection between the nerves and the mind established in the brain—which is the fountain head of both—whereby the mind receives this subtle impression and thereby becomes cognizant of the object which is its original cause. The same thing is true of all the other senses. Destroy now any one of these bodily senses, and the soul at once becomes dead to all that class of impressions which before were conveyed through that medium. Destroy the sight, and the mind can have no cognizance whatever of material objects save through the sense of touch—for our knowledge of matter through the senses of hearing, taste, and smell, is one of experience alone, which, aided by sight and touch, has taught us in the past that where sound, taste, or odor exist, there must be matter to produce these impressions. Destroy, then, if it were possible, this sense of touch, and our absolute perception of objects is entirely lost—the connection between the outer world and the perceptive faculties of the mind is dissolved forever. The truth of this position is seen in the fact that in a swoon, when all the senses are benumbed, the

mind is utterly unconscious of its surroundings.

Again, to go to the other end of the chain—admitting that the force which resides in the material points and produces the vibration in the elastic medium is spiritual in its nature, do we not find that this force never produces an impression upon the senses, and through them upon the mind, except through the intermediate agency of a material object? The object itself must exist before the force can act, and hence arises our confidence in the evidence of our senses. Were it otherwise, indeed, our whole life would be one of uncertainty, of innumerable deceptions, a mere wandering about in a mist of delusions worse than those of a maniac. And if this force could act upon our perceptions without a material point in which to reside, is it not reasonable to suppose that it would occasionally so do, and that we should sometimes perceive effects for which we could find no cause in the material world—no connection with matter? Yet in the whole range of human experience no such thing is known. Even the phenomena which we call optical illusions arise from certain derangements of the atomic particles of the medium through which the impression is conveyed.

From this course of reasoning two plain deductions arise, either of which is disastrous to the spiritualistic theory. For if we deny, as I have done, that this hidden, mysterious force is spiritual in its nature, we have in all our knowledge and experience no *instance* of the direct action of spirit upon matter. While, if we *acknowledge* that fact, we have still no instance of spirit so acting upon the medium through which we receive our physical perceptions as to produce an impression through the senses upon the mind, without the intervention of a material point.

Is it reasonable, then, to suppose that in this our age, for the first time, a single solitary manifestation of this supernatural power should occur, as claimed

by the spiritualists, unaccompanied by any analogous contemporary or corroborative fact of the same or of a different nature? To admit this is to admit one of three things: 1st, that both the physical senses and spiritual constitution of humanity have undergone a sudden and wonderful change; 2dly, that the Almighty has entirely altered his mode of communication with mankind; or, 3dly, that the whole world of spirits has been let loose to wander at will over the universe and space!

But admitting, as all must do, that there is in each individual human organism an intimate and mysterious connection, through the nerves and brain, between the spirit and the senses, the fact that this is the only known connection, direct or indirect, between matter and spirit, seems to me to argue that there is no other perceptible one. For, if there were any such, designed in any way to affect our perceptions, mental, moral, or physical, would it not, in some one of its phases, have been made manifest through all the past ages of the world? That such a connection has never been discovered is proof sufficient that no such was ever intended by the Supreme Being to affect mankind in any way, *unless* we admit that the spiritual and religious necessities of mankind, and, in fact, the very constitution itself of human spirit, are entirely different from what they have been in the ages gone by, and require not only a different pabulum, but also a different mode of dealing at the hands of the Almighty: in a word, that the very essence of religion is progressive.

If these positions be correct, the discussion is narrowed down to the consideration of the relations of the spirit as connected with the organized frame. And this brings us to another very natural deduction.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the wonderful clock whose inventor was blinded by the order of his sovereign, that he might not be able to re-

peat his work for any rival power; and how, many years afterward, when the memory of his person had passed away from those who had known him in his younger days, he groped his way back to the scene of his former labors, and, guided by a lad to the tower which enclosed the already famous work of art, under pretence of listening once more to its chimes, he suddenly, with his scissors, severed a single small wire, and the wonderful performances were closed forever. No artist thereafter could be found to restore the work, for none other than the inventor was acquainted with its mechanism, or could discover the secret of its operation. And so it remained a silent monument to the ingratitude of a sovereign and the revenge of a victim of the most barbarous cruelty. And yet the principle was still there uninjured, and as capable of operation as ever before, yet forever dead to that complicated mechanism, since the single connecting rod was severed which bound the idea to its only means of action—the immaterial to the material—the soul to the body. The mechanism too was as perfect as ever, in all its constituent parts, but forever silent and inoperative from lack of connection with the idea upon which it depended. Side by side lay the principle and its means of manifestation, separated only by the infinitesimal portion of space which divided the parts of the broken wire, yet as effectually separated as if worlds had rolled between them. Unite again these slender fragments, and both would again spring to life, unimpaired in their workings, and as brilliant as ever; but without this restoration both must remain forever dead.

Even such is the connection between the soul and body. A system of slender wires—more slender by far than the most attenuated thread of human construction—connects the more than ethereal spirit with the wonderful mechanism of the human body. And so long as this intimate connection is maintained

intact we have the living, breathing, reasoning being, the image of his Creator, the most wonderful manifestation of Almighty power. But once these slender wires are parted, and the soul separated from the body by death, the relation of that man's spirit with the material world is dissolved forever. The senses of the body are the only medium through which the soul can act upon or receive impressions from the world of matter, and between them and it, once so intimately associated, there is now a great gulf fixed—the gulf which separates time from eternity. Henceforth the body, deprived of the life-giving principle, its end accomplished, which was only to serve as a temporary dwelling for the soul in its time of trial and probation, goes swiftly to decay, and returns to its original dust. But the soul lives on for another world and a different stage of existence, entirely free from the trials and sufferings and sorrows of this. Its mission here is fully accomplished, and it has nothing further to do with the material. Only that Almighty Power which created it can restore its association with a perception of matter, and that by reuniting the broken chord—the silver chord which bound it to its prison walls of clay. Henceforth it is to deal only with pure spirit and as pure spirit; it has a nobler destiny before it, and higher and more glorious objects to employ its powers and engross its emotions and affections than any that earth can afford; and to maintain that it can again return and mingle in the affairs of a sordid world is to degrade it from its new and more glorious eminence—to drag it down from the sublime, the eternal, and the god-like, to the insignificant, the ephemeral, and the human.

Yet it is not to be assumed that matter and spirit are *opposed* to each other in any other respect than that of constitution—of construction, if the term is allowable. As in color white and black are the opposite extremes of a long line of causes and effects, and as

one is the synonyme for utter absence of the other, so, and so only, are matter and spirit opposite poles to each other; and we frequently use the terms ethereal, *spiritual*, to denote the strongest contrast to the substantial, the material. And so, in just the degree in which any object departs from the substantial and lacks the properties of the material, do we say that it approaches the spiritual. Yet, even as in nature we find not only objects, but even forces, of entirely different and even opposite origin and construction working in perfect harmony, so matter and spirit may exist together, and work in harmony, though acting independently of each other, and incapable of producing upon each other what, for lack of a better word, we may call physical effects.

It was not attempted, in the article referred to, to disprove the phenomena of spiritualism by the above mode of reasoning, but simply to deny and disprove the intervention of the supernatural in their origin—to show, in fact, that disembodied spirit can by no possibility have anything to do with their production. That the phenomena certainly exist is not to be denied, and the only question which puzzles the philosophical mind of the age is whence do they arise. If these manifestations are due to the tricks of legerdemain, it is certain that the jugglery is so cunningly devised and skilfully executed as hitherto to have baffled the detective ingenuity as well as the deep wisdom of the most profound minds of the age. Philosophy is no nearer the solution of the question than at the beginning; yet as the process of inquiry goes on, there is little doubt that the investigation will develop the little knowledge now possessed, and perhaps bring to light new facts in regard to the relation between matter and spirit as it exists in the body. Possibly it may some day, in the far future, be discovered that these phenomena are due to some at present undiscovered connection between the mind and will of the

medium and the material objects of his immediate surroundings. At present man's knowledge of the properties and workings of the spirit within him is infinitesimal in quantity and degree, and, if this inquiry shall, by making humanity better acquainted with its immortal part, open new paths of research to human intellect, and add to the world's comparatively slender stock of knowledge of spiritual things, or of the natural forces which are constantly working around and within us, then will spiritualism, with all its errors and its dangerous tendencies, prove to have been one of the blessings of this age.

And, in passing, it may be well here to mention an incident, for the truth of which the writer can vouch, and which may, perhaps, throw some light upon this vexed question, or give a clue to some earnest searcher into the cause of this mystery.

A gentleman, being for the first time in his life in the city of Cincinnati, where he had not a single acquaintance, and having long been anxious to test this spiritualistic second sight, on the evening of his arrival muffled himself closely and attended a 'circle.' Summoning the spirit of a distant relation long deceased, he inquired first into his name, age, and residence; all of which were given correctly. Not a little startled with this result, he proceeded with his inquiries, and elicited the following information in regard to his family, viz.: that two of his brothers, named George and Henry, died before his own birth; that of these two George was the elder, but Henry died first. Astounded at the accuracy of these replies, he waited to hear no more, but at once left the circle, with his own faith quivering in the balance.

On returning to his home, he related these circumstances to an elder sister, within whose recollection the birth and death of these children had occurred. She listened attentively to the close, and then quietly informed him that both the spirits and himself were in

error, for that Henry was the elder and George died first. As these questions of age and date were the strongest points made by him in his spiritual consultation, and the points most relied upon to test the accuracy of the replies, this revelation at once upset all his doubts and fears, and restored him again to the faith of his fathers. He himself had always believed the facts to be as he had heard them from the medium, they having, by some means, been reversed in his mind in the absence of any other knowledge in the premises than that derived from hearsay, and that too long gone by.

Now, in this instance, the mind of the medium was clearly *en rapport* with that of the inquirer, and hence all the errors of the latter had been closely followed. The facts were given not as they really were, but as they existed in the mind of the inquirer. In other words, his mind was read by the medium as an open book. And while, in this case, this close copying of error at once precluded the idea of supernatural agency, the facts are interesting as furnishing a new line of inquiry, by showing that, in this instance at least—and if in this, why not in others?—the phenomena of spiritualism were closely allied to those of clairvoyance and mesmerism, and that the path of investigation into all these mysteries may be pursued by one and the same course of reasoning.

But whether the cause of these mysteries is to be found in jugglery, in some subtle connection between mind and matter, in animal magnetism, or in any other of the thousand new branches of natural or mental science, it must in the end be found—if found at all—to depend upon purely natural laws—laws fixed and undeviating in the very constitution of things, and which would have worked as well a thousand years ago as to-day. The supernatural is entirely excluded from the investigation, for that is a world beyond humanity's ken, into which no mortal may peer.

If the world of disembodied spirits have any connection whatever with these wonderful and mystical phenomena, the question must ever remain as perplexing and mysterious as it is to-day.

But human intellect is progressive. Age after age brings man nearer to the comprehension of the myriad wonders that surround him, though he must ever remain, while fettered to the earth and blinded by the body, unable to grasp and comprehend the Infinite. And the time will come, perhaps not in this age, nor even in its successor, when this perplexing problem shall be solved, and the hidden truths of to-day be as clear as the noonday sun.

And if not here, then hereafter. 'Ah! that hereafter! how much of spiritual knowledge it involves! how much of manifestation of eternal truth and clearing up of mysteries! Into what a sea of knowledge does the spirit glide when it departs from the body! Every wave in that illimitable ocean of space is freighted with wisdom, every sound is the tone of undying truth, every breath is redolent of divine wisdom. We wonder now at the wisdom of the sages of our own and of ages gone by—at the learning, the profundity, the astonishing acquirements of the Newtons, the Lockes, the Bacons, the Franklins, and the Humboldts. But when we shall stand, in all the nakedness of pure, unfettered spirit, within the confines of the spirit land, and gaze with all the clearness of unveiled spiritual vision upon the wonderful mechanism of the universe and of the spirit world; when we see—as we shall see—laws and principles, and even abstract truths, as plainly as we now look upon the material objects around us; when, indeed, nothing shall be hidden from our view, and questions which are now too intricate for the wisest minds to solve, and others which are now too profoundly mysterious for human intellect to comprehend or even conceive, shall seem as axioms which need no argument, and which a child can perceive; when,

finally, the mysteries of God himself are revealed to our progressive souls, then how contemptibly insignificant will appear the learning of the wisest of earth's sages! how infinitesimal the wisdom of Solomon himself! For to such knowledge we must and shall attain; knowledge wisely barred from our attainment in this earthly existence, lest in our presumption we should rebel against God, and, like Lucifer of old, endeavor to make ourselves equal to Him who is the Author of our spiritual being. Yet in every soul is implanted a yearning for this forbidden knowledge, an undying thirst, which can never be satiated in this life, for but a single draught of that wisdom and truth which flows like a sea about the great white throne. And it is this which makes me comprehend how even an unregenerated soul—and how much more the Christian—can long for that which we call death, but which is but the initiation into the mysteries of the Beyond. It is this which, even aside from religious aspirations and fears, wraps our departure in an awful sublimity. To die that we may know—to give up the transitory, the perishing, the earthly, that we may grasp the all-enduring, the imperishable, the divine; to pass from blindness to far-stretching, unimpeded sight! to be able at a single glance to count the very stars of heaven, and to see the network of laws which bind them in their places, and control, not only their motions, but the minutest particulars of their internal organism; and, above and greater than all, to comprehend the relation between the soul and its God. Here is an existence worthy of spirit which is the image of its God—an existence which will give full scope for the exercise of those faculties which can only act so feebly here—the only existence for which any soul should pine. Strange that humanity should so shudder at the thought of death! And stranger still, that the searcher for wisdom should not seek it in the preparation for that

future life where alone true wisdom can be gained.

And as for questions such as this which we have been discussing, it is, after all, enough for us to know that all will some day be revealed; enough for us to know that there are other duties incumbent upon us, other interests more vital to our spiritual well-being, than that of peering into these hidden mysteries, which do not at all concern our present existence, which do not promote our present or future happiness, or help us forward on our eternal road.

EGBERT PHELPS.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.—Our contributor, under this title, has entered upon a boundless field of speculation, in which we have no thought of following him to any considerable distance. A metaphysical discussion of this character would scarcely be appropriate to the pages of *THE CONTINENTAL*; and our readers would doubtless find the controversy uninteresting, if not altogether unprofitable. We, however, cheerfully insert the paper offered by Lieutenant Phelps, on account of the spirit of earnest piety and love of truth which seem to pervade it; and we shall confine ourselves here to the briefest possible comment which will enable us to make understood our grounds of dissent.

We demur to the suggestion that our ideas, as expressed in the July number, have necessarily any affinity to 'the dogmas of pantheism.' We then wrote thus: 'It is spirit only that animates, informs, and shapes the whole universe. Wherever law prevails (and where does it not?), there is intelligence, spirit, soul, acting to sustain it, during every moment of its operation.' Can any one seriously question the correctness, and even the entire orthodoxy of this statement? In truth, we do not understand that our contributor himself denies it absolutely, but only in a qualified sense, as we shall presently show. Of course,

it could be no other spirit than the Deity, to which our language would be applicable; and we do not see how it can in any way derogate from His attributes, to represent him as acting, by an exertion of spiritual power, to sustain and uphold his creation, during every moment of its existence.

Nor can we comprehend the pertinence of our contributor's disquisition on the great question of free will and necessity, as applicable to our ideas of the relations existing between mind and matter. 'Spirit acts independently of God,' says he. We might well question the truth of this assertion; but we may equally well admit it, so far as any inference may be drawn against the positions we have assumed. The question is not whether the soul of man is compelled to action according to the law of its creation, or is permitted by spontaneous choice to follow its own independent will. This is not the point of disagreement; for we have expressed no opinion on this subject, nor upon any other which involves it. On the contrary, we took the question to be simply whether there can be, in the nature of things, any relations of reciprocal influence and mutual coöperation between mind and matter. If this be not the question at issue, both our contributor and ourselves are engaged in a fruitless attempt to enlighten each other. We are well aware that his digression from the main argument to the disputed question of free will, is made for the purpose of attempting to show that all spiritual agency must be like that which he claims for the soul of man—that is to say, it must have a free will, 'constantly departing from its normal state,' acting irregularly and according to the freaks of its own spontaneity. And because there is no such caprice and irregularity in the operation of the laws of nature, the inference is drawn that they cannot be the evidences of spiritual power, in the forces which they govern.

Upon this point there seems to be a

radical difference of understanding between our contributor and ourselves. Be it pantheism, or whatever any one else may choose to call it, we entertain the very simple belief that the ultimate laws of nature, impressed upon the material world, are nothing less than the direct power of the Almighty upholding the universe, and controlling all its operations throughout all time from the origin of the creation to its end, if it shall have one. We cannot look upon the system of nature as a piece of machinery, wound up and set a-going, and destined to run its appointed course, with only an occasional glance of its Author to interfere with its regular working. We do not suppose that this constant exercise of power imposes any burden upon the Author of the creation; nor are we conscious of any diminution of his glory, or any denial of his absolute personality, when we consider him as being ever present in all his works, 'animating, informing, and shaping them,' by the perpetual exertion of his omnipotent will.

We do not, by any means, understand our contributor as denying the agency of the Almighty in the establishment of general laws; but his view of the subject is totally different from ours. If we have not misconceived his meaning entirely, he considers the laws of nature as something independent of the operations which they control—a *tertium quid* interposed between the creator and his work. God is the author; law is the active agent; and material changes are the results. Law is not spirit; and therefore matter is not moved and controlled by spirit. We entirely disclaim any want of respect for our contributor and his thoughts; but we must express our surprise that he should resort to this clumsy and unphilosophical theory, in order to deny the direct agency of spirit in the operations of nature. Law is not separate and distinct from the phenomena which it regulates. It is only a rule or principle, as he him-

self admits, 'which ceases to be with the accomplishment of its end.' This rule or principle, which implies intelligence and will, must be in the mind of the Author, who operates in accordance with it, and not in the mere matter whose changes it controls. Yet our author strangely says, 'all the objects of nature are the products, not of spirit, but of law, which is itself the product of the one great Creative Spirit whereby all things are.'

But let us admit that this extraordinary theory is sound, and that LAW is the active agent which controls all physical phenomena. Now this thing, called LAW, must be either spirit or matter, or a compound of both. If it be spirit, then it acts upon matter directly; if, on the contrary, it be itself matter, then spirit acts upon it; and, finally, if it be a compound of the two, then it affords still stronger evidence of reciprocal effects, which are decisive of the whole question in dispute. We are conscious, however, that this reasoning is almost puerile; for laws are mere abstractions, and not actual entities. They indicate the mode in which causes produce effects; in other words, they are signs of the intention and purpose with which the Great Spirit carries on all his mighty works.

It is hardly necessary, in order to sustain our position, to follow the steps of our contributor, in his attempted investigation of the mode of communication between the human soul and the outer world, through the senses. Many of his ideas might afford ground for interesting comment. But the point in dispute is too distinct and circumscribed to require many words for its elucidation. It is sufficient to say that in the process of perception through sensation, there must be some point of contact, at which the mind and the material object perceived by it are brought into the relations of mutual influence. Whenever a material object is cognized, there is a direct effect of matter upon the mind. And so, like-

wise, in every case of voluntary muscular exertion, the mandate of the will is communicated through the nerves, and the spirit thus acts directly upon matter. No refinement of theory will avail to get rid of these obvious facts; for, whatever intermediate agencies may be imagined by way of explanation, they leave the ultimate truth indisputable, that in some mysterious way, spirit and matter do effectually operate upon each other.

We are in no degree committed to the doctrines of modern spiritualism, and we shall not take issue with our contributor in his vehement protest against the belief that disembodied spirits ever visit 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day,' and make themselves known to living mortals. An orthodox Christian, however, might have some hesitation, in view of certain passages of Scripture, in utterly denying the *possibility* of such phenomena; and every reader of history and student of philosophy might well exclaim with Tennyson:

'Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walked when wrapped in clay?'

But we are quite as far from having asserted the existence of such preternatural phenomena, and we shall surely not attempt to establish facts of which we have no experience whatever. All that we have done has been merely to question the validity of that curt and summary argument, which assumes that matter and spirit are incapable of acting upon each other, and in this way cuts off all investigation.

We were somewhat disappointed and discouraged as we followed our contributor into that passage in which he seems to think that after death, the soul of man is removed beyond all knowledge of material things, and becomes incapable of ever perceiving their existence. It is true, this is but the logical deduction from his premises;

and yet we felt some emotions of terror—some shrinking from that great and impassable gulf which he represents as then to be fixed between us and the objects of our life-long acquaintance—'the gulf which separates time from eternity.' But we were soon relieved; for in the conclusion of his article he waxes eloquent upon the higher faculties with which the soul will doubtless be endowed in its new state of existence, and with apparent unconsciousness of all inconsistency, assumes the very opposite of the whole preceding part of his argument. 'But,' he exclaims, 'when we shall stand in all the nakedness of *pure, unfettered spirit*,' 'and gaze with all the clearness of unveiled spiritual vision upon the wonderful mechanism of the universe,' etc. We might inquire of our author how, upon his principles, with merely spiritual vision, we can expect to behold anything so gross and material as the mechanism of the universe; but we overlook and forgive the apparent inconsistency—we are willing ourselves to be vanquished in the argument—for the sake of the noble idea that we may hereafter 'pass from blindness to far-stretching, unimpeded sight,' and 'be able at a glance to count the very stars, and to see the network of laws which binds them to their places, and controls, not only their motions, but the minutest particulars of their internal organism.' We are thankful, at all events, that, though matter and spirit may be so far apart in this our mortal state of existence, in the spiritual world, at least, we shall not lose all memory and knowledge of the grand material creation, of which we have learned so little here, but shall still be able, with even clearer vision, to perceive and comprehend the works of God, and, in the light of a nobler understanding, to adore the unfathomable wisdom which the Omnipotent Spirit has displayed in the arrangements of the boundless universe—the magnificent dwelling place of his creature man.

F. P. S.

EXTRATERRITORIALITY IN CHINA.*

HISTORY pays no more than a just tribute to commerce, when she accords to that agency important civilizing influences; yet it must be admitted that it has frequently pursued a tortuous course, has often been unscrupulous in the means that it has employed, and has not always been reciprocal in its advantages. Like religion, it has been used as an opening wedge to conquest. As the establishment of a factory in Bengal prepared the way for the battle of Plassey, so the founding of a mission in Manila led to the subjugation of the Philippines. Or as, in our day, opium breached the walls of China, so the Society of Jesus, by its labor in Anam, has caused the dismemberment of that empire. British commerce demanded for its development successive wars. Gallican religion exacts from each dynasty the employment of the sword as an auxiliary of propagandism.

These aggressions have been facilitated by the assumption, on the part of Christian powers, of the exemption of their subjects from local jurisdiction in Mohammedan and pagan countries. A factory or a mission is established, which, from the outset, is an *imperium in imperio*, and becomes a permanent conspiracy which soon finds causes of complaint against the government of the land in which, without invitation, its members have become domiciled. Essentially this is filibusterism, more dangerous because more insidious than an armed invasion; it has caused nearly all the collisions which have occurred in oriental and occidental intercourse. If, in the discussions that have arisen on eastern questions, this consideration of the subject had not been wholly ignored, the courses pursued by western powers would be even less defen-

sible than they have been made to appear. No one can arrive at correct conclusions on questions affecting China, Japan, Siam and other pagan states without an attentive consideration of the claims which those weak countries have upon us in view of their being compelled to join the family of nations, and render themselves amenable to international law, while they are debarred from the semblance of reciprocity.

Extraterritoriality originated in the Levant. The mercantile establishments that sprung up in Western Asia and Northern Africa, as Moslem power began to wane, partook of a semi-official character; being recognized as an appendage of the diplomatic corps of that country, it became the practice to accord to the trading Frank the exemption from local jurisdiction which was accorded to the official representative of his country.

This abdication of authority, on the part of those states, has been effected gradually, and the usurpation on the part of Christian powers has only been perfected and secured by treaty in our own day. Great Britain, in her treaty with the emperor of Morocco (1760), agreed that 'if there shall happen any quarrel or dispute between an Englishman and a Mussulman, by which any of them shall receive detriment, the same shall be heard and determined by the emperor *alone*.'

In the following year we find the sublime Porte, in a treaty with Prussia, jealously guarding Turkish interterritorial rights, stipulating that the Ottoman tribunals should take cognizance of cases arising between Prussian subjects and those of the Porte. All that the Porte was then willing to concede, was the presence of the Prussian consul

* The second number of a series of articles on Eastern Asia.

at such trials, and the privilege of adjudicating in disputes arising between his countrymen.

In the treaty between France and Algiers (1764), it was agreed that offences occurring at sea, should be tried by the French consul, when the offender was a Frenchman; and by the dey, when the offender was an Algerine. And, at the same time, in her treaty with Morocco, France merely secured the stipulation that 'if a Frenchman should strike a subject of Morocco, he shall be tried only in presence of his consul, who shall defend his cause, and he shall be judged impartially.' A French edict of 1778, in reference to the duties of consuls, alludes to trials occurring in Constantinople, which clearly admit interterritorial jurisdiction. The Republic, in 1801, also admitted that right on the part of Moslem states.

Algiers, in her treaty with Denmark (1792), expressly provides for jurisdiction over the Danes in her dominion.

Russia negotiated a treaty, in 1788, with the Porte, stipulating only for the privilege of exercising jurisdiction through her ministers or consuls, in cases of quarrels between Russians.

Spain was content, in 1784, to secure from Tripoli the presence in a Tripolitan court of a Spanish consul on the trial of a Spaniard.

Our own country uniformly conceded to Barbary powers entire jurisdiction over our resident citizens. The treaty with Morocco (1787) reads: 'When a citizen of the United States kills or wounds a subject of Morocco, or if a subject of Morocco kills or wounds a citizen of the United States, the laws of the country are to be followed; equal justice, and the presence of the consul, being alone stipulated for.' And in the treaty with Algiers (1816), we merely require that the 'sentence of punishment of an American citizen shall not be greater, or more severe, than it would be against a Turk in the same predicament.'

With Tunis there was the same un-

derstanding. Again, in the treaty of 1836, with Morocco, no claim is made for jurisdiction by us over our citizens; the presence of the consul at a trial being deemed a sufficient guarantee for an equitable trial; showing, that up to that date Morocco resisted the extraterritorial aggression to which the Ottoman power had already yielded.

So far as appears from Marten's *Recueil des Traités*, the Sublime Porte was the first to yield the point, suffering it to go by default, however, of exempting resident foreigners from local jurisdiction, rather than by a formal abdication of authority in a treaty. The earliest admission that we have met with, strange to say, occurs in the United States' treaty, negotiated with Turkey in 1830. 'If litigation and disputes should arise between subjects of the Sublime Porte and citizens of the United States, the parties shall not be heard, nor shall judgment be pronounced, unless the American dragoman be present. Citizens of the United States, committing an offence, shall not be arrested and put to prison by the local authorities, but they shall be tried by their minister or consul, and punished according to their offence, following in this respect the usage observed toward other Franks.'

With Persia, in 1856, we stipulated only that the American consul shall be present at the tribunal, when Americans are parties in a trial.

Our earliest treaty in Eastern Asia was negotiated in 1833, with Siam, with which power we agreed, 'that merchants of the United States, trading in the kingdom of Siam, shall respect and follow the laws and customs of the country in all points'—conceding not only interterritoriality to the fullest extent; but making it the duty of American traders to creep on all fours when in the presence of a high functionary of that kingdom, and to become orthodox Buddhists! Inadvertently, no doubt, going farther than Joel Barlow, who thought it expedient in his

treaty with Tripoli (1797) to insert a sort of disclaimer against Christianity, inserting in the treaty, 'the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion,' a sort of offset, in accordance with the fashion of the period, to the Austrian treaty of nearly the same date, which was negotiated in the name of the 'Most Holy Trinity.'

As regards Mohammedan countries, it is not likely that grave evils will soon arise from the exempting of foreigners from local jurisdiction; there is yet so much vigor in the government of those states, and so much vindictiveness toward the ghaour foreigners there will be deterred from those practices which render them a terror to the more servile people of Buddhist countries. But the extension of the principle to Eastern Asia has been extremely disastrous to the peoples of those countries, and has not been unattended by inimical reflex influences on the wrong doers of the West.

To understand the operation of extra-territorial jurisdiction, let us suppose the principle to be applied to ourselves. A European merchant or sailor inflicts corporal chastisement on one of our citizens in Broadway, and the prestige which the foreigner enjoys, precludes interference on the part of bystanders and police. If the New Yorker happens to be desirous of obtaining redress, he must first discover and identify the assailant, and next ascertain his nationality. [A Chinaman, in like circumstances, would find as much trouble in arriving at the truth, as if he were to attempt the investigation of the assailant's pedigree; he knows as little of our nationalities as we do of the forty tribes of Borneo.] Our persevering citizen succeeds at length in lodging a complaint at the consulate of the offender. The consul is perhaps a fellow merchant of the defendant, or head of the firm to which the offender is consigned. The complainant is accommodated with a blundering interpreter, and the case is

tried according to the foreigner's code, which, on such occasions, is endowed with more than wonted elasticity. If, contrary to all probability, the foreigner is convicted, the citizen has the satisfaction of seeing the foreign assailant placed in confinement on the consul's premises, or perhaps mulcted to a small amount; and with this administration of justice, he and his country must be content. Who does not see that such an abdication of authority on our part would lead to the perpetration of wrongs that would soon become unendurable, even if we were first to become a broken spirited people? And, considering the arrogance and recklessness of many foreigners in China, and the pusillanimous character of the natives, what can be expected but contempt and aggression on one side, and mistrust and finesse on the other? What but a chronic discontent, wholly incompatible with healthful commerce and peaceful intercourse, can be expected from such a state of things? Consider further that this occurs among a people of the highest antiquity, with a history and a civilization of which they are justly proud; who, in political and moral science, were in advance of Greece and Rome, at a time when those, whom they now designate 'barbarians,' really were so. When our ancestors were half naked savages, the Chinese were a polished literary people. In calling attention to this subject we do so, not less in the interest of our oriental clients than in that of our own lands; for our relations with the empire of China will, with the growth of our power on the Pacific, assume such importance, that good policy demands that we should avoid any course likely to render hostile such a large portion of the human race. Many years ago we deprecated Chinese emigration into California, on the ground that, as *prolétaires*, they would degrade labor, and leave that State without its most important element of strength; yet to the Chinese, in their

own country, we would pursue a conciliatory instead of a domineering course.

Hardly had the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope, when the Chinese, who had but imperfectly resisted aggression from neighboring countries, began to suffer annoyance from the 'barbarians from the Western Ocean.' At an early day the Portuguese established a factory at the mouth of the river on which Ningpo is situated. The factory became a colony, and the colony a little state. 'At the origin of colonies,' says M. Cochin, 'we find in general two men, a filibuster and a missionary. To go so far, one must have either a devil in his body, or God in his heart. When to these two men is joined a third—a ruler—all goes on well; the first subjugates, the second converts, and the third organizes.' All these went to work in China: as elsewhere, affairs went on well as regards filibuster, missionary, and ruler. Courts of justice, hospitals, seminaries, and military posts were established. Natives joined the colonists in large numbers, adopting the foreign dress, customs, and religion, without a moment's hesitation. If the Chinese had been as few in number as the Aztecs, a Portuguese dominion would soon have arisen in Cathay; but the raids made by the colonists, the slaying of villagers, the violation and carrying off of women, the cruelty and robberies of the Christians, became so intolerable that the whole region was aroused, and the colonists exterminated. From that period Europeans were rigorously restricted to the port of Canton, and the coast enjoyed quiet, except interrupted by an occasional buccaneer, until the present century, when the opium traffic brought violent men to every port.

The Portuguese were not the only sufferers from trespassing upon the soil of China. Twenty Japanese filibusters were boiled to death in the streets of Ningpo, by order of an envoy of their country, who then (1406) happened to be in Pe-

king. All their intercourse with foreigners seemed to confirm Chinamen in the belief that the barbarians were in their dispositions like wild beasts, unamenable to reason, and to be treated accordingly.

With feelings of mutual mistrust and hostility, commerce was long conducted by Europeans and Chinese at Canton. The question of foreign exemption from local jurisdiction only came up for discussion in cases of homicide; but in every instance the Chinese insisted on their right to punish the murderer. Foreign resistance to the claim was based only on the unwillingness of the Chinese to distinguish between killing by accident, in self-defence, or from malice. In the Chinese code such distinctions exist; but life for life was the inexorable demand when a native was slain by a foreigner; it was not, however, so much jealousy of foreign jurisdiction, as a desire of revenge, that actuated them, as was shown on many occasions. Whenever foreigners tried and executed one of their number for a murder of a Chinaman, the mandarins and people were satisfied. It was the practice of the local authorities to make a representation to the emperor to the effect that such trials and executions were in obedience to their orders, the foreigners being their submissive agents. The real difficulties occurred when an accidental or extenuating homicide took place, or where there was insufficient proof of the guilt of the accused. The condign punishment of those convicted did not meet the requirements of the Chinese authorities. They seized, and held as hostages, countrymen of the murderer, and demanded blood for blood, seeking not justice but revenge. The object was explicitly expressed by the emperor Kienlung, in an edict (1749): 'It is incumbent to have life for life, in order to frighten and repress the foreigner.'

Four years subsequent to the issuing of the edict of Kienlung, the Canton local government memorialized the em-

peror to disallow to foreigners the privilege of appeal, when sentenced to death. Except in times of insurrection no Chinaman can be executed until his death warrant is signed by the emperor. In compliance with that memorial, foreigners, guilty of homicide, were outlawed. It was formally announced that 'The barbarians are like beasts, and not to be ruled on the same principles as citizens. Were any to attempt controlling them by the great maxim of reason, it would tend to nothing but confusion. The ancient kings well understood this, and accordingly ruled barbarians by misrule. Therefore, to rule barbarians by misrule is the true way of ruling them.' It suited the purpose of European residents at Canton to descant upon the arrogance and inhumanity of the Chinese, as manifested by proceedings based upon those hostile edicts, while the provocations which explained and extenuated them were studiously concealed.

Considered apart from the misdemeanors of foreigners, the measures of the Chinese authorities justified the appeal to arms by the nation, whose interests were chiefly concerned in commercial dealings with that empire. The supremacy claimed by the Chinese over all countries occasioned frequent altercations between the mandarins at Canton and the English officers who were in charge of the East India Company's factory in that city. Hostile collisions were, however, comparatively unfrequent, owing to the authority exercised over all British subjects by the East India Company, that body having authority to deport any of their countrymen who acted disorderly. Their proceedings in that way gave a tone to the entire foreign community, and as intercourse was restricted to a single port, where the people were jealous, and mandarins vigilant, murderous affrays did not often take place; yet, when they did occur, the Chinese were resolute in claiming jurisdiction in each instance. In cases of assault, pecuniary recompense always

satisfied the complainant; and in business transactions mutual confidence in each other's integrity rendered official intervention unnecessary.

Thus, except in cases of homicide, the foreign claim of exemption from local jurisdiction was tacitly admitted, and no inconvenience followed. But where life was lost, even when both the murderer and his victim were foreigners, the right to try and execute the guilty was contended for, and in some cases admitted. Kienlung's demand of 'life for life' was always made, an innocent victim being not less acceptable than the real culprit. On one occasion (1772), when a Chinaman was killed in the Portuguese settlement of Macao, an Englishman, demanded by the Chinese, whom the Portuguese admitted to be guiltless, was by them given up, and by the Chinese strangled, to meet the claim of life for life. No regard was had for those who by accident caused loss of life. In 1780 a native was killed by the firing of a salute from an English vessel. The mandarins decoyed the supercargo and held him as a hostage until the gunner was delivered up. The innocent cause of the calamity was given up under a promise from the mandarins that he should have a fair trial, and that his life should not be endangered. He was immediately strangled. In 1821 an Italian sailor, in the service of an American merchantman, was the indirect cause of the death of a China boatwoman, who was by the side of his vessel. Trade was stopped until the poor man was delivered up; the committee of American merchants, in the examination of the sailor, protested against its irregularity. In sending the prisoner to be strangled, they said, 'We are bound to submit to your laws, while in your waters; be they ever so unjust, we will not resist them.' A plausible reason for a culpable act. They should have allowed the trade to stop, and quit the Chinese waters, rather than become parties to the murder of the Italian.

The abrogation of the monopoly of the East India Company, and the rapid extension of the illicit traffic in opium, caused a great influx of foreigners into China, who often forced their way to ports where intercourse was prohibited; these were among the causes which prepared the way for the war with Great Britain; but the question which precipitated that war, was one touching Chinese jurisdiction over contraband merchandise, smuggled into the empire in defiance of the efforts of the Chinese authorities to keep it out. Opium, the bane of their race, was stored up in the foreigners' vessels in Chinese waters. To obtain possession of the fatal drug, they placed the foreigners in duress. The opium war followed, and next the treaty of Nanking, which secured all that Britain desired, save the legalization of the opium traffic.

Neither in the treaty of Nanking, nor the supplementary treaty, was the concession of exemption of British subjects from local Chinese jurisdiction formally expressed. Security to British subjects was guaranteed, while the British Government stipulated that they should keep a ship of war at each port 'to restrain sailors on board the English merchant vessels, which power the consuls may also avail themselves of, to keep in order the merchants of Great Britain and her colonies.'

That the Chinese regarded the principle of extraterritoriality as having been conceded, was shown by their ready assent to the insertion in the American treaty of a clause formally abdicating sovereignty to that extent. Our treaty says: 'Subjects of China, who may be guilty of any criminal act toward citizens of the United States, shall be arrested and punished by the Chinese authorities, according to the laws of China; and citizens of the United States, who may commit any crime in China, shall be tried and punished by the consul or other public functionary of the United States.' Provision was made

for joint action between American and Chinese officials in certain cases. It was also stipulated that there should be no interference by the Chinese in any misunderstanding that might arise between Americans and people of other foreign countries.

In the third treaty—that negotiated by the French—foreign exemption from Chinese law was yet more explicitly declared: 'Every Frenchman, who harbors resentment or ill will toward a Chinese, ought first to inform the consul thereof, who will again distinctly investigate the matter, and endeavor to settle it. If a Chinese has a grudge against a Frenchman, the consul must impartially examine and fully arrange it for him. But if any dispute should arise, which the consul is unable to assuage, he will request the Chinese officer to cooperate in arranging the matter, and having investigated the facts, justly bring the same to a conclusion. If there is any strife between French and Chinese, or any fight occurs in which one, two, or more men are wounded, or killed by firearms, or other weapons, the Chinese will, in such cases, be apprehended and punished, according to the laws of the Central Empire; the consul will use means to apprehend the Frenchmen, speedily investigate the matter, and punish them according to the French law. France will in future establish laws for their punishment. All other matters, not distinctly stated in this paragraph, will be arranged according to this, and greater or lesser crimes committed by the French, will be judged according to French law.'

China, stunned by the blows so unexpectedly inflicted by the barbarians, whom she despised and thought herself able to exterminate, made no resistance to the demands made for extraterritoriality. As a Chinaman does not hesitate to commit suicide when excited and alarmed, so Tunkwang quietly acquiesced in terms which were fatal to the independence of his em-

pire. When, subsequently, the English demanded from the Siamese similar conditions, those people, although feeble and servile, could not easily be made to brook the degradation. Sir John Bowring, who negotiated the treaty with that state, says, in his *Kingdom and Prospects of Siam*, 'The most difficult part of my negotiation was the emancipation of British subjects from subjection to Siamese authority.' Who can wonder? The emancipation of the guests required for its complement the disfranchisement of the host! The fact that the Siamese were aware of the nature of the concession affords hope that they will succeed in averting some of its mischievous consequences. Subsequently the Siamese made the same concession to Americans, thus abrogating our former self-stultifying stipulation.

Mr. Urquhart, in his work on *Turkey and its Resources*, expresses the opinion that the Ottoman empire and the Barbary States have acted unwisely in exempting resident Franks from jurisdiction; on which Mr. Cushing, who negotiated our treaty, remarked, when attorney-general of the United States: 'It may be unwise for them; but it will be time enough for them to obtain jurisdiction over Christian foreigners, when these last can visit Mecca, Damascus, or Fez as safely and freely as they do Rome and Paris, and when submission to local jurisdiction becomes reciprocal.' When have Mohammedans or Pagans refused submission to rulers in Christian lands? As regards China, Christian travellers enjoy the same immunities there that are accorded to them in Europe or America—they are safe and free; it is not easy, therefore, to frame a valid reason for extraterritorial practice in that empire.

No less a jurist than John Quincy Adams, in a lecture on the British war with China, delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society (December, 1841), pronounced the cause of Britain 'righteous.' Mr. Adams, how-

ever, proceeded on the assumption that the real matter at issue was whether the assumption of Chinese supremacy should be admitted or not. He regarded the opium question as a mere incident in the controversy, and entirely overlooked the other question at issue, viz., the independence of China.

Let us now observe the operation of the extraterritorial policy. Besides Canton, four other ports were opened for trade, and the grant is made to England of full sovereignty of the island of Hongkong, commanding the entrance of the Pearl or Canton river. If the Chinese had been able to restrict its concession to the three treaty powers, England, United States, and France, the baneful consequences might have been easily controlled, for these countries immediately empowered their consuls to exercise jurisdiction over their respective countrymen. In one respect, Congress fully met the demands made upon the country by the position which we with others had assumed in China. Laws sufficiently stringent were enacted for the government of our citizens in that empire; but the consular system, that was inaugurated to meet the new order of things, was so defective, as to render those laws nearly inoperative. The salaries attached to these offices being totally inadequate, competent persons could not be induced to accept appointments; or, when accepted, they were relinquished as soon as the incumbent became fully qualified by experience for the discharge of consular duties. Having to act as a magistrate, some knowledge of law was requisite; and having peculiar diplomatic duties to perform, considerable knowledge of Chinese polity, history, and customs was needed. The consequence was, as regards Americans, such a lax administration of justice that our disorderly countrymen were not subject to due restraint; and as American offenders easily eluded apprehension, or escaped punishment, lawless British subjects often found it advantageous to claim to be

American citizens, insomuch as to cause irreparable damage to American character and influence. When the ports were first opened for trade, no people were regarded with as much favor as our countrymen; but since that period we have lost ground, and our influence has been greatly impaired through those causes.

The British consular system was made a service, its members being fairly remunerated and induced to make their occupation the profession of their lives; consequently the Government has at all times competent and reliable servants. British consuls, moreover, in their magisterial capacity were a terror to evil doers, the means placed at their disposal for repressing the unruly were ample; while the American consul, being unprovided with interpreters, and ignorant of the language, having no constable or marshal, clerks or assistants of any kind, and having no place wherein to confine a criminal, often failed to inspire respect.

It was, however, from the subjects of non-treaty powers that China was destined to suffer most from her concession of extraterritoriality. Men of every clime and nation claimed exemption from her laws. Vagabonds, whose government had no consular authority to restrain them, boldly defied the local authorities, becoming a law unto themselves. Lawless adventurers from the gold regions of Australia and California personated those nationalities; and the bewildered Chinese often despaired of success in distinguishing even the names of the nationalities they were called to encounter. When discharging consular duties in Ningpo, the mandarins frequently consulted us, soliciting information on this subject; they were apprehensive of offending one government or another, while seeking to afford protection to their own people.

One disastrous result of the war with England was the discovery by the Chinese of the impotency of their rulers.

No sooner had the lawless among them seen the ease with which a few foreigners dictated terms to the hitherto formidable mandarins, than they took to the sea as pirates. In a short space of time the coast became so infested by these marauders, that Chinese junks dared not put to sea without being under the convoy of a foreign, square-rigged vessel. A lucrative business soon sprang up in convoying. A foreign merchantman would sail in company with a fleet of junks, and by his presence intimidate the Chinese pirate. Gradually this business was monopolized by the Portuguese; the proximity of their Chinese possession, Macao, enabled them to fit out lorchas, or coasting sloops, which, being manned largely by Manila men, were able to serve as a cheap and effective navy for the Chinese mercantile marine. Enjoying exemption from all control, these armed, irresponsible lorchamen early began to dictate terms to the Chinese mariners, and in a few months the unfortunate Chinaman was puzzled which to avoid, the piratical junk or the buccaneering lorchas, the extortions of the latter being as damaging as the robberies of the former. He was no more at liberty to decline the protection of a Portuguese convoy, on the terms which the foreigner saw fit to impose, than to refuse the demands of the professed pirate.

The Chinese pirates, finding their occupation so much interfered with by their foreign rivals, turned their attention to the poor fishermen, whom they mercilessly plundered. Foreign protection was invoked; and the protection of this important branch of industry was committed to the unprincipled lorchamen. When junkmen and fishermen discovered that the extortions of the foreigner were damaging as the exactions of the native pirate, they tried to make terms with the latter; but it was too late. It was no longer optional with them to accept or refuse protection. Black mail was levied upon all with the method and certainty of a

revenue service. This was not effected without violence and bloodshed; but of this there were none to take cognizance. The outrages were perpetrated at ports or off coast, where there were no consuls. Hence anarchy reigned at all points beyond the precincts of the consular ports.

It is the nature of such a condition of things to extend; and it was not long before the lawless foreigners, chiefly Portuguese, but with a mixture of English, Americans, and all other nationalities, carried their depredations to the villages on the islands and mainland. Robbery and murder at sea were succeeded by like crimes on land. Whole villages were reduced to ashes; the men butchered, and the women violated; some being carried on board the lorchas and held to ransom. Chinese officials were slain on attempting to resist the corsairs. Much of our surgical practice in China was due to these piracies and forays.

Adventurers, who could not command a lorch, fitted up native boats, and hoisting some foreign flag, carried on like depredations in the estuaries and rivers. Others went so far as to open offices in the small towns for the sale of passes, which boats crossing from headland to headland were compelled to show, in order to escape from greater exactions when under way. Not a small part of the wrongs thus perpetrated were by natives attired in foreign habiliments and under foreign direction. Such was the fear entertained of foreigners, that a bold and unscrupulous man could do anything with impunity. Take the following occurrence as an illustration: At the mouth of the Ningpo river is a small village of salt makers, at which the salt commissioner stations a deputy. This officer, after having been cruelly beaten, was driven away by the Portuguese, who issued a proclamation authorizing their employes to collect the salt gabel in the name of the Portuguese consul!

It is proper to remark that the tran-

sition from the protective to the piratical character of the lorchas was owing in some measure to the fatuous procedure of the mandarins themselves toward a formidable body of pirates, whose submission they purchased by conferring ranks and emoluments on the chiefs, and by giving employment to the whole fleet, constituting them guardians of the coast. In transforming the wolves into shepherds, a change of occupation was not attended by a change of character. In their new capacity as legalized neccers, they came into collision with those of Macao; and what they lost as convoyers, they aimed to gain as pirates.

A general massacre of the Portuguese at Ningpo, by the Cantonese pirates, served to mitigate the evil by calling the attention of the English and Portuguese authorities to the anarchy which drew much of its support from Hongkong and Macao. The Portuguese were subjected to greater restraint, and a greater degree of order was thereby secured.

It is not easy to estimate the evil effects upon China of the possession of Hongkong and of Macao by the Portuguese. They are like corroding ulcers in her side. Imagine Bermuda and Nassau just off Sandy Hook, with every conceivable facility for smuggling into the port of New York; suppose the contraband traffic to be fatal to the health and morals of our citizens, as well as prejudicial to our revenue, and then extraterritorial privilege giving immunity to many of the foreigners' misdeeds; and the difficult position of Chinese authorities will be partially appreciated.

It was in part a question of jurisdiction that led to the second war with England—the 'lorcha' war. But for the assumption, on the part of the British, that the Chinese were in a measure a subjugated people, or not in possession of full sovereignty, they could not have again invaded China with any show of reason.

On the breaking out of hostilities there was a general demand, on the part of all mercantile powers, for the entire and unrestricted opening of the Chinese empire to all foreigners. At that juncture we felt called upon to remonstrate against such injustice toward an unoffending country. In a series of articles, published in the *North China Herald*, we attempted to show that an unqualified compliance with the demands of chambers of commerce and the press would be inimical to foreign no less than to Chinese interests: 'With one voice Christian nations demand the entire opening of China, and an extension of commercial advantages, regardless of Chinese rights in the matter. I believe that these rights cannot be infringed with impunity. China, it is true, must succumb before a requisite force; but the real difficulties of the aggressors will only then commence. Let us consider the consequences of an unconditional compliance with the demands of foreigners. You shall see the horrid barbarities, which have devastated the coast, reenacted in the interior. You shall see the adventurers, who shoot down Chinamen with no more malice or compunction than they shoot a pheasant, go further and travel faster than consul, merchant, or missionary. Murder, robbery, rape, and the like, will be common wherever the arm of authority is unfelt. Up her far-reaching rivers, along her interminable network of canals, on the surface of her broad lakes, through her every navigable water-course, China will be infested by desperadoes from all lands, scattering misery in every valley and throughout the great plain. Then will follow the assassination of the peaceful traveller; massacres, foreign intervention, blockades and wars, and the lasting impediments to commerce and civilization which these disorders engender.'

We proposed, as a check to the evil, a system of passports, limiting the privilege of travel or residence beyond consular ports to responsible persons—to

those who could give some guarantee that the privilege should not be abused. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, the allied plenipotentiaries, accepted the plan, and proposed it to the imperial commissioners. It is said that the commissioners eagerly seized the proposition, as, after the capture of Tien-tsin by the allied forces, they saw that submission was inevitable, yet durst not propose to the emperor unconditional acquiescence with the conquerors' demands, and represented the proposed passport system as a condition which they had imposed upon the barbarians. Thus they were empowered to negotiate the treaty of Tien-tsin, which averted a battle between that port and Peking, which neither party felt itself quite ready to commence.

About a dozen additional ports, some in the heart of the empire, are now open to the foreigner, and extraterritoriality obtains throughout the vast region subject to the sway of the Son of Heaven—which, with other corresponding causes, seems to be effecting the dismemberment of that hoary empire. The regimen to which the oldest of nations is subjected, is fast placing it in the condition of the 'sick man' of the Bosphorus.

As an evidence of the aggressive character of the foreigner, and of the desire of rendering extraterritoriality a means of subjugation, examine the claims set up within the past few months by mercantile interests. China, having surrendered her right over criminals in her territory, has been further called on to submit to British consular investigation and adjudication with the assistance of two assessors (British merchants), in all cases of seizure and confiscation by her customs authorities, whenever hardship or injustice is alleged—the custom-house officers to be cited before the consul to receive his judgment in the case!

Again, there is a foreign as well as a native Shanghai. This settlement, or city of foreigners, adjacent to Shanghai

proper, occupies a considerable space of territory, and is a place of great wealth. Its warehouses are palatial, it has beautiful public and private edifices, and is governed by a municipality chosen by property holders from among themselves. Its police, streets, piers, race-course, and all the appurtenances of a city, are admirably arranged. Nowhere, in the whole empire, is there so much security for life and property; hence natives, who can afford to hire, from foreigners, houses which have been erected on this conceded ground, are glad to do so; it has consequently become a place of resort for well-to-do natives, who thus become exempt from the extortion of the mandarins. Latterly the Chinese local authorities have undertaken to impose a tax upon these extraterritorial natives, which their foreign clients resist, although one of the reasons assigned by the mandarins, for the levying of taxes on their people residing in the foreign settlement, is an increase of expenditure consequent on the employment of the Anglo-Chinese flotilla.

Happily the British Government has refused to enforce the claims of the merchants, as regards the exemption of their contraband goods from confiscation; and Sir F. Bruce, the British ambassador, and Mr. Burlingame, the United States ambassador, have admitted 'that the so-called foreign settlement of Shanghai is Chinese territory, and that the fact of Chinese occupying houses, which are the property of foreigners, does not in any way entitle such foreigners to interfere with the levying of taxes by Chinese officials.'

No additional evidence need be adduced to show that, in exempting resident foreigners from criminal and civil jurisdiction, the Chinese have opened the way for endless complications, for ever-recurring aggressions. What are the duties of our Government and people with regard to the Chinese, in view of the position in which those people

are placed? We hold that it is not our duty to abandon the concession, which thus imperils the existence of the Chinese empire. It is not clear that if all nations, having intercourse with China, were to agree to renounce the privilege they have extorted, it would be best to suffer their people to trust wholly to Chinese tribunals for protection. Cases could not fail to arise demanding foreign interference, if foreigners were permitted to go to China at all. And since the re-sealing of the empire is out of the question, less evil is perhaps likely to accrue, as things now are, than by a change of policy. There is so little regard for human life among the Chinese, so much venality at the tribunals of justice, that foreigners would be endangered in person and property, unless protected by some extraordinary safeguards, perhaps even to the extent secured by treaty. Assuming, then, as we do, this jurisdiction in China, we incur a grave responsibility. It is incumbent on us loyally to fulfil the obligations that we have assumed; to see that we do not, by a lax administration of justice, encourage unprincipled men in violating Chinese law. No new laws are required, but a faithful enforcement of those already enacted. To accomplish this, we need to amend and improve our consular system. Consulates in China cannot be rendered efficient until they are filled by competent men, who shall hold their office during good behavior, and to whom inducement should be made to spend the best part of their lives in the service. We cannot, like the English, hold out the prospect of a retiring pension to one who serves the State twenty years in that uncongenial climate; but we can refrain from making those frequent changes which prove so detrimental to every interest concerned. The consuls should either be acquainted with the Chinese language, a work for a lifetime, or have an American interpreter. The practice of having a Chinese linguist is most damag-

ing—the native linguist being invariably a lying knave, who becomes consul *de facto*, whom no native can approach without a bribe, which it is supposed goes in part to the consul. As the points where consuls are needed are numerous, some of them being where the honorable merchantman from the United States rarely visits, it may seem that the expense would prove an insuperable objection to the establishment of a full and efficient consular system. This objection ought to have no weight. If we are not prepared to allow the Chinese to exercise jurisdiction over our wandering citizens, we are bound, at any cost, ourselves to discharge that duty. And in view of the fact that American officials possess power of life and death over their fellow citizens, our Government should appoint a judicial officer, also holding office during good behavior, by whom all grave cases should be tried. If we cannot afford to be just, let us economize by abrogating the office of commissioner or ambassador to Peking. That is an office which, from its emoluments, must always be given, whichever party may be in power, as a reward for party services to one who will return or be recalled before he begins to understand his

business. A *chargé des affaires*, with our admiral on the station, could attend to all needful diplomacy, and thus a saving could be made and carried to the credit of the consulates.

Further, as by express stipulation we debar the Chinese from adjudicating in quarrels which may arise between our citizens and the people of other countries in China, we ought to take measures for the establishing of a mixed tribunal to exercise jurisdiction in such cases; and there ought to be an arrangement by which countries which are properly represented in China might investigate and adjudicate in offences committed by foreigners not properly represented in that country: a most dangerous class of persons, who enjoy the privilege of extraterritoriality, without amenability to any tribunal, and who by their misconduct place every foreign interest in jeopardy.

As with the advance of Christian civilization, society is more and more disposed to accord the rights of manhood to men of every race; so, let us hope, nations will yet be found willing to forego the advantages that greater power confers, no longer employing that power in oppressing or subverting weak states.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM

CHAPTER VII.—THE ARTIST AND HIS REALM.

The Divine Attributes the base of all true Art.

ARISTOTLE teaches that: 'The object of the poet is not to conceive or treat the True as it *really* happened, but as it *should* have happened. The essential difference between the poet and historian is not that the one speaks in verse, the other in prose, for the work of Herodotus in verse would still be a history; that is, it would still relate what had *actually* occurred, while it is

the province of a poem to detail that which *should* have taken place.' Thus the human soul exacts in the finite creations of the poet that justice which it ever divines, but cannot always see, because the end passes beyond its present vision, in the varying dramas of human destiny written in the Book of the Infinite God.

Carefully keeping in mind that the

end of such divine dramas is not *here*, we see that, in accordance with the above views of Aristotle, the *true* is not that which *really* occurs, but that which our feelings and intellect tell us ought to occur. The actually occurring, the *Real*, has always been confounded with the abstractly *true*, but they are very different things. Virtue, morality, such as revealed by Christianity, and confirmed by reason, are certainly *true*; but in relation to that which is, to the *real*, the *actual*, what man has ever yet succeeded in realizing the pure, high model set forth in the Gospel? In accordance with the theory that the *Actual* is the *true*, the nature of a saintly hero, a self-abnegating martyr, would not be a *true* nature; while the fact is, it alone is true to the purposes of its creation.

Sophocles, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Fra Angelico, etc., etc., did not mean by truth in the arts, the pure and simple expression of that which *really* is, but, the expression of that which is rarely found in the actual, but is suggested by it. Aquinas makes an acute distinction between the intellect *passive*, which merely receives impressions from without, and the intellect *active*, which reasons upon and draws inferences from them. The senses can only give or know the *individual*; the active intellect alone conceives the *universal*. Our eyes perceive a triangle; but as we have this perception in common with the brutes, it cannot raise us above their level; and to take our rank as intelligences, as men, we must rise from the mere perception of the individual triangle to the general idea of triangularity. Thus it is the power of *generalizing* which marks us as men; and the senses have in reality nothing to do with the internal operation; they but receive the impressions, and convey them to the active intellect. Thus to the impressions given by the senses of *finite* things to the passive mind, the active intellect adds the idea of *infinity*. The eager soul, always longing for the

infinite, the absolute, then seeks to invest all with that perfection which it divines in the Maker of all; the possibility of which conception of perfection is added or attached by the Creator to the Real, as a supersensuous gift to those made in His own image. Such conceptions live ever firm and fair in the charmed world of the artist, for his world is the Realm of pure Ideas.

Much may be quoted in proof of this view. Cicero says:

'When Phidias formed his Jupiter, he had no living model before his eyes, but having conceived an idea of perfect beauty in his soul, he labored only to imitate it, to produce it in the marble without change.'

Raphael says:

'Having found no model sufficiently beautiful for my Galatea, I worked from a certain Idea which I found in my own mind.'

Fra Angelico furnishes a striking example of working from images found in the soul. He was an artist of very devout character, early devoting himself and his art to God, saying: 'Those who work for Christ, must dwell in Christ. Always, before commencing a picture which was to be consecrated to the honor of God, he prepared himself with fervent prayer and meditation, and then began in humble trust that *'it would be put into his mind what he ought to delineate'*; he would never deviate from the first idea, for, as he said, *'that was the will of God.'* This he said not in presumption, but in faith and simplicity of heart. So he passed his life in imaging his *own ideas*, which were sent to his meek soul by no fabled muse, but by that Spirit 'that doth prefer before all temples the upright heart and pure;' and never before or since was earthly material worked up into soul, nor earthly forms refined into spirit, as under the hands of this devout painter. He became sublime through trusting goodness and humility. It was as if Paradise had opened upon him—a Paradise of rest and joy, of purity and love, where no trouble, no guile, no change could enter; and if his celestial

creations lack force, we feel that before these ethereal beings, power itself would be powerless; his angels are resistless in their soft serenity; his virgins are pure from all earthly stain; his redeemed spirits in meek rapture glide into Paradise; his martyrs and confessors are absorbed in devout ecstasy. Well has he been named IL BEATO E ANGELICO, whose life was participate with the angels even in this world. Is it not clear that Fra Angelico had found the Realm of the Artist; the fair and happy clime of the Ideal?

Our readers must not confound the ideal with the imaginary: the ideal is rather that which the real requires to invest it with that beauty which it would have possessed had the spirits of Death and sin never thrown their dark shadows over God's perfect work. Let not the poet fear the reproach that his characters are too *ideal*; if harmoniously constructed, but *true* in the higher sense, such reproach is praise.

Man rises spontaneously from the perception of the finite beauty of creatures to the conception of the sovereign beauty of the Creator, which idea has indeed its first condition in the perception of the senses; but it passes on until it extends its sphere through all our faculties, all our moral life, until the distant vision of Absolute Beauty attracts us from the limited sphere of the senses to the realm of the ideal. Thus the artist, that he may appease the insatiate thirst for Absolute Beauty, which ever pursues him, strives to bring down upon earth the divine but veiled images, which he beholds in that fair clime.

Every work of art implies three acts of the intellect: an act, by which the artist conceives the pure idea, the soul of his creation; an act, by which he conceives or invents the form in which he is to incarnate this idea, the body of his creation; and, lastly, a conception of the relations between the pure idea and its material form, the rendering of the body a fit vehicle and indwelling-place for the soul. Three

acts—but an artist of *genius* produces the three *simultaneously*; consequently a marvellous life and unity mark all his works: an artist of mere talent must be contented simply with the production of new combinations of form, since Genius alone can create artistic soul; while the assiduous student, without any peculiar natural gift, is capable of the third act, as it is only an intellectual exercise in which the scientific principles of art are skilfully applied to given forms.

Artists are frequently considered as deficient in the faculty of Reason, whereas no one was ever a great artist without possessing it in a high degree, and mankind are rapidly becoming aware of this fact. It is true they often jump the middle terms of their syllogisms, and assume premises to which the world has not yet arrived; but time stamps their rapid deductions as invincible, for genius dwells in the REALM OF THE IDEAL: the realm, not of contingent and phenomenal actualities, but of *eternal truths*. 'For the ideal is destined to transform man and the world entire into its own image; and in this gradual and successive transformation consists the whole progressive history of humanity.'

Genius discerns the true and beautiful in itself, in the world of ideas, in God.

Talent lies on a lower level. It is the power of manifesting to men, whether by words, sounds, or plastic signs, the ideas already suggested by genius, or found by the reasoning faculties.

Genius is intuitive and creative—talent, reflective and acute.

Shakspeare was a poet of unequalled genius—Milton, of unrivalled talent.

Chopin is a composer of profound genius—Mendelssohn, of highly cultivated talent.

Madame de Staël was a woman of genius—Miss Edgeworth, one of talent. Elizabeth Barrett is a poet of genius—Tennyson, of talent.

Genius descends from the Idea to the

Form—from the invisible to the visible: talent mounts from the visible to the invisible.

Genius holds its objects with and by the heart; talent seizes and masters them through the understanding. Genius creates body, soul, and fitness; talent combines new forms for the immortal souls already created by genius.

Taste, in its highest grade, ranks above talent, and stands next to genius; nay, it is sometimes known as *receptive* genius. It is the faculty of recognizing the Beautiful in the world of thought, art, and nature; in words, tones, forms, and colors. Taste is a higher faculty than is generally supposed. Genius and Taste are the Eros and Anteros of art. Without his brother, the first would remain ever a child. Taste is that innate and God-given faculty which at once perceives and hails as true, ideas, which it, however, has not the power to discover for itself. It should be educated and carefully fostered; but no amount of cultivation will give it where not already in existence, for it is as truly innate as genius itself.

In its lowest form, it is the comprehension of the scientific principles of art, and the judging of artistic works in accordance with scientific rules.

What is known as tact, is a curious social development of the same faculty. Taste is the child of the mind and soul; tact, of the soul and heart. Both are incommunicable.

The word taste is frequently misapplied. Thus a man, with what is blunderingly called a classical taste, is incapable of aught but the classic; that is to say, he recognizes in a new work that which makes the charm of an old one, and pronounces it worthy of admiration. Put the right foot of an Apollo forward, instead of the left, and call it Philip of Pokanoket, and he will fall into ecstasies over a work at once so truly national and classic. He would have stood dumb and with an untouched heart, before the Apollo, fresh

from the chisel of the sculptor. Such men have graduated at Vanity Fair, and are the old-clothesmen of art.

Thus the men of talent are almost invariably recognized and crowned in their own days; because they always deal with ideas in a measure already familiar to the multitude. But, alas for the sensitive child of genius! The bold explorer of untrodden paths must cut away the underbrush that others may follow him; he must himself create the taste in the masses, by which he is afterward to be judged. His bold, daring, and original conceptions serve only to dazzle, confuse, and blind the multitude; and as it requires time to understand them, to read their living characters of glowing light, the laurel wreaths of appreciation and sympathy, which should have graced his brow and cheered his heart, too often trail their deathless green in vain luxuriance round the chill marble covering the early grave of a broken heart. Ah, friends! Genius demands sympathy in its impassioned creations; loving and laboring for humanity, it exacts comprehension, at least, in return. Yet how very difficult it is for an artist to win such comprehension! And, by a strange fatality, the more original his compositions, the greater the difficulty. He must amuse the men of the senses; satisfy the precision of the men of the schools; and succeed in rendering intelligible to the uncultured masses the subtle links of ethereal connection which chain the finite, the relative of his compositions, to the Infinite, the Absolute.

For it is a pregnant fact, with regard to the masses, that only so far as they can be made to *feel* the connection of things with the Absolute, can they be induced to appreciate them. For instance, tell them that the stars attract in the direct ratio of their masses, in inverse ratio to the squares of the distance, and they may almost fail to understand you; but tell them, in the words of the Divine Book, so marvel-

lously adapted to their comprehension, that 'the stars declare the glory of God,' and you are at once understood. Tell them they ought to love one another, because 'they are members of the same spiritual body'—and, although, in this concise statement, you have declared to them the internal constitution of the moral world, revealed the inner meaning of the laws of order, of social harmony, of their own destiny, and of the progress of the race—you may utterly fail in awakening their interest. But show them a Being who lived for this truth, whose life was one of sacrifice and abnegation, who died for its manifestation—they are immediately touched, interested, because you have left the unsympathetic region of abstract formulas; you have given law a visible, palpitating, feeling, suffering, and rejoicing Body—you awaken their love, their gratitude—they adore their god-like Brother, and now *feel* themselves members of the one spiritual body.

It is this very possibility, on a lower plane, of thus clothing his thoughts with a visible body, which gives the artist an advantage over the man of science, who presents the formula of the *law* with the aid of the contingent finite idea, but without connecting it with its First Cause. Confining itself to the limits of the thing examined, science tries to explain the finite rationale of its being; while art gives its formula by the aid of a material sign, a form or body, which contains or suggests both limits of its double existence, viz.: the finite and the infinite. For the true artist always connects the relative with the Absolute, the second cause with the First: in the finite he seeks the Infinite—therefore he finds mystic and hidden truths in essential harmony with the soul of man. He is always returning to unity. The man of science, on the contrary, always beginning with the variable and contingent facts of this world, is often lost in the wildering whirl of the ever-moving and unceasing variety around him, finding it hard to

link his widely severed facts with the Supreme Unity, which gives to all its reason for being, its true worth. Variety and Unity—the created and the Creator!

It is almost universally believed that there is more truth in science than in poetry—a vulgar error refuted both by reason and common sense. Poetry, being the expression of the necessary with the Absolute, must, in consequence, be nearer truth than science, which has, for the most part, its starting point in contingent, variable, and fugitive facts, and either succeeds in seizing in an uncertain manner or fails to seize at all the one Idea imbosomed in such a multitudinous array of facts. The whole creation is but the visible expression of the laws of our unseen God: the man of science mounts from the visible fact to the unseen Idea, while the poet descends from the idea to the fact, thus humbly imitating the work of creation.

It was man who introduced disorder into the finite: regenerated through the incarnation of the Divine, he must labor with all his powers to restore it to its pristine order. He must remodel the physical world by his industry, and task his intellect in the paths of science, that the truths of nature may be developed, that the well-being of his body, his material nature may be properly cared for: by his courage and endurance he must alleviate all wrongs, and set free the oppressed; he must elevate his soul and ennoble his heart by a grateful attention to his religious duties; he must increase and multiply his happy and helpful relations with his brother men by a faithful and devout culture of the fine arts.

The Beautiful does not address itself principally to the senses; but, by its exhibition of eternal laws, *through* them to the soul, for the *manifestation of the Divine attributes is the mystic Heart of all true Beauty.*

To give an example of the different appeals made by science and by art, let

us open alternately the pages of the poet and savant, let us take some familiar thing, for instance, a common flower, and see what they will tell us of its character, relations, and worth. The botanist notes the distinctions of the flower, that his herbarium may be increased—the poet, that he may make them vehicles of expression, of emotion. The savant counts the stamens, numbers the pistils, delineates the leaves, marks the manner of growth, classifies, affixes a name, and is satisfied;—the poet studies the whole character of the plant, considering each of its attributes as a vehicle of expression, an ethical lesson; he notes its color, he seizes on its lines of grace or energy, rigidity or repose, remarks the feebleness or vigor, the serenity or tremulousness of its hues, observes its local habits, its love or fear of peculiar places, associating it with the features of the situations it inhabits, and the ministering agencies necessary to its support. It becomes to him a *living* creature, with histories written on its leaves, and passion breathing in its tremulous stems. He associates and identifies it with the history and emotions of humanity. Feeling that even these fragile flowers are symbolic of a moral world, he crowns the bride with white roses, orange buds, or snowy myrtle wreaths, to typify that innocence and chastity are essential to a love that is to last as long as life endures. He wreathes the redeemed with undying amaranth, unfading palms, to symbolize that their meek triumph is for eternity; while he places in the hands of the angels the sculptured chalice of the snowy lily, with its breath of incense and stamens of molten gold, as an imperfect type of the perfect purity, sweet peace, and glorious golden splendor of the Heavenly City.

The pages of the poets are full of beautiful lessons and tender illustrations drawn from the fragile flowers. We cite Lowell's lines to one of our most common flowers:

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,

Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round

May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me

Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow

Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now

To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by

The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;

To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;

The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white Lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first

From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—

Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,

The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle through

Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above

Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;

The sight of thee calls back the Robin's song

Who, from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears,

When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem
When thou, with all thy gold, so common
art!

Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret
show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

Wordsworth's 'Daisy' is very beautiful, and full of moral lessons :

In youth, from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When winter decks his few gray hairs,
Thee in the scanty wreath he wears ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,

That she may sun thee ;
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight

When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;
If welcome once, thou count'st it gain ;

Thou art not daunted,
Nor 'car'st if thou be set at nought :
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews

Her head impearling ;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare ;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art : a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension ;

Some steady love, some brief delight ;
Some memory that had taken flight ;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right,
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn

A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Sweet flower ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature !
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou wert wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature !

With still deeper poetic feeling has
that untutored bard of nature, poor
Burns, written of this little flower :

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough, in April,
1785.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glist'ed forth
Amid the storm
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane !

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bod,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean, luckless starr'd,
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

With our hearts full of love and tender sympathy with the author of this exquisite poem, let us now look among the botanists for a description of the Daisy. We will find: 'Perennius (Daisy, E. W. & P. 21), leaves obovate, crenate; scape naked, 1 flowered; or, *Leucanthemum* (Ox-eyed Daisy), leaves clasping, lanceolate, serrate, cut-toothed at the base; stem erect, branching.' (See Eaton's Botany.)

All honor to the savant! Untiring in his investigations, ardent in his researches, the men of the senses are scarcely worthy to untie the latchet of his shoe, but he is slow in acknowledging the *science of art*, and apt to look down upon the artist from his throne of power! Because the artist deals with a different order of truths, unseen and belonging principally to the world of feeling, the savant rarely does justice to the intense study requisite for the mastery of the mere form of art; the long, unrequited, and patient toil requisite for its practice, or the soaring and loving genius required to fill the form when mastered with glowing life. All honor to the savant! but let him

not fail to acknowledge the artist-brother at his side, who labors on for humanity with no hope of learned professorships to crown his career, nor venerable diplomas to assure him of social honor and position. Let him not be regarded as an idler by the wayside, nor let 'La Bohème' be any longer considered as his especial type and insignia! The useful and the beautiful should stand banded in the closest fellowship, since Truth must be the soul of both! Honor then the pure artist, while he still lives, nor keep the laurel only for his tomb!

In order to examine scientifically, the mind is generally forced to consider its object as deprived of life; indeed, the functions of living creatures cannot be fully analyzed without being first deprived of life. Science gives us its subject with the most rigorous exactitude, with the most scrupulous fidelity; but, alas! often without that magical kindler of love and sympathy, life. Art gives us its subject with vivid coloring, motion, palpitating life—often, indeed, by associative moral symbolism adding a still higher life to simple being, filling it, as in Burns's lines to the Daisy, with a purer flame.

Science daguerreotypes, art paints its objects. Science is necessarily abstract, discrete; art necessarily concrete. So true is this, that when art begins to decline, it manifests a tendency to pass from the concrete to the discrete, abstract; it becomes self-conscious, reflective, scientific. Body, form, is mistaken for soul, spirit. A discrete idea fails to move us, because it gives us only *successively* the relations subsisting between it and the First Cause, as its facts must be isolated, its elements decomposed, and presented to us in an inverse order to that in which they reveal themselves to the mind in the spontaneous and natural use of its powers. Science never appeals to our emotional faculties spontaneously; when it does speak to the heart, it is because the mind, linking together the successive

ideas given by science, at last seizes upon the UNITY of the whole, supplying by its own conceptions the voids of science. When the savant possesses the creative power in a high degree, as did Kepler, he becomes prophet and artist. The concrete ideas of art appeal immediately to our feelings; emotions excited by them are spontaneous, because they aim at presenting their objects in all the splendor of their *living* light. Only life produces life; all our emotions and sympathies pertain to the suffering, the acting, the living—and thus an artistic conception appeals to our entire being. What psychological analysis of youthful and feminine loveliness could move us as a Juliet?

Analysis and reflection suppose the suspension of spontaneity, that is, of the free activity of the soul. Spontaneity and reflection are the two modes in which the spirit manifests its activity. Spontaneity is the living power which it possesses of acting without premeditation, without contingent ideas, of being influenced or determined by some power from without, the action thus produced blending the two primary elements of feeling and thought. This is the distinctive mode of woman's being. Reflection is that operation of the mind by which it turns its gaze in upon itself, and considers its own operations; it compares, analyzes, and constructs logical processes of thought. This is as natural to man, as spontaneity to woman. Now both of these modes are essentially necessary to the well-being of the individual, the one is the complement of the other; the cultivation of the one should never be sacrificed to that of the other. Teach woman to reason; develop spontaneity in man. But as the whole course of our education is solely addressed to the reflective faculties, intended chiefly for their culture, how is spontaneity to be developed? Certainly not through abstract science; for it, with its formulas, occupied only with contingent and relative ideas, addressing itself solely to the

faculties concerned with the elaboration of the relative, that is, to the reflective faculties—how can it avail for the cultivation of spontaneity? It can be cultivated only through the due direction of the emotional nature; but how is that to be approached? In the first place, through the joys and sorrows, the events of daily life; a training of such importance that the Great Creator, for the most part, retains it in His own hands: humanly speaking, only through the arts, which contain, at the same time, the scientific form of the finite, and the blissful intuition of the Infinite. As wisdom and love mark the works of the Creator, so thought and feeling meet in the creations of the artist, in the arts—but thought alone is concerned with the formulas of science. Now, if spontaneity be more conducive to man's happiness than reflection, then poetry, literature, and the arts are of more importance to him than abstract science. If, in appealing to spontaneous emotions, they give the legitimate influence to the heart which it should possess, because under their influence thought and feeling move in the proper *unity* of their divinely linked being, then must pure, creative, loving, and devout art at last take its rank, when spontaneity shall be regarded as the generatrix of reflection, above the cold and haughty pile reared by the reflective faculties alone, abstract science.

The aspirations of man constantly sigh for the limitless; his soul contains depths which his reason cannot fathom. How rapidly his surging ideas come and go! What flashes of supernatural light—what fearful obscurity! Heaven and Hell war in his soul! Strange visions traverse his intellect, throwing their lurid light into the vague depths of his heart. His power to love and feel seems boundless—his power to know almost at zero. What can he predicate even of himself, with his boundless desires for he knows not what—his fleeting emotions and inae-

tiable wishes! Ah! if the language of poetry, of music, of the arts, came not to gift these passing images with external life, to fix them in the wildered consciousness, they would surge away almost unmarked, like lovely dreams, scarcely leaving their dim traces in the memory. For, with the generality of common minds, the actual is death to the ideal! But art speaks; spontaneity is justified; our inner being, so vague before, stands revealed before us; the beautiful must be the true, the chaos of the moral world is dispelled; we were created to *enjoy* the attributes of God, which, finitely manifested, are Truth and Beauty; and His light moves over the perturbed chaos of our dim being! What can abstract science, with its cold and finite language, do for a soul athirst for an infinite happiness? Nothing, unless its first postulate be God! Young people, generally, and women, in whom the love of Beauty is strongly developed, have almost a repulsion to the study of science. Wherefore? Because it often seems to exile God from His own creation. Let Him desert Paradise, and it becomes at once a desert. The Infinite is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley! Besides, the reflective reasoning faculties awaken late with those in whom the intuitive faculties and sensibilities attain an early development. Let woman not despair. What use will there be for the reflective reason, when 'we shall know even as we are known,' and the vision in God shall make the spontaneous bliss of immortality?

The habit of only seeing, only studying, only analyzing the finite, is very apt to inspire the savant with a peculiar distrust of all spontaneous emotion. Ceasing to open his heart to that light from the Absolute, which ought to quicken it into bloom, it learns to dwell only in the sterile world of abstract formulas. If he could find algebraic signs for its expression, he would willingly believe in the immortality of the soul: the characters which he can

never learn to comprehend, are precisely those in which dwell the intuitions of the infinite. He piques himself upon the precision of his language, not perceiving it has gained this boasted prim exactitude at the expense of breadth and depth. All honor to the savant! but let him keep the lamp of spontaneity ever burning in his soul. By its light the savage and the woman divine God; without it, he may weigh creation—and 'find Him not!'

Nothing can be more superficial than the intellects of men given over to formulas. They always imagine they can explore the depths of truth, if they can succeed in detecting an inch of its surface. When they arrive at the term of their own ideas, they believe they have exhausted the absolute. They frequently want feeling, because they have, in some way, destroyed their own spontaneity—that inexhaustible source of living and original thought, individualized and yet universal, of ever-thronging and vivid emotions.

The most spontaneous writer of the present day is a woman; fresh, rugged, rich, and natural, as the wayside gold of the Dandelion above described by Lowell—hence her sudden and great popularity with the people. She feels strongly, and thinks justly, and fears not to say what the great God gives her. May she continue to pour her 'wayside gold' through the literary waves of the 'Atlantic'—and still keep the molten treasure bright and burnished for the service of our altar. Let her not fly too near the candles of the clergy, and thus sear her Psyche wings. Need I name Gail Hamilton? Pardon the digression, courteous reader, and let a woman greet a gifted sister as she passes on.

Let me not be misunderstood in my estimate of the spontaneous and reflective faculties: they must *combine* in any man *truly great*. If I have dwelt on spontaneity, it is because it has not been sufficiently prized or cultivated. The savant must have the faculties of

the artist, as had Kepler; the artist those of the savant, as had Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Study, reflective power, logical ability, erudition, are *absolutely* necessary; but one of their principal functions is to be able to analyze aright the products of spontaneity; to give the soul the consciousness and comprehension of the innumerable phenomena which arise in it, in its varied relations with the world of ideas. The man who is at the same time *spontaneous* and *reflective*, is alone *complete*, be he artist or savant; he lives, yet is able to analyze life. Of such mental character are indeed all men of true genius, whether mechanicians, architects, philosophers, savants, or artists.

The truths surging dimly through the universal consciousness, find interpreters in the men of genius; through them the moral and religious ideas of an epoch take form, and crystallize themselves in poetry and the arts—as the laws of the divine geometry are realized in the crystallizations of minerals. Poetry and the arts may be regarded as the *sum* of the absolute truths to the conception of which the masses have risen at any given period in the life of a people.

Lamartine says :

‘If humanity were forced to lose entirely one of the two orders of truth—either all the mathematical or all the moral truths—it should not hesitate to sacrifice the mathematical, for though it is true if these were lost the world would suffer immense detriment, yet if we should lose a single one of the moral truths, where would man himself be? Humanity would be decomposed and perish!’

It cannot be denied that art has an incontestable superiority over science in appealing to *all*, in addressing the masses in the language they most readily understand, the language of feeling, imagination, and enthusiasm. It is not intended only for men of culture, of leisure; all classes are to be benefited by its exalting influence. Men whose lives are almost entirely absorbed by occupations necessary for the comfort of their

families, can scarcely be contented with the monotonous and wearisome spectacle of actual every-day life. Their cares are very exhausting, agitating the heart and mind with harassing emotions; while the immortal soul thirsts for eternal happiness. Can it be doubted that such dim, vague, unsatisfied longings are the source of much immorality? Mechanical operations, business speculations, commercial transactions, important as they may appear to the utilitarian, are far from responding to the requirements of the intellect, the imperious exactions of the heart. Such men pine unconsciously for a draught of higher life, they grow weary of existence. Literature and the arts may come to their aid, creating for them an ideal world in the midst of the actual, in the bosom of which they may find other emotions, interests, and images. They may open, even in the desert of the most conventional life, an unfailing spring of ideas and emotions, at which the poor world-wearied spirits may slake their mental and moral thirst. The wonders of commercial industry cannot quite chain the minds of men to the material world—it is certain that the thirst for the ideal ever increases in exact proportion with the development of the race. The true and high task of the artist, the poet, is to divine these wants of humanity, to cultivate these inchoate aspirations for the infinite, to hold its nectar to the toil-worn, weary lips, to soothe and elevate the restless spirits, to cultivate, in accordance with the essence of Christianity, this excess of moral and intellectual being, which the occupations of this weary earth-life cannot exhaust.

Besides, is it not true that the very character natural to the artist is peculiarly fitted to exert a beneficial influence on a material and commercial society? The pursuits of commerce are very apt to engender a spirit of utter indifference to everything except material well-being—a spirit of competition and mutual distrust most injurious

to the happiness of society; but the artist is proverbially careless of mere pecuniary gain, and is always full of trust in his fellow men. In the various phases of excitement which are constantly agitating society, he looks only for the manifestation of noble passions and great thoughts. In the base smiles wreathing so many false lips, he sees but the natural expression of kindness; when lips vow fidelity, he dreams of an affection based upon esteem, not upon a passing instinct, a sordid or sensual interest—he believes in a union of hearts. Breathing everywhere around him the high enthusiasm of his own truthful and loving soul, he knows nothing of those perfidious jealousies and bitter enmities which creep and twist in the shade, always hiding under some fair mask; of those coarse intellects opposed to every noble impulse, or of that proud and obstinate egotism which repels every generous emotion of the heart, because it knows that *feeling* creates an *equality* which is wounding to its haughty estimation of its own supposed merit.

It is certain that the soul was not created for the accumulation of money, but to enjoy God. It is a free and living power, whose true condition upon earth is the voluntary fulfilment of duty. It was made for this by the God of love. Duty, love to God and man, is the Ideal of human life; and as art and poetry should be the expression of the highest and most universal ideas of the human race, duty should not only be the Pole star of the artist's own life, but its chastening purity should preside over all his conceptions. A profane or unchaste work of art is a sacrilege against the most High; an insult to those divine attributes in whose image that artist himself was made, and which he must constantly struggle to suggest or typify, that the work of his hand prove not a golden calf, an offence both to God and man. The moral ideal always advances as we approach it. 'Be ye perfect as I am

perfect,' is the precept of the Master. This is the justification of the poet when he portrays men in advance of the common level of life. The *moral Beautiful* is the realization of *Duty*, which the poet should picture in its most sublime form. He may and should sing of the passions, but *Duty is the eternal pole star of the soul!* The susceptible heart of the artist must respect the majesty of virtue. Unless his escutcheon glitter with the brilliancy of purity, he is not worthy to be one of the Illustrious Band whose high mission upon earth (with lowly reverence be it said) is the manifestation of the Divine Attributes. O Holy Banner, borne through the streets of the Heavenly City by saints and angels, will the artist suffer thy snowy folds to be dragged through the mire of crime? Shame to him when he dallies in the Circean Hall of the senses! Infamy when he wallows in the sty of sensuality!

The effort to apprehend and reproduce the Supernal Loveliness on the part of souls fittingly constituted so to do, has given to our race all the marvels, the softening and elevating influences of the Ideal Realm. The purest, the most exciting, the most intense pleasure is to be found in the *pure* contemplation of Beauty. We may indulge in it without fear—no Hock and soda are required after its safe excitements! In this contemplation alone do we find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, *that excitement of the soul*, which we recognize as always dependent upon our introduction into the Realm of the Ideal. This excitement of the *soul* is easily distinguished from the excitement of the *mind* consequent upon the perception of logical truths, the satisfaction of the reason; or from passion, the excitement of the *heart*. The excitement of the *soul* is strictly and simply the temporary satisfaction of the human aspiration for the Supernal Beauty; and is quite independent of the search for finite truths for the

gratification of the *intellect*; or of that of passion, which is the intoxication of the *heart*. For in regard to passion of the heart, its home lies too near the senses to be entirely safe, and its tendency may be to degrade;—while there may be high and useful truths which do not move the *soul* in the least.

The arts, then, always occupied with the reproduction of Beauty, gain their power over the soul of man by reminding him of the Divine Attributes. His thirst for the beautiful belongs to his immortality, for it never rests in the appreciation of mere finite beauty, but struggles wildly to obtain the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic presence of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to attain a portion of that loveliness whose elements pertain to Eternity alone; and thus, when by poetry or music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods, we find ourselves melted into tears, we are not moved through any excess of pleasure, but through an impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now, wholly, here on earth*, those divine and rapturous joys of which, through the poem or through the music, we obtain but brief and indeterminate glimpses:

‘Tears, idle tears, we know not whence they’re flowing,

Tears from the depths of some *divine despair*.’

Tears of the created, the finite, for the Creator, the Infinite!

Every phenomenon of the material world is not a sign of the divine thought, when considered apart from its relations with other things, as every isolated word in a language is not, in itself, a sign of our thought. There is something in the nature of things which constitutes the visible sign the symbol of the Invisible. To reveal or suggest the Absolute, it is not sufficient for the artist to combine fortuitously mere natural phenomena; he must be able to select those in which God has incar-

nated His Idea. Where is he to find a guide through this labyrinth of sounds, forms, tones, and colors?

He must strive to realize the ideas given him by the Creator; he must surround us here with the memories of our lost Paradise; he must repeat to us the mysterious words and tones which God confides to his heart in his lonely walks to the holy temple, in his solitary musings in the dim forests, or in his prayerful hours under the starlit heavens of the solemn midnight.

‘With whose beauty (of created things) if they being delighted took them to be gods, let them know how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they: *for the first Author of Beauty made all those things.*’—*Book of Wisdom*.

‘And they shall strengthen the state of the world; and *their prayer shall be in the work of their craft*, applying their soul, and searching in the law of the Most High.’—*Ecclesiastical*.

Here, then, is the secret—gratitude and love are to be the teachers of the artist. Naught save love will enable him to read the wondrous runes of God’s creation; nothing but sympathy can catch the strange tones of mythic music; there is nothing pure, which can be painted, save by the pure in heart. The foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies; it will see Beelzebub in the casting out of devils; it will find its God of flies in every alabaster box of precious ointment; in faith and zeal toward God it will not believe; charity it will regard as lust; compassion as pride; every virtue it will misinterpret, every faithfulness malign. But the mind of the devout artist will find its own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of dens and caves; it will believe in its being, often where it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; it will lie lovingly over all the foul and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, yet

catching light from heaven for them to make them fair—and that must be a steep and unkindly crag, indeed, which it cannot cover.

The artist must direct his eyes to the spheres of Sovereign Beauty; he must lend his ears to the harmonies of the Eternal World, that he may be able to decipher the symbolic signs which manifest the Being of beings, and recognize the voices which murmur His Name; for in humble reverence, yet joyful gratitude, it may be said that God Himself is the First, True, and Last Master of the Artist.

Poetry and the arts have an end, ordained by Providence, with respect to the extension of *social* intercourse; a sacred duty to fulfil to humanity at large. The signs of the times are startling; religions and governments seem driven by a whirlwind, and it is of vital importance that everything should be cultivated which has any tendency to bring men together, to link multi-form variety to unity; the national variety to its distinctive unity; the variety of these distinctive unities, these national governments of all races and peoples, to one great Unity of government, freedom, development, justice, and love. There seems to be but little doubt that our own country is destined to become the *central heart* of this marvellous *unity*. Is not the very war, now raging over her fair fields, a war for Union? A false element allowed to exist in our code of universal freedom, we mean slavery, like all Satanic elements, has struggled to bring division, faction, disintegration, death, in its train. It has convulsed, but awakened our country. Its reign is almost over; its powers to disserve and destroy are now being rapidly eliminated from a Constitution whose basic meaning is justice, equality, and love. The battle is waging in this vast area of freedom, not for spoil, dominion, vengeance, or ambition, but simply for *Union* even with our enemies! Liberty, union, life, are parts and portions of God's own

law; slavery, dismemberment, death, belong of old to Lucifer. Where God and Demon combat, can the strife be doubtful?

We suffer that we may be purified; but a Union broader, juster, and more beneficent than any the world has yet seen, is to bud, burgeon, and bloom from this bloody contest. The rose of love is yet to grow upon this crimson soil, and brother yet to stand with brother to insure the union of the world. The glory of our present struggle for the happiness of humanity, will yet be hailed by every living soul!

This is the unity sung by prophets, felt by poets, and foreshadowed in the writings of statesmen, historians, and metaphysicians. Industry, politics, commerce, science, and the arts, are the means which God has placed at man's disposal to aid him in the accomplishment of this mighty work. Man is *one* in the fall of Adam; *one* in the redemption of Christ. Individuality and solidarity are but man's variety and unity.

It is certain, however, that a mere combination of commercial interests does but little for the heart; science, with its exact formulas, is almost equally powerless; they form together but the bony skeleton of a lifeless union; poetry and the arts must clothe it with the soft and clinging flesh, quicken it with the throbbing heart, and warm it with the loving soul of an all-embracing humanity; and it is, to say the least, very remarkable how exactly this important task is in keeping with the nature of the arts, because they alone express the *feelings*, the *distinctive individualities* of men and nations, while the sciences reveal only the 'impersonal' of the intellect. That a man may demonstrate mathematical problems tells us nothing of his heart; if he paint a single violet rightly, it tells of truth, sympathy, and love. Men never leave in their scientific researches the traces of the different phases of the soul, the *imprint* of their own *personality*; the sciences have everywhere the

same character, because they contain discrete and abstract ideas, necessarily the same in all minds.

In the creations of art, on the contrary, *feeling*, the spirit of life, is added to the pure idea, and this new element of *individual character* introduced into the thought is, in its infinite subtlety, sufficient to produce the immense variety which exists in the poetic and artistic creations of different men, of different ages, and of different nations. And the reason of this is very simple; it is because the heart is the seat of *distinctive personality*. We never *love* men for what they *know*; we love them for what they feel and *are*. It is consequently *feeling* which is the principle of *union* among men.

Thus it is through art and literature alone that national individualities *really* communicate with each other; it is through them that what is *characteristic* in each is made known to all; it is through them that embittered, long-seated, and deeply-rooted national prejudices must be dissipated; through them that the fusion of minds, violently hostile to each other only because of their mutual ignorance and misconception of character, must eventually be effected. Before the means of constant intercommunication, daily becoming more rapid and perfect, shall have compassed the whole earth with their lines of lightning, before all nations shall be known to one another as inhabitants of the same city—the artists, through art and literature, will have confided to the human heart of their brethren their own most sacred feelings, the hidden beatings of their life-pulse, so that when the material barriers separating souls shall fall, when steam and iron shall subdue space and time, men of distant climes will no longer stand as strangers to one another, but meet with all the enthusiasm of near and dear friends long since initiated in all the holy and tender secrets of the home-hearth; the due place of affection, honor, and gratitude ready for all true souls at the

sacred fireside of appreciative fraternal love.

It is remarkable that the art marked and conditioned by the necessity of the most *perfect unity*, the art almost exclusively intended for the expression of and appeal to the feelings of the soul, the art without material model of any kind, and consequently the most ideal and original of all, in which the pulse of time itself marshals the tones in order, symmetry, and proportion, coloring them with the joys and woes, hopes and fears of humanity—should now be undoubtedly entering upon a new era of far higher and wider development. This fact contains a germ which is to blossom in the most brilliant bloom; the crowning flower in that *living unity*, which is, indeed, the '*manifest Destiny*' of our race.

There is certainly something exceedingly remarkable in the unitive powers of music. In the first place, its present popularization cannot fail to multiply the relations of men with one another, as each separate instrument, like an arithmetical figure, has an *absolute*, as well as a *relative* value. It may not be sufficient in itself to produce *harmony*; but when placed in *union* with others, it gains a double or triple value, according to the part assigned it in a musical Whole. A single *jar* in time or tune spoils the entire effect of the marvellous variety and order, attained in the *utter oneness* of any good musical work. The desire to increase the limits of art, to multiply its delicious emotions, will infallibly lead those who cultivate this ethereal study to frequent reunions, in order that they may produce the Beautiful in more fulness, obtain a greater variety of effect and tone, cradled, as it must ever be in music, in the bosom of the strictest unity.

Music has its own trinity, composed of Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony. *Rhythm* is the pulse of time; the tones register its heart beats and manifest its soul, its *melody*; *harmony* is the concurrent sympathy or antagonism elicit-

ed by its annunciation in the invisible realm in which it moves. Unity is first manifested in the rhythm; then, as the tones *consecutively* follow each other, the succeeding one always born and growing immediately from the one just expiring, in the consequent *melody*; and lastly, as the tones progress *simultaneously*, hand to hand, and heart to heart, with the single line or passion of the melody, conditioned and responding to it in all its varied phases—(the individual and collective, the soul and its surroundings)—the grand diapason of harmony rolls on—and the magic *unity* of music is complete! Hence, part of its power over men. But like all organic, basic life-principles, its relations with the human spirit defy analysis. Its unitive influence cannot be denied, even by those who do not feel its charm. Let them but consider that no public act of humanity implying the *primeval unity* of the race, is considered complete without it, and they must be convinced that it is pre-eminently the art of social union. When an entire nation collects as a band of brothers to resist aggression, to repel invasion, it is music, the unitive art, which animates them to seek death itself to resist wrongs which would burden *all*, its very rhythm keeping in massive *unison, together*, the tread of thousands, causing all hearts to throb in *one* measure, and so regulating the most heterogeneous masses that they move as it were as *one* mighty man. And in all public acknowledgments of our collective dependence as *one* race upon the *one* God, music alone is considered sufficiently symbolic and tender to express the universal sense of helplessness, of generic trust in His marvellous mercy.

Music blesses the innocent bride with the first chant of forever *united*, and consequently holy love. It hallows at the baptismal font the introduction of the infant into the mystical *oneness* of the children of Christ. Even at the grave it softens human sorrow by its

heavenly whisperings of *eternal union* in the bosom of Infinite love.

France is ever ready to receive Italian, Slavonic, and German artists with characteristic and appreciative enthusiasm; and America applauds with *naïve* rapture that skill, as yet, alas! foreign to her native soil.

'I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine;
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like an herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

'Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound—

More—oh, more—I am thirsting yet!
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, in every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.'

SHELLEY.

Artists and litterateurs are the true representatives of the countries in which they live; because they alone reveal to us the secret throbbings of the great national heart; and the warm and sympathetic feelings which they excite in foreign climes, are *golden links* drawing more closely the ties of mutual understanding and affection, welding them together in that generous *reciprocal* esteem and comprehension, which is destined to *unite* all climes and tongues.

'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

The sympathies of life are widening and increasing. Societies are constantly arising devoting themselves to the solacing of human misery; eager sympathies are evinced by different countries in the sufferings of distant lands; ready and substantial aid is gladly tendered in cases of pestilence and famine; and religious intolerance and bigotry are raving themselves to rest. Christ is more and creeds are less than of old. The fact that a free government is now in successful operation, in which (when one false element, slavery, shall be forever eliminated) the voluntary annexation of new states and new countries would be but new ties of

strength, with the consentaneous and related facts above quoted, tend to prove that humanity is entering upon a new era; that it is not destined to trail its passionate and quivering wings much longer through the mire of mere materialism; but that newer and higher life is spreading *simultaneously* through all its members; that the elevating love of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, is hourly penetrating it more deeply; that after its intellect shall have been trained by the sciences—its force increased by industry, commerce, and statesmanship—its inmost heart will be developed by the Charities, now, as with the subtle Greeks, *one* with the Graces—the arts for the manifestation of the Beautiful. Everything tends to prove, even the wars now waging for national entities, that the human race is approaching that *promised* phase of civilization, in which *all* the elements are to combine in glorious *unity*, sound in witching harmony, and men, full of love to God and man, are to become living stones in the vast temple of the redeemed, *one* through the loving heart of the Brother who died for them all; *one* through Him with the Infinite God, since in Him finite and Infinite are forever *one*!

A few words in the cause of those in advance of their times, and we attain the close of our first volume.

It is a startling fact, in the history of humanity, that the benefactors of the race have always been its martyrs and victims; dyeing every glorious gift which they have won for their brethren in the royal purple of the kingly blood of their own hearts. Is this, brethren, to last forever? Shall we never requite the dauntless Columbus, in the wide sea of Beauty? Of all men living, the artist most requires the boon of sympathy. The most susceptible of them all, the musician, plunging into the unseen depths of the time-ocean to wrestle for his gems, feels his heart die within him, when he sees his fellow men turn coldly away from the pure and

priceless pearls which he has won for them from the stormy waves and whirlpools of chaotic and compassless sound.

As the artists must be considered as the standard-bearers of that blissful banner of progress to be effected through the culture of the *sympathies* of the race, unrolling that great Oriflamme of humanity, on which bloom the Heavenly Lilies of that chaste Passion of the Soul—the *longing for the infinite*—let us acknowledge that we have failed to render happy the great spirits no longer among us; and let us strive, for the future, not to chill with our mistrust and coldness, not to drive into the sickness of despair with our want of intelligent sympathy, the gifted living, who, as angels of a better covenant, still lovingly linger among us! Let us strive to learn the lesson set before us with such tenderness in the following eloquent words of Ruskin, fitting close as they are to the many which we have already collated and combined with our work from his glowing pages.

‘He who has once stood beside the grave to look back upon the companionship now forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love and keen sorrow to give one moment’s pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the *heart* which can only be discharged to the *dust*. But the lessons which men receive as *individuale*, they never learn as *nations*. Again and again they have seen their *noblest* descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they have not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the *ashes* which they had denied to the *spirit*. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and glitter of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.’

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the highest poet of our own century, has thus given us the artist’s creed of resignation, closing her chant with his sublime *Te Deum*:

VOICE OF THE CREATOR.

“And, O ye gifted givers, ye
Who give your liberal hearts to me,
To make the world this harmony,—

“Are ye resigned that they be spent
To such world’s help?” The spirits bent
Their awful brows, and said—“Content!

“We ask no wages—seek no fame!
Sew us for shroud round face and name,
God’s banner of the oriflamme.

“We are content to be so bare
Before the archers! everywhere
Our wounds being stroked by heavenly air.

“We lay our souls before thy feet,
That Images of fair and sweet
Should walk to other men on it.

“We are content to feel the step
Of each pure Image!—let those keep
To mandragore, who care to sleep:

“For though we must have, and have had
Right reason to be earthly sad—
THOU, POST-GOD, ART GREAT AND GLAD!”

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

THE LIONS OF SCOTLAND.

THE ‘restoration’ mania which now pervades Great Britain, however much it be declaimed against by certain hypercritical architects, is yet certain to have at least one favorable result, in preserving to the future tourist the noblest monuments of the past. The abbeys and castles and tombs of England and Scotland are now so well cared for, that, ruins though they be, they will last for centuries. And yet the observant traveller can note, year by year, little changes, trifling alterations, which, though without great importance, are not destitute of interest; for he who has once visited Melrose, will be interested to learn that even one more stone has fallen from the ruin.

It is intended, in the following pages, to review the present condition, and state the recent changes in the ‘Lions of Scotland,’ and particularly in the localities with which the memories of Burns and Scott—memories so dear, both to the untravelled and travelled American—are most closely associated. Of the thousands of visitors who yearly flock to do mental homage at the tomb of Shakspeare, one out of every ten is from the United States; and so a large minority of the tourists in Scotland, and particularly of those most deeply interested in Scotland’s

greatest bards, hail from the New World. The conclusion of the war will probably be the signal for an unusual hegira from America to Europe; and these notes of the actual condition, in A. D. 1863, of Scotland’s famed shrines, may serve to whet the increasing appetite for foreign travel.

‘Bobby Burns’ is buried at Dumfries, a rather dull town, which, fortunately for the tourist, has no notable church or ruin to be visited *volens volens*. The place has, however, a Continental air, caused principally by the very curious clock tower in the market place; a quaint spire, in the background, adding to the effect of the architectural picture.

At one end of the town is St. Michael’s church—a huge, square box, pierced by windows, and guarded by a big sentinel of a bell tower, surmounted by another quaint spire. The graveyard is one of the oddest in the kingdom, presenting long rows of huge tombstones, twelve or fifteen feet high, usually painted of a muddy cream color, each one serving for an entire family, and recording the trades or professions as well as the names and ages of the deceased. One of these enormous stones is in commemoration of the victims of the cholera in 1832.

In one corner of the cemetery is the tasteless mausoleum of Burns—a circular Grecian temple, the spaces between the pillars glazed, and a low dome, shaped like an inverted washbowl, clapped on top. The interior is occupied by Turnerelli's fine marble group of Burns at the plough, interrupted by the Muse of Poetry. At the foot of this group, and covering the poet's remains, is the freshly painted slab, bearing these inscriptions:

IN MEMORY OF
ROBERT BURNS,
WHO DIED THE 21ST OF JULY, 1796
IN THE 37TH YEAR OF HIS AGE:
AND
MAXWELL BURNS,
WHO DIED THE 25TH APRIL, 1799,
AGED 2 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS;
FRANCIS WALLACE BURNS,
WHO DIED THE 9TH JULY, 1803,
AGED 14 YEARS—HIS SONS.
THE REMAINS OF BURNS,
REMOVED INTO THE VAULT BELOW
19TH SEPTEMBER, 1815—AND HIS TWO SONS.
ALSO THE REMAINS OF
JEAN ARMOUR,
RELICT OF THE POET,
BORN 6TH FEBRUARY, 1766,
DIED 26TH MARCH, 1834;
AND ROBERT, HIS ELDEST SON,
DIED MAY 14, 1867,
AGED 70 YEARS.

Visitors are allowed to enter the cheerful, if not elegant mausoleum, though all it contains can be seen through the windows. All the memorials of Burns, by the way, seem to be of the same tasteless style—the same wearisome imitation of the antique. The monument at Ayr, and that on Calton Hill, Edinburgh, are but additional examples.

Before leaving Dumfries, let me allude to a very curious custom, observed only in St. Michael's church, and even there beginning to fall into desuetude. The Scotch, who are alike noted for snuff and religious austerity, are equally devoted to footstools. In many fam-

ilies, where economy is the rule, one footstool—they are mere little wooden benches—serves both for the fireside and the kirk. To facilitate transportation, these benches are provided with little holes perforating the centre of the seat, large enough to admit the ferule of an umbrella or cane; and thus, borne aloft on these articles, the little benches are carried proudly above the shoulders of the bearers, like triumphant banners. In order to avoid the noise arising from the clatter of these benches as they are lowered into the pews, the congregation are accustomed to assemble some time before divine service begins.

A similar custom once prevailed in the cathedral at Glasgow. In 1588 the kirk session decided that seats in the church would be a great luxury, and certain ash trees in the churchyard were cut down, and devoted to the then novel purpose; but ungallantly enough, the women of the congregation were forbidden to sit on the new seats, and were ordered to bring stools along with them. Tradition, however, fails to record whether the Glasgow ladies carried their stools on the tops of umbrellas, like their sisters of Dumfries.

The grave of Burns owes to its uncouth monument the unsatisfactory feeling which it inspires in visitors. Alloway kirk is the place where the remains of the favorite Scottish poet should lie. Instead of artificial temples, badly copied from a clime and nation with which he had no sympathy or affinity, the young daisy and the fresh grass should mark his resting place.

'Alloway's kirk haunted wall' is preserved with such faithful care, that this year it looks very much the same as it did when Burns knew it. As a ruin, apart from the interest with which the poet has invested it, it possesses nothing to attract attention. Two end walls, which once supported a gable roof, and two low side walls, all without ornament of any kind—without

gothic tracing or oriel wonders—with-out even graceful ivy flung over its ruggedness—are all that remain of Alloway, if we except the old bell, which yet hangs in the little belfry; a sign board below insulting visitors by requesting them not to throw stones at it!

The little churchyard of Alloway continues to be a burial place; but the gravestones seem, in many instances, sadly inconsistent with the poetical associations of the place. As at Dumfries, the business occupations of the deceased are mentioned; and we find here the family tombs of 'Robert Anderson, molecatcher,' of 'James Wallace, blacksmith,' and the like. David Watt Miller, who was buried here in 1823, was the last person baptized in the old Alloway kirk—his tombstone recording the fact. Near the entrance to the graveyard, and opposite the new gothic edifice which has taken the place of the old kirk, is the slab to the poet's father and sister, thus inscribed:

'Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM BURNS, farmer in Lochie, who died February 13, 1784, in the 63d year of his age.

Also of ISABELLA, relict of JOHN BELL; his youngest daughter, born at Mount Oliphant, June 27, 1771; died December 4, 1858, much respected and esteemed by a wide circle of friends, to whom she endeared herself by her life of piety, her mild urbanity of manner, and her devotion to the memory of BURNS.'

The reader is aware that Alloway's kirk, the Burns monument, the cottage where the poet was born, the elaborate temple, erected to his memory, and Tam O'Shanter's brig, are all within a few rods of each other, at about two miles' distance from Ayr. The view of the temple, kirk, and 'brig,' from the opposite side of the stream, is worthy of Arcadia. The temple is familiar from engravings; but the bridge, with its graceful arch, draped by low-hanging ivy, is far more beautiful. Yet this exquisite scene is identified with one of Burns's coarsest efforts—one which, with all its vividness and humor, cannot be read aloud in the

family circle. Fortunately, however, for the poet, his fame by no means rests on this unequal mixture of the humorous, the beautiful, and the vulgar; and instead of admiring Tam O'Shanter's bridge itself, it is much more pleasant to stand upon it, and gaze therefrom at the river which laves the 'banks and braes o' bonnie Doon'—at the fields besprinkled with the 'wee, crimsoned-tipped flower'—at the cottages where once lived the 'auld acquaintance' of 'lang syne,' and where occurred the scenes of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'Highland Mary' has crossed this bridge, and this sanctifies it far more than the imaginary terrors of Tam O'Shanter.

An hour's railway ride takes the tourist from the land of Burns to the scenes rendered sacred by the genius of Scott.

Abbotsford, the favorite home, of course is still open to visitors, who are hurried though it with the most disgusting celerity, by the guide engaged by the family to 'do'—at a shilling a head—the hospitalities of the place. The home of Scott retains all the characteristics it did when he died; but shown in such a heartless, museum-like manner, that the visitor need not expect much gratification from the inspection.

A few miles farther up the Tweed is Ashetiel, the former home of Walter Scott, a place seldom seen by tourists, though here he wrote his finest poems. Some time ago I was invited to spend a night with a farmer who resides on the estate. Those who have read Washington Irving's graphic description of his visit to Abbotsford, will remember Mr. Laidlaw, of whom he thus writes:

'One of my pleasant rambles with Scott, about the neighborhood of Abbotsford, was taken in company with Mr. William Laidlaw, the steward of his estate. This was a gentleman for whom Scott entertained a particular value. He had been born to a competency, had been well educated; his mind was

richly stored with varied information, and he was a man of sterling moral worth. Having been reduced by misfortune, Scott had got him to take charge of his estate. He lived at a small farm on the hillside above Abbotsford, and was treated by Scott as a cherished and confidential friend, rather than a dependant.' My worthy host was the son of this old gentleman, who is still alive and in good health. Several years ago he emigrated to Australia, where he now resides, still taking a lively interest in literary affairs, and reading, though an octogenarian, all the new works, that are regularly sent to him by his son. The old gentleman was as intimately acquainted with Hogg as with Scott, and my host remembers both these personages, though he was but a boy when they died.

Early one September morning Mr. Laidlaw was kind enough to take me about the grounds of Ashiestiel, where 'Sir Walter' (they never add the name of Scott, in speaking of him here) passed thirteen of the best years of his life, and where he wrote the greater parts of 'Marmion' and the 'Lay.' We walked over the dewy fields (romantic but damp), and down to the banks of the Tweed, where I was shown a large outspreading oak, under which Sir Walter was wont to sit and frame his ideas into fitting words. Under this tree, with Tweed rippling at his feet, he spent many an hour in communion with himself, quietly weaving those strains that have immortalized him. From this place we passed on to the house itself—Ashiestiel—now the residence of Sir William Johnstone, from whose family Sir Walter had leased it during the building of Abbotsford. It is a fine old building; but much altered and improved since it was occupied by Scott. Lockhart says of this place: 'No more beautiful situation, for the residence of a poet, could be imagined. The house was then a small one; but, compared with the cottage of Lasswade, its accommodations

were amply sufficient. The approach was through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges, and broad, green terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, on its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank, on which the house stands, only by a narrow meadow, of the richest verdure; while opposite, and all around are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose.' This picture still holds good, with the exception of the 'old-fashioned garden,' which has made way for a new lawn and carriage road. The proprietor was an intimate friend of Walter Scott, and an India officer of merit, who has now returned to his old home, having bidden farewell to the neighing steed and all the pomp and circumstance of war.

From the house I was conducted to another of Scott's haunts—a little wooded grassy knoll, still known by the name of 'Wattie's Knowe,' or 'Sheriff's Knowe,' for Scott enjoyed both the familiar title of 'Wattie' and the official one of 'Sheriff.' It is a lovely spot, this Wattie's Knowe. The trees are old and gnarled; the grass is overrun with green moss and graceful fern-leaves, and if you are quite still, you can hear the murmur of Glenkinnon Burn, as it leaps over its pebbly bed, and hastens on to the Tweed. Here, between the branching trunks of a huge elm, Scott had fixed a rustic seat, to which he resorted nearly as often as to his favorite oak tree on the banks of the Tweed. While he resided here, Abbotsford was building; and almost daily he would ride over to superintend its progress.

Melrose is this year guarded with unusual vigilance. Hitherto visitors have been allowed to pass hours in the ruin, at their leisure, and read the wizard scene of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'

in the very locality where it is supposed to have occurred. At present, however, a sable widow, of the most unimpeachable respectability, casts a melancholy gloom over the place by the dejected yet resigned manner in which she unlocks the wooden gate and ushers strangers through the nave and transepts. Her orders, she says, are to allow no one to remain a moment in the ruin without her superintending presence—which is safe, but unpoetical.

Dryburgh, the ruin in which is the tomb of Walter Scott, is shown by an intelligent man who oversees the place. At the foot of Sir Walter's granite tomb is that recently erected to the memory of 'the son-in-law, biographer, and friend,' Lockhart. A bronze medallion likeness of the eminent reviewer adorns the red polished granite of his tomb. The Erskine family, the Haigs of Bemerside, and the earls of Buchan, are the only families, besides Sir Walter's ancestors, the Haliburtons, who are allowed to bury in this ruin. It was of the Haigs that Thomas the Rhymer, centuries ago, made a prediction to the effect that the line would never become extinct—a prediction which threatens to fail, as two maiden ladies now alone represent the family.

That 'proud chapelle,'

'—where Roslyn's chiefs unconfined lie,' has seen some notable changes of late. A few years ago, it contained only tombs; but the present Earl of Roslyn recently fitted it up for a divine service, according to the Church of England ritual, though the altar, the sedilia, the candles, the purple cloths, the painted organ, and other ecclesiastical decorations suggest an imitation of the Roman Catholic services, to which the chapel was formerly devoted. The people in the vicinity, who are all Scotch Presbyterians, do not attend these services, the select congregation being formed by 'the quality'—the gentry and nobility, who have their country seats near by.

The readers of 'Marmion' will, of

course, remember Norham and Twisell castles. The former, as seen, from the railways, is a most uninviting pile of rude masonry, worn and broken by time and decay; but a nearer inspection reveals many phases of interest. The castle stands on the summit of a cliff, overhanging the Tweed, yet almost buried in rich foliage. The outer walls are crumbled away, and overgrown with short grass, forming a series of green mounds, which mark the graves of feudal grandeur. The south, east, and west walls of the keep, however, remain standing, a huge shell or screen of dull red stone, while to the north stretches a fragment of wall, along which it is easy to scramble to a point overlooking the Tweed, the village of Norham, and the adjacent scenery. Pleasant and thrilling it is to lie here on this deserted ruin, and read that spirited opening canto! With what renewed brilliancy do those chivalric lines bring back the long-past scenes of other days!

'Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round them sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.'

And imagination can almost bring to the ear the welcome to Marmion:

'The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blythe salute in martial sort
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.
Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and noble hand!
Well dost thou back thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land.'

* * * * *
'They marshal'd him to the castle hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourished the trumpet call,
And the heralds loudly cried:
'Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold.'

Place, nobles, for the Falcon Knight!
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquered in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye.'

Scott is already becoming old-fashioned, and his poems are not now sought after, as they were ten years ago; but any one who wishes to revive all the boyish enthusiasm with which he first read 'Marmion,' has only to take the book with him to the ruins of Norham and again read the glowing page!

The village of Norham is a quaint place dominated by the castle, and as humble nowadays, with its little thatched cottages, as in the times when the villagers were mere vassals of

'Sir Hugh, the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.'

A limpid stream runs down the principal street of Norham—a gutter, which in the sunlight gleams like a band of silver. Village damsels wash potatoes therein. Among the residents of Norham, by the way, is the hostess of the principal inn, who was in the train of Joseph Bonaparte, during his stay in America, living in his household at Bordentown, New Jersey. She claims to be a personal acquaintance of Napoleon III; but I have not heard what strange wave of fortune stranded the friend of the Emperor of the French in the remote and unknown port of Norham.

A curious family romance hangs about Twisell castle, also mentioned in 'Marmion.' The present building, an immense quadrangular edifice, was begun by Sir Francis Drake, who never had means to finish it. His heirs tried to complete the castle, which is now the property of a lady over seventy years old, residing in Edinburgh, who devotes all her spare means to the work. Indeed, the building of Twisell castle is a hereditary monomania in the family; but the estate belonging to the magnificent structure is only forty acres in extent—

utterly insufficient to support such a castle with the household it will ultimately need. As yet Twisell is a granite shell; no partitions are put up in the interior. Vast sums of money must be expended before it can be made tenable.

But I must forego any allusions to Crichton and Pantallon castles, the former the place where Marmion was entertained, and the latter the spot where the bold chief dared

'——to beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall.'

And I must also omit 'Newark's stately tower,' where the last minstrel sang his lay—and Branksome, the scene of the opening canto—and the scenery of Lomond and Katrine, rendered famous by the success of the Lady of the Lake. All these, and many other localities, hallowed by poesy, can be easily visited by the enthusiastic tourist; but I prefer to devote my pen and space to the most neglected and most beautiful of them all—to Lindisfarn, the Holy Isle.

Though really in England, it is yet near enough to the border to be included among the Lions of Scotland. It lies on the coast, about a dozen miles south of Berwick-upon-Tweed, the nearest approach to it, being from the railway station of Beal. Here the visitor will find the one-horse cart of the postmaster, offering the only conveyance to one of the most romantic and retired spots in the kingdom.

Holy Island, in circumference about eight miles, lies three miles from the land; but is only an island at high tide. At other times, the receding waters leave the sands bare, with the exception of two or three channels, not more than six inches deep, and afford a passage for vehicles, marked by a long row of stakes, intended especially to guide travellers in winter, when the snow falls thickly on the path. In summer there is always a strong wind blowing over these sands,

drying them from the salt water, forming picturesque patterns along the ever-changing ground, and dashing a thin veil of sand along the way. Woe to the unlucky wight who loses his hat in this place! With nothing to intercept it, the unfortunate headgear is at once taken by the wind and sent flying over the sandy plain, faster than human foot can run, far out to the island, and often over it to the sea beyond. The frolicsome dog, which generally accompanies the postmaster's cart, is the only hope on which the hatless wretch can then rely; and usually this reliance is not in vain.

Holy Island contains a population of some 600 souls, mostly fishermen. Not a tree grows on the island; but at the south end, where a low village crouches down against the continual sweepings of the stormy winds, are a few fields, fragrant with clover, and gleaming with buttercups; and, in one of these fields, scarce a stone's throw from the beating surf, stand the ruins of Lindisfarn Abbey, one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Great Britain, and one closely identified with the traditional career of St. Cuthbert. The front walls, portions of the side walls, a diagonal arch richly ornamented, and the chancel recently repaired to arrest further decay, remain to tell of its former beauty. The area within the ruins is strewn with sea shells and pebbles, while about the bases, whence once sprang aloft the clustered pillars of the nave, grow in rich profusion hardy yellow flowers. The sharp sea winds have eaten into the stone in many places, reducing it to an apparent honeycomb. No ripple of gentle streamlet falls on the ear; no luxuriant foliage offers its pleasant shade; no ivy drapey, stirred by the summer breeze, floats from the decaying walls; but instead of these gentle attractions, which Tinter and Bolton and Valle Crucis offer, we have at Lindisfarn the boom of the ocean surf and the biting freshness of the keen sea wind.

Scott thus describes Holy Island and Lindisfarn:

'The tide did now its floodmark gain,
And girdled in the saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varied from continent to isle;
Dryshod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle, with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls—
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.
In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row on row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk,
To emulate in stone.'

The scenes of Sarrow and Ettrick vales, associated with the life and described in the poetry of the Ettrick shepherd, deserve more attention from tourists than they usually receive. The single tomb in Ettrick kirkyard, the site of his birthplace near by, marked by a stone in the wall, bearing the letters J. H., Poet; Chapelhope, the scene of the 'Brownie o' Bodabreck,' 'Sweet St. Mary's Lake,' Mount Benger, and the new monument recently erected on the shores of St. Mary's, representing the poet seated on a rock, his plaid thrown loosely over his shoulders, and his shepherd's dog by his side—all these localities cannot fail to interest those who know James Hogg, either by his works, or by his character, so powerfully and singularly delineated in the pages of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.'

Burns, the Ploughman—Scott, the Minstrel—Hogg, the Shepherd! How much does Scotland owe to the magic of their pens! Without them, her mountains and lakes and streams would never have known the presence of that indefatigable, money-spending feature of modern life—the tourist; for, without them, few indeed would be the Lions of Scotland.

W E T W O .

WE own no houses, no lots, no lands ;
No dainty viands for us are spread ;
By sweat of our brows, and toil of our hands,
We earn the pittance that buys us bread.
And yet we live in a grander state,
Sunbeam and I, than the millionaires
Who dine off silver or golden plate,
With liveried lacqueys behind their chairs.

We have no riches in bonds or stocks ;
No bank books show, our balance to draw ;
Yet we carry a safe-key, that unlocks
More treasure than Crœsus ever saw.
We wear no velvets, nor satins fine ;
We dress in a very homely way ;
But, ah ! what luminous lustres shine
About Sunbeam's gowns and my hodden gray.

When we walk together—(we do not ride,
We are far too poor)—it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but not for this do we care.
We are not lonely ; we pass along,
Sunbeam and I, and you cannot see
(We can) what tall and beautiful throng
Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into singing at Sunbeam's touch ;
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music ; there is none such
In the concert halls where the palpitant air
In musical billows floats and swims ;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm like the feel of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look in each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah ! ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The dregs to elixir, the dross to gold ;
And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old : and we live in peace,
 And we love our fellows, and envy none ;
 And our hearts are glad at the large increase
 Of plenteous virtue under the sun.
 And the days pass by with their thoughtful tread,
 And the shadows lengthen toward the west ;
 But the wane of our young years brings no dread,
 To break our harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
 And Time will furrow my darling's brow ;
 But never can Time's hand take away
 The tender halo that clasps it now.
 So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
 With nothing to hurt us, nor upbraid ;
 And my life trembles with reverence,
 And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.



PATRIOTISM AND PROVINCIALISM.

IN that memorable parliamentary battle between Webster and Hayne, the broad nationalism of the former stands out in splendid contrast with the narrow provincialism of the latter. Hayne's theme was small and sectional—it wanted bulk ; hence, he continually intrudes himself in his subject: the subject is half, and Hayne and Webster the other and more important half. Webster, on the contrary, is completely absorbed in the magnitude of his subject ; he forgets the very existence of such facts as Webster and Hayne, and considers only that the destinies of millions hang upon the great principles he is enunciating. Hayne is burdened with an inferior sense of personality, and never gets beyond the clouds ; Webster's massive intellect shines out calm and bright as a fixed star—far beyond the gross atmosphere of personal strife or sectional antagonism. Hayne looks through a glass dimly, and sees only South Carolina—a part ; Webster, with his grand

coup d'œil sweeps the horizon, and his eagle glance takes in the entire Union as one perfect, organic whole. Hayne's logic, granting the premises, was a finished and splendid piece of mechanism ; Webster started from a deeper and broader vantage-ground of universal principle and intuitive truth, and by one terrible wrench of his giant intellect, Hayne's premises fell from under, and the labored superstructure of his logic went down in one confused mass of ruin with its foundations.

General Banks, in his late order, welcoming the return of our brave soldiers from their two years' captivity in Texas, after recounting their heroic history, gives utterance to the following noble sentiment : ' They refused to substitute the misguided ambition of a vulgar, low-bred provincialism, for the hallowed hopes of a national patriotism.'

A great truth, like ' a thing of beauty, is a joy forever.' We feel it as the wine of life in our spiritual organisms,

quicken thought, ennobling our aims, fortifying virtue, and expanding our immortal statures. Such a truth is contained in that pointed antithesis: 'A vulgar, low-bred provincialism, and the hallowed hopes of a national patriotism.'

The human soul, in its process of development, grows from the centre to the circumference, from a part to the whole, from a unit to the universe. Its first conception is that of self-consciousness, and its first emotion that of self-love. As it expands its immortal germs, it becomes conscious of its relation to objects outside of self; it seeks new outlets of sympathy in love of parents and kindred—then of political communities, nations, and races; ever expanding the grand circle of its sympathies as it grows more and more into a perfect image of the divine spirit of the universe.

This tendency of the soul to the universal is a sure index of its highest moral and intellectual culture; it is one of the divine instincts of our nature, and shines out as God's autograph upon the great representative minds of all ages. In Marcus Curtius, William Tell, Garibaldi, and our own loved Washington, it makes the cream of history and the highest poetry of nations. Its perfect manifestation is seen in that grandest of all epics, 'Christ on the Cross,' wherein we behold a most complete absorption of the self of the individual in the universal self of the race.

There are men with little, narrow souls, that never radiate beyond the centre of self; they have no conception

of pure, fixed, absolute principles, but are wholly governed by their local surroundings, provincial prejudices, and the lower instincts of their nature. The large, liberal mind of the true patriot, however, can never be dwarfed down to mere sectional standards, but, true to the law of its attraction, will ever point to the Pole-star of national unity and national brotherhood.

Universality of soul, in the sense above adverted to, distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race as the best government-builders of the world. England, by her subordination of the sectional to the national, by her reverence for organic law and national unity, has survived the fiercest shocks of her civil convulsions, and built upon their ruins a more perfect and enduring fabric of government. In Southern latitudes, where the temperament grows mercurial, and the emotional nature predominates, as in France and the Italian States, governments seem founded on *volcanic strata*, liable to frequent and radical eruptions. In the hot Huguenot blood of South Carolina was kindled the first fatal spark that now threatens to set our entire Union in a blaze of ruin.

The Christian draws nearer to the angels as he forgets self in the love of God and his kind; and that nation is the most prosperous, happy, and powerful that subordinates all selfish local interests, all sectional antagonisms, to the higher law of national unity and brotherhood, that holds 'the hallowed hopes of a national patriotism' as ever paramount to the misguided ambition of a vulgar, low-bred provincialism.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GALA DAYS. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of 'Country Living and Country Thinking.' Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Who will not welcome another book from the pen of Gail Hamilton, nor name a 'gala day' indeed the one devoted to a perusal of these pleasant pages? As Americans, we are very proud of Gail Hamilton. We regard her books as blessings to the community. We know of no familiar essays comparable to hers; we prefer them greatly to those of Elia. Everything she touches assumes a sudden interest, no matter how trivial in itself it may be. She pours sunshine over the pettiest details of every-day life. We have known and felt all she tells us, lived it as life, and instantaneously recognize it as truth; but who before has ever recorded it for us—nay, who could do it for us, save this gifted woman, who accepts all with a spirit so brave and true? How acute her analysis of character! Every house has its own Halicarnassus. He is a typical man, as is shown in the fact that husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers are constantly called 'Halicarnassus' by the ladies most closely associated with them. Halicarnassus—tantalizing and antagonistic, slow to work and ready to jeer, the plague and pest of the home-hearth, but at the same time its pride and joy, true and helpful in all real emergencies, though full of irritating taunts and desperate indolence. Such books keep our spirits up in these days of national calamity and domestic losses. Their charm is indescribable. Their style is sharp and brusque, but telling of wide culture; keen, but tender; clear as mountain brook, but varied and full as a river. Gail Hamilton will write of the daily trifles of which life is made, then boldly grapple with the highest truths; she mounts from the hut to the skies, and pours the light of heaven on all

she touches by the way. Humor and pathos, fun and earnestness, fiery indignation and loving charity, detailed truths and bold imaginations meet in her singularly rich, graphic, natural, and original pages. We have often heard fault found with them by the artificial, as fault is always found with things fresh and natural; but for ourselves we would not willingly lose a single line she has ever written. No affectation, no cant, no sickly feeling, no weakness, no inflation, no appealing for petty sympathy, no writing for the sake of seeming fine, does she ever indulge in. She coins words at will, for she writes from her heart and is no purist; but we feel them to be appropriate, and requisite to express the shade of thought in question: we may laugh at them at first, but so natural and naive are they that we soon find them stealing into our own vocabulary.

The beneficial effect of such writings upon American women cannot be overestimated. They act as invigorating tonics, courses of beefsteak and iron upon the somewhat too fragile loveliness, the exacting and fastidious fine-ladyism, the morbid helplessness, far too prevalent among them. Their ideal of womanhood has been wrong, narrow and contracted, wanting in strength, breadth, and charity. Miss Mulech and Gail Hamilton, while cherishing the sanctity of womanhood, are giving broader views, higher aims, truer delicacy, and greater self-reliance to their plastic sex. Their lessons and examples are bracing as the sea breeze, and soothing as air fresh from the piny mountain.

Gail Hamilton dares to call things by their right names; humbugs die and shams perish as her clear, deep eyes gaze upon them. She has the bravery of virtue, and battles courageously with ~~wrong~~ selfishness, and weakness, though we always feel it is a woman's arm that strikes the blow, and the Halicarnassuses of earth are ready to kneel

to receive it. But that she has explicitly forbidden all intrusion into her privacy, we would say more about her. Meantime we frankly offer her our sympathy and humble admiration, our true and leal homage, our grateful appreciation of her strong, womanly, truthful, pure, and generous nature. Move on in peace, fair iconoclast of false idols, stripper of tinsel shrines, bringer of pleasant hours to the quiet home-hearth, vigorous painter of home tasks and duties; and may Halicarnassus feed upon your pungent and salty wit, drink the wine of your valiant and patriotic heart, and bask in the sunshine of your loyal and loving soul forever and ever!

OUR OLD HOME: A Series of English Sketches. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MESSES. TICKNOR & FIELDS are daily doing their countrymen service by publishing good books, and thus increasing the means for promoting general and solid culture. To them as well as to the gifted author are due our thanks for this agreeable volume of truthful and instructive sketches. It is, in fact, the portfolio of a genuine artist. He tells us that the picture to have been evolved from a combination of these faithful outlines is now never to be completed. This is certainly to be regretted so far as artistic enjoyment is concerned; but, in regard to exact portrayal of subject matter, sketches are oftentimes more valuable, because more precise, than the finished work as seen through the haze of the artist's imagination, wrought upon by the softening influences of time, distance, and the necessary requirements of beauty in every such creation.

Americans, until recently, have been prone either to sneer indiscriminately at everything foreign, or to undervalue their own country and advantages, and find nothing tolerable which was not the growth of the eastern shore of the Atlantic. These tendencies are now, we think, giving place to a calmer impartiality, a broader and more enlightened spirit of inquiry. Patriotism is no longer a mere matter of scoff among politicians, self-sacrifice the object of newspaper sneers, *our country* a spread-eagle figure for a Fourth-of-July oration. American men and women now know that in a good cause they can

cheerfully resign fortune, and even bravely send forth to the battle field, or to the still more fatal hospital, the dearest members of their household; and they hence feel lifted up above petty scoffs and political or commercial jealousies. Having proven their continued manhood and womanhood, they can look their brother men of whatever nation in the face, quietly yielding precedence where deserved, and as quietly claiming their own dues. The spirit of Hawthorne's book is strictly in accordance with this growing feeling. Fanatics, either for or against England and the English, may find too much praise or too much blame; but the impartial reader cannot fail to be impressed by the author's fairness, even by the keen-sighted appreciation of either virtues or faults resulting from a sincere and long-seated affection.

The chapter on "Outside Glimpses of English Poverty" is written as if with the heart's blood of the writer; and we may all of us ponder it well, lest some day its graphic but melancholy outlines may only too vividly delineate the condition of our own poor. Let it teach every man of us to strive without ceasing to bridge the wide chasm almost necessarily dividing rich and poor. Let us untiringly pour into that chasm love, pity, help, forbearance, our best of constructive thinking, but last as well as first, love—Christiah love—until vice and despair no longer find excuse in circumstance.

We are glad again to welcome within the ranks of American literature the author whose "Twice-Told Tales," "Manse Mosses," and "Scarlet Letter" so thrilled our youthful souls; and we hope the pressure of the times, weighing heavily upon him as upon all men of imagination who have outlived their first youth, may ere long be lifted, and his mind naturally revert to the treatment of mystic themes he of all writers seems empowered to render dreamily interesting and suggestive.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By L. AGASSIZ. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THIS is indeed a valuable work, supplying a want long felt by that class of intelligent students who, without the time or means to fathom the depths of natural science, are yet

desirous of obtaining accurate and reliable information regarding its foundation and general principles. The public are deeply indebted to Professor Agassiz, for it is not every man of real science who is willing to step into the popular arena, throw aside (in so far as possible) technicalities, and strive to impart to the unlearned the valuable results of years of severe study, observation, and thought. We are happy to see that the illustrious author enters "an earnest protest against the transmutation theory, revived of late with so much ability, and so generally received." The book concludes thus: "I cannot repeat too emphatically that there is not a single fact in embryology to justify the assumption that the laws of development, now known to be so precise and definite for every animal, have ever been less so, or have ever been allowed to run into each other. The philosopher's stone is no more to be found in the organic than the inorganic world; and we shall seek as vainly to transform the lower animal types into the higher ones by any of our theories as did the alchemists of old to change the baser metals into gold."

The subjects treated are: General Sketch of the Early Progress in Natural History; Nomenclature and Classification; Categories of Classification; Classification and Creation; Different Views respecting Orders; Gradation among Animals; Analogous Types; Family Characteristics; The Characters of Genera; Species and Breeds; Formation of Coral Reefs; Age of Coral Reefs, as showing permanence of species; Homologies; Alternate Generations; The Ovarian Egg; Embryology and Classification.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, during his Tour in the East, in the Spring of 1862, with Notices of some of the Localities visited. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford; Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Deputy Clerk of the Closet; Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. Published by Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street, New York.

THESE Sermons are dedicated to his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and are published at the request of the Queen of England. Their interest depends in part on the circumstances and the occasion of

their delivery; in part upon the charm of their own quiet, simple, and elegant style, their devout and tender spirit. The scenes in which these discourses were preached are among the most famous and familiar of the sacred and classical localities, the texts chosen being always in accordance with them, the sermons illustrating their history and connecting their glorious Past with the Present of the illustrious travellers. They were preached on the Nile, at Thebes; in Palestine, at Jaffa, at Nablus, at Nazareth, at Tiberias; in Syria, at Rasheya, at Baalbec, at Ehden; on the Mediterranean, &c. Notices are appended of the spots visited during the tour of the young Prince in the East. We find in the table of contents: 'The Mosque of Hebron, The Cave of Machpelah, The Tomb of David at Jerusalem, The Samaritan Passover, The Passover on Mount Gerizim, The Antiquities of Nablus, Galilee, Cana, Tabor, The Lake of Genesareth, Safed, Kadesh-Naphtali, The Valley of the Litany, The Temples of Hermon, Baalbec, Damascus, Beirut, The Cedars of Lebanon, Arvad; Patmos, its Traditions and connection with the Apocalypse.' These notices are interesting and graphic. Places into which travellers have found it impossible to penetrate, were rendered accessible to the heir of England's crown. The visit to the hitherto inaccessible Sanctuary, the Mosque of Hebron—the Sanctuary, first Jewish, then Christian, now Mussulman, which is supposed to cover the Cave of Machpelah, to which their attention had been directed by the great German geographer, Ritter, and which has excited in modern times the keenest curiosity—is full of instruction and interest. Since the time of Prince Edward and Eleanor, this visit was the first paid by an heir of the crown of England to these sacred regions. We close our notice with a short extract from the pages of this pleasant book.

'That long cavalcade, sometimes amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, of the Prince and his suite, the English servants, the troop of fifty or a hundred Turkish cavalry, their spears glittering in the sun, and their red pennons streaming in the air, as they wound their way through the rocks and thickets, and over the stony ridges of Syria, was a sight that enlivened even the tamest landscape, and lent a new charm even to the most beautiful. Most remarkably was this

felt on our first entrance into Palestine, and on our first approach to Jerusalem. The entrance of the Prince into the Holy Land was almost on the footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Edward I, under the tower of Ramleh, and in the ruined Cathedral of St. George, at Lydda. Thence we had climbed the pass of Joshua's victory at Beth-horon, had caught the first glimpse of Jerusalem from the top of the Mosque of the Prophet Samuel, where Richard had stood and refused to look on the Holy Sepulchre which he was not thought worthy to rescue. Then came the full view of the Holy City from the northern road, the ridge of Scopus—the view immortalized in Tasso's description of the first advance of the Crusaders. The cavalcade had now swelled into a strange and motley crowd. The Turkish governor and his suite—the English consul and the English clergy—groups of uncouth Jews—Franciscan monks and Greek priests—here and there under the clumps of trees, groups of children singing hymns—the stragglers at last becoming a mob—the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the hard stones of that rocky and broken road drowning every other sound—such was the varied procession, which, barbarous as it was, still seemed to contain within itself the representatives, or, if one will, the offscourings of all nations, and thus to combine the impressive, and, at the same time, the grotesque and melancholy aspect which so peculiarly marks the modern Jerusalem. Our tents were pitched outside the Damascus Gate, near the scene of the encampment of Godfrey de Bouillon, and from thence we explored the city and the neighborhood.'

FREEDOM AND WAR: Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co.

WE cannot more appropriately present this work to the notice of our readers, than by quoting from the editor's introduction the following passage with regard to it: 'The title sufficiently expresses the rule by which the selection was made. That rule was to choose discourses on subjects of present interest, and which, at the same time, should, as far as possible, so handle those

subjects as to have a more permanent value. They have also a certain significance from their order in time. No other system will be found in the book, except a systematic purpose always to discuss the subject apparently most important at the time. Its general method is, to apply the principles of Christianity to the duties and circumstances of life; to insist on a sound and fearless Christian morality in whatever men do; and to show the increased importance of practising that morality in times like these. It is believed that, in seeking to do this, the discourses are consistent and clear in teaching God's almighty supremacy and his goodness and wisdom, faith in humanity and its future, the absolute necessity of national righteousness and of Christian equality, the substantial truth and excellence of the frame of government of the United States, the substantial nobility and courage, justice and perseverance, of the real democracy of the country, and the certain and ineffable splendor of our future, if only we are true to ourselves, to humanity, and to God.' Few men have had such ardent and devoted friends as Henry Ward Beecher; few such bitter and determined enemies. It were useless to tell his friends of the loyalty, patriotism, and ability of these remarkable Discourses; we heartily wish his enemies could be persuaded to peruse them. We believe they would find the writer far other than they deem him. We think they would find their prejudices melting away, their dislike growing into admiration, and their own souls kindling from the fire of his ardent and broad humanity. No man's opinions have been more constantly misstated, none more generally miscomprehended, than Mr. Beecher's. A man of large soul, of generous impulses, he thinks as he feels, and writes as he thinks. His thoughts are original, his imagination glowing, his sympathies all-embracing, his creed broad and flowing, his illustrations apt and graphic, his diction clear and bold, though often careless and sometimes almost grotesquely familiar;—all that he touches seems poured through his heart, and thus never fails to reach the heart of his audience. He battles with the sins and evils of his time, and is perhaps as conservative as truth will admit.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOW AND THEN.

JOHN LETCHER, the present rebel Governor of Virginia, has lately presented himself in rather a new character by recommending in his message to the legislature of his State, a provision of law to pay for slaves lost by the war. When he was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, he was altogether incapable of appreciating any public liability to individuals. He was notorious for the sleepless energy and vigilance with which he opposed all private claims without regard to their merits. He seemed to act on the principle that a valid demand against the government could not exist, and that no man who presented one could be honest.

By the rules of the House of Representatives certain days are set apart called 'objection days,' when the private calendar is called over, and all bills not objected to are laid by and passed without debate. Few, indeed, were the bills which, in Mr. Letcher's day, could stand this ordeal. On these days he was in his glory; it was then that by the use of the magic words, 'I object,' he obtained his greatest triumphs.

On one of these occasions, a plain old lady from a distant part of the country, was in the gallery looking down on the proceedings with intense anxiety. She was the unfortunate subject of a revolutionary claim, which had long been pending without result, and by the advice of her friends she had come all the way to Washington to give her personal exertions to its prosecution. By dint of untiring energy she had succeeded in having it passed through the Senate and sent down to the House. It had successfully run the gauntlet of the House committee, and as the calendar was now to be called, the simple-hearted old lady thought she was at the end of her troubles. She watched the proceed-

ings with great interest, but soon began to show signs of apprehension and alarm at the movements of Mr. Letcher. The clerk had been engaged for some time in reading the bills in their order, but not one of them had reached the conclusion of its reading before the fatal words, 'I object,' were heard to issue from the seat occupied by Mr. Letcher. Turning uneasily and hastily to a stranger sitting near, the good old lady with some petulance inquired, 'who is that bald-headed man that objects to all these bills?' 'Bald, madam!' replied the gentleman, 'you're quite mistaken. He's not bald, but his hair hasn't grown any for a great many years. 'But who is he,' continued the old lady, 'and what makes him object to everybody's bill.' With most provoking deliberation, the gentleman replied to the old lady's impatient queries: 'Madam, that is John Letcher; he is a Virginia gentleman, of one of the very first families.' 'But what makes him object, I want to know that.' 'Madam,' replied the gentleman, 'the peculiarity you mention is connected with a most extraordinary fact in his history; you would indeed be surprised to learn it.' 'Do pray tell me what it is, now won't you, sir?' 'He can't help it, madam; he's obliged to object. It is a necessity imposed upon him from his birth.' 'La, mister, do pray tell me what it is. I'm dying to know.' 'Well, madam, you see now, this is objection day; Mr. Letcher was born on objection day; he objected to being born on that day; but this objection was unanimously overruled, and he became so enraged, that he has objected to everything from that day to this.' Just at this moment, the clerk read in a loud, clear voice: 'Number —, a bill for the relief of —.' The old lady turned away from the stranger as she heard her own name called, just in time to see Mr. Letcher

rise and utter the inevitable words 'Mr. Chairman, I object.'

The old lady sank back in her seat and covered her face with a red handkerchief. The stranger gentleman leaned over sympathizingly, and said in a low voice, 'Madam, the first time his mother attempted to comb his hair, he objected to having any hair; and now you see the consequence.'

But the old lady was not to be defeated. She called on Mr. Letcher every day, from that time till the next objection day; and when her bill was about to be called, Mr. Letcher took his hat and walked out of the House. The same gentleman happened to be present; he stepped up to the old lady and said: 'Madam, Mr. Letcher is now about to take the only thing he never objected to—he's gone to take a drink.'

The truth is Mr. Letcher objected to seeing the old lady again. She had promised to visit him daily until her bill passed; and the force of this objection overcame the other; and so the bill which had been defeated by an objection, was now passed on account of one.

THE PINE.

THE Pine—the Pine—the mighty Pine—
 The everliving—evergreen;
 That boldly cleaves the broad sunshine,
 Towering high with scornful mien;
 And smileth not in summer's gladness,
 And sigheth not 'mid winter's sadness;
 Shedding no tear
 O'er the dying year,
 But groweth still bright,
 And touched by no sorrow,
 For he feareth no night,
 And hopeth no morrow.

The proud—the cold—the mountain Pine,
 The tempest driven—tempest torn—
 That grandly o'er the wildwood line
 The forest banner long has borne;
 And he waiteth never the waning flower,
 For he knows no death but the storm-cloud's
 power.
 Could he have grief
 For a passing leaf?
 So strong in his might,
 Touched by no sorrow,
 Fearing no night—
 And hoping no morrow.

By the Rappahannock,
 August 7, 1868.

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

It was one of those hot days in summer, when life is rather emotional than operative, and will lies locked in the ecstasy of sense. For a week the heat had been incessant, and now at early morning the thermometer stood at 96 in the shade. We were a party of loungers thrown together by chance, in a small town of western Maryland, united in nothing but a desire to escape the heat. The town lay in a little basin scooped out among circling mountains, which were veiled in almost perpetual vapors;—but this morning the vapors had parted, wreathing the mountains in light, delicately tinted circles, and disclosing a clear, glowing sky. To the east rose Table Rock, a black, frowning bowlder, resting, a mile and a half up the mountain, on a base so narrow, it seemed a breeze would rock it into perilous motion; while to the southwest, lay Fairmount, serene, stately, sloping upward with a symmetry which architecture might vainly emulate. We determined upon an excursion to the latter, and mounted our horses for the six-and-a-half miles ride. The road was macadamized, and worn so firm and level, it reminded me, constantly, of the stone walks in a granite quarry. Among our party was a young man just returned from Europe surfeited with scenery and sight-seeing, but for the rest, we were commonplace Americans, eager to see everything, and ready to go into ecstasies over everything which we saw. It was in early July, and the foliage had not yet wilted from its moist, bright greenness; the atmosphere was a wave of light, and the earth seemed no longer dust, dross, and atoms of decay, but surcharged and palpitating with sunshine. A dead calm pervaded the air, not a leaf fluttered, not a blade bent; nature was in a trance of heat and light. As we ascended the mountains, we were sensible of a slight motion in the vapors, and a cool murmur in the trees; it was the first breath of the mountain air, swelling as we advanced to a spicy, exhilarating breeze. The sea air is certainly more bracing, but I never experienced anything so soothing, as that wind wafted from cool mountain recesses. We left our horses at the inn, and proceeded on foot to the summit. We were on one of the peaks of the Alleghanies, looking down into a valley, which, below, had appeared enclosed by

mountains, but now disclosed a broad opening to the south, while eastward ran the Blue Ridge, so wrapped and sublimated by azure mists, that it seemed a line of cloud mountains projected against the dazzling sky. As far as the eye could reach, the valley was a Paradise, so soft and delicate in its exuberant verdure, that the eye pained by the splendor of sky and air, was soothed without any cessation of delight; through its midst ran the Potomac, always limpid, but under this burning sun of a silvery brightness, shaded and mellowed by the foliage around. The wind, which we found so grateful, had increased steadily till it blew in strong gusts—a dense cloud spread over the west—while in the east, the sky faded to a chalky whiteness, low thunders muttered in the mountains, and faint shudders crept through the leaves; a line of fire curled up over the cloud, and in an instant, so vivid and swift were the electric bursts, the air seemed sheeted in flames. In a long residence on both lake and sea shore I remember no transition so startling, as this from a loveliness which was beatific to a tempest which was appalling. But the storm was as brief as its coming had been sudden, and, as the sun shone out over the dripping foliage, each leaf and blade reflected bright colors through its prismatic drops, the distant trees gleaming like sea spray in the light. As we looked through purple vapors, floating from the purple heights of shadowy mountains, the window seemed mirroring the sensuous splendors of an Italian landscape. In descending to the valley, we took a winding road which led farther up toward the heart of the range. Here were gorges opening up through the mountains, which baffle all description, and before which Art must despair. Such grouping! such luxury! so blended and irradiated with gossamer mists, it seemed easy to fancy, that in their depths lay hidden the happy fields of Pan. It is in these mists which harmonize contrasts, in these tremulous motions which conceal angles and abruptness, that nature defies art; the subtlest art may suggest, but cannot reproduce them. As we stopped, for a moment, at the foot of the mountain, and looked up through the fragrant air to the sunset sky, and forward

into the valley, mantling with alumbrous shade, our young friend from Europe exclaimed, 'I have seen to-day, what I had never expected to see in America,—mountains as picturesque as those of Wales, and a sky mellow and brilliant as that of Italy.' For me, I could not help but feel that in American scenery lies the hope of American artists, and that the artist to whom Rome is denied, may receive even fuller inspiration from the sea and skies and heights of his native land! This was in 1859. There was then no token or presage of that other July day, when, under the very shadow of these mountains, an army thrilled with heroic impulse; when men, whose whole lives had been ignoble, redeemed them by the most sublime daring; and those whose lives held every promise yielded them with the most patriotic devotion; and through long sultry hours, men cheerfully endured the tortures of thirst, of wounds, and of lonely death agonies, sustained by a prescience of victory. Thus was the scene, which nature had made enchanting, rendered historic and immortal.

A. J. S.

ARE YOU FOR THE COUNTRY?

THEN draw and strike,
In nature's right,
And Freedom's might,
To break the night
Of Slavery's blight,
And make our country free!

Strike home the blow,
And bravely show
The traitor foe
His blood shall flow
Beneath the glow
Of Freedom's victory.

Let traitors feel
The Northern steel;
Nor backward wheel
Till they shall kneel,
And Yankee heel
Shall rest on Tyranny.

Then on, ye brave!
Your banner wave
O'er head of slave,
And ope the grave
For rebel knave;—
Bring Peace and Unity.

THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. IV.—DECEMBER, 1863.—No. VI.

THE NATION.

WE are of the race of the Empire Builders. Some races have been sent into the world to destroy. Ours has been sent to create. It was needed that the blunders of ten centuries and more, across the water, should be given a chance for amendment. On virgin soil, the European races might cure themselves of the fever pains of ages. So they were called here to try. There was no rubbish to sweep away. The mere destructive had no occupation. The builder and creator was the man wanted. In the full glow of civilization, with the accumulated experience of the toiling generations, with all the wealth of the fruitful past, we, 'the foremost in the files of time,' have been called to this business of *nation making*.

The men of our blood, they say, are given to boasting. America adds flashing nerve fire to the dull muscle of Europe. That is the fact. But the tendency to boasting is an honest inheritance. We can hardly boast louder than our fathers across the sea have taught us. The boasting of New York can scarcely drown the boasting of London. Jonathan thinks highly of himself, but, certainly, John Bull is not behind him in self-esteem.

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centuries of victory over nature and over men may give a race the right to boast—ten centuries of victory with never a defeat! The English tongue is an arrogant tongue, we grant. Command, mastery, lordliness, are bred into its tones. The old tongue of the Romans was never deeper marked in those respects than our own. It is a free-man's speech, this mother language. A slave can never speak it. He garbles, clips, and mumbles it, makes 'quarter talk' of it. The hour he learns to speak English he is spoiled for a slave. It is the tongue of conquerors, the language of imperial will, of self-asserting individuality, of courage, masterhood, and freedom. There is no need of being thin-skinned under the charge of boasting. A man cannot very well learn, in his cradle, 'the tongue that Shakespeare spake,' without talking sometimes as if he and his owned creation.

For the tongue is the representative of the speaker. A people embodies its soul in its language. And the people who inherit English have done work enough in this little world to give them a right to do some talking. They, at least, can speak their boast, and hear it seconded, in the bold accents their

mothers taught them, on every shore and on every sea. They have been the world's day-laborers now for some centuries. They have felled its forests, drained its marshes, dug in its mines, ploughed its wastes, built its cities. They have done rough pioneer work over all its surface. They have done it, too, as it never was done before. They have made it *stay done*. They have never given up one inch of conquered ground. They have never yielded back one square foot to barbarism. Won once to civilization, under their leadership, and your square mile of savage waste and jungle is won forever.

We are inclined to think the world might bear with us. We talk a great deal about ourselves, perhaps; but, on the whole, are we not buying the privilege? Did a race ever buckle to its business in this world in more splendid style than our own? With both hands clenched, stripped to the waist, blackened and begrimed and sweat bathed, this race takes its place in the vanguard of the world and bends to its chosen toil. The grand, patient, hopeful people, how they grasp blind brute nature, and tame her, and use her at their word! How they challenge and defeat in the death grapple the grim giants of the waste and the storm—fever, famine, and the frost!

You will find them down, to-day, among the fireclamps in the mines, to-morrow among the splendid pinnacles of the mountains, to settle a fact of science, or add a mite to human knowledge. Here is one, painfully toiling through the tangled depths of a desert continent, to find a highway for commerce or Christianity. Here is another, in the lonely seas around the pole, where the ghostly ice-mountains go drifting through the gray mists, patiently wrestling with the awful powers of nature, to snatch its secret from the hoary deep, and bring it home in triumph. Hard fisted, big boned, tough brained, and stout hearted, scared at

nothing, beaten back by no resistance, baffled, for long, by no obstacle, this race works as though the world were only one vast workshop, and they wanted all the tools and all the materials, and were anxious to monopolize the work of the world.

They are workers primarily, makers, producers, builders. Labor is their appointed business as a people. Sometimes they have to fight, when fools stand in their way, or traitors oppose their endeavors. They have had to do, indeed, their fair share of fighting. Things go so awry in this world that a patient worker is often called to drop his tools, square himself, and knock down some idiot who insists on bothering him. And this race of ours has therefore often, patient as it is, flamed out into occasional leonine wrath. It really does not like fighting. That performance interferes with its proper business. It takes to the ploughshare more kindly than to the sabre, and likes to manage a steam engine better than a six-gun battery. But if imbeciles and scoundrels will get in its way, and will mar its pet labors, then, heaven help them! The patient blood blazes into lava, fire, the big muscles strain over the black cannon, the brawny arm guides the fire-belching tower of iron on the sea, and, when these people do fight, they fight, like the Titans when they warred with Jove, with a roar that shakes the spheres. They go at that as they do at everything. They fight to clear this confusion up, to settle it once for all, so it will *stay settled*, that they may go to their work again in peace. Fond of a clean job, they insist on making a clean job of their fighting, if they have to fight at all.

'But, after all, this race of ours is selfish,' you say. 'It works only for itself, and you are making something grand and heroic out of that. If it civilizes, it civilizes for itself. If it builds cities, drains marshes, redeems jungles, explores rivers, builds rail-

roads, and prints newspapers, it is doing all for its own pocket.' Well, we say, why not? Is the laborer not worthy of his hire? Do you expect a patient, toiling people to conquer a waste continent here, for God and man, and get nothing for it from either? A people never yet did a good stroke of work in this world without getting a fair day's wages for the job. The old two-fisted Romans, in their day, did a good deal of hard work in the way of road and bridge building, and the like of that, across the sea, and did it well, and they got paid for it by several centuries of mastery over Europe. We rather think, high as the pay was, and little as the late Romans seem to have deserved it, it was, on the whole, a profitable bargain for Europe. The truth is, our race has, like all other great creating races, been building wiser than it knew. It is not necessary that such a race should be conscious of its mission. In its own intention it may work for itself. By the guiding of the Great Master, it does work for all humanity and all time. If a race comes on the earth mere fighters, brigands, and thieves, living by force, fraud, and oppression, even then it serves a purpose. It destroys something that needs destroying. In its own turn, however, it must perish. But an honest race, that undertakes to earn its honest living on the earth, and in the main does earn it, honestly and industriously, by planting and building, like our own, never works merely for itself. It plants and builds to stand forever. The results of patient toil never perish. They are so much clear gain to humanity.

To many, the *conscious* end of the existence of the Yankee nation may have been a small affair indeed. That end is only what they make it. Its *unconscious* end is, however, another matter. That end God has made. To one man, the nation exists that he may make wooden clocks and sell them. To another, the chief end of the nation's ex-

istence is that he may get a good crop of wheat to market during rising quotations. To another, that he may do a good stroke of business in the boot and shoe line. To another, that he may make a good thing in stocks. To some in the past, this nation existed solely that men might breed negroes in Virginia, and work them in Alabama! This great nation was worth the blacks it owned, and the cotton it raised! Actually that was all. The *conscious* end to thousands amounted to about this. Men looked at the nation from their own small place. They dwarfed its purposes. They made them small and mean and low. They did this three years ago more commonly, we think, than they do now. The war has taught us many things. It has certainly taught us higher ideas of the value of the Nation, and a loftier idea of the meaning of its life. We have awaked to the fact that we are trustees of this continent for the world. We have been fighting for two years and more, not to save this nation for the value of its wheat, or cotton, or manufactures, or exports, but for the value of the ideas, the hopes, the aspirations, the tendencies this nation embodies. We have risen to see that it were a good bargain to barter all the material wealth it holds for the priceless spiritual ideas it represents. France babbles about 'going to war for an idea.' We don't babble. We buckle on our armor and fight, we practical, money-making Yankees, who are said to value everything by dollars, and, after two years of tremendous fighting, are half amazed ourselves to find we have been fighting solely for a half-dozen ideas the world can lose only at the cost of despair. Since the days when men left house and home and friends, with red crosses on their hearts, to redeem from the hands of the infidel the sepulchre which the dead Christ once made holy, the world has never seen a war carried on for a more purely ideal end than our own. We fight for the integrity

of the Nation. We fight for what that word means of hope and confidence and freedom and advancement to the groaning and bewildered world. We say, let all else perish, wealth, commerce, agriculture, cunning manufacture, humanizing art. We expend all to save the Nation. That priceless possession we shall hold intact to the end, for ourselves, our children, and the coming years!

Let us see what this thing is that we prize so highly. Let us see if we are paying any too high a price for our object—if it is worth a million lives and a countless treasure. What is the Nation?

There used to be a theory of 'the Social Compact.' It was a prominent theory in the French Revolution. It was vastly older, however, than that event. It was originally a theory of the Epicureans. Ovid has something to say about it. Horace advocates it. It has not perished. It exists in a fragmentary way in some books taught in colleges. It has more or less of a hold still on many minds. This theory teaches that the natural state of man is a state of warfare, an isolated savagery, where each man's hand is against his neighbor, each lord and master for himself, with no rights except what force gives him, and no possessions except what he can hold by force. This natural state, however, was found to be a very uncomfortable state, and so men contrive to get out of it as soon as possible. For this purpose they form a 'social compact.' They come together, and agree to give up some of their natural rights to a settled government, on condition that government protect them in the others. That is to say, naturally they have the right to steal all they can lay their hands on, to rob, plunder, murder, and commit adultery, if they have the power, and, generally, to live like a pack of amiable tiger cats; but that these pleasant and amusing natural rights they consent to give up, on condition they are relieved from the trouble of guarding others.

Just such babblement as that you can read in very learned books, and stuff like that has actually been taught in colleges, and nobody was sent to the lunatic asylum! That is the theory of the 'Social Compact.' That is the way, according to that theory, that nations are made.

It is enough to say of this old heathen dream, that there never was such a state of savage brutalism known since man was man. All men are born under some law, some government, some controlling authority. As long as fathers and mothers are necessary, in the economy of nature, to a man's getting into the world at all, it is very hard for him to escape law and control when he comes. I was never asked whether I would be a citizen of the United States, whether it was my high will to come into 'the Social Compact' existing here. Neither were you. No man ever was. Just fancy the United States solemnly asking all the infants born this year, if they are willing to join the social compact and behave themselves in the country as respectable babies should!

It is vastly better to take facts and try to comprehend and use them. And, as a fact, man is not naturally a brute beast. He never had to make a Social Compact. He has always found one made ready to his hand. Some established order, some national life has always stood ready to receive the new recruit to the ranks of humanity, put him in his place, and ask him no questions. He is made for society. Society is made for him. He is not isolated, but joined to his fellows by links stronger than iron, by hands no steel can sever. The nation stands waiting for him. In some shape, with some development of national life, but always essentially the same, the nation takes him, plastic at his birth, into its great hands, and moulds and fashions him, by felt and unfelt influences, whether he will or no, into the national shape and figure.

And that is what nations are made for. They do not exist to produce wheat, corn, cattle, cotton, or cutlery, but to produce *men*. The wheat, corn, and the rest exist for the sake of the men. The real value of the nation, to itself and to the world, is not the things it produces, but the style of man it produces. That is the broad difference between China and Massachusetts, between Japan and New York. Nations exist to be training schools for men. That is their real business. Accordingly as they do it better or worse they are prospering or the reverse. What is France about? The newspaper people tell me she is building ships, drilling zouaves, diplomatizing at Rome, brigandizing in Mexico, huzzaing for glory and Napoleon the Third. That is about the wisdom of the newspapers. She is moulding a million unsuspecting little innocents into Frenchmen! That is what she is at, and nobody seems to notice. What is England doing? Weaving cotton, when she can get it, I am told, drilling rifle brigades, blustering in the *Times*, starving her workmen in Lancashire, and feasting her Prince in London, talking 'strict neutrality' in Parliament, and building pirates on the Clyde. She's doing worse than that. That is not half her wrong-doing. She is taking thousands of plastic, impressible, innocent babes, into her big hands, monthly, and kneading them and hardening them into regular John Bulls! That's a pretty job to think of!

So the nations are at work all over the world. And the nation that, as a rule, takes 'mamma's darling' into its arms, and in twenty or thirty years makes him the best specimen of a man, is the most perfect nation and best fulfils a nation's purpose.

For the business of Education, which so many consider the schoolmaster's specialty, is a larger business than they think. The Family exists to do it, the Church exists to do it. It is the real business of the State. The great Uni-

verse itself, with all its vastness, its powers and its mysteries, was created for this. It is simply God's great schoolroom. He has floored it with the emerald queen of the earth and of the gleaming seas. He has roofed it with a sapphire dome, lit with flaming starfire and sun blaze. He has set the great organ music of the spheres reverberating forevermore through its high arches. He has put his children here, to train them for their grand inheritance. He has ordered nature and life and circumstance for this one great end.

Therefore the Nation is not a joint-stock company. It is not a paper association. It is not a mutual assurance society for life and property. That is the shallow, surface notion that makes such miserable babble in political speeches. The Nation is Divine and not Human. It is of God's making and not of man's. It is a moral school, a spiritual training institute for educating and graduating men. For that purpose it is *alive*. Men can make associations, companies, compacts. God only makes *living bodies*, divine, perpetual institutions, with life in themselves, which exist because man exists, which can never end till man ends. The Family is one of these. The Church is another, in any shape it comes. The Nation is another, holding Family and Church both in its arms.

True, from the fact that the power, the administration and the arrangements of details are in men's hands in the nation, mistake is common, and people are tempted to think the Nation purely human. All thought below the surface will show the fallacy and stamp the Nation as the handiwork of God.

We believe true thought on this matter is, at this day and in this land, of first importance. The Lord of Hosts rules, and not the master of a thousand regiments with smoking cannon. God builds the Nation for a purpose. While it fulfils that purpose it shall stand.

The banded folly and scoundrelhood within and the gathered force of all enemies without shall never overthrow one pillar in its strong foundations or topple down one stone from its battlements while it works honestly toward its true end. Not till it turn traitor to its place and purposes, not till it madly plant itself in the way of the great wheels that roll the world back to light and justice, will He who built it hurl it to the earth again in crashing ruin, to build another order in its place. The man who has let that great truth, written out in flame across the dusky forehead of the Past, slip from his foolish atheist's heart and his shallow atheist's brain, is blind, not only to our own land's short history, but to the lessons of the long ages and the broad world.

We have been driven back to the loftiest ground on this question. We have found that only on that could we stand. When the very foundations of what we held most awful and reverential have been assailed by mad traitorous hands, as though they were vulgar things, when frenzied self-will has laid its profane grasp upon the Ark of the Covenant, we have been forced back to those strong foundations on which nations stand, for hope and confidence, to those tremendous sanctions that girdle in, as with the fires of God, the sanctity of Law, the majesty of Order, and established Right. We have declared these things Divine. We have said men administer truly, but men did not create, and men have no right to destroy. We arise in the defence of institutions of which Jehovah has made us the guardians for men!

We have said the Nation exists to train men, that the best nation is the one that trains the best men. Let us see how it does this.

In the first place, it educates by Written Law. To be sure, laws are passed to define and protect human rights, in person, purse, family, or good

name. People sometimes think that is all they do. But consider. These laws on the Statute Book are the Nation's deliberate convictions, so far, on right and wrong, a real code of morals, the decisions of the national conscience on moral subjects. An act is passed punishing theft. It is intended to protect property indeed, but it does more. It stands there, the Nation's conviction on a point of ethics. Theft is absolutely wrong. It passes another act punishing perjury. The mere lawyer looks at this solely as a facility for getting at the truth before a jury. It is vastly more. It is a moral decision. The Nation binds the Ten Commandments on the popular conscience, and declares, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' It declares, 'There are everlasting distinctions, things absolutely right, and things absolutely wrong. So far has the conscience of the Nation made things clear. The good citizen knows all this without the Statute Book, and much more. But there must be a limit somewhere. Here it is. Up to this point you may come, but no farther. Everlasting distinctions must be taught by bolts, chains, and scaffolds, if there are those in the Nation who will learn them from no other teachers.'

It has been very easy to tamper with Law among ourselves, very easy to try experiments. And people get the notion that Law is a mere human affair, the act of a legislature, the will of a majority. It is all a mistake. A Nation's living laws are the slow growth of ages. They are its solemn convictions on wrongs and rights, written in its heart. The business of a wise legislator is to help all those convictions to expression in formal enactment. Meddling fools try to choke them, pass acts against them even, think they can annihilate such convictions. One day the convictions insist on being heard, if not by formal law, then by terrible informal protest against some legalized wrong. Think how laboriously lawmakers have toiled to prevent the expression

of the Nation's determined convictions on the subject of Slavery! Think of the end! Nay, all enactments which accord with these deep decisions of the National Conscience, which help them to better expression and clearer acknowledgment, are the real Laws of the Land. All that oppose these decisions, though passed by triumphant majorities, with loud jubilation, and fastened on the Nation as its sense of right, are mere rubbish, sure to be swept away as the waves of the National life roll on.

We, by no means, hold that even the best nation, in its most living laws, always declares perfect truth and perfect right. Human errors and weaknesses enter into all things with which men deal. And the Nation is ordered and guided by men. Nevertheless the Nation is an authorized teacher of morals, and these errors are the accidents of the institution. They are not of its essence. So far as they exist, they block its working, they stand in its way. Pure, clear Justice is the perfect ideal toward which a living, advancing Nation aims. That it daily come nearer this ideal is the basis of its permanence. And, meanwhile, though the result be far from attained, we none the less hold that the Law of the Nation is, to every man within it, the Law of God. His business, as a wise man, is to accept it, obey it, help it to amendment where he believes there is error, with all patience and loyalty.

For the first disorder in the makeup of man is wilfulness. The child kicks and scratches in his cradle. It wants to have its own small will. The first lesson it has to learn is the lesson of submission, that the untried world, into which it is thrust, is not a place of self-pleasing, but of law. It takes parents and teachers years to get that fact through the stubborn youngster's head. It will burn its fingers, it will tumble down stairs, it will pitch head first over fences, because it will not learn to forego its own small, ignorant will, and submit to wiser and larger wills. In

the good old days they used to think that matter ought to be learned in childhood once for all, and they labored faithfully to convince us urchins, by the unsparing logic of the rod, that the law of life is not self-will. Some of us, possibly, remember those emphatic lessons yet.

It is hard, however, to learn this thing perfectly. And so after the Mother, Father, and Teacher get through, the Nation takes up the lesson. A wise, wide, unselfish will takes command, and puts down the narrow, conceited, selfish will of the individual. The individual will may think itself very wise and very right. But the large will, the broad, strong, wise will of the Nation, comes and says: 'Here is the *Law*, the embodiment of the great, wide, wise will, to which the wisest and the strongest must submit and bow.'

That is the law of human position. Not self-will but obedience, not anarchy but order, not mad uncontrolledness, but calm submission, even to temporary error and wrong, is the road to ultimate perfection. Therefore, we can say nothing too reverential of Law. We cannot guard too jealously the clear trumpet-tongued preacher of everlasting right, sounding out a great Nation's convictions of obligation and duty. Hedge its sanctity with a ring wall of fire. Reverence the voice of the land for right and order. We have exploded forever, let us trust, the notion of 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong.' We must cling, therefore, with tenfold tenacity to the right divine of Law, the Sacred Majesty of the Nation's settled Order.

But the Written Law is only one way in which the Nation brings its teachings home to the individual. It is not the strongest way. The Nation's most powerful formative influence lies in its *traditions*, its unwritten law, its sense and feeling about the questions of human life and conduct, handed down from father to son in the

continuity of the national life. And the power to hand these down depends on the fact that the Nation is a living organism.

For examine, and you will find every nation has a power to mould men after a certain model. We are Americans because we have been made so by the national influence. Rome, in old time, moulded men after a certain type, and, with infinite small diversities, made them all Romans. Greece took them, and, on another model, made them Greeks. England has the artistic power, and kneads the clay of childhood into the grown up creature the world knows as an Englishman. France has the same power, and manufactures the Frenchman.

Now this moulding power, which every nation has, and the greatest nations the most markedly of all, comes mostly from what we call the National Tradition. Some people call it Public Opinion. They think they can even make it. They suppose it belongs to the present. In fact, they cannot make it to any extent at all. It belongs to the past. It is a thing inherited. It is best to call it National Tradition.

For the nation, being an organism, and living, its life does not end with one generation. The river flows to-day, and is the same river it was a thousand years ago, though every wave and every drop has changed a million times. So the generations heave on into the great sea and are forgotten, but the Nation abides the same. So all the thought, and feeling, and conviction of the Nation to-day, on questions of human life and duty, it brings from the far-away past, from the gray mists of the distant hills where it took its rise.

Just think! The life of every great, strong man and woman, who has lived, thought, worked in the Nation, has it not entered into the Nation's life? Is not here yet, a part of the Nation's influence? Every great, distinct type of human nature grown in the Nation be-

comes forever a mould in which to cast men. Every great deed done, every strong thought uttered, every noble life lived, is committed to the stream of this national tradition. Every great victory won, every terrible defeat suffered, every grand word spoken, every noble song sung, is alive to the last. The living Nation drops nothing, loses nothing out of its life. The Saxon Alfred, the Norman William, Scandinavian viking, moss trooper of the border, they have all gone into our circulation, they all help to shape Americans. And we have added Washington, the stainless gentleman, and Jefferson, the unselfish statesman, and Franklin, the patient conqueror of circumstance, and a thousand others, as types by which to form the children of this people for a thousand years.

Think, too, how the national tradition rejects all bad models, all mean types, how it refuses to touch them at any price, how it will only carry down the grand models, the noble types. Arnold never enters as an influence into national training. The Arnolds and their treason are whelmed and sunk, as the Davises and their treason will be. The Washingtons do live as types. Their deeds sweep on, like stately barks, borne proudly on the rolling waves of the Nation's life, with triumphal music on their snowy decks, the land's glory for evermore! Only the noble, only the good, the true in some shape, never the utterly false or vile, will this national tradition hold and keep, as an influence and a power for time.

Unseen, unfelt, but strong like God's hand, this power surrounds the cradle of the child. He finds it waiting for him. He does not know about it, or reason about it. It takes him, soft and plastic as it finds him, and calls out his powers, and fashions them after its own forms. Before he is twenty-one he is made up for good and all, an American, an Englishman, or a Frenchman, *for life*. The creating influence

was like the air. He breathed it into his circulation.

There are people who think it very wise to quarrel with this state of things. They think it philosophic to sneer at national prejudices, as they call them, to call national pride and national feeling narrow and bigoted. It is simply very silly to quarrel with any divine and unalterable order of life. Better work under it and with it. Does not love of country exalt and ennoble, and all the more because of its prejudices? Does not the very meanest feel himself higher, more worthy, more self-respecting, because he is one of a strong, great, free people, with a grand inheritance of heroism from the past, and grand possibilities for the future? Who will quarrel with the Frenchman, the Englishman, or the Japanese, for holding his land the fairest land, his nation the noblest nation the sun shines on? Is it not my fixed faith that he is utterly deluded? Do I not *know* that my own land is the garden of the Lord? Do I not see that its valleys are the holiest, and its mountains the loftiest, its rivers the most majestic, and its seas the broadest, its men the bravest, and its women the purest and fairest on the broad earth's face? Even Fourth of July orations have their uses.

No! thank Heaven for this virtue of patriotism! It lifts a man out of his lower nature, and makes his heart beat with the hearts of heroes. There are two or three things in the world men will die for. The Nation is one. They will die for the land where their fathers sleep. They will fling fortune, hope, peace, family bliss, life itself, all into the gulf, to save its hearths from shame, its roof trees from dishonor. They will follow the tattered rag they have made the symbol of its right, through bursting shells and hissing hail of rifle shot, and serried ranks of gleaming bayonets, 'into the jaws of death, into the mouth of Hell,' when they are called. They will do this in thousands, the poorest better than the richest

often, the humblest just as heroically as the leaders of the people. And therefore, we say, thank God for the elevating power of Patriotism, for national Pride, for national *prejudice*, if you will, that can, by this great love of country, so conquer selfishness, meanness, cowardice, and all lower loves, and make the very lowest by its power a hero, while the mortal man dies for the immortal Nation! Let a man commit himself boldly to the tendencies and influences of his race then. Let him work with them, not against them. He cannot be too much an American, too thoroughly penetrated with the convictions and the spirit of his country. And he need fear no contracting narrowness. The Nation's aims are wiser far and loftier far than the wisest and the loftiest of any one man, or any one generation.

We have faintly shadowed out here something of the meaning of THE NATION. If we are right, we can pay no price that shall come near its value. For ourselves, for our children, for the ages coming, it is verily the Ark of the Covenant. We have seen that we are here to build it. Because God needed these United States, He kept a continent till the time was ripe, and then sent His workmen to the work. We are all, in our degree, builders on those walls. We are building fast, these days. Some rotten stones have entered into the structure, and it is hard work to get them out, but we shall succeed. We shall see that no more of that kind get in. Let us build on the broad foundation of the fathers a stately palace, of marble, pure and white, whose towers shall flash back in glory the sunlight of centuries, towers of refuge against falsehood and wrong and cruelty forevermore.

We are all builders, we say. The humblest does his share. There's fear in that thought, but more of hope. Nothing perishes. The private, who falls, bravely fighting, does his part like the general. The ploughman's honest

life gives its contribution to the Nation's greatness as the life of Webster does. All is telling in 'the long results of time,' helping to decide what style of manhood shall be fashioned in America for generations.

For the great Nation grows slowly upward to its perfect proportions, as the parent and teacher of men. And all things and all men in it help to decide and develop that capacity. Not dazzling battle-bursts alone, not alone victorious charges on the trampled plain, not splendid triumphs, when laurelled legions march home from conquered provinces and humbled lands, not the mighty deeds of mighty men in camps, nor the mighty words of mighty men in senates, though all these do their part, and a grand part too—not these alone give the great land its character and might. These come from a thousand little things, we seldom think of. By the workman's axe that fells the forest as by the soldier's bayonet, by the gleaming ploughshare in the furrow as by the black Columbiad couchant on the rampart, by the schoolhouse

in the valley as by the grim battery on the bay, by the church spire rising from the grove, by the humble cottage in the glen, by the Bible on the stand at eve, by the prayer from the peaceful hearth, by the bell that calls to worship through the hallowed air; by the merchant at his desk, and by the farmer in the harvest field, by the judge upon the bench, and the workman in his shop, by the student in his silent room, and by the sailor on the voiceful sea, by the honest speaker's tongue, by the honest writer's pen, and by the free press that gives the words of both a thousand pair of eagles' wings over land and sea, by every just and kindly word and work, by every honest, humble industry, by every due reward to manliness and right and loyalty, and by every shackle forged and every gallows built for villany and scoundrelhood; by a thousand things like these about us daily, working unnoticed year by year, is the great river swelled, of thought and feeling and conviction, that floats a mighty nation's grandeur on through the waiting centuries.



BUCKLE, DRAPER, AND A SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

SECOND PAPER.

THE word *Science* has been so indiscriminately applied to very diverse departments of our intellectual domain, that it has ceased to have any distinctive or well-defined signification. Meaning, appropriately, that which is certainly *known*, as distinguished from that which is matter of conjecture, opinion, thought, or plausible supposition merely, its application to any special branch of human inquiry signifies, in that sense, that the facts and principles relating to the given branch, or

constituting it, are no longer subjects of uncertain investigation, but have become accurately and positively *known*, so as to be demonstrable to all intelligent minds and invariably recognized by them as true when rightly apprehended and understood. In the absence, however, of any clear conception of what constitutes *knowledge*, of where the dividing line between it and opinion lay, departments of the universe of intelligence almost wholly wanting in exactness and certainty have been dig-

nified with the same title which we apply to departments most positively *known*. We hear of the Science of Mathematics, the Science of Chemistry, the Science of Medicine, the Science of Political Economy, and even of the Science of Theology.

This vague use of the word Science is not confined to general custom only, but appertains as well to Scientists and writers on scientific subjects. So general is this indistinct understanding of the meaning of this term, that there does not exist in the range of scientific literature a precise, compact, exhaustive, intelligible definition of it. In order, therefore, to approach our present subject with clear mental vision, we must first gain an accurate conception of the character and constituents of Science.

In his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Professor Whewell says :

‘In the first place, then, I remark, that to the formation of science, two things are requisite :—Facts and Ideas; observation of Things without, and an inward effort of Thought; or, in other words, Sense and Reason. Neither of these elements, by itself, can constitute substantial general knowledge. The impression of sense, unconnected by some rational and speculative principle, can only end in a practical acquaintance with individual objects; the operations of the rational faculties, on the other hand, if allowed to go on without a constant reference to external things, can lead only to empty abstraction and barren ingenuity. Real speculative knowledge demands the combination of the two ingredients—right reason and facts to reason upon. It has been well said, that true knowledge is the interpretation of nature; and therefore it requires both the interpreting mind, and nature for its subject, both the document, and the ingenuity to read it aright. Thus invention, acuteness, and connection of thought, are necessary on the one hand, for the progress of philosophical knowledge; and on the other hand, the precise and steady application of these faculties to facts well known and clearly conceived.’

This explanation of the nature of Science, more elaborately expanded in

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, is limited by its author to the Physical Sciences only. In addition to this circumscribed application, it is moreover indistinct by reason of the use of the word Ideas,—a word to which so many different significations have been attached by different writers that its meaning is vague and undefined—to convey the impression of Laws or Principles. The same defect exists in the detailed exposition of the subject in the work last mentioned; although this exposition is perhaps the most extended and complete extant.

But even when we gain a clear conception of the proposition which Professor Whewell only vaguely apprehends and therefore does not clearly state, namely—that Science is an assemblage of Facts correlated by Laws or Principles, a system in which there are not only Facts, but in which the mutual *relations* of these Facts are known, and the Laws or Principles established by them are discovered;—when we understand this ever so distinctly, we are still at the beginning of a knowledge of what constitutes Science. When do we know that we have a Fact? How are we to be sure that our proof is not defective? By what means shall it be certain, beyond the cavil of a doubt, that the right Laws or Principles, and no more than those warranted by the Facts, are deduced? These and some other questions must be definitely settled before we can thoroughly comprehend the nature of Science, and the consideration of which brings us, in the first place, to the examination of the characteristics of Scientific Methods.

The intellectual development of the world has proceeded under the operation of three Methods. Two of these, identical in their mode of action, but arriving, nevertheless, at widely different results, from the different points at which they take their departure, are not commonly discriminated, but are both included in the technical term

Deductive Method. The other is denominated the *Inductive*. A brief analysis of these Methods will clear the way for an understanding of the nature of Science, particularly in its application to the subject of History, with which we are at present especially concerned.

The earliest evolution of that which has been called Science,—the Mathematics, which we dismiss for the instant, excepted,—took place under the operation of a Method, which, ordinarily confounded with the true Deductive one, is now better known among rigorous Scientists as the Hypothetical or Anticipative Method. This has two modes of expression, one of which consists in the assumption of Laws or Principles, which have not been adequately verified, or in the erection of fanciful hypotheses, as the starting points of reasoning for the purpose of establishing other Facts. The second and most common operation referred to this Method, which is, however, strictly speaking, an imperfect application of the Inductive Method, is to *draw conclusions from Facts which these do not warrant*—sometimes conclusions not related to the Facts, oftener those which, being so related, are a step beyond the legitimate inferences which the Facts authorize, though in the same direction. This results in the establishment of Laws or Principles as true, which are by no means proven, many of which are subsequently found to be incorrect. It is to this operation of the Hypothetical Method that Professor Whewell, who does not discriminate the two, refers when he describes the defect in the physical speculations of the Greek philosophers to have been, 'that though they had in their possession Facts and Ideas, *the Ideas were not distinct and appropriate to the Facts.*' The main cause of defect in the mental process here employed is the tendency of the human mind to generalize at too early a stage of the investigation, and consequently upon a too narrow basis of Facts.

This Method characterized the intellectual activity of the race from the earliest beginnings of thought up to a period which is commonly said to have commenced with the publication of the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon. It was of course fruitless of *Scientific* results, as it was not a Scientific, but an absolutely Unscientific Method, since *certainty* is the basis of all Science, and since a Method which attempts to deduce Facts from Principles which are not ascertained to be Principles, or Principles from an insufficient accumulation of Facts, cannot insure certainty.

It is common to aver that the Anticipative or Hypothetical Method failed to secure distinct and established verities, and thus to answer the purpose of a guide to knowledge, because it neglected Facts, disregarded experience, and endeavored to spin philosophy out of the unverified thoughts of men. Professor Whewell, in the two able and valuable works to which we have referred, has shown that this was not the case among the Greeks, at least, whose Philosophy 'did, in its opinions, recognize the necessity and paramount value of observation; did, in its origin, proceed upon observed Facts, and did employ itself to no small extent in classifying and arranging phenomena;' and furthermore, 'that Aristotle, and other ancient philosophers, not only asserted in the most pointed manner that all our knowledge must begin from experience, but also stated, in language much resembling the habitual phraseology of the most modern schools of philosophizing, that particular facts must be *collected*; that from these, general principles must be obtained by *induction*; and that these principles, when of the most general kind, are *axioms.*'

The confusion of thought which has existed and, to a considerable extent, still exists, even among Scientific men, in relation to the nature of this Method, arises from the want of an understanding of its twofold mode of operation,

as just explained. The assertion of those who ascribe the failure of this Method to its neglect of Facts, is true; the averment of Professor Whewell that it was neither from a lack of Facts nor Ideas, but because the Ideas were not distinct and appropriate to the Facts, is not less so. But the former statement applies to that phase of the Method which assumed unverified Laws or Principles, or fanciful hypotheses, as the starting points of reasoning without reference to Facts; while the latter refers to the process, which, while it collected Facts and derived Laws therefrom, did not stop at the inferences which were warranted by the Facts. This last was the mode of applying the Method most in vogue with Aristotle and the Greek Scientists; while the first was preëminently, almost exclusively, the process of the Greek Philosophers and the mediæval Schoolmen.

But while the endeavor to arrive at certain knowledge by the Deductive Method, by attempting to reason from Principles to Facts, from Generals to Particulars, failed so completely as far as the Anticipative or Hypothetical branch of the Method was concerned, the same mode of procedure was productive of the most satisfactory results when applied to Mathematics, and furnished a rapid and easy means of arriving at the ulterior Facts of this department of the universe with precision and certainty. We have thus the curious exhibition of the same process leading into utter confusion when applied to one set of phenomena, and into exactitude and surety when applied to another; and behold the Scientific world condemning as utterly useless for other departments of investigation, and throwing aside, a Method which is still retained in the only Science that is called *exact*, and in which proof amounts to *demonstration*, in the strict sense of the term. This anomaly will be recurred to and explained farther on.

Soon after the invention of printing, with its resulting multiplication of

books and increased intellectual activity, the mind of Europe began to emerge from the deep darkness in which it had been shrouded for centuries, and a number of great intellects engaged in the search after knowledge by the close and laborious examination of the actual existences and operations of nature around them. Leonardo da Vinci and Galileo in Italy; Copernicus, Kepler, and Tycho Brahe in Central Europe; and Gilbert in England, peered into the hidden depths of the universe, collected Facts, and established those Principles which are the foundations of the magnificent structures of modern Astronomy and Physics. About the same time, Francis Bacon put forth the formal and elaborate statement of that Method of acquiring knowledge which is often called after him the Baconian, but more commonly the Inductive Method; substantially the Method pursued by the great scientific discoverers whom we have just named.

The characteristic of this Method is the precise Observation of Facts or Phenomena and the Induction (drawing in) or accumulation of these accurate Observations as the basis of knowledge. (This is seemingly the first or etymological reason for the use of the term *Induction*; a term subsequently transferred, as we shall see, to the establishment of the Laws, from which then *ulterior* Facts are to be *deduced*.) When a sufficient number of Facts have been accumulated and classified in any sphere of investigation, and these are found uniformly to reveal the same Law or Principle, it is assumed that all similar Phenomena are invariably governed by this Principle or Law, which, in reality *deduced* or derived, is, by this inversion of terms, said to be *induced* from the observed Facts. The Law so established has thenceforth two distinct functions: I, all the Facts of subsequent Observation, by the primitive Method of observation, are ranged under the Law which, to this extent, serves merely as a superior mode of

classification; and, II, the Law itself, now assumed to be known and infallible, becomes an instrument of prevision and the consequent discovery through it of new Facts, the same which were meant by the expression 'ulterior Facts' above used. It is this *deduction* of new Facts from an established Law which constitutes the true and legitimate Deductive Method of Science, the third of the three Methods above stated and the one which, as has been pointed out, is often erroneously confounded with the Anticipative or Hypothetical Method.

The mode of investigation by the Inductive Method is, therefore, in general, similar to that which Aristotle and the Greek Scientists adopted. It first Observes and Collects Facts; then it resorts to Classification for the purpose of discovering the Law by which the observed Facts are regulated; then *derives* from this Classification a General Law, presumed to be applicable to all similar Facts, although they have not yet been observed; and, finally, *deduces* from the General Law thus established, new Facts and Particulars, by bringing them in under the Law.

The Inductive Method is, therefore, almost identical in its mode of procedure with one of the processes anciently adopted for the acquisition of knowledge under the Anticipative or Hypothetical Method. It failed of fruitful results, in this earlier age, because, as we have seen, men were not content with adhering rigorously and patiently to the logical, irresistible conclusions which Facts evolved, but sought to wrench from them Principles, which required for their establishment a wider or different range of phenomena. On the revival of this Method among the modern Scientists, it was conceived, especially by Bacon, that a rigid adhesion to the legitimate deductions of Facts and a faithful exclusion from the domain of knowledge of everything which did *not* logically and inevitably result from the Observation and Classi-

fication of Facts, was the only safe way to arrive at certainty in any department of thought. It is this fidelity to conclusions rigorously derived from Facts, and the severe exclusion of everything not clearly substantiated by Observation, Classification, and Induction, which has given us the body of proximately definite knowledge that we now possess, and which, so far as it has been persevered in, has been productive of such beneficial intellectual results.

Under the guidance of this Inductive Method new Sciences have been gradually generated, whose foundations and Principles are capable of such a degree of satisfactory proof as the Method itself affords. During the present century, Auguste Comte, a distinguished French philosopher, often denominated the Bacon of our epoch, the special champion of the Inductive Method, has undertaken, for our day, the task which his illustrious English predecessor attempted for his, namely—an Inventory and Classification of our intellectual stores. He endeavored to bring the Scientific world up to the *practical* recognition of that which they had *theoretically* maintained since Bacon's time,—that nothing deserves to be considered as true, which cannot be undoubtedly, conclusively established by inference, from the Facts of Experience,—a theory to which they had never strictly adhered. He insisted that all Theological, Metaphysical, and Transcendental Speculations were wholly beyond the range of exact inquiry, and should therefore be excluded from the domain in which human knowledge was to be sought; and that investigation should be confined to those regions of thought and activity which were within the limits of precise apprehension. Upon this clear, logical and right application of the Inductive Method, Comte based his Classification of our existing knowledge. He denominated as *Positive* Sciences those systems of Principles and correlated Facts, comprising Math-

ematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Sociology, and their derivative domains, which were founded on the exact Observation of Phenomena, and set aside all other realms of the universe of thought as departments in which *exact* knowledge was impossible, and whose intellectual examination was therefore fruitless. The Philosophy based on this critical Method was denominated by its founder Positivism. All modern Scientists, with rare exceptions, whether they are disciples of Comte or not, are theoretical Positivists in their modes of investigation, in their unwillingness to accept theories not proven, in their partiality for Facts, and in their devotion to the Inductive Method, although the nature of *proof* is still but dimly comprehended by them as a body, and much laxity creeps into their practical efforts at demonstration. Under the influence of Positivism, however, the Scientific field is being rapidly cleared of unestablished theories which formerly mingled with it, claiming to be an integral part of its area, and the boundaries of Science are becoming more closely defined. The Inductive Method is enthusiastically eulogized as the source of the success of modern Scientific investigators, as the true Scientific Method, and—except among a few of the most advanced thinkers—as the final word of wisdom in regard to the manner of establishing definite and exact knowledge. The Deductive, often called the *à priori* Method—in which term the Anticipative or Hypothetical and the true Deductive Method, seen in Mathematical investigations, are not sufficiently discriminated—is, on the other hand, almost everywhere denounced as essentially false, the source of all error; and we are assured that the attempt to work it was the fault of the old world, prior to Bacon, and the cause of its failure to secure great intellectual results.

A distinguished thinker, Stephen Pearl Andrews, from whose writings

some of these suggestions concerning Methods have been borrowed, points out three sources of confusion in the minds even of the learned themselves, in connection with this subject. First, in the verbal point of view, the terms Induction and Deduction are applied in a way directly the opposite of that which their Etymology would indicate: *In*-duction is used for the *De*-rivation of a Law from Facts, and *De*-duction for the *Intro*-duction of new Facts under the Law. Secondly, the two terms Inductive and Deductive, which are alone usually spoken of, are not enough to designate all the processes involved in the several Scientific Methods; and, thirdly, these terms are sometimes used to denote *Processes* merely, and sometimes to designate *Methods* which are merely characterized by the predominance of one or the other of these *Processes*.

This intricate subject of Methods may be better understood after a statement of the following considerations. Induction, as a *Process*, occurs whenever Facts are used as an instrument by which to discover a Principle or Law of Nature. The Principle is derived from, or, as Scientists have chosen to conceive it, *induced upon* the Facts. Deduction, as a *Process*, occurs whenever a Principle or Law of Nature is used as an instrument by which to discover Facts. The new Facts are ranged under, or, as it is conceived, *deduced from* the Principle.

Each of these Processes occurs in every Scientific Method; but different Methods are *characterized* by that one of these two Processes which is *put first or takes the lead in the given Method*. Thus, in both Methods which are included in the one generally called the Deductive, the main Process was *Deduction*, there being no perceptible *Induction* from Collected Facts in the proper Hypothetical or Anticipative Method, while in the true Deductive Method, as applied to Mathematics, the Inductive stage is so short and so slight that

it is performed instinctively by all people and the Deductive stage at once reached. The other branch of the Hypothetical Method, that used by Aristotle and the Greek Scientists, was, as we have seen, in reality a first and imperfect attempt to use the Inductive Method. In this Method itself, on the other hand, the main Process is the *Induction* or derivation of a Principle or Law from accumulated Facts, while *Deduction*, or the bringing in of new Facts under the Law, is a subordinate or Secondary Process.

In reality, there is but *ONE* Method, having several stages or *Processes*, which Processes, preponderating at different epochs, have not been clearly apprehended as necessary complements of each other, and have, hence, been regarded as different Methods. In one phase of the Anticipative or Hypothetical stage,—the assumption of basic Principles as points to reason from,—the Observation and Collection of Facts, and the Induction therefrom, were processes so imperfectly performed, that they appeared to have no existence; in another phase, that employed by Aristotle, these Processes were apparent, but still imperfectly conducted, and hence, in both cases, the Law or Principle employed for the *Deductive* Process was liable to be defective, and therefore insufficient as a guide to the acquisition of certain knowledge. In the Inductive stage or Method, on the other hand, the Processes thus defectively employed in the former stage, the Hypothetical, are preëminently and disproportionately active, while the Deductive Process is given a very inferior position. The establishment of the just, reciprocal activity of these two Processes in intellectual investigation would secure the perfection of the *one true Scientific Method*.

The Inductive Method—preserving the term Method to avoid confusion—in which the mode of procedure from Facts to Principles predominates, and which is hence sometimes called the

Empirical, or the Experimental, or the Positive, or the *à posteriori* Method, is that which now prevails in the world, which is extolled as if it were the only legitimate Method, and the only possible route to Scientific Discovery. That the just claims of the Inductive Method are very great is universally admitted, but let us not stultify ourselves by assuming a position in its defence which is in direct violation of the teachings of the Method itself,—namely, the assumption of a theory which is not verified by Facts. That the Inductive Method is vastly superior to the Anticipative or Hypothetical one, is abundantly proved; but that it is the *only* correct path to Scientific truth, that it is the best path to Scientific truth which will ever be known, or that in a rightly balanced Method it would be the *main* Process, is an averment for which there is no warrant. On the contrary, a very cursory examination of the Inductive Method will show defects which render it unavailable as the sole or the chief guide in Scientific inquiry.

The leading characteristic of the Inductive Method, that for which it is mainly admired, is its cautious, laborious, oftentimes tedious Observation and Collection of the Facts of Experience, and their careful Classification as a basis for the derivation of a Principle or Law applicable to the Phenomena grouped together. By this means, it is said, we secure precision and *certainty*, by which is intended, not only the *certainty of that which is already observed and classified*, but also the *certainty of that which is deduced from the Law or Principle derived from these known Facts*. It is just here, however, that the Inductive Method is lacking. Experience may testify a thousand, ten thousand, any indefinite number of times, to the repetition of the same Phenomena, and yet we can have no *certainty* of the recurrence of the same Phenomena, in the future, in the same way. All the Facts of Observation and Experience for

thousands of years went to convince men that the earth was at rest and the sun and stars passing around it. A larger Experience showed them their error. How shall we know that our Observation has at any time included all the Facts necessary to establish a Law? The history of Science, even under the guidance of the Inductive Method, is a history of Principles announced as firmly established, which a little later were found to be defective and had to be adjusted to the advanced stage of human Experience. The very nature of the Inductive Method indicates its inadequacy for the largest and most important purposes of Science. It gives certainty, where it does give it, only up to the point of the present, *it can never afford complete certainty for the future*. The logical and rigid testimony of this Method can never be more than this;—Observation and Experience show that such has been the uniform operation of Nature in this particular *so far as can be discovered, and in all probability it will always continue to be such*. *High Probability*, amounting, it may be, at times, to an assurance of certainty, is the strongest proof which this Method can, from its very nature, produce. To establish a Principle or Law for a *certainty beyond any possibility of doubt* by the Inductive Method, it is essential that we should know that we are in possession of every Fact in the universe which has any relation to the given Principle, or rather that we should know that there are *no* Facts in the universe at variance with it. To *know* this, it is necessary to be in possession of *all* the Facts in the universe, since the Inductive Method has no mode of discovering when it has sifted out of the immense mass of Facts all those which exist in connection with any given Law. As we shall *never* be in possession of all the Facts of the universe, we shall never be able, by the Inductive Method, to possess *certainty* in respect to the future operations of Nature; and thus we discover the in-

sufficiency of this Method as a perfect guide to the acquisition of knowledge.

The famed Inductive Method, like the Anticipative or Hypothetical, furnishes, in truth, only an *assumption* as a starting point for reasoning in the endeavor to establish other Facts than those already known. The verification of the Law or Principle assumed is, indeed, in the former Method, as complete as it can be, in the nature of the case, while in the latter it is not; but we have just seen that the strongest proof which Observation, Classification, and Induction can give is that of High Probability, on the *supposition* that a certain number of Facts from which a Law is derived include substantially all that the whole range of Phenomena belonging to the given sphere would represent. Any possible application of the Inductive Method is, therefore, only a nearer or more remote approximation to an Exactitude and Certainty which the Method itself can never fully attain.

The Inductive Method being thus defective as a Scientific guide, in the most important requirement of Science, it is unnecessary to enter into an exposition of minor defects, not the least of which is the *slowness* with which conclusions must necessarily be arrived at, when they are reached only by the gradual accumulation of Facts and the derivation of a Law from these. A Method or a Process which lacks that which is the very essence of Science—the power of making *known*, of introducing *certainty* into investigation, may be an important factor in the *true Scientific Method*, but cannot constitute the *Method itself*, or its *leading* feature. Let it not be understood, however, that in bringing the Inductive Method in Science to the ordeal of a critical examination, it is designed to detract from its just dues or to depreciate its true value. Science is preëminently severe in its probings; and that which asserts its claim to the highest Scientific position, and affects to be the only

guide to exact knowledge, cannot expect anything less than the most rigorous inquiry into the validity of such claim, and the most peremptory insistence upon the production of proper credentials before so lofty a seat be accorded it. If inquiry discovers deficiencies in its character, Science should rejoice that truth is vindicated, and that, by correctly understanding the nature and powers of their present guide, Scientific men may avoid being tempted to consider it as competent to conduct them into regions where the blind must inevitably be leading the blind, and both be in danger of the ditch. If the devotees of the Inductive Method have in their enthusiasm set up claims for it which cannot be substantiated, they must not blame the rigorous hand, which, in the service of Science, unmasks their idol and exhibits its defects, but rather impute to their own deviation from the severity of Scientific truth, the disappointment which they may experience. The question of Method lies at the foundation of all Science. Until it is thoroughly understood, until the exact character of all our Methods or Processes is definitely and rightly apprehended, there can be no full understanding of the true nature of Science, and, hence, no critical and exact line drawn between that which is Science and that which is not.

Our examination of the Methods in use thus far in our past search after knowledge has developed these facts:—that prior to an era which is commonly said to commence with Bacon, the Method of intellectual investigation was *mainly* by attempting to proceed from Principles to Facts, and that the attempt exhibits three distinct phases: one, in which the Induction stage is so simple and so short as to be instinctively and correctly performed by all people, and the Deductive stage at once reached—this furnishes the Mathematics, the only Science in which hitherto the *true* Deductive Method has prevailed; a second, in which Princi-

ples are assumed to reason from, without any previous effort at Induction, such as existed, being unconsciously made from the supposed Facts or Knowledge which the mind was in possession of; and a third, in which Facts were collected, classified, and Induction therefrom as a basis of further investigation attempted, but in which the Laws or Principles assumed as established by the Facts were not rigorously and accurately derived from Facts; or, in other words, in which the Facts were not strictly used for the purpose of deriving from them just such Laws or Principles only as they actually established, but were wrenched to the attempted support of Laws, Principles, or Ideas more or less fanciful or unrelated to the Facts. These two last phases are included in what is known among Scientists as the Anticipative or Hypothetical Method; while the three phases are commonly indiscriminated and collectively termed the Deductive Method. It was also developed that the results of this period of intellectual activity were fruitless of definite Scientific achievements, *except so far as the true Deductive Method* had been employed. It was furthermore seen that since Bacon's time, the opposite Method of procedure, namely, from Facts to Principles, has been chiefly in vogue; that under its impulse distinctness and clearness have been brought to pervade those stores of knowledge which were already in our possession, thus fulfilling one of the requisites of a perfect Scientific Method, while, however, the other necessary requirement, that of furnishing a *certain* guide to future discoveries, has been only proximately attained by it.

It is obvious from this exhibition of the characteristics of the two leading Scientific Methods, or the two leading Processes of the one Method, in which ever light we may choose to view them, that so far from being the best or the only true Method or Process of intellectual investigation, the Inductive is

is inferior to the *true Deductive Method* of Process, in all the essentials of a Scientific guide. The Inductive can give us only a *high degree* of precision and definiteness, with only proximate certainty for the future as the result of a slow mode of procedure; while the true Deductive Method gives us perfect precision, exactitude, and complete certainty, as the result of a rapid mode. The true Deductive Method—brought into disrepute by being confounded with the Anticipative or Hypothetical, which differs from it only in this, that the Principles from which the latter reasons are *true*, while those of the former are *doubtful*—has thus far prevailed in Mathematics alone, and *Mathematics* is, up to our day, the *only recognized Exact Science*, the only Science in which *Demonstration*, in the strict sense of that term, is now possible,—the fruits of the Inductive Method being known as the *Inexact Sciences*, in which only Probable Reasoning prevails.

It is necessary to say, in the *strict sense of the term*, because the same laxity exists in the use of the word *Demonstration*, as in that of Science, and hence it has lost the distinctive meaning which attaches to it, in its legitimate use, as signifying a mode of reasoning in which the *self-evident truths or axioms*, with which we start, and every step in the deduction, 'are not only perfectly definite, but incapable of being apprehended differently—if really apprehended, they must be apprehended alike by all and at all times.' It is because this Method of proof exists only in Mathematics, that this alone is denominated the *Exact Science*, or its branches, the *Exact Sciences*; Sciences whose Laws or Principles, and the Facts connected with or deduced from them, are irresistible conclusions of thought, in all minds, which conclusions rest upon universally recognized axioms; while the *Inexact Sciences*, including all except Mathematics, the Sciences in which the Inductive Method prevails, are systems of Laws or Princi-

ples, with their related Facts, of the truth of which there is great probability, but of which there is, nevertheless, no complete certainty; whose conclusions are not *based* upon universally undeniable axioms, or are not *themselves* irresistible to the human mind.

The superiority of the Deductive Method, both in its mode of advancing to the discovery of new truth and in the precision, clearness, and certainty which accompany its findings, must now easily become apparent. Whether we regard Induction and Deduction as correlative Processes belonging to one Method, each of which has been disproportionately in vogue at different epochs, or as distinctive Methods, having each their own Deductive and Inductive Processes, in either aspect, Induction is only a preparative labor, leading in the more important work of the application of the Law or Principle derived. It is only, indeed, for the purpose of discovering this Law that Observation, Classification, and Induction are undertaken. It has been the triumphant boast of the Inductive Method, that it guarded, by means of these preliminary steps, in the most careful manner, against error in establishing its Laws. To the extent of its capacity it has done so. But we have already seen, that deriving its Principles, as it was obliged to, from *less than all* the Facts which appertained to the Principles, these must inevitably have been lacking in some particulars; it being impossible to make the whole out of less than all its parts.

The Inductive Method has obtained an importance greatly exaggerated, for the reason that it has been brought into comparison, for the most part, with the Anticipative or Hypothetical, the bastard Deductive Method only, and its superiority over this exhibited in the most detailed manner, while the right application of the Deductive Method, except in Mathematics, has not been considered possible. The reason of this can be made obvious.

The immense superiority of *Mathematical Reasoning*, as *Demonstration* is often called, over all other kinds, is universally known and recognized. For in this mode of reasoning there is no room for doubt or uncertainty. It starts from Principles of whose truth there can be no doubt, because it is impossible for the human mind to apprehend them in more than one way, and proceeds by steps, every one of which can likewise be apprehended in only one way. Hence all men arrive inevitably at the same conclusion at the close of the chain of reasoning. It is, therefore, a Method of proof which sets out from a precise, definite, universally established Law or Principle which really contains the conclusion in itself, and which can be developed to the end through a series of necessary and irresistible convictions; while in the Inductive Method we are obliged to start from this or that admitted Fact or Truth assumed after Observation, Classification, and Induction, which may have been rigorously performed, but which, nevertheless, could not, in the nature of the case, prove the Fact or Truth with complete certainty, and which is not, perhaps, universally admitted, and proceed by merely probable inferences drawn from various, diverse, and often uncertain relations, until we reach a conclusion. Such reasoning may be sufficient to incline the mind to a particular conclusion, as against those which tend to any other conclusion, but they are never quite sufficient, as in Demonstrative or *true* Deductive reasoning, to necessitate the conclusion, and render any other impossible.

A Method of Scientific investigation which proceeds from self-evident truths to necessary results by undeniable steps, would of course be preferable to one which, starting from truths whose precision and certainty might be doubtful, advances by more or less probable inferences to a more or less probable conclusion, did there not exist some power-

ful cause for a contrary action. A difficulty thus far insurmountable has, indeed, stood in the way of the adoption of the Deductive Method in any department of investigation, save the one already referred to. This Method, we have seen, leads to truth or error accordingly as the Principles or Laws from which it commences its reasoning process are true or false. In the Mathematics, the basic truths, being of a simple character, were arrived at by easy and instinctive mental processes, and the Method achieved in this department great success. But the other domains of human knowledge being more complex, involving more qualities or characteristics than mere Number and Form and Force, which are all that come within the scope of Mathematics, their fundamental bases or truths were not so easily attainable. Hence, when Principles or Ideas which men believed to contain all the fundamentals of a specific domain of thought were adopted as starting points of reasoning, they were generally lacking in some important element, which caused the conclusion to be in some way incorrect. We have seen the historical results of this mode of procedure in what is denominated the Anticipative or Hypothetical Method. The failure of this to secure good results, and the absence of any standard by which to be certain when a Law or Principle was fundamental, exact, and inclusive, when it was a valid basis to reason from, led to the abandonment of the Deductive Method, except in its application to Mathematics, where true starting points were known. The Observation and Classification of Facts was then resorted to, first, in a loose way, in Greece, and afterward, in a more rigorous way, in the world at large, for the purpose of endeavoring to discover, by the only mode considered effective—the examination of Phenomena—the fundamental Principles, which, like those of Mathematics, should include all the essentials of the special domain under

consideration. These being discovered, might furnish, it was instinctively felt, starting points from which to work the Deductive Process, with the same success as that which attended its application to Mathematics.

The Inductive Principle, considered either as a Process or a Method, is valuable, therefore, mainly as it furnishes proper starting points for the activity of the Deductive Principle. Thus far in the history of the Natural Sciences it has been the best and safest guide in affording such starting points. But the indications are numerous all about us that the progress of Scientific discovery will ere long bring us to a stage, where the Laws or Principles which underlie every department of the Universe being fully revealed, the function of the Inductive Principle as a guide to fundamental bases, will be at an end, and the Deductive Method once more assume the leadership, opening to us all departments of investigation, with the rapidity, precision, and certainty which characterize Mathematical research and Demonstrative Reasoning.

This *desideratum* must necessarily result whenever a Unitary Law shall be discovered in Science; whenever the Sciences, and the Phenomena within the different Sciences, shall be *basically* connected. All the present conditions and tendencies of knowledge indicate that the attainment of this crowning intellectual goal was predestined to our epoch. It has been the grand work of the Inductive Method to arrange Facts under Principles, and these latter as Facts or Truths under a smaller number of Principles, and these in turn under a still smaller number, until all the Phenomena of the different domains of thought which are reckoned as Sciences are included within a few Principles which lie at the foundation of each domain. The connection of these few Principles by a still more fundamental Law, is all that is necessary to the completion of the work of the centuries and the establishment of a Universal or Uni-

tary Science. Already those recognized as leaders in the Scientific world watch expectantly the signs of the times and await the advent of the Grand Discovery which is to usher in a new intellectual era. 'We have reached the point,' says Agassiz, in one of his *Atlantic Monthly* articles, 'where the results of Science touch the very problem of existence, and all men listen for the solving of that mystery. When it will come, and how, none can say; but this much, at least, is certain, that all our researches are leading up to that question, and mankind will never rest till it is answered.'

'All the Phenomena of Physics,' says Professor Silliman, in his *First Principles of Philosophy*, 'are dependent on a limited number of general laws, of which they are the necessary consequences. However various and complex may be the phenomena, their laws are few, and distinguished for their exceeding simplicity. All of them may be represented by numbers and algebraic symbols, and these condensed *formulae* enable us to conduct investigations with the certainty and precision of pure Mathematics. As in geometry, all the properties of figures are deduced from a few axioms and definitions; so when the general laws of Physics are known, we may deduce from them, by a series of rigorous reasonings, all the phenomena to which they give rise.'

Auguste Comte, in his elaborate and encyclopædic *Course of Positive Philosophy*, tells us that 'these three laws [the Law of Inertia, the Law of the Equality of action and reaction, and the Law of the Composition of forces] are the experimental basis of the Science of Mechanics. From them the mind may proceed to the logical construction of the Sciences, without further reference to the external world. * * * We cannot, however, conceive of any case which is not met by these three laws of Kepler, of Newton, and of Galileo, and their expression is so precise that they can be immediately treated in the form of analytical equations easily ob-

tained.' While also exhibiting the small number of Principles which lie at the foundation of other domains of our intellectual accumulations, Comte remarks: 'The ultimate perfection of the Positive system would be (if such perfection could be hoped for) to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact;—such as Gravitation, for instance.'

These are a few specimens of what may be found in the books, pointing out the gradual approach of Scientific investigation to the discovery of a Unitary Law, and the expectation among Scientists of the advent, at some period not far distant, of a new Science, the greatest among Sciences, a true Pan-tology or Universology. Upon the apprehension of this Law, which must establish the true basis of every domain of thought or activity, and show it to be identical or analogous in the several domains, we shall be placed, *in relation to the whole universe*, precisely where we now stand in relation to Mathematics, Mechanics, and Physics; that is, the General Law or Laws of every domain of investigation will become known, as we now know those of these Sciences, and, to adopt the words of the French writer, 'from them the mind may proceed to the logical construction of the Science [being now the Science of the whole Universe], without further reference to the external world;' or to use the language of Professor Siliman, 'when the general laws of [the Universe] are known, we may deduce from them, by a series of rigorous reasonings, *all the phenomena to which they give rise*.' Thus, upon the discovery of a Unitary Law, linking the Sciences together, and showing the identity of their starting points or bases, the Deductive Principle, considered either as a Method or a Process, must once more take the lead, and the Inductive occupy its legitimate position as a subordinate and corroborative auxiliary. Under the guidance of this new adjustment of the Deductive and Inductive Prin-

ciples, a full, exact, complete, definite, *Scientific* Classification of our knowledge will become possible, and the true boundaries of every domain of intellectual examination may be critically and clearly established. In the absence of such a Classification, it is only by viewing departments of the Universe with reference to the Method or Process employed in the investigation of their Phenomena, that we are able to estimate their present relations to Science, and to ascertain proximately their Scientific or Unscientific character. We proceed, then, to examine the connection of History, in its present development, with Science, a task to which the foregoing brief and incomplete consideration of the subject of Method has been a necessary preliminary.

A number of Classifications of human knowledge have been attempted, none of which were exact or complete, or could have been, for a reason which was stated above, and none of which are now considered to be satisfactory by the Scientific world. Bacon and D'Alembert, men of vigorous and vast intellectual capacity, were admirably adapted to such a work, so far as it could be performed in their day. But the state of knowledge and Scientific progress was not sufficiently advanced, at that time, to render any Classification which could be made of more than temporary value, and those furnished by these illustrious thinkers now appertain only to the archæology of Science.

The Classification of Auguste Comte, in the absence of a more exact, complete, and inclusive one, still holds the highest rank, and is the only one which now claims the attention of the general Thinker. It is very restricted in its application, professing to include only the domain which Comte calls abstract or general Science, which has for its object the discovery of the laws which regulate Phenomena in all conceivable cases within their domain, and excluding the sphere of what he denominates concrete, particular, or descriptive

Science, whose function it is to apply these laws to the history of existing beings. This throws such Natural Sciences as Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Geology, etc., out of his range. He also excludes the domain of *practical* Knowledge, comprising what is included under the terms, the Applied Sciences, the Arts, the Mechanical Sciences, etc. A Classification, far more detailed and comprehensive in its scope than anything yet published, is in preparation by Professor P. H. Vander Weyde, of the Cooper Institute—advanced sheets of which, so far as it is elaborated, have been kindly furnished to the writer by the author—the incomplete state of which, however, prevents a further consideration here.

The Principle which Comte adopted to guide him in his Classification was the following: 'All observable phenomena may be included within a very few natural categories, so arranged as that the study of each category may be grounded on the principal laws of the preceding, and serve as the basis of the next ensuing. This order is determined by the degree of simplicity, or, what comes to the same thing, of generality of their phenomena. Hence results their successive dependence, and the greater or lesser facility for being studied.' In accordance with this Principle, Comte establishes what he denominates the *Hierarchy of the Sciences*. Mathematics stands at the base of this, as being that Science whose Phenomena are the most general, the most simple, and the most abstract of all. Astronomy comes next, wherein the Static and Dynamic properties of the heavenly bodies complicate the nature of the investigation; in Physics, Phenomena must be considered in the midst of the still greater complications of Weight, Light, Heat, Sound, etc.; Chemistry has additional characteristics to trace in its subjects; Biology adds the intricacies of vital Phenomena to all below it; and Sociology, the sixth and last of Comte's Hierarchy—all other de-

partments of thought other than those previously excluded from his survey, being regarded as out of the bounds of human cognition—deals with the still more complicated problem of the relations of men to each other in society.

This Classification is admirable for the purpose of showing the mutual interdependence of the branches of Knowledge included in it; but aside from its covering only a small part of our intellectual domain, it is also defective in not distinguishing with sufficient clearness that which is properly Science, from that which is merely Theory or Plausible Conjecture. Biology and Sociology are classed with Mathematics as *Positive* Sciences, as if the Laws or Principles which correlated the Phenomena of the former were established as certainly and definitely as those of the latter; while there is no prominence given to the different nature of *proof* in Mathematics and that in every other department of investigation—except in so far as Mathematical Phenomena and Processes enter into the latter—if, indeed, the founder of Positivism has even anywhere distinctly stated it. Chemistry, Biology, and Sociology, leaving Astronomy and Physics aside for the present, are not yet *Positive* Sciences, in any such sense as Mathematics. The lack of *exact* analysis is apparent in all of Comte's generalizations, otherwise magnificent and masterly as they undoubtedly are. In respect to the matter under consideration, it renders his Classification unavailing for determining with sufficient precision and exactitude the character of any intellectual domain. History, while it is the source whence the proof of his fundamental positions is drawn, finds no place in his Scientific schedule. Even had it been otherwise, the defect just alluded to would have rendered it useless for our present purposes, until a prior Classification had first been made, exhibiting the radical difference between the various domains, which are all indiscriminately grouped under

the name of *Science*. After such a Classification, based on the nature of *proof* as involved in *Method*, the Principle which guided Comte in the establishment of the Hierarchy of the Sciences will enable us, in a concluding paper,

to estimate with proximate certainty the character of a possible Science of History, and to ascertain how far the labors of Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper have aided toward the creation of such a Science.

DIARY OF FRANCES KRASINSKA;

OR, LIFE IN POLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Friday, April 10th.

EASTER WEEK is over, and I am really sorry; I had found happiness in repose, and already have care and disquiet won their way into my heart and my mind. . . . How many sins I have committed! Poor humanity! poor nature, so frail and weak! Notwithstanding my promises and the resolutions which I fancied so strong, I yield to the least temptation.

For example, and it is indeed incredible, but a fact, that on Holy Thursday, the very day after my confession, I sinned, and sinned through pride. I should have worn black when I went to be present at the court ceremony, but I could not resist the seduction of a beautiful costume. Just as I was beginning my preparations, the Princess Lubomirska entered my room, accompanied by her maids, who brought me a charming dress of white velvet, with a long train, and trimmed with white roses; the headdress consisted of a garland of white roses, and a long white blonde veil. The taste and richness of this costume surpasses description! How could I resist the happiness of seeing myself so becomingly attired!

I asked the princess why she required me to wear so brilliant a costume to church; she replied that on Holy Thursday it was customary after the service to go into the great hall of the

castle, where the king would wash the feet of twelve old men, in commemoration of the humility of our Saviour, and that he would also wait upon them at table. During this pious and edifying ceremony, a young girl belonging to one of the noblest families must make a collection for the poor; the king himself names the lady, and this year he was pleased to honor me by his selection; he at the same time announced that the results of my efforts should be given to the hospital for the poor under the Abbé Baudoin's charge.

I was very happy as I listened to the princess; but, must I confess it? I was not happy through the good action I was about to perform; I thought only of myself, of my beauty, of the charming costume, of the effect I should produce among all the other women dressed in black, and I rejoiced to think that I should be the most beautiful. What culpable vanity! And on Holy Thursday! But at least I frankly admit my sin, and humiliate myself for it.

My collection surpassed my hopes. I received nearly four thousand ducats. Prince Charles Radziwill said, as he put his hand to his purse: 'My dear (Panie Kochanku, his favorite expression), one must give something to so beautiful a lady;' and he threw five hundred gold pieces on my plate, which would have fallen from my hands had

I not been aided in holding it. When I began my collection, I was very much embarrassed; I trembled all over, and blushed at each new offering I received; but by degrees I gained courage, and profited by my dancing master's lessons. The grand marshal of the court gave me his hand, and named each lord as he repeated the customary formula employed in handing them the plate; as for me, I could not have said a word; I found it quite enough to make a proper and becoming courtesy to each one. When the plate became too heavy, the marshal emptied it into a large bag, borne behind us.

I heard many compliments, and I was more looked at and admired than I ever had been before in my life. The prince royal said to me: 'If you had asked each of us to give you his heart, no one could have refused you.'

I replied: 'Affection is not solicited, it is inspired.'

He seemed pleased with my frankness. I cannot comprehend how a woman could solicit love, and say: Love me, admire me. . . . For a king I could not thus degrade myself. Tenderness is involuntary; one may seek to win it, one may gladly accept it when offered; but to solicit it, is even more ridiculous than criminal.

The washing of the feet is one of the most striking ceremonies of our religion. A king kneeling before those twelve aged men, and then standing behind them while they are at table, is a most touching and sublime spectacle. That ceremony can never pass from my memory. Augustus III, although no longer young, is still handsome; his gestures bear the impress of dignity and nobility: the prince royal, Charles, resembles him exactly.

On Good Friday we visited the sepulchre; all the court ladies were dressed in black; we made our stations in seven churches, and in each we said appropriate prayers. I was on my knees during a whole hour in the cathedral. On Holy Saturday the services were

magnificent, and the organs pealed forth the most heavenly strains of music.

The princess's Easter collation (swiencone) was superb; until yesterday, the tables were continually covered with cakes and cold meats. It is just one year since I assisted at Madame Strumle's very modest collation; I was then a schoolgirl; who could have guessed that on the following Easter Monday I should be with the princess palatiness, that the prince royal would partake of the same collation with myself, and that we should eat out of the same plate!

One really finds a pleasure in eating meat after a Lent so rigorously observed; for all here are as particular as at Maleszow. During holy week, everything is cooked in oil, and on Good Friday a severe fast is adhered to, each one taking only food sufficient to keep him from starving.

The prince royal has fasted so much that he has become quite thin. I noticed this yesterday, and my eyes involuntarily rested upon his features with a more tender expression than usual: as he was talking with the prince palatine, I did not think he was paying any attention to me, but thoughts springing from the heart never escape him, he is so good, so quick in understanding; soon after, he thanked me for my solicitude. I grew very red, and promised myself in future to keep a strict guard over the expression of my eyes.

A woman's part, especially that of an unmarried girl, is very difficult; not only must she measure out her words and watch the tones of her voice, but she must also command the expression of her countenance. I must ask, of what use are governesses and their lessons in such cases? The princess is quite right when she says, that ten governesses, let them be as watchful as they may, cannot guard a young girl who does not know how to guard herself.

Wednesday, April 15th.

We leave Warsaw to-morrow; I am

going with the prince and princess to their estate at Opole. My father has written to the princess to say that I may remain with her so long as my presence may be agreeable to her. I hope she will never be dissatisfied with me; I endeavor to please her in every possible way. She inspires me with infinite fear and respect; she controls me entirely, and I am always ready to yield to the lightest expression of her will; when she smiles upon me, when she looks at me kindly, it seems to me as if heaven were opening before me. If I should ever reach an advanced age, I would like to inspire the same feelings which I experience toward her. The prince royal himself is afraid of the princess.

Would any one believe that I am glad to think that I shall not now go to Maleszow? I dread the home of my childhood; it seems to me as if I should profane it were I to visit it with a heart so filled with unrest and disquietude!

Ought I to regret the past? Will a life of torment be the price of a single ray of happiness enlightening the highest pinnacle of human felicity? If the wish which I dare not express should ever be accomplished, I will surely be equal to my position; but I will also know how to bear the shipwreck of my dearest hopes. . . . Great God, how can I write, how dare I confide to paper what I fear to confess to myself! When I think of him, I tremble lest any one should divine my feelings, and yet I write! . . . If my journal were to fall into any one's hands I should be deemed mad, or at least most foolishly presumptuous; I must shut it up under four locks.

CASTLE OF OPOLE, Friday, April 24th.

We have been here nearly a week; the situation of the castle is very agreeable, but I am no longer gay, and nothing pleases me. The trees should already be green, and they are still bare; it should be warm, and the air freezes me. I desired to embroider, but the

indispensable silks were wanting; I tried the piano, but it was not in tune: it will be necessary to send to Lublin for the organist. There is quite a large library here, but I dare not ask the princess for the key. The prince has several new works; he paid in my presence six gold ducats for ten little volumes of M. Voltaire's works: Voltaire is now the most celebrated writer in France. The princess forbids my reading his books, and I am sure I am quite content. But what I cannot endure is, that I am not permitted to read a romance lately come from Paris, entitled *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. It is by a certain Rousseau, and has made a great sensation here. I picked up one volume, and read a few pages of the preface, but what did I see? Rousseau himself says: 'A mother will forbid her daughter to read it.' The princess is quite right, and I laid the book aside with a flutter at my heart which still continues.

The physicians in Warsaw have ordered the princess to ride on horseback during her sojourn in the country; they say this exercise will be excellent for her health. She laughed at the prescription, and had not the faintest intention of trying it; but the prince palatine will hear of no jesting where physicians are concerned.

He has bought a pretty mare, very gentle and well trained, as also a most comfortable saddle; but the princess still refuses to mount the animal. She was with great difficulty persuaded yesterday to mount a donkey, and thus make the circuit of the garden. She will be obliged to repeat this exercise every day. As for me, who have no fear of horses, I had a most burning desire to try the mare; I spoke of it yesterday evening; but the princess chid me, and told me with quite a severe air, that it was the most improper thing in the world for a young lady. I must of course renounce my desire; but I do it with real regret, for I already saw myself in fancy riding

through the forests, going to the chase, climbing the steep mountain sides with him, and admiring his strength and skill. . . .

The castle has become more lively; several persons have come from the city and the neighborhood to present their homage to the palatine. They might perhaps afford me amusement; and yet I do not even find a passing distraction in their presence. I have seen Michael Chronowski, my father's former chamberlain; how the poor young man is changed! The prince palatine, in consequence of my father's recommendation, placed him at the bar in Lublin. They say he is doing very well, but he is thin, bent, and old before his time; his face is strangely colored, and he has some frightful scars. He has not danced once since Barbara's wedding. The time for mazourkas and cracoviennes is past: they have been replaced by law cases, pleading, chicanery, and all its tiresome accompaniments; his language is so learned that one can no longer understand him.

As a compensation, however, we have here one very agreeable visitor, Prince Martin Lubomirski, the prince palatine's cousin, though much younger than he. I had already met him in society at Warsaw. The princess, who is severe, and who never overlooks the least defect, criticizes him a little; but I find his manners very agreeable: he owns in the neighborhood the estate of Janowiec, and has given us all a most pressing invitation to visit his castle. It is possible we may go there; I should be charmed, for no one talks more agreeably. He is gay, fond of pleasantries, and a great friend to the prince royal; he often speaks of him, and always well and worthily; he appreciates him and knows how to praise him. . . . My heart swells with pleasure while I listen.

CASTLE OF JANOWIEC,
Friday, May 1st, 1760.

We came here two days ago, and Prince Martin says he will not let us

soon depart. Everything is more beautiful at Janowiec than at Opole; no one can be more generous, more hospitable, or more amiable than Prince Martin. The princess says he scatters gold and silver about as if he expected it to grow. He is now having a wide avenue cut through the forest surrounding the castle. I can see from the windows of my room immense trees falling beneath the axes of hundreds of laborers; at the end of the avenue, a pavilion is being built, at which they work so rapidly that one can see it grow from hour to hour. The prince sent to Warsaw and to various other places for his workmen; he pays them double wages, and he has made a bet with the palatine that the pavilion will be entirely finished in four weeks. I am quite sure he will win. The forest is to be transformed into an enclosed park. The whole neighborhood abounds in wild beasts; but he has had many elks and bears taken to people his wonderful park. There must be some mystery lurking behind all these preparations. I feel, rather than guess it.

I like Janowiec better than any other place; the situation is charming, and the castle magnificent. It stands upon a mountain overlooking the Vistula; its architecture belongs to a very ancient period. From the castle the whole city may be seen, with the granaries of Kazimierz, and also Pulawy, belonging to the Princess Czartoryski. The apartments are large, very numerous, and gorgeously furnished; but I believe that my boudoir is the most delightful room in the castle. It is situated at the top of a tower, and while I am in it I can fancy myself a real heroine of romance. It has three windows, all opening in different directions, and each with a most enchanting view. I generally sit by the window overlooking the new avenue and the pavilion, which rises as if built by fairies. The panels of my cabinet are adorned with paintings, representing Olympus. 'Venus alone was wanting,'

said the prince, with that grace for which he is distinguished, 'but you have come to finish the picture.'

I feel here an incomprehensible sense of well-being, I am soothed by such sweet presentiments, I fancy myself on the eve of some very happy event.

Sunday, *May 3d.*

I do not think I ever rose so early before in my whole life; the castle clock has just struck three, and I am already at my writing. I took a walk before daylight through the long corridors of the castle: had any one seen me, I should have been taken for an ancestral shade, come to visit the domain of its descendants. Prince Martin, following an old and excellent custom, has built a gallery, containing the portraits of all the most distinguished members of his family; all the memories of the race of Lubomirski may be found in this gallery. He sent to Italy for an artist to execute the portraits, and he called to his aid a learned man fully acquainted with the history of the Lubomirski family and of our country. After much deliberation and many discussions, the project was finally carried into effect in 1756, as announced by the main inscription. It is to be regretted, says the princess, that these pictures are in fresco, and not in oil colors, as they would then have been more solid and transportable.

Let what will happen in the future, at present this gallery is truly magnificent. Yesterday, Prince Martin, with the palatine and the palatiness, gave me a historical account of each picture; I immediately determined to transfer them to my journal. With this intention I rose before day and visited the gallery on tiptoe while all were still sleeping. I will write down all I have been told, and all I have seen.

In the four corners of the hall are the arms of the Lubomirski family, Srzeniawa, received on the occasion of a battle gained by one of the ancestors on the banks of the Srzeniawa, not far

from Cracow. The first picture represents the division of the property between the three brothers Lubomirski; a division which was made according to law, during the reign of Wladislas I, and signed February 1st, 1088. Nearly all the other pictures are family portraits; women rendered illustrious by noble deeds, and men distinguished in political, civil, military, or religious careers, especially during the reigns of Sigismund III, of John Casimir, and of John III, Sobieski. There are several copies of the portrait of Barbara Tarlo, who brought the castle of Janowic as a dowry to a Lubomirski.

The series is ended by a picture which is equivalent to a whole poem; it represents a winter sky and a naked forest; a furious bear endeavors to overthrow a tall and athletic man; a young woman, wearing a hunting costume, comes behind the bear and places a pistol at each ear. In the distance is a horse running away and dragging behind him an upset sledge. I asked an explanation of the picture, and was told as follows:

A certain Princess Lubomirska, who was very fond of the chase, set out one winter day on a bear hunt; as she was returning in a little sledge, drawn by one horse, and having only one attendant with her, a furious bear, driven by some other hunters, fell upon the princess. The terrified horse upset the sledge, and she and the attendant must infallibly have perished, had not the courageous servant determined to sacrifice himself for his mistress; he threw himself before the bear, saying these words: 'Princess, remember my wife and children.' But the noble and heroic woman, thinking only of the danger of him who was about to sacrifice his life for her, drew two small pistols from her pockets, placed the barrels in the bear's ears, and killed him on the spot.

In truth, I envy this noble and generous action. . . . It is needless to add that the servant with his wife and

children became henceforth the special care of the princess.

But, during the last few moments, I have heard considerable noise through the castle, and I must return to my own room. I hear Prince Martin's voice resounding through the corridors. He is calling his dogs, of which he is exceedingly fond, as indeed he may well be, for his hounds are the most beautiful in the whole country. He is always sorry when the season will not admit of hunting; but at present the most intrepid hunters are forced to renounce their sport. I must close my book. It is five o'clock, and some one might come into the gallery.

Thursday, May 14th.

We have been to Opole, where we spent several days; but Prince Martin made us promise to return here, and here we are again installed. He wished us to see the pavilion entirely finished. The exterior is completed, and only a few interior embellishments are yet wanting. Prince Martin has then won his bet, and he talks to me about it in such strange enigmas that I cannot comprehend him; for example, he said to me this morning: 'Every one says that I am expending the most enormous sums on my park and my pavilion; but I shall receive a recompense which I shall owe to you, far above anything I can do.'

Indeed, I lose myself in conjecture; either I am mad, or all who come near me have lost their senses.

Saturday, May 16th.

Could I ever have anticipated such happiness! The prince royal has arrived; the pavilion, the park, and all, were for him, or rather for me; for they know that he loves me, and to please him, the princes have invented this pretext for bringing him to Janowiec. Great Heaven! what will my fate be! I bless the happy accident that brought him here at nightfall, for otherwise every one must have observed my blushes, my embarrassment, and that throbbing at my heart which deprived

me of the power of speech and took away my breath; he too would have understood my joy! I never saw him so tender before; but the future—what will that be?

Until now, I have always feigned not to comprehend the meaning of his words, and have striven to hide from him all that was passing in my soul; but can I always control myself when I must see him every moment? Ah! how painful will be the effort! What torture ever to repress the best feelings of one's soul! To refuse expression to my thoughts, when my thoughts are all personified in him. . . . Notwithstanding my efforts, I fear lest my heart should be in my eyes, in my voice, in some word apparently trivial. . . . God give me courage, for what can my future destiny be? On what can I rely? My fate sometimes appears to me so brilliant, I foresee a superhuman happiness; and then again it seems to me so dark and menacing that a shudder runs through my whole frame.

I do not know what to decide upon; I do not know whether I should trust to my heart or my reason. Alas! my reason—I have only fears and melancholy foreshadowings, which lead me back to the truth when I have yielded too willingly to the enchantment of such sweet illusions.

If I could confide in any one; if I could find a friend and guide in the princess! But my attachment to her is too respectful to be tender and confiding; then she says, perhaps by chance, words which destroy my desire to make a confidante of her. She blames the prince's character, and pities the woman who would bind herself to him. . . . The palatine gives me no assistance; he doubtless believes my virtue is strong enough to suffice without aid or counsel.

I will accept all the happiness which Heaven may send me; I will guard it as a sacred treasure, but I will commit no imprudence, no action unworthy of

my name. God will be my refuge; he will deign to enlighten me. I passed the whole of last night in prayer. Ah! how sorry I am the Abbé Baudoin is not here, for each day will be a new trial. The prince will remain some time at the castle; the princes, his brothers, will soon join him here, and great projects for hunting have been made.

May 18th, evening.

Heaven has been gracious, and my destiny is the happiest of all! Frances Krasinska, in whose veins runs no royal blood, am to be the wife of the prince royal, Duchess of Courland, and one day, perhaps, may wear a crown. . . . He loves me, loves me beyond everything; he sacrifices his father to me, and overleaps the inequality in our rank; he forgets all, he loves me!

It seems to me I must be misled by some deceitful dream! Is it indeed true that I went alone with him this afternoon to walk in the park? The princess's recent accident was the cause. As she was ascending the stairs of the pavilion, she made a false step, and was forced to remain in the saloon with one of the young lady companions. Usually, she does not leave us a single moment; but as her foot would not permit her to walk, the princes, he and I, went without her. Prince Martin stopped by the way to show the prince palatine some of his preparations for the chase. The prince royal told them he preferred to walk on, and passed my arm within his own. He was silent during some moments; I was surprised, for I had always seen him so abounding in wit, and so fertile in subjects of conversation. He finally asked me if I still persisted in misunderstanding the motive which had brought him to Janowiec. I replied, as usual, that the anticipated pleasures of the chase had doubtless determined him to accept Prince Martin's invitation.

'No,' he said, 'I came for you, for myself, to secure the happiness of my whole life.'

'Is it possible?' I cried; 'Prince, do you forget your rank, and the throne which awaits you in the future? The prince royal should wed a king's daughter!'

He replied: 'You, Frances, you are my queen; your charms first seduced my eyes, and later, your truth and virtue subjugated my heart. Before I knew you, I had been always accustomed to receive advances from women; scarcely had I said a word, when I was overwhelmed with coquetries. . . . You, who have perhaps loved me more than they, you have avoided me; one must divine your secret thoughts if one would love you without losing all hope; you merit the loftiest throne in the universe, and if I desired to be King of Poland, it would only be that I might place a crown upon your noble and beautiful brow.'

My surprise, my happiness, deprived me of all power to reply; meanwhile, the princes rejoined us, and the prince royal said to them:

'I here take you for the witnesses of my oath: I swear to wed no other bride than Frances Krasinska; circumstances require secrecy until a certain period, and you alone will know my love and my happiness: he who betrays me will be henceforth my enemy.'

The princes made the most profound salutations, and expressed themselves deeply honored by the prince royal's confidence; they assured him that they would keep his secret most religiously; then, passing by my side, they whispered in my ear, 'You are worthy of your good fortune,' and departed.

I stood motionless and dumb, but the prince was so tender, his words were so persuasive and so eloquent, that I ended by confessing to him that I had long loved him: I believe one may, without criminality, make this avowal to one's future husband. . . . The castle clock at length struck midnight, that hour for ghosts and wandering spirits; after midnight their power vanishes. . . . Can I yet be

the plaything of an illusion! But no, all is true, my happiness is real, my grandeur is no dream. . . . The ring I wear upon my finger attests its truth.

Barbara gave me a ring in the form of a serpent, the symbol of eternity; the prince royal often fixed his eyes upon it, and now he has had one made exactly like it, with this inscription: 'Forever,' which he has exchanged with me for mine. Our first and holy betrothal had no witnesses but the trees and the nightingales. I will tell no one of this occurrence, not even the princess.

Alas! Barbara and my parents are also ignorant of it—they have not blessed our rings; it was not my father who promised me to my betrothed, nor has my mother given me her blessing! Alas! my sorrow oppresses me, and my face is bathed in tears. . . . Yes, all is true, this must indeed be life, since I begin to suffer!

• *Monday, May 25th.*

I have written, and it seems to me as if I had said nothing; I have not written during the past week, because I found no words to express my thoughts. . . . I am happy, and language, which is eloquent in the expression of sorrow, has no tongue for joy and happiness.

Last week, I took up my pen to write, but I soon gave up the attempt; my feelings and ideas were confused with their own constant repetition and renewal, and when my poor head would have presided over the arrangement of the words, my heart melted into hopes and desires. . . . I can write to-day, because the fear of misfortune, of some sudden catastrophe, has seized upon me. . . . If he should cease to love me!

The royal princes, Clement and Albert, arrived last Thursday. There have been hunting parties without intermission. Prince Martin had sent for plenty of wild animals; they were let loose in the park, and the princes have had as much as they could do. My maid tells me the princes Clement and Albert leave this morning; my first thought was that he would go too. . . . Happiness has entirely absorbed me during the past week; happiness, unalloyed by a single fear; my cares too as mistress of the house (for since the princess's accident I have taken her place) have left me not a moment unemployed! And now, these few words uttered by my maid have completely unsettled my mind: Great Heaven, if he were to go too! For whom would I wake in the morning, for whom would I dress with so much care, for whom would I strive to be more beautiful? Ah! without him, I can see but death and a void which nothing can fill! . . . I grow faint. . . . I must open the window. . . . I breathe, and already feel better.

It is only six o'clock, and yet I see a white handkerchief floating from the window of the pavilion. That is his daily signal, to say good morning. I will never confess to him that my awakening each day preceded his. . . . But who is that man running toward the castle; I know him well—his favorite huntsman; he brings me a bouquet of fresh flowers; they must have been sent for to an orangery four leagues from here. . . . How silly and unjust I was to torment myself so! He is still here, no one has told me that he is going, he will doubtless remain a long time. . . . Ah yes, some days of happiness will still be granted me—perhaps some weeks.

THE SLEEPING SOLDIER.

On the wild battle field where the bullets were flying,
With a ball in his breast a brave soldier was lying,
While the roar of the cannon and cannon replying,
And the roll of the musketry, shook earth and air.

The red ooze from his breast the green turf was a-staining ;
The light of his life with the daylight was waning ;
From his pain-parted lips came no word of complaining :
Where the fighting was hottest his spirit was there.

He had marched in the van where his leader commanded ;
He had fall'n like a pine that the lightning has branded ;
He was left by his mates like a ship that is stranded,
And far to the rear and a-dying he lay.

His comrades press on in a gleaming of glory,
But backward he sinks on his couch cold and gory ;
They shall tell to their children hereafter the story,
His lips shall be silent forever and aye.

A smile lit his face, for the foe were retreating,
And the shouts of his comrades his lips were repeating,
And true to his country his chill heart was beating,
When over his senses a weariness crept.

The rifle's sharp crack, the artillery's thunder,
The whizzing of shell and their bursting asunder,
Heaven rending above and the earth rumbling under,
Nevermore might awake him, so soundly he slept.

He had rushed to the wars from the dream of his wooing,
For fame as for favor right gallantly suing,
Stern duty each softer emotion subduing,
In the camp, on the field—the dominion of Mars.

And there when the dark and the daylight were blended,
Still there when the glow of the sunset was ended,
He slept his last sleep, undisturbed, unattended,
Overwept by the night, overwatched by the stars.

BATON ROUGE, LA., *September 10/A, 1863.*

MY MISSION.

I OPENED my eyes and looked out.

Not that I had been exactly asleep, but dreamily ruminating over a series of chaotic visions that had about as much reason and order as a musical medley. I had been riding in the cars for the past six hours, and had now become so accustomed to the monotony that all idea of a change seemed wildly absurd; in my half-awake state, I was feebly impressed with the conviction that I was to ride in the cars for the remainder of my existence.

The entrance of the conductor, with the dull little glowworms of lamps which he so quickly jerked into their proper places, made a sudden break in my train of thought; and, not having anything else to occupy me just then, I became speedily beset with the idea that the luminary just above my head was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to tumble down upon it. The thought became unpleasantly absorbing; and, not having sufficient energy to get up and change my seat, I looked out of the window again.

The prospect was, like most country views, of no particular beauty when seen in the ungenial light of a November evening: the sky rather leaden and discouraging; the earth, chilled by the sun's neglect, was growing shrivelled and ugly with all its might; and the trees were dreary skeletons, flying past the car window in a kind of mad dance, after the fashion of Alonzo and the false Imogen. I gave up the idea of making the cars my future residence, and considered that it was quite time to look about me, and inquire, for present, practical purposes, what I was and where I was going.

But, at the very outset of this laudable occupation, a disagreeable fact thrust itself impudently in my face, and even shook us fist at me in insolent de-

fiance. There was no getting over it—I was undeniably a *woman*—and, what was worse, rather a womanly woman. I am aware, of course, that this depends. If you should ask that stately lily, radiant with beauty, from the crown of the head to the sole of her foot, surrounded by her kind, and cherished and admired as one of the choicest gems of the garden, whether she considered it an agreeable thing to be a flower, she would probably toss her head in scorn, as youthful beauties do, at the very question. But ask the poor roadside blossom, trampled on, switched off, and subjected to every trial that is visited on strength and roughness, without the strength and roughness to protect her, and there is very little doubt that she would express a desire to wake up, some morning, and find herself transformed into a prickly pear. Womanhood, under some circumstances, is very much like sitting partly on one chair, and partly on another, without being secure on either.

It is an unnatural combination to have the propensities of a Columbus or Robinson Crusoe united with a habit of trembling at stray dogs in the daytime, and covering one's head with the bedclothes at night. I had longed to be afloat for some time past; but now, that I was fairly out of sight of land, I shuddered at the immensity of the fathomless sea that stretched before me. Whither bound? To the 'Peppersville Academy,' in a town on the border of a lake familiar to me in my geography days at school, but, which seemed, practically, to have no more connection with New York than if it had been in Kamtchatka. To this temple of learning I was going as assistant teacher; and the daring nature of the undertaking suddenly flashed upon me. Suppose that, when weighed in the examining balances, I

should be found wanting? Suppose that some horridly sharp boy should 'stump' me with 'Davies' Arithmetic?'

That was my weak point, and I realized it acutely. Figures never would arrange themselves in my brain in proper order; I am by no means sound even on the multiplication table; and the only dates that ever fixed themselves in my memory are 1492 and 1776. The very sight of a slate and pencil gave me a nervous headache, and as I had lately been told that *idiots* always failed in calculation, I considered myself but a few removes from idiocy. My answering that advertisement was a proof of it; and here I was, hundreds of miles from any familiar sight, going to teach pupils who probably knew more than I did! I had my music and French, to be sure, and that was *some* foundation—but not half so solid as a substantial base of figures.

In a sort of frantic desperation, I began to ply myself with impossible sums in mental arithmetic, until I nearly got a brain fever; and the cars stopped, and the dreaded station was shouted in my ears, while I was in the midst of a desperate encounter with a group of stubborn fractions.

How I dreaded the sight of the personage who had twice subscribed himself my 'obedient servant, Elihu Summers'! My 'obedient servant,' indeed! More likely my inexorable taskmaster, with figures in his eye and compound fractions at his tongue's end. I painted his portrait: tall, wiry, with compressed lips, and a general air of seeing through one at a glance. Now, when one is painfully conscious of being deficient in several important points, this sort of person is particularly exasperating; and I immediately began to hate Mr. Summers with all my might.

Nevertheless, I shook considerably, and, having been informed that I would be met at the station, though by whom or what was not specified, I prepared to alight, with my bag and shawl and 'Harper,' attached to various parts of

my person. Considering how short the step is from the sublime to the ridiculous, the length, or rather height, of that step from the car to the platform was out of all proportion; I looked upon it as an invention of the enemy, and stood hopelessly considering the impossibility of a descent without the aid of a pair of wings.

Raising my eyes in dismay, I saw in the dim light a pair of arms outstretched to my assistance; and, observing that the shoulders pertaining thereto were broad and solid-looking, I deposited my hundred and twenty pounds of flesh and bone thereon without any compunctions of conscience, and no questions asked. I almost fell in love with that individual for the very tender manner in which I was lifted to the ground; but, once safe on terra firma, I merely said, 'Thank you, sir,' and was gliding rapidly into the ladies' saloon, half afraid of encountering Mr. Summers in my journey.

But my *aide-de-camp*, with a hasty stride, arrested my progress, as he said inquiringly, 'This is Miss Wade, I believe?'

I turned and looked at him, as the light fell upon his figure from the open doorway—large and well proportioned, with the kind of face that one sees among the heroes of a college 'commencement,' or the successful candidates for diplomas—half manly, half boyish, with a firm mouth and laughing eyes; and he immediately added, 'I have come to conduct you to your boarding house.'

I concluded that he was either a son or nephew of 'Elihu Summers,' possibly an assistant in the school; and I felt glad at the prospect of some congenial society.

The walk to the boarding house was not a long one, and we said very little on the way. My companion had quietly relieved me of my small articles of baggage; and I had mechanically taken the offered arm as though I had known him all my life. I could not see much

of the town in the dark, and what I did see did not impress me with a very exalted idea of its liveliness—the inhabitants apparently considering it sinful to show any lights in the fronts of their houses, except an occasional glimmering over the hall door.

My companion suddenly turned, mounted two steps, and lifted a knocker. The sound, at first, produced no reply; but presently a sound of unbolting and unbarring ensued, and the door was opened, as Morgiana would have opened it to let in the forty thieves. A small, pale man, with whitish eyes, and gray hair standing on end, peered at us rather inhospitably; and on the lower step of the staircase a tallow candle, in a brass candlestick, emitted the brilliant light that tallow candles usually do.

We effected an entrance by some miracle; and once in that full blaze of light, the old man exclaimed:

'Oh, Mr. Summers, so it is you, is it? I was kind of puzzled to make out *who* 'twas. And is this the new teacher you've brought along, or a boarding scholar? Looks about as much like one as t'other.'

With a smile, I was introduced as 'Miss Wade;' and just as a pleasant matronly looking woman made her appearance, the old man seized me in an unexpected embrace, observing, quite as a matter of course, 'I always kiss nice-looking young gals.'

'Not always,' thought I, giving him a desperate push that sent him, where he more properly belonged, to the arms of Mrs. Bull, who opportunely arrived in time to restore his equilibrium.

I suppose my cheeks were blazing, they felt so hot, for the good wife gently remarked, 'It is only Mr. Bull's way—he doesn't mean anything by it, or I should have been jealous long ago.'

Had the observation not been so hackneyed, I would have advised Mr. Bull to mend his way; but he seemed so thoroughly astonished that further comment was unnecessary.

A glance at Mr. Summers, who had proved to be the redoubtable Elihu, discovered an amused smile hovering around the corners of his mouth; and it was ridiculous that, at my first entrance into a house, I should have a pitched battle with the master of it. To do the old man justice, I do not believe that he *did* 'mean anything,' as the intended salute was to be given in the presence of witnesses; he only labored under the hallucination of old men in general, who seem to think that, because it is an agreeable thing to them to kiss all the fresh young lips they encounter, it must be just as agreeable to the fresh young lips to receive it; reminding me of a wise saying I encountered somewhere lately, that, 'although age sees a charm in youth, youth sees no charm in age.'

But father Bull was not malicious; he only said that 'he guessed I wasn't used to country ways;' and after that little brush we became very good friends.

I took to Mrs. Bull at once; and, following her into a neat little room, where there was a stove, a rag carpet, and a table laid for one, I was informed that this was the dining room, sitting room, and room in ordinary. Tea was over long ago; indeed, as it was eight o'clock, they had begun to think of going to bed. Cars in which I travel are always behindhand; and they had almost given me up.

Having introduced me to my host and hostess, Mr. Summers took his leave, for he did not board there, and went to see that my trunk was speedily forwarded to its destination.

I sat down at the neat table, and tried what Mr. Bull denominated 'presarved squinches'—which might have passed for fragments of granite, and were a trifle sour in addition; the apple pie, which, had it been large enough, would have been a splendid foundation for a quadrille; the bread, which looked like rye, but wasn't; and the tea, which neither cheered nor inebriated. This

is what good, honest city people eulogize under the name of 'a real country tea;' and half an hour after I had left the festive board, I could not positively have sworn whether I had had any tea or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Bull were very hospitable, and pressed me continually to eat, remarking that 'I had an awful small appetite;' but I considered it awful under the circumstances, without being small. They had one other boarder, they said, 'a single lady, who was very quiet, and didn't disturb any one.' They evidently intended this as an eulogy for Miss Friggs, but I should have preferred an inmate with more life about her.

At nine o'clock I concluded, from various signs, that it was time to turn my steps backward; and producing a fresh tallow candle, Mrs. Bull placed it in another brass candlestick, and led the way up stairs. The stairs were narrow, crooked, and winding, and the doors opened with latches. My sanctum was of moderate size, with a comfortable-looking bed, covered with a white counterpane (I had dreaded patchwork), a white curtain to the window, and a white cover on the table,—a pleasant harmony, I thought, with the snow that would soon cover the ground; and feeling chilled through, in spite of the fire that burned in the funny little stove, I wondered that so many people never think of providing for but one kind of hunger.

Mrs. Bull helped me to arrange my things, and kissed me good-night in a way that went to my heart at once. I did not treat her on this occasion as I had treated Mr. Bull.

'I suspect,' said she, kindly, 'that you've been used to things very different from what you'll find here; but we'll do all in our power to make it pleasant for you, and I dare say that, before long, you'll feel quite at home in Peppersville.'

People 'dare say' anything, and many things appeared more probable

than that I should ever feel at home in Peppersville.

One thing I thoroughly congratulated myself upon, and that was that Mr. Summers boarded elsewhere. It is a dreadful thing to be housed under the same roof, in a place where there is a total want of all excitement, with any sort of a man—people have even become attached to spiders when shut up alone with them—and when the man is young, good-looking, and poor, the danger is increased. I did not come to Peppersville to fall in love with the principal of the Academy; and I was glad that *one* road, at least, to that undesirable end was cut off.

I found the evening psalms and lessons, and then climbed into my nest—where I sank down, down, down into the feathery depths, in a manner peculiarly terrifying to one whose nights had all been spent on hair mattresses. A few hours' ride had transplanted me into a new region, among an entirely different race of people, and I fell asleep to dream that a whole army of intricate sums were charging upon me with fixed bayonets.

Morning came, and I was under ~~the~~ painful necessity of getting up—which is always an unnatural wrench under the most favorable auspices. The first bell had rung at an unearthly hour, and I paid no attention to it, but the second bell was not much more civilized; and as I failed to appear, Mrs. Bull came to the door to see if I had made way with myself.

I told her not to wait—I would be down as soon as I could get dressed; and I plunged desperately into a basin of cold water. Thankful for the institution of nets, I hastily packed my hair into what Artemus Ward calls 'a mosquito bar,' and with a final shake-out of my hurriedly-thrown-on drapery, I descended, with the expectation of finding the family in the full enjoyment of their morning meal.

But Mrs. Bull stood at the head of

the table, Mr. Bull at the foot, and Miss Friggs at the side, all with their hands on their respective chairs. If they had stood in that position ever since Mrs. Bull's visit to my door, they had enjoyed it for at least half an hour.

This was very embarrassing; but the only answer that I received to my remonstrances was that 'they knew what manners was.' After that, I always managed to be down in time.

I found Miss Friggs just as she had been represented, with the addition of being very kindly disposed toward me; but between her and Mr. Bull there existed a sort of chronic squabble that led to frequent passages of wit. Mr. Bull opened the ball, that morning, by observing, with a half wink at me, that 'he see she hadn't been kerried off yet,' which referred to a previously expressed objection on the part of Miss Friggs to sleep without some secure fastening on the door of her room; and people in the country can never understand why you should want anything different from the existing state of things. Then Mr. Bull remarked that Miss Friggs had better sleep in a handbox or an old stocking, as folks packed away valuables in such things, because they were seldom looked into by housebreakers.

Suddenly, Miss Friggs asked her tormentor if he had seen any robbers lately—when he turned around and handed me the butter. This referred to a tradition that Mr. Bull had come running home one evening, entirely out of breath, under the firm belief that he was pursued by a robber, and nearly shut the door in Mr. Summers's face, who had been in vain hallooing to him to stop, in order to apprise him of my expected arrival, and make some provision for my accommodation.

These things were all explained to me by degrees; and in the uneventful routine upon which I had entered, I learned to consider them quite spicy and champagne-ish.

Mr. Summers called at fifteen minutes before nine, according to agreement,

and we set out together for the Academy. It was a one-storied edifice, after a Grecian model, which probably looked well in marble, with classical surroundings, but which, repeated in dingy wood, with no surroundings at all, grated on an eye that studied the fitness of things. But, unfortunately, my business was with the inside; and I felt uneasy when I saw the formidable rows of desks.

'And now, Miss Wade,' said my companion, with admirable seriousness, 'you see your field of action. You will have charge of about thirty girls; and when they behave badly, so that you have any difficulty with them, just send them in to me.'

This sounded as though they were in the habit of behaving very badly indeed; but I doubted if sending them in to him would have been much of a punishment for any over fifteen.

There was one scholar there when I arrived—a tall, awkward-looking girl, somewhat my senior—whom Mr. Summers introduced as 'Helen Legram.' Her only beauty was a pair of very clear eyes, that seemed to comprehend me at a glance; for the rest, her face was oddly shaped, her figure bad; and a narrow merino scarf, tied around her throat, was not a becoming article of dress.

But scarcely had I made these observations when the Philistines were upon me—arriving by twos, threes, and fours, and pouring through the open door like overwhelming hordes of barbarians. Of course, every pair of eyes that entered was immediately fixed upon me; and, although I endeavored to keep up my dignity under the infliction, I could not help wishing that it were possible to be suddenly taken up and dropped into the middle of next week, when my *mauvaise honte* would have had a reasonable chance to wear off by several days' contact.

This *beginning* is a terrible lion blocking up the way of every undertaking, and never does he appear so

formidable as at the outset of school teaching, unless it is in writing a story. I cast about in my mind for various models, as a sort of guide; but the only spirits that emerged from the vasty deep were Dr. Blimber and Cornelia. With an inconvenient perversity, they refused to be laid, and kept dancing before me all day. In entering upon my career, I was firmly impressed with two convictions: one was that I didn't know anything, and the other was that my pupils would speedily find it out.

The day began, as all sorts of days do; and through the open door of the adjoining apartment I watched Mr. Summers, and endeavored to follow all his proceedings. When he rang his bell, I rang mine; and, by dint of looking as wise and sober as I possibly could, I contrived to begin with a tolerable degree of success.

But a pair of clear eyes, that never seemed to be removed from my face, embarrassed me beyond expression. Their owner was a perfect bugbear. Such a formidable memory I never encountered; and in her recitations, which were long and frequent, I do not think she ever misplaced a letter. That girl had algebra written on her face; and when, in a slow, deliberate way, she approached me with slate, pencil, and book, I felt sure that this would prove my Manassas. I was inexpressibly relieved to discover that the problems, complicated enough to bring on a slow fever, were all unravelled; indeed, my feelings bore no small resemblance to those of a criminal at the gallows just presented with a reprieve.

All that I had to do was to say, 'Very well, indeed, Miss Legram; are you fond of algebra?' To which she replied, 'Very,' and went back to her seat.

Going in to Mr. Summers for some private instructions, I found his desk covered with votive offerings, as though it had been the shrine of some deity to

be propitiated. There were large winter apples; hard winter pears; bunches of chrysanthemum; bags of chestnuts, and even popped corn; but the parcel that received the most honorable treatment was a paper of black-walnut kernels, carefully arranged and presented by a little, mild-eyed lame girl. I made a note of that.

With the dignity of a professor, Mr. Summers solved my difficulties; while I meekly listened, and wondered if this could be the half-boyish individual who had lifted me from the cars. He did not look over twenty-three, though, and, if not strictly handsome, had had a very narrow escape of it. His hair had a way of getting into his eyes, and he had a way of tossing it back as horses toss their manes; and this motion invariably brings up a train of associations connected with Mr. Summers.

The day's session was over, and the pupils had departed. I thought that Mr. Summers had departed also; and, nervous and wearied out with the unwonted strain upon my patience and equanimity, I applied myself dejectedly to the fascinating columns of 'Davies' Arithmetic,' for unless I speedily added to my small stock of knowledge, a mortifying *exposé* would be the inevitable consequence. Why, thought I, with all the ills that man is naturally heir to, must some restless genius invent figures? The people in those examples have such an insane way of transacting business, I could make nothing of them; my answers never agreed with the key, but I fully agreed with the poor man who said so despairingly, 'Wat wi' faeth, and wat wi' the earth goin' round the sun, and wat wi' the railways all a whuzzin' and a buzzin', I'm clean whuddled, confuzzled, and bet!' and flinging the book out of sight, I gave myself up to the luxury of a good cry.

I had not been enjoying myself long, though, before I was interrupted; and as the crying was not intended for

effect, the interruption was an unpleasant one. Of course, I had to answer that original question, 'What is the matter?' but instead of replying, after the most approved fashion in such cases, 'Nothing,' I went directly to the fountain head, and said, abruptly, 'Davies' Arithmetic.'

Mr. Summers quietly picked up the book, and I saw that he understood the matter at once—for the dimples in his cheeks deepened perceptibly, and beneath the dark mustache there was a gleam of white teeth. My face grew hot as I noted these signs, and I exclaimed desperately:

'Mr. Summers, I should like, if you please, to resign my situation. I am aware that I must seem to you like an impostor, for I cannot do anything at all with figures; and I thought'—

Here I broke down, and cried again, and Mr. Summers finished the sentence by saying:

'You thought that you would not be called upon to teach arithmetic? A very natural conclusion, and there is no reason why you should. I prefer taking charge of these classes myself—but no one can supply your place in French and music.'

'A sugar plum for the baby,' thought I, and kept silence.

'I think, though,' continued my mentor, 'that anything as dry and practical as figures is a very good exercise for an imaginative turn of mind, by supplying a sort of balancing principle; and, if you would like to improve yourself in this branch, I should take great pleasure in assisting you.'

Very kindly done, certainly, and I accepted the offer with eagerness. I was to rest that evening, he said—I had had enough for one day; but it was understood that on other evenings generally he was to come to Mr. Bull's and instruct his assistant teacher in the A B C of mathematics. I could not help thinking that few employers would have taken this trouble.

Mr. Bull appeared to be of no earthly

use in the household except to go to the door, which, in Peppersville, was not an onerous duty; and had I not so frequently seen the same thing, I should have wondered what Mrs. Bull ever married him for. From frequent references to the time 'when Mr. Bull was in the store,' I came to the conclusion that he had once dealt in the heterogeneous collection of articles usually found in such places. I was not informed whether Mr. Bull had 'given up the store,' or whether 'the store' had given up Mr. Bull; but I was disposed to entertain the latter idea.

There was no servant in the establishment except an old Indian woman, who amused herself by preparing vegetables and washing dishes in the kitchen—not being at all active, in consequence of having lost part of her feet from indulging in a fancy for a couch of snow on one of the coldest nights of the preceding winter, when, to use a charitable phrase, 'she was not quite herself.' I believe that, even after this melancholy warning, that eccentric person was frequently somebody else. 'However,' as Mrs. Bull said, 'she didn't disturb any one'—and although I could not exactly see the force of this reasoning, I treated it with respectful silence for Mrs. Bull's sake.

Miss Friggs, who was 'quite one of the family,' and had lived in it so long that I believe she almost persuaded herself that she had been born in it, 'did' her own room—which was perfectly appalling with its fearful neatness. There was not a thread on the carpet, nor a particle of dust in the corners; and the bed, when made up, was as accurately proportioned as though it had all been scientifically measured off. I have caught glimpses of Miss Friggs going about this business with her head carefully tied up, as though it might burst with the immensity of her ideas on the subject; and when she had finished, you might have eaten off the floor—that is, if you preferred it to a table. This was her one

occupation in life, and she did it thoroughly; but it seemed too sad to have so few occupations that any could be accomplished in so faultless a manner.

Fired with honest but misguided zeal, I one morning entered the lists against Miss Friggs in a vain attempt to make my own bed; but those horrid feathers acted like the things in the Philosopher's Scales, for when some were up, others were down; neither north nor south, east nor west would agree to terms of equality, and it was impossible to bring them to any sort of compromise.

I related my experience to Mrs. Bull; and when I assured her that I had crawled all over the bed in the vain attempt to bring some order out of chaos, she was more amused, in her quiet way, than I had ever known her to be. She desired me, however, to leave the room to her in future, as she enjoyed it, and I could not be expected to do everything. I did not interfere with her measures again.

A lesson had been given me to look over; and on Mr. Summers's first visit to me, in Mrs. Bull's parlor, I felt as if he had been a dentist with evil designs on my largest grinder. He was as cool as though he had been fifty and I five, and behaved himself generally as though it were a very common thing for youthful principals to give private lessons to their young lady-teachers.

Mr. Bull had made a fire, which was another talent that I discovered in him; and Mrs. Bull had given the room as much of a look of comfort as a room can have that is very seldom used. The good woman had even placed a dish of apples and doughnuts on a table in the corner—which, she said, were always on hand when Mr. Bull was paying his addresses to her; but the family did not appear to put any such construction on Mr. Summers's visits to me. I had told them that we had a great deal of school business in common; and they seemed to think it quite natural that we should have.

And to business Mr. Summers proceeded immediately on his arrival, throwing me into a state of complete confusion by asking me questions not definitely set down in the book, and calmly allowing me to blunder through to something like an end without the least interruption or assistance. I, whose childhood had for some time been made miserable by the question of a sharp schoolmate, 'Which is the heaviest—a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?' and her calm persistence that they were both alike, in spite of my passionate denial in favor of lead, was not likely to distinguish myself at these sittings; and whatever I had hitherto admired in Mr. Summers was now eclipsed by my appreciation of his extraordinary patience.

'You must think me a perfect fool!' I exclaimed, unguardedly.

'No,' replied my imperturbable companion, 'I consider you a very fair average.'

I bit my lip in anger at myself, and turned assiduously to my slate and pencil.

'You will take that for next time,' said my preceptor, rising at the end of an hour, and calling my attention to a portion that he had marked in pencil, 'when I shall be more particular about your recitations. Good evening.'

'Very romantic,' thought I, as I walked rather discontentedly into the sitting room, and I wondered what sort of stuff Mr. Summers was made of. I began to be afraid that I might be piqued into flirting with him.

He seemed to have the talent, though, of winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. Mr. Bull pronounced him 'a cute chap,' and 'real clever, too,' for he did not consider the terms synonymous. Mrs. Bull said that he was just the right person in the right place; and Miss Friggs declared that he was 'a young man among a thousand.' Not at Peppersville, certainly, for there were but five others in the place; but, to use the phraseology

most in vogue there, they could not hold a candle to him.

That quiet, overgrown girl, with her faultless recitations and steady pursuance of one idea, interested me exceedingly, and I determined to find out her history. I spoke of her to Mr. Summers, and he replied :

'Oh, yes ; Helen Legram is quite an original. 'Born of poor, but respectable parents,' I have little doubt that she will turn out like the heroes of all biographies that commence in a similar manner. Her father is a very plain farmer, living somewhere among the mountains, with a large family to provide for ; and Helen, in consequence, has hitherto enjoyed no advantages in the way of education beyond those obtained from an occasional quarter at the district school. In the intervals she had to wash, bake, mend, and make, with untiring industry, with short snatches of reading, her only indulgence ; until, last summer, a relative, well to do in the world, spent some months at the mountain farm, and presented Helen with the means of obtaining her heart's desire—a thorough education. To that end she is now assiduously devoting herself in the spirit of Milton, who 'cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit.' Helen Legram is a plain, unformed country girl ; but she has those three handmaids of talent who so frequently eclipse their mistress : industry, patience, and perseverance ; and I prophesy that not only will she succeed in her present undertaking, but win for herself a name among the Hannah Mores and Corinnes of posterity. What a wife such a woman would make !'

I wondered if he was engaged to her ? They were about the same age, and being entirely opposite in every respect, it was quite natural that they should fall in love with each other.

I had some trouble with my tall pupil in French, as she had not quite the Parisian accent, and at her time of life it was not easy to acquire it. She per-

severed, though, with unparalleled firmness ; and as she wished to study Latin, I was obliged to learn it myself, from Mr. Summers. I pitied that man when I began to stumble through the declensions. Virgil would have torn his hair in frenzy at such rendering of his lines, and I should have been very sorry to encounter him alone. There we sat, hour after hour, in Mrs. Bull's parlor, scarcely a word passing between us except on the subject of Latin or arithmetic. Mr. Summers was an excellent teacher ; and it was worth my sojourn in Peppersville to learn what I did.

One evening, however, we were rather more sociable ; and in answer to some remark of mine, Mr. Summers asked me where I supposed he was born !

Beginning with Maine, I went regularly through the Eastern States, with a strong desire to leave him in Massachusetts ; but, very much to my surprise, he denied them all.

'New York, then, or New Jersey,' I persisted.

Mr. Summers only smiled ; and then I tried the Hoosier States, where they are 'half horse and half alligator,' his figure was somewhat in the backwoodsman style. But none of these would do.

'Then,' said I, out of all patience, 'you could not have been born anywhere. I give it up.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'I think you might as well, for you would never guess.'

And here the matter ended. But frequently afterward did I find myself wondering what portion of the globe Mr. Summers could claim as his own, his native land ; for I had come to the conclusion that he might not be an American at all.

Skating season arrived ; and all Peppersville took to the lake like a colony of ducks. It was splendidly exhilarating, and my crotchet needle had for some time previous been flying through tan-

gled mazes of crimson worsted, to the great admiration of the household, in the manufacture of a skating cap.

I must have been built expressly for going on ice, for it seemed like my native element. Those beautiful moonlight nights, with the cold blue sky above and the glittering crystal beneath, were like glimpses of fairyland. Mr. Summers taught me how to skate, for which I was sufficiently grateful; but I had no idea of being handed over to him exclusively for the benefit of Peppersville, so I seized upon 'big boys,' or staid, married men, or anything that came handy in the way of support, until I was sufficiently experienced to go alone.

Helen Legram did not skate. Nothing could induce her to venture; and probably, while we were cultivating our heels on the ice, she was cultivating her head in milder latitudes. I thought, *then*, that she was to be pitied; but, two weeks later, I would have given all that I possessed to have followed her example in the beginning.

It was intensely cold that night, and somehow my skates were very troublesome. Mr. Summers bent down to arrange them, and I declined making use of his shoulder as a support. I never knew how I did it, but ice is slippery; I performed an extraordinary slide—kicked Mr. Summers directly in the mouth, thereby knocking out one of his front teeth, as though I had been a vicious horse—and went backward into the arms of the oldest male pupil of the Peppersville Academy, while my unfortunate victim, knocked into a state of insensibility, fell prostrate on the ice.

A crowd gathered, of course, and raised their venerable preceptor, and brought him to his senses, while I was congratulated on my escape. I looked upon this as the most awkward predicament I had ever been placed in, and was completely nonplussed as to the course of action to be pursued under the circumstances. Had I been

in love with Mr. Summers, or he with me, the case would have been different; as it was, I would have given much to have changed places with him. He declared, however, that it was nothing, laughed about the accident, and said that one tooth more or less made very little difference. Had he been a woman, he never would have forgiven me.

The next morning, Mr. Summers was not at school, and Helen Legram took his place. They boarded in the same house; and from her I learned that his mouth was so much swollen he could scarcely speak. It was very disagreeable, certainly; but, having weighed the matter all the morning, I came to the conclusion by afternoon, that it was decidedly my duty to go and see after Mr. Summers.

I found him in the parlor, considerably disfigured; and Helen Legram was making him some pap—that being the only style of sustenance upon which he could venture. His mouth was very sore, for the sharp runner of a skate is rather a formidable weapon; but he laughed with his eyes when I presented myself, and seemed to enjoy my embarrassment.

'I do not see how it happened,' said I, very much annoyed.

'All that I know of the case,' replied Mr. Summers, quite as though it had been somebody else's case, 'is that, while engaged in the discharge of my duty, a cloud of dimity suddenly floated before my eyes—a stunning shock ensued—I saw stars—and then exit into the region of know-nothingdom.'

Rather awkwardly, I suppose, I offered myself as head nurse, having been the cause of the mischief; but Mr. Summers, with many thanks for the offer, did not think there would be any necessity for availing himself of it. I felt very sorry for him, and quite as sorry for myself.

In a few days the principal returned to his school duties. He possessed a remarkable degree of reticence; and,

owing to this blessed quality, no one but ourselves and Helen Legram ever knew of my share in that unfortunate accident. I felt rather guilty whenever allusion was made to it by some well-meaning person; but I noticed that Mr. Summers always turned the conversation as soon as possible. We were on more social terms after that disaster; and somehow the evenings spent over Latin and arithmetic became less practical, and decidedly more interesting. Mr. Summers, however, was very cautious, and so was I. He never seemed to be swayed by impulse; and I should have nipped anything like tenderness in the bud.

One evening, however, I was considerably astonished at him, and not a little indignant. The 'faculty' of the Peppersville Academy were invited to a small party at the house of one of its wealthiest patrons, who lived some miles out of town.

They sent a covered wagon for us, and a 'boy,' that indispensable article in the country, to drive us.

The boy seemed to drive with his eyes shut; suddenly, there was a terrific jolt, and I screamed and clung to Mr. Summers for protection. Under the circumstances this was unavoidable; but, as he seemed disposed to retain my hand, I tried to disengage it.

It was held in a firm grasp; and I said, in a tone that could not be mistaken: 'Mr. Summers!'

My hand was immediately released; and neither of us spoke another word during the drive.

I did not enjoy that party. I was angry at Mr. Summers, and I let him see it; but I had no patience with any other man in the room. In driving back, Mr. Summers 'thought that he would sit outside, to get a little fresh air,'—which, as the thermometer stood at twenty, must have been exhilarating. I was handed out in silence, and went to bed in as bad a humor as that in which many a belle comes from the ball room.

There was a coolness between us for several days, which gradually thawed into a more genial state of things, but it did not seem to me that it ever became quite as it was before.

All winter there were rumblings deep and continual in the political sky—sometimes the sun broke out, and people said that it was going to clear; but usually the weathercocks predicted a long, southerly storm. I never saw a man so full of prophecy as Mr. Bull. One would have supposed that every hour brought him telegraphic despatches both from the real and the spurious Congress; and that President Lincoln and Jeff. Davis were both convinced of their utter inability to take any steps without the cognizance and approval of Mr. Bull.

Mrs. Bull said mildly that 'she hoped it would blow over;' but Mr. Bull exclaimed indignantly that 'he didn't want it to blow over—he wanted it to blow out and done with it, if it was goin' to, and not keep a threatenin' all to no purpose. It was high time that things was settled, and people knew what was what. If we was goin' to hev a rumpus, he hoped we'd *hev* it.'

If the old man had not been really good-natured and inoffensive, I should have taken him in hand; but these disconnected remarks appeared to give him so much pleasure that it would have been cruel to deprive him of it.

Helen Legram had a reverential way of speaking of Mr. Summers that provoked me; but she told me one day, when I laughed at this, that no one who knew his life could do otherwise. And how did *she* 'know his life'? He had never disclosed it to *me*—and I could not see what there was in Helen Legram to entitle her to this confidence. They certainly were engaged—everything went to prove it; and, if I had been at all in love with Mr. Summers, I should have classed the feeling that pervaded me under the head of jealousy.

Mr. Bull 'guessed that Mr. Summers

and that tall gal were goin' to make a match of it;' and, when I assented to the proposition, he added that 'she didn't *pretty* much, but he kalkilated she'd make a good, stirrin' wife for a young man who had his livin' to get. Should hev kind o' thought,' continued Mr. Bull, who seemed to love the subject, 'that he'd hev fancied *you*; but there's no accountin' for tastes.'

I glided out of the room unperceived, and the old gentleman probably talked confidentially to the four walls for some time afterward.

Sumter had fallen; and the whole school broke out in badges. Peppersville was on fire, and burning, of course, in red, white, and blue flames. No one bought a dress even that had not the loyal colors displayed *somewhere* in it; and a man who did not wear a cockade was rather looked askance upon.

Mr. Bull was in his element, and spent his time principally in going to the post office in search of news, and asking everybody's political shibboleth. The subject was discussed at every meal. Mr. Bull thought that half the members of Congress ought to have been hung long ago. Miss Friggs, who sometimes attempted the poetical, said that it made her heart bleed to think of the glorious figure of Liberty wandering desolate and forsaken, with her costly robe of stars and stripes trailing in the dust; and Mrs. Bull, who was one of the wisest women I ever knew, prudently said nothing on a subject which she did not quite understand.

The militia of Peppersville began to turn out in rusty regimentals, and cut up queer antics in the street; and Mr. Summers, who appeared to have a talent for everything, took them in hand to drill.

'Do you understand military tactics?' I inquired in surprise.

'Somewhat,' was the reply. He had been captain of a company of boy soldiers; and, now that I came to think

of it, there was something decidedly military in his bearing.

'If I were only a *man*!' I exclaimed, discontentedly, 'I would be off to the war and distinguish myself; but a woman is good for nothing but to be insignificant.'

'The works of a watch are 'insignificant,' in one sense,' observed my companion; 'but what would the watch be without them?'

'I do not see any application in this case,' I replied, indifferently.

'A woman,' said he, bending down to adjust some papers, 'is often the Miriam and Aaron of some Moses whose hands need holding up. Many a bullet that finds the heart of an enemy is sent, not by the hand that pulls the trigger, but by a softer hand miles away. Something, or rather some *one*, to work for, is an incentive to great deeds.'

Mr. Summers's face was flushed; and he looked suddenly up when he had done speaking.

I withdrew my eyes in confusion, and, with the careless remark, 'Mrs. Partington would tell you that you were speaking paregorically,' I left a place that was getting entirely too hot to hold me.

A few days after, Mr. Summers started for the seat of war, with the commission of first lieutenant, and Helen Legram became principal of the Peppersville Academy. I think that bright spring days are disagreeable, glaring things, when some one whom you like and have been accustomed to see in certain places, is seen there no more; and the day that Mr. Summers left, I was out of all patience with the April sunshine.

He had said no more: a friendly pressure of the hand from him, and a sincerely expressed hope on my part that he would return unharmed—a request from Mr. Bull to 'give it to 'em well'—a caution from Mrs. Bull not to expose himself, if he could help it, to the night air—a pincushion from Miss Friggs, because men never have conve-

niences—and he was gone, with no reasonable prospect of his return.

I said this to myself a great many times; but I also said that I did not go to Peppersville to fall in love with the principal of the Academy.

Those everlasting recitations began to be unendurable; the walks about Peppersville were totally uninteresting, and I did not know what to do with myself. I cultivated Helen Legram; and, during the vacation, she took me home with her to the farm.

It seemed like a new life, that three weeks' visit, and I enjoyed it extremely. We went on expeditions up the mountains, and lived a sort of vagrant life that was just what we both needed. The roar of cannon could not reach us there; the sight of bleeding, dying men was far away; and we almost forgot that the teeth of the children whom she had nourished at her breast were tugging at the vitals of the Union.

One afternoon, amid the fragrant odor of pine trees, Helen Legram told me the story of Mr. Summers's life.

He was born and educated in Florida, much to my astonishment, and had entailed upon him the misery of a worthless, dissipated father. His mother, after dragging out a saddened existence, sank into the grave when her youngest boy was just entering upon the years of boyhood. Finally, the elder Summers, who had always boasted of his patrician blood, killed a man in a fit of mingled passion and intemperance, and then cheated the gallows of its due by putting an end to his own life. His property was quite exhausted; and the two sons who survived him could only look upon his death as a release from continued mortification and disgrace. An uncle's house was open to receive them; but, before many years had elapsed, Arthur Summers, who was described as a miracle of manly beauty, changed his name for that of a rich heiress who bestowed herself and her lands upon him, and requested his brother to follow his example in the

matter of the name at once, and in the matter of the heiress as soon as convenient.

Elihu Summers, however, persisted in retaining the name that his father had disgraced; he said that he would redeem it, and declared that no wife of his should furnish him with bread while his brain and hands were in working order. His brother looked upon him as a harmless lunatic; but Elihu was firm, and took up his abode at the North, as better calculated to further his design. After a series of adventures he became principal of the Peppersville Academy, with the view of ultimately studying a profession; and there he had been for two years when I came in contact with him.

I had been studying Helen Legram's face during this recital; and at its conclusion I asked her if she was engaged to Mr. Summers.

'No, I am not engaged to him,' she replied, with a vivid blush; 'I have good reason to suppose that he is attached to some one else.'

'Well,' thought I, as I noted the blush, 'if not engaged to him, you are certainly in love with him;' and I felt sorry for her if it was not returned.

I did not go back to Peppersville that summer—I had had enough of school teaching; and I returned to the relatives with whom I had become disgusted, on promises of better behavior from them for the future. They were not *near* relatives—I had none; and I had rebelled at being tutored and watched like a child. Having fully asserted my independence, I was treated with more respect; but, while they supposed that I was nestling down in quiet content, I was busily casting about in my mind the practicability of another venture.

I burned to do something for my country; I could not do as meek women did, and sit down and sew for it; the monotonous motion of the needle, which some people call so soothing, fairly distracted me; and, in spite of the low diet of Latin and mathematics on which

I had been kept all winter, I entertained vague visions of myself, in cropped hair and army blue, following the drum.

Just at this critical juncture, when common sense was spreading her pinions for flight, I received a letter from a darling Mentor of a friend, who was spending the golden sunshine of her life as her Saviour spent His, in doing good; and she ordered me to the hospitals.

'You have youth and health,' she wrote; 'spend them in the service of your country. Many a brave soldier lies stiffening in his gore on the bloody field of Manassas; many as brave are writhing in agony in the hospitals that received the wounded of that disastrous day; go among them with words of comfort, and smooth the pillow of those brave defenders whose blood has been freely poured out to enable *you* to sleep in peace.'

I could wait no longer; in spite of protestation, I put my chattels in order, and was off with a noble band of women, who were all bent on the same errand.

I had heard nothing from Mr. Summers since his departure: he might have been killed at Manassas, or have fallen, side by side with the noble Winthrop, at Big Bethel, or have perished, as the lamented Ellsworth perished, by the hand of the assassin. I never expected to behold him again in *this* world; and I began to think that I had not appreciated him.

I cannot describe my life as hospital nurse: it was just passing from one scene of suffering to another; and I had not realized that there *could* be so much misery in this bright, beautiful world. At first I used to tremble and faint; but finally the intense desire to *do* something for these poor, mutilated wrecks of humanity conquered the weakness; and I even wondered at my own self-control.

There were pleasant gleams, too, in this life, of utter self-abandonment;

blessings from fever-parched lips; grateful looks from dying eyes; pleased attention to holy words; and, wrapping all like a halo, the thought that I was working in very deed, ay, and battling, too, for the glorious flag that floated over my head.

They were constantly bringing in fresh patients, and the sight roused no curiosity; but one day, such a ghastly face was upturned to view, as they placed the shattered body tenderly on a cot, that, involuntarily, I bent closer.

'Awful things, those Minié wounds,' observed a young surgeon who stood near me; and then, as he went on to describe how the horrible ball revolves in the lacerated flesh, I suddenly caught a full view of the features, over which the shadow of death seemed to have settled, and fainted dead away.

It was a long time, I believe, before I regained my senses; but as soon as I did, I went to work. Mr. Summers was stretched before me on that cot, with a gaping wound in his shoulder, that had not been attended to in proper time. He opened his eyes once, and smiled, as he seemed to recognize me bending over him; but a fainting fit ensued, and then he became delirious.

I could not bear to have any one else attend to him, and I watched him faithfully day and night. That dreadful Minié wound seemed as if it never would heal, and I think that the doctors scarcely expected him to get up again. I almost felt as if I had been brought to the hospital for this one purpose; and without his ever having told me in plain words that he loved me—in spite of all my wise resolutions to the contrary—during silent watches beside that couch of suffering, I became convinced that I loved him with all the strength of which I was capable. Yes, I who had nominally devoted myself to the service of my country, had ignominiously closed my career by falling in love with the first good-looking patient that had been brought into my ward!

If any stupid man, though (a woman would know better), supposes that I informed Mr. Summers of this, either by word or look, in his first lucid moment, he is entirely mistaken. On the contrary to punish myself for this humiliating weakness, I was more severe than ever; and when the patient became well enough to thank me for my kind attention, etc., I told him, as coldly as I could, that it was no more than I would have done for the commonest soldier—(which was not strict truth)—that my labors were given to my country, and not to individuals—with much more to the same purpose.

Mr. Summers sighed deeply, and turned over on his pillow; and he did not imagine how I felt.

He said no more on the subject then; but, one evening, when he had been moved from his bed to an easy chair, he spoke out like a man, and a pretty determined one, too, in plain terms, and asked me if I would ever marry him?

In just as plain terms I told him that I never would—I had resolved to devote my life in this manner; and, with an expression of utter hopelessness, he replied that he took back all his thanks for the miserable life I had saved; he was weary of it, and would hasten to throw it away on the next battle field.

This was very dreadful, of course; but that winter's practice had given me quite a turn for arithmetic, and I fell to calculating how many battles would probably transpire before that crippled shoulder would let him take the field again.

'You will not get out under three months,' said I, confidently.

He looked at me for a moment; and then, bending closer, he whispered, 'You do not really mean it, Isabel?'

My face flushed uncomfortably at

this address, but, making a last struggle, I inquired carelessly, 'And why not, pray?'

'Because,' he replied, with a steady voice, 'you have too kind a heart to consign to a disappointed life one who loves you so devotedly.'

I suppose I had; for, after that, he had the impudence to assure me that I was engaged to him.

'Providence seems to smile upon us,' observed my convalescing patient, the next morning; 'read this, Isabel.'

The formidable looking document was placed in my hand, and I learned that Lieutenant Elihu Summers, for gallant conduct at the battle of Bul. Run, was promoted to the rank of colonel.

'Mrs. Colonel Summers,' said he, with the old mischief beaming in his eye; 'isn't that tempting?'

I immediately punished him by reading an article that happened to be on hand, which proved conclusively that army and navy officers were a worthless, dissipated set. Nevertheless, it was a satisfaction to think that my wish of entering the army was about to be gratified—although in such an unexpected way.

I could never definitely ascertain whether Helen Legram loved Mr. Summers or not; but I am under the impression that she did, and that she will never marry. She makes a splendid principal for the Peppersville Academy; and, when we have a house of our own, she will be the first invited guest.

I am afraid that I have no 'mission.' I spoiled my school teaching by falling in love with the principal, and my hospital nursing by becoming infatuated with my most troublesome patient. I do not feel disposed, therefore, to try another field.

LETTER WRITING.

To Atossa, a Persian queen, the daughter of Cyrus and the mother of Xerxes, has been ascribed the invention of letter writing. She, although a royal barbarian, was, like her prototype of Sheba, not only an admirer of wisdom in others, but wise herself. She first composed epistles. So testifies Hellenicus, a general historian of the ancient states, and so insists Tatian in his celebrated oration against the Greeks. In that oration he contends that none of the institutions of which the Greeks were so boastful had their origin with them, but were all invented by the barbarians.

It may be doubted, however, whether to any known person in the domains of olden time can be truly attributed the high honor of such an invention. Indeed, the views that may justly be entertained as to what constitutes an invention may be various and diverse. Perhaps, in a qualified sense, any signal addition or improvement deserves to be so distinguished. What was precisely the subject matter of Atossa's invention is not told, nor is anything recorded to lead to the conclusion that she invented any new material; but, if she discovered any way of committing the communications between persons, separated or at a distance from each other, to paper—whether composed of the interior bark of trees, or of the Egyptian papyrus, or other flexible substance—and making it into a roll or volume, to be sent by some carrier, that Persian queen may be accredited as the inventress of epistolary composition.

It has been conjectured that letter writing was an art existing in the days of Homer; because one of that great poet's characters, named Pretus, gives a folded tablet to another personage, Bellerophon, to deliver to a third individual, Jobates. But the learned commentators, both German and Eng-

lish, agree in the fact that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were never written, but recited to various audiences by

'The grand old bard of Scio's rocky tale.'

Writing, however, was in use throughout Greece before the time of Homer, if not in ordinary intercourse, certainly for memorials and inscriptions. The age of Homer may be regarded as preceding the Christian era by about one thousand years. It synchronizes with the time of Solomon. Thus the greatest of poets and the wisest of kings coexisted—truly a noticeable fact, a theme for the imagination.

But the Holy Scriptures afford instances of letter writing, in some form or other, at a period considerably anterior to the age of Solomon. David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah: 'And he wrote in the letter, saying.' (2 Samuel xi, 14, 15.) And, about one hundred and forty years afterward, Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name (1 Kings xxi, 8, 9), and 'sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in the city, dwelling with Naboth, and she wrote in the letters, saying. (2 Kings v, 5, 6, 7; 2 Kings x, 1, 2, 6, 7.) The king of Syria wrote a letter to the king of Israel, and therewith sent Naaman, his servant, to be cured of his leprosy: 'And it came to pass when the king of Israel read the letter, that he rent his clothes.'

Now this occurred about nine hundred years before the Christian era; and, about twenty years later, we are told that Jehu wrote letters and sent them to Samaria. A second time he transmitted other letters of a similar import, which were cruelly obeyed.

Then there is the threatening letter of the king of Assyria to Hezekiah, set forth in the second book of Kings, and

also the complimentary letter from Berodach-Baladan to the same king of Judah after his sickness; a king who subsequently appears himself to have written letters to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, to summon them to Jerusalem. (2 Kings xix, 14; xx, 12; 2 Chron. xxx, 1-6.)

Cyrus, after publishing his decree giving liberty to the Jews to return to their own country and rebuild the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, wrote letters recommendatory to the governors of several provinces to assist the Jews in their undertaking; one of which letters Josephus has recorded as being addressed to the governors of Syria, and commencing with the regular epistolary salutation, 'Cyrus, the king, to Sysina and Sarabasan sendeth a greeting.' And while the children of the captivity were rebuilding their temple (and this was five hundred and twenty-two years before Christ), there was a frequent correspondence by letters between their adversaries and Artaxerxes, king of Persia. Now, supposing the invention, in any modified sense, of letter writing *on paper*, or what may answer to the idea conveyed by that term, is in any measure attributable to the daughter of Cyrus, this was quite a matter of course and in accordance with the general practice.

Still, let us not be disposed to take away from the royal lady the honor of having invented an art which her sex have, in modern years, carried to a perfection scarcely attainable by the male sex; for it may be set down as an axiom that one woman's letter is worth a dozen letters by men.

After all, the instances of communication by means of letter writing to which allusions have thus been made are plainly no specimens of that use of the invention which constitutes it the medium of free thought and intelligence, or even the simple vehicle of domestic intercourse. Those letters or missives were either formal announcements of authoritative mandates and

despatches, or, at best, only the conveyances of certain information, to be the motive to some act or understanding, or to determine or direct some course of proceeding. There are no examples of what can properly be called *familiar letters* before the time of Cicero, whose correspondence may justly be regarded as among the most precious remains of ancient literature which have survived to our own day. In connection with this remark, we may be permitted to observe that, as with the greatest of ancient, so with the greatest of modern orators, he was distinguished for the beauty, power, and brilliancy of his letters. There are few instances of English style more charming in themselves than the epistles, whether published or still in manuscript, written by that versatile and wonderful person, Daniel Webster. (*Nunquam tetigit quod non ornavit.*) How copious is their expression! How facile and felicitous their illustrations! What grace! What beauty of diction! What simplicity, elevated by a matchless elegance! Nothing more clearly proves the various talents of both the Roman and the American statesman than that they should no more have excelled in their forensic achievements on grand occasions than in those common and trivial affairs of every-day life, so unaffected and so effortless as the writing of letters to their friends.

All the letters of Greek and Roman origin which have come down to us seem to be doubtful, except those of Plato and Isocrates, until the days of Cicero. Under his genius the mind of the Roman nation took a sudden spring, and the polite literature of the world was embellished by epistolary composition. As the rules and illustrations of poetic writing were borrowed by Aristotle from the example of Homer, so the practice and authority of Cicero appear to have furnished precepts best entitled to determine the character and merits of the epistolary style. He esteemed it as a species of

composition enjoying the privilege of great ease and familiarity, as well in its diction as in its treatment of its subject, and also in its employment of the weapons of wit and humor. The general style most suitable to its spirit and character he considered to be that most in use in the ordinary and daily intercourse of society. He admired a simple and playful use of language, and he affected, as he asserts, a common and almost plebeian manner of writing, using words of every-day stamp in his correspondence. In his view of letter, writing, its style and manner ought to vary with the complexion of its subject matter, and be subjected to no abstract system of rules. He propounds three principal kinds of epistles: first, that which merely conveys interesting intelligence, being, as he says, the very object for which the thing itself came into existence; second, the jocose letter; third, the serious and solemn letter. And it was besides the opinion of the great orator—an opinion sanctioned and ratified by all honorable persons then and in our own day—that there is something sacred in the contents of a letter which gives it the strongest claims to be withheld from third persons. ‘For who,’ he exclaims, in his second Philippic, ‘who that is at all influenced by good habits and feelings, has ever allowed himself to resent an affront or injury by exposing to others any letters received from the offending persons during their intercourse of friendship?’ ‘What else,’ he eloquently exclaims, ‘would be the tendency of such conduct but to rob the very life of life of its social charms! How many pleasantries find their way into letters, as amusing to the correspondents as they are insipid to others; and how many subjects of serious interest, which are entirely unfit to be brought before the public!’

Truly is it gratifying, in our treatment of this topic, to be able to adduce such high, classical authority concerning the sacred and inviolable character

of all private correspondence. In our humble view, not only is the seal of a letter a lock more impregnable to the hand of honor than the strongest bank safe which the expert Mr. Hobbs might vainly have tried to open; but even when that seal has already been rightfully broken and the contents of the letter exposed, those contents are to the eye of delicacy as unreadable as if written in that *Bass* language which Adam and Eve are said to have spoken while in the garden of Eden, and which, since the fall, none but angels have ever been able to comprehend. Now, if Cicero thought it base for a third party to read a private letter, what eloquent thunder would he not have hurled at the head of that wretch who not only read, but printed and published it! There is an epithet, which, in certain parts of New England, the folks apply to the poorest of poor scamps—‘mean.’ Now who, in this round world, of all that dwell therein, can be found one half so ‘mean’ as the betrayer and revealer of another’s secrets? A whip should be placed in every honest hand to lash the rascal naked through the world. He should be fastened in an air-tight mail bag, and sent jolting and bouncing, amid innumerable letters and packages and ponderous franked documents of members of Congress, over all the roughest roads of our Northwestern country!

To return to what a letter should be. It seems, upon the whole, to have been Cicero’s opinion—and in this we shall fain agree as well as in his view of the secrecy of letters—that, whether the subject be solemn or familiar, learned or colloquial, general or particular, political or domestic, an easy, vivacious, unaffected diction gives to epistolary writing its proper grace and perfection.

In very truth, good letter writing is little else than conversation upon paper, carried on between parties personally separate, with this especial advantage, that it brings the minds of the interlocutors into reciprocal action, with more

room for reflection, and with fewer disturbances than can usually consist with personal conversation.

We have thus made mention of Cicero as the greatest of authorities with regard to this subject, because he was himself the greatest of letter writers. The epistle was the shape in which his versatile and beautiful mind most gracefully ran and moulded itself. His fluctuating and unstable character no less than his vanity and love of distinction, seemed to minister occasion to those varied forms of diction and expression in which the genius of animated letter writing may be said to delight. Read his 'Familiar Letters,' if not in Latin, yet in translation, if you wish to study the most perfect specimens of this style—a style which has not been equalled or approached since his day.

Next to the letters of the great Roman orator, merit points to those of the philosopher Seneca. He, too, cultivates and enjoins an easy and unstudied diction. So great is the excellence of his letters; so nearly is their beauty allied to the beauty of our Holy Scriptures; so does he seem to anticipate the morals and teachings of our Christian dispensation, that it is almost reprehensible to speak of them at all, without setting forth their extraordinary charms of style and thought, even in a larger space than the present article can be allowed to occupy.

After Seneca, the next most noted of the ancient letter writers was Pliny the younger. And now we are brought down to the days of the Apostles and their Epistles. With a simple reverential allusion to the letters of St. Paul and the other immediate followers of our Lord—letters that teach men the way of salvation—we pass to a more modern consideration of our topic.

Letters can hardly be classified. They are of various sorts. Most of them, as schoolboys say, end in *t-i-o-n*. There are Letters of Introduction; Letters of Congratulation; Let-

ters of Consolation; Letters of Invitation; Letters of Recommendation; Letters of Administration. There are, moreover, letters of friendship, business letters, letters of diplomacy, letters of credit, letters patent, letters of marque (apt also to be letters of mark), and love letters—the last being by no means least.

Let not the gentle reader imagine from this enumeration than we are going to be so tedious as to divide the remainder of this article into heads, and to treat of each one of these kinds of letters in its turn. No; our object is, by indicating thus the number of sorts, to elucidate the importance of letters, and to prove that, if their writing be not, like that of poetry, ranked among the fine arts, it well deserves to be. For what more admirable accomplishment can there be—what is of more importance often than the proper composing of letters? Many a reputation is made or marred by a single epistle. Great consequences follow in the train of a single epistle. The pen is mightier than the sword. How well may our readers remember one brief letter of Henry Clay (*clarum et venerabile nomen!*), who, when a candidate for the Presidency, wrote many excellent letters, and too many—so many, indeed, that his adversaries indulged in pointless ridicule, and called him 'The Complete Letter Writer.' We allude, of course, to that brief letter to certain importunate individuals in Alabama, which lost for him the decisive and final vote of New York, and made Mr. Polk President—its consequences being the war with Mexico, the acquisition and annexation of California, the discovery of the gold mines—working an utter change in the political and commercial fortunes of the world, which would probably never have taken place, or, at least, not in our century, but for that one brief Alabama letter! It is, we believe, fully conceded that the safest rule for becoming Chief Magis-

trate of our country is never to write a letter.

Many a man and woman, who has written a letter and posted it, wishes ardently that it could be recalled; and many a one who has something disagreeable to say, and is obliged to say it in a letter because he has promised to write, wishes that he could send the letter in blank—like Larry O'Branigan to his wife Judy, when he was constrained to inform her that he had been dismissed from his place, thus done into verse by the bard of Erin:

'As it was but last week that I sent you a letter,

You'll wonder, dear Judy, what this is about,

And, troth, it's a letter myself would like better,

Could I manage to leave the contents of it out.'

Excellent, by the way, as this Hibernicism is, it is not so perfect as the following, which it would be difficult for the most accomplished of Paddies to surpass. A man, dying, wrote an epistle, in which, stating that he was near death, he took an affectionate farewell of his friends. He left the letter open on a table near him, and expired before he had time to complete it. His attendant, just after his demise, taking up the defunct's pen, in which the ink was scarcely yet dry, added, by way of postscript, or rather *post-mortem-script*: 'Since writing the foregoing, I have died.'

There is more philosophy than one would at first imagine in the apology of him who said that his pen was so bad it could not spell correctly. To write a letter as it should be in all respects, to be what it ought to be, orthographically, grammatically, rhetorically right, there should be a good pen, good paper, good ink. Many a pleasant correspondence has been marred by want of these adjuncts; many an agreeable thought arrested; many a composition, happily begun, hurried to an abrupt conclusion. And how

many delightful letters have been omitted or neglected to be written by their want! We are not jesting. These concomitants, together with nice envelopes, are as requisite to a respectable epistle as becoming costume is to a lady. When we see a scrawling hand on coarse paper, ill folded, worse directed, and ending, 'Yours in haste,' we think but little of the writer. Such a one may complain of being in a hurry, but ladies and gentlemen should always take time to do well whatsoever they do at all. No letters should be written 'in haste' except angry ones, and the faster they are 'committed to paper' the better. We have found it a capital plan, when in hot wrath, to sit directly down and scratch off a furious letter, and then, having thus committed our ire to the paper, to commit that to the flames. The process is highly refrigerant, in any state of the weather.

Nothing can be more false than the phraseology of most letters. Many a letter is commenced with 'dear,' when the writer, if he dared express his real sentiment, would use a very opposite word. But, be the sentiments of a letter what they may, true or false, real or affected, it is the desire of the present writer to insist upon the indispensable neatness of letters—that they should be externally faultless, however defective inside. We regret to record the unpleasant fact that our American ladies seldom write good hands, whereas a fair chirography is properly considered as among the very first accomplishments for a well-educated girl in England. Who ever saw a letter from a true English lady that was not faultless in its details? What nice, legible penmanship! How happily expressed! How trim and pretty a cover! How beautiful and classic a seal! Very different these from the concomitants of half a sheet of ruled paper, scrawled over as if chickens had been walking upon it, and folded slopingly, and held loosely together by a wafer!

It is an affectation of many lawyers

and most literary people to write ill, probably to create an impression that such is the vast importance of their occupations and lucubrations that they have not time to attend to so minor a matter as penmanship. A certain highly distinguished counsellor of Massachusetts was said to have written so badly that he could not comprehend his own legal opinions after he had put them on paper. Now such affectation is in very poor taste. Those who cannot write fairly and legibly had better go to school and practise until they can. Incomprehensible writing is as bad as incomprehensible speaking. A clear enunciation is scarcely more important than a plain hand. A lawyer, in speaking, may as well jumble his words so together that not one in fifty can be understood, as in writing to scrawl and run them about so that not one in fifty can be read.

What a world of content or of unhappiness lies within the little fold of a letter! Hark! There is the postman's ring at the door, sharp, quick, imperative; as much as to say, 'Don't keep me standing here; I'm in a hurry.' How your heart beats! It has come at length—the long-expected letter; an answer to a proposal of marriage, perhaps; a reply to an urgent inquiry concerning a matter of business; information with regard to some near and dear relative; a bulletin from the field of battle; what the heart sighs for, hopes for—fears, yet welcomes—desires, yet dreads. You seize the letter. Has it a black seal? Yes? The blood leaves your cheeks and rushes to its citadel, frozen with fear, and in your ear sounds the knell of a departed joy. No? Then you heave a long sigh of relief, and gaze for a moment at the missive, wondering from whom it can be. Your doubts are soon resolved, and you rest satisfied or you are disappointed. Recall the emotions which you have experienced in opening and reading many a letter, and you will acknowledge that fate and fortune often

announce their happiest or sternest decrees through a little sheet of folded paper. Have you not thought so, wife, when came the long looked-for, long hoped-for, long prayed-for—with so many sighs and tears, such throbbing, and such sinking of the heart—letter from your husband, telling the fruition of his schemes, and the prospect of his speedy return? Have you not thought so, mother, when your son's letter came, assuring you that your early teachings had been blessed to him; and, though perchance surrounded by the temptations of a great city or a great camp, he had found that 'peace which passeth understanding?' Have you not thought so, O happy damsel—yes! that blush tells how deeply—when *his* letter came at last, that letter which told you you were beloved, and that all his future felicity depended upon your reply? And that soft reply—how covered with kisses, how worn in that pocket of the coat in which it can feel the beatings of the precordial region! And not of you alone, ye refined and accomplished lovers—but of swains and sweethearts are the letters dear. Nothing more prized than such epistles, commencing with: 'This comes to inform you that I am well, saving a bad cold, and hope you enjoy the same blessing,' and ending:

'My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail.'

Assuredly, if there can be unalloyed happiness in this world, it appertains to those dear and distant friends, parted from one another by intervening ocean or continent, at those moments of mental communion which are vouchsafed by long and loving letters. Ah, how would the bands of friendship weaken and drop apart if it were not for them! They brighten the links of our social affections; they freshen the verdure of kind thoughts; they are like the morning dew and the evening rain to filial, conjugal, fraternal, paternal and parental love!

Let us now pass on to say something concerning those different kinds of letters that we named. Letters of diplomacy are affairs in which words are used for the purpose of concealing or obscuring the author's meaning, and which always conclude: 'Yours, with distinguished consideration.' To this species of epistle, the 'non-committal style,' of which the late Martin Van Buren was reputed to be a perfect master, is best adapted. Diplomats seldom desire to be comprehended; but occasionally, when they do, how luminously plain they can be! Witness that celebrated letter which Mr. Webster dictated to Edward Everett, and the latter put on paper to be sent to Austria's minister, the Chevalier Hulsemann. The 'distinguished consideration' of that discomfited official was exercised to an unpleasant extent; and the result is that Austria has ceased to instruct this republic.

Nothing is more difficult to compose than a letter of consolation or condolence. The more earnestly you desire to express sympathy and impart solace, the more impossible it seems to find gentle and appropriate terms. You would shun commonplaces and avoid sermonizing. You wish to say something simple, kind, soothing. And yet the reflection of how far short of the exigencies of the grief you would mitigate, falls your best and most effectual efforts, oppresses and restrains your pen.

Of letters of business, it is quite well to say as little as they say themselves: 'Yours received; contents noted. Yours, &c.' As brevity is the soul of wit, so is it the soul of a business letter—the argument of which should be *ad rem*, to the matter; *cum punctu*, with point.

Letters of invitation and congratulation are often mere formalities, although there is a way of infusing kindness, courtesy, and sincerity into them, especially into the latter, which ought at least to seem to be in cordial earnest.

Letters of introduction and recommendation are very difficult to write, because most people endeavor to give an original turn to their expressions. After all, it is judicious, in the composition of such affairs, to follow the briefest and most usual formulas, unless, indeed, you desire to introduce and recommend some particular person in downright reality, and then the farther you deviate from mere customary expressions the better. And if you are truly in earnest, you need be at no loss what to say: the words will suggest themselves.

Letters of friendship may be divided into two sorts—real and pretended. A real letter of friendship commends itself directly to the heart. There is a warm, genial glow about it, as welcome as the blaze of a hickory or sea-coal fire to one coming in from the cold, bitter breeze of a December night. It makes one philanthropic and a believer in human goodness. What cheer—what ardent cheer is there in a letter unexpectedly received from an old friend between whom and one's self roll years of absence, or stretch lands and seas of distance! It is like a boon from the very heaven of memory. But a pretended letter of friendship—how easily detected! How transparent its falsity! The loadstone of love touches it, and finds it mere brass. Its influence is icy and bleak, like the rays of the moon, from which all the lenses on earth cannot extract one particle of heat.

And what can be said of love letters—those flowers of feeling, those redundant roses of recapitulation? There is one strain running through their first parts, and then—*da capo*. They are the same thing, over and over and over again, and then—repeat. Yet are they never wearisome to those who write or to those who acceptably receive. They are like the interviews of their writers, excessively stupid to everybody else, but exquisitely charming to themselves; that is, *real* love letters; not those absurd things—amusing from their very

absurdity—which novelists palm off upon innocent readers as the correspondence of heroes and heroines. Verily is there a distinction between letters written by lovers and love letters. The former may be deeply interesting to uninterested readers, while the latter are the very quintessence of egotistical selfishness; for, indeed, lovers may sometimes write about other matters besides love, as, for example, in the famous epistles of Abelard and Heloise.

'Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover or some captive maid;
They live, they breathe, they speak what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.'

About the other kinds of letters which have been enumerated, we shall have nothing to say; because they are letters rather in name than in reality.

The fashion prevalent in modern days, to publish on the demise of an author pretty much all his private correspondence, proves the general interest which is felt in mere letters. Many of these are utterly worthless, vastly inferior to those which constantly pass between friends on the topics of the hour or their own affairs. It is charitable to conjecture that their writers never imagined that they could be exposed in print, or would not be burned as soon as read. And yet, with what avidity are they conned and discussed! Look at the letters of Lord Byron, Moore, and Campbell. How much brainless twattle do they contain, amid a few grains of wit and humor. What mere commonplace! Editors may as well publish every word a man says, as what he writes familiarly in his dressing gown and slippers. We have not a doubt that by far the best letters ever written still remain unpublished. There are many printed volumes of letters very inferior to those which could

be made up from the letters of private persons abroad, composed purely for the delectation of friends. There is hardly anything so difficult in writing as to write with ease. They who write letters on purpose to be published, feel and show a constraint which a mere private correspondent never entertains nor exhibits.

The war in which we are engaged has brought forth whole hosts of correspondents. They come not single spies, but in battalions. None of these letters, so far as we have read, can boast of any striking or peculiar excellence. Their great fault is their immense prolixity. Their words far outnumber their facts. An editor having once complained to a writer of the inordinate length of his composition, the writer replied that he had not had time to make it *shorter*. This is doubtless the trouble with our army letter writers. They are forced to write *currente calamo*—sometimes on the heads of drums, and not unfrequently are such epistles as full of sound and fury and as empty as the things on which they are written. The best of these correspondents so far is the somewhat ignominious Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*; the only one, indeed, who has achieved a reputation. Mr. Charles Mackay, his successor (*heu! quantum mutatus ab illo*), writes letters that are poorer, if possible, than his poems; he has just sufficient imagination to be indebted to it for his facts. As for his opinions, he seems to gather them, like a ragpicker, from political stews, reeking with the filth of treason and foul with the garbage of secession.

So far as *literary* merit goes, we regret to give our verdict in favor of correspondents for the Southern journals. They write with greater facility, greater elegance, and greater force than our own too voluminous reporters. But, as much as they have figured, it is not probable that they will live in print. They are like exha-

lations over a battle field—touched briefly by the hues of sunlight, then fading, rolling off, and vanishing in the distance.

Of all the methods of acquiring a good English style, there is no practice so beneficial as that of frequent and familiar letter writing. Because your object in writing to a friend is to make yourself perfectly clear to him, therefore you make use of the simplest, plainest, readiest words—and such are ever the best for an essay, sermon, lecture, or even oration. This practice imparts ease and perspicuity, and it teaches that writing ought to be and may be as little difficult as conversation. It teaches every one not to say anything till he shall have something to say. A want of something to say is generally not felt in writing letters, especially by ladies; but it would seem to be a great pity that there are so many words in our language; for, whenever one desires to say anything, three or four ways of saying it run in one's head together, and it is hard to choose the best! It is quite as puzzling to a lady as the choice of a ribbon or a husband. But let us earnestly advise all fair letter writers to lessen their perplexity by restricting themselves to words of home manufacture. They may perhaps think it looks prettily to garnish their correspondence with such phrases as *de tout mon cœur*. Now, *with all my heart* is really better English; the only advantage on the side of the former expression is that it is far less sincere. French silks and French laces may be superior, but it is much better to make use of the English language. Whenever there is any doubt between two words or expressions, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Let ladies eschew fine phrases as they would *rouge*; let them love simple words as they do native roses on their cheeks. A true lady should be emulous to deserve that praise which the old poet Chaucer bestows on his Virginia:

'Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I saia
Her faconde eke full womanly and plain,
No contrefeted terms hadde she
To semen wise; but after her degree
She spake: and all her wordes more or less
Sounding in virtue and in gentilease.'

Exquisite examples of this pure, mother English are to be found in the speeches put by Shakspeare into the mouths of his female characters.

'No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot more free;'

never were its waters clearer, more translucent, or more musical. This is indeed the peculiar beauty of a feminine style—choice and elegant words, but such as are familiar in well-bred conversation; words, not used scientifically, but according to their customary signification. It is from being guided wholly by usage, undisturbed by extraneous considerations, and from their characteristic fineness of discernment with regard to what is fit and appropriate, as well as from their being much less influenced by the vanity of fine writing, that sensible, educated women have a grace of style so rarely attainable by men. What are called the graces of composition are often its blemishes. There is no better test of beauties or defects of style than to judge them by the standard of letter writing. An expression, a phrase, a figure of speech, thought to be very splendid in itself, would often appear perfectly ridiculous if introduced in a letter. The rule of the cynic is a pretty good one, after all: *In writing, when you think you have done something particularly brilliant, strike it out.*

We are pretty well persuaded that authors are but poor judges of their own productions. They pride themselves on what they did with most labor. It is not good praise of any work to say that it is 'elaborate.' An author's letters are not apt to be labored, 'to smell of the lamp;' and they are, therefore, in general, his best specimens. In letter writing there will be found a facility, a freedom from constraint, a

simplicity, and a directness, which are the capital traits of a good style. Of Shakspeare it is said, in the preface to the first edition of his works: 'His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.' Shakspeare did not, therefore,
'Write with fury, and correct with phlegm ;'
but he wrote straightforwardly and naturally, as they do who assiduously practise letter writing.

T H E Y E A R .

COME, gentle Snowdrop, come ; we welcome thee :
Shine, fiery Crocus, through that dewy tear !
That thou, arrayed in burnished gold, may'st be
A morning star to hail the dawning year.

Now Winter hath ta'en Summer by the hand,
And kissed her on her cheek so fair and clear ;
While Spring strews bridal blossoms o'er the land
To grace the marriage of the youthful year.

The blackbird sings upon the budding spray,
I hear the clarion tones of chanticleer,
And robins chirp about from break of day,—
All pipe their carols to the opening year.

The butterfly mounts up on jewelled wing,
Risen to new life from out her prison drear :
All Nature smileth ;—every living thing
Breaks forth in praises of the gladsome year.

Down in the sheltered valley, Mayflowers blow,—
Their small, sweet, odorous cups in beauty peer
Forth from their mother's breast in softened glow,
To deck the vestments of the princely year.

And splendid flowers in richly-colored dress
Will bloom when warm winds from the south shall veer :
And clustering roses in their gorgeousness
Shall form a coronet for the regal year.

Rejoice, O beauteous Earth—O shining Sea !
Rejoice, calm Summer sky, and all things dear :
Give thanks, and let your joyful singing be
An anthem for the glories of the year.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CRISIS.

PART ONE.

THE American crisis, actual and impending; the causes which have led to it through the years that have passed; the consequences which must flow from it; the new responsibilities which it devolves on us as a people in the practical sphere; the new theoretical problems which it forces upon our consideration—everything, in fine, which concerns it, constitutes it a subject of the most momentous importance. The greatest experiment ever yet instituted to bring the progress of humanity to a higher plane of development is being worked out on this continent and in this age; and the war now progressing between the Northern and the Southern States is, in a marked sense, the acme and critical ordeal to which that experiment is brought.

First in order, in any methodical consideration of the subject, is the question of the causes which have led to this open outburst of collision and antagonism between the two great sections of a common country, whose institutions have hitherto been—with one remarkable exception—so similar as to be almost identical. Look at the subject as we will, the fact reveals itself more and more that the one exception alluded to is the 'head and front of this offending,' the heart and core of this gigantic difficulty, the one and sole cause of the desperate attempt now being waged to disturb and break up the process of experiment, otherwise so peacefully and harmoniously progressing, in favor of the freedom of man. There is no possibility of grappling rightly with the difficulty itself, unless we understand to the bottom the nature of the disease.

When the question is considered of the causes of the present war, the super-

ficial and incidental features of the subject—the mere symptoms of the development of the deep-seated affection in the central constitution of our national life—are firstly observed. Some men perceive that the South were disaffected by the election of Abraham Lincoln and the success of the Republican party, and see no farther than this. Some see that the Northern philanthropists had persisted in the agitation of the subject of slavery, and that this persistency had so provoked and agitated the minds of Southern men that their feelings had become heated and irritated, and that they were ready for any rash and unadvised step. Others see the causes of the war in the prevalence of ignorance among the masses of the Southern people, the exclusion of the ordinary sources of information from their minds, the facility with which they have been imposed on by false and malignant reports of the intentions of the Northern people, or a portion of the Northern people. Others find the same causes in the unfortunate prevalence at the South of certain political heresies, as Nullification, Secession, and the exaggerated theory of State Rights.

A member of President Lincoln's cabinet, speaking of its causes, near the commencement of the war, says:

'For the last ten years an angry controversy has existed upon this question of Slavery. The minds of the people of the South have been deceived by the artful representations of demagogues, who have assured them that the people of the North were determined to bring the power of this Government to bear upon them for the purpose of crushing out this institution of slavery. I ask you, is there any truth in this charge? *Has the Government of the United States, in any single instance, by any one solitary*

act, interfered with the institutions of the South? No, not in one.'

But let us go behind the symptoms—let us dive deeper than the superficial manifestations—let us ask why is it that the South were so specially disaffected by the election of a given individual, or the success of a given political party, to an extent and with an expression given to that disaffection wholly disproportionate to any such cause, and wholly unknown to the political usages of the land? Why is the South susceptible to this intense degree of offence at the ordinary contingency of defeat in a political encounter? Why, again, does the persistent discussion or agitation of *any* subject tend so specially to inflame the Southern mind beyond all the ordinary limits of moderation—to the denial of the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, and finally of the right of national existence itself to the North—except in conformity with preconceived opinions and theories of its own? Why were they of the South standing ready, as to their mental posture, for any or every rash and unadvised step? Why, again, are the Southern people uneducated and ignorant, as the predominant fact respecting a majority of their population? Why is the state of popular information in that whole region of a nominally free country, such as to make it an easy thing to impose upon their credulity and instruct them into a full belief in the most absurd and monstrous fabrications, or falsifications of the truth? Why were the ordinary sources of information excluded from their minds, more than from ours, or from the population of any other country? Why this fatal facility on the part of the Southern public for being misled by the designing purposes of ambitious demagogues; imbued with unjust prejudices; deluded into a murderous assault upon their best friends, and into the infliction of the most serious political injury upon themselves? Why, as a people, are they prompt to

rush from the pursuits of peace into all the horrors and contingencies of war?—from the enjoyment of political freedom, at least nominal and apparent, into the arms of a military despotism, the natural and necessary ultimatum of the course which they have chosen to adopt?

The one and sole answer to all these questions is, Slavery. Some one has said, in speaking of the present crisis, that the sentiment of loyalty has never been prevalent at the South. This is a grand mistake. No people on the surface of the planet have more sincerely felt or more invariably and unflinchingly demonstrated loyalty than they. But it is not loyalty to the American Government, nor indeed to any political institutions whatsoever. It is loyalty to slavery and to cotton. No other ideas exist, with any marked prominence, at the South. The Northern people have never understood the South, and their greatest danger in the present collision results from that ignorance. The difference between the two peoples is indeed so wide that it is not equalled by that which exists between any two nations of Europe—if we except, perhaps, the Western nations and the Turks. The single institution of slavery has, for the last sixty or seventy years, taken absolute possession of the Southern mind, and moulded it in all ways to its own will. Everything is tolerated which does not interfere with it; nothing whatsoever is tolerated which does. No system of despotism was ever established on earth so thorough, so efficient, so all-seeing, so watchful, so permeating, so unscrupulous, and so determined.

The inherent, vital principle of slavery is irresponsible, despotic rule. The child is born into the exercise of that right; his whole mental constitution is imbued with its exercise. Hence for twenty or thirty years—not by virtue of law, but against law—the mails have been searched throughout the South for incendiary matter, with a

strictness of censorship unknown to any Government of Europe. Northern men and Europeans immigrating to the South have uniformly been quietly dragooned and terrorized into the acceptance of theories and usages wholly unknown to any free country;—quietly, only because the occasion for doing the same thing violently and barbarously had not yet arrived.

The two civilizations, North and South, are wholly unlike. Without the slavery of four millions of men, to be kept in subjection by a conspiracy to that effect, on the part of the whole free population—the lack of fidelity to which conspiracy is the only treason known in those regions—the existence of a people like the inhabitants of the Southern States would be a riddle incapable of solution. Slavery itself, is *a remnant of barbarism overlapping the period of civilization*; but, unlike the slaveries of the barbaric ages, American slavery has been stimulated into all the enterprising and audacious energy of this advanced and progressive age. It is an engine of ancient barbarism worked by the steam of modern intelligence. The character of the people which has been created under this rare and anomalous state of things is alike rare and anomalous. No other people ever so commingled in themselves the elements of barbarous and even savage life with traits of the highest civilization. No other community were ever so instinct with the life of the worst ages of the past, and so endowed with the physical and intellectual potencies of the present. The national character of the South is that of the gentlemanly blackleg, bully, and desperado. Courteous when polished, but always overbearing; pretentious of a conventional sense of honor—which consists solely in a readiness to fight in the duel, the brawl, or the regular campaign, and to take offence on every occasion; with no trace of that modesty or delicacy of sentiment which constitutes the soul of true honor; ambitious, unscrupulous,

bold; dashing and expert; with absolutely no restrictions from conscience, routine, or the ordinary suggestions of prudence; false and, like all braggarts, cowardly when beaten; confident of their own strength until brought to the severest tests; capable of endurance and shifts of all kinds; awaiting none of the usual conditions of success—the Southern man and the Southern people are neither comfortable neighbors in a state of peace, nor enemies to be slightly considered or despised in war.

The anomalous character of Southern society, it cannot be too often repeated, is not understood and cannot be understood by the people of the North, or of Europe, otherwise than through the sharp experience of hostile and actual contact; nor otherwise than in the light of the inherent tendency and necessary educational influences of the one institution of slavery. Of the whole South, in degree, and of the Southwestern States preëminently, it may be said as a whole description in a single form of expression: *They know no other virtue than brute physical courage, and no other crime than abolitionism or negro-stealing.*

All this is said, not for the purpose of blackening the South, not from partisan rancor or local prejudice, or exaggerated patriotic zeal, but because it is true. It is not true, however, of the whole population of the South, nor true, perhaps, in the absolute sense of any portion. It is impossible to characterize any people without a portion of individual injustice, or to state the drift of an individual character even, without a like injustice to better traits, adverse to the general drift, and which, to constitute a complete inventory of national or personal attributes, should be enumerated. There is at the South a large counterpoise, therefore, of adverse statement, which might be, and should be made if the object of the present writing were a complete analysis of the subject. It is, however, not so, but a statement of the preponder-

ance of public character and opinion in those States. As a people they have their countervailing side of advantage—a great deal of amiability and refinement in certain neighborhoods, so long as their inherent right of domination is not disputed. Men and women are found, all over the South, who as individuals are better than the institution by which their characters are affected, and whose native goodness could not be wholly spoiled by its adverse operation. Slavery, too, offers certain advantages for some special kinds of culture. We of the North, on the other hand, have our own vices of a kind not to be disguised nor denied; so that the present statement should not be mistaken for an attempt to characterize in full either population. It is simply perceived that the grand distinctive drift of Southern society is directly away from the democratic moorings of our favorite republican institutions; is rapid in its current and irresistible in its momentum; and that already the divergency attained between the political and popular character of the people at the North and the South is immense; that these constantly widening tendencies—one in behalf of more and more practical enlargement of the liberty of the individual; the other backward and downward toward the despotic political dogmas and practices of the ignorant and benighted past—have proceeded altogether beyond anything which has been seen and recognized by the people of the North; and that, consequently, the whole North has been acting under a misapprehension.

The spirit of the South is and has been belligerent, rancorous, and unscrupulous. The idea of settling any question by the discussion of principles, by mutual concessions, by the understanding, admission, and defence of the rights of each, is not in all their thoughts. They are inherently and essentially invaders and conquerors, in disposition, and so far as it might chance to prove for them feasible,

would ever be so in fact. War with them is therefore no matter of child's play, no matter of courtesy or chivalry toward enemies, except from a pompous and theatrical show of a knightly character, which they do not possess;—it is simply a question of pillaging and enslaving, without let or hindrance from moral or humanitarian considerations, to any extent to which they may find, by the experiment now inaugurated, their physical power to extend. The North, let it be repeated, entered into this war under a misapprehension of the whole state of the case. It is at the present hour, to a fearful extent, under the same misapprehension. There is still a belief prevailing that the South only needs to be coaxed or treated kindly or magnanimously to be convinced that she has mistaken the North; that she has not the grievances to complain of which she supposes she has, and that she can yet obtain just and equitable treatment from us. There is a tacit assumption in the minds of men that she *must* be content to receive the usage at our hands which we are conscious that we are ready to bestow, and which has in it no touch of aggressive and unjust intention. It is not realized that the spirit of the South, in respect to the North, in respect to Mexico, in respect to the islands of the sea, and—should their power prove proportionate to their unscrupulous piratical aspirations—in respect to all the nations of the earth, is that of the burglar and the highwayman. It is not realized that the institution of slavery—itsself essential robbery of the rights of man; covering the area of half a continent, and the number of four millions of subjects; planted in the midst of an intellectually enlightened people, whose moral sense it has utterly sapped—is essentially a great educational system, as all-pervading and influential over the minds of the whole population as the common schools of New England; and that this grand educational force tends toward and culminates in this

same tendency toward robbery and the suppression of human rights or the individual and national rights of all other people—expressed in a *collective and belligerent way*. It is not, as said before, that all men at the South are of this fillbustering cast; but the bold, enterprising, and leading class of the population are so, and the remainder are passive in their hands. Virtually and practically, therefore, the South are a nation of people having far more relationship in thought and purpose with the old Romans during the period of the republic and the empire, or with the more modern Goths and Vandals and Huns, than they have with the England or New England of to-day.

It is such a people, planted on our borders and aroused for the first time to an exhibition on a large scale of those abiding and augmenting national attributes and propensities which have thus been indicated, with whom we are now brought into hostile array. They are at present trying their hand at the collective and organic activities of a national cutthroatism which, in an individual and sporadic way, has for many years past constituted the national life of that people. Who at the North, at the commencement of the war, impressively understood these facts? Who even now sees and knows, as the fact is, that the military success of Jefferson Davis; that his triumphant march on Philadelphia, New York, and Boston—as they of the South threaten, and intend if they have the power, and have already twice unsuccessfully attempted—would terminate not, in a separation of these States by a permanent disruption of the old Union; nor in new compromises of any kind whatsoever; but in the absolute conquest of the whole North—not conquest even in any sense now understood among civilized people; but conquest with more than all the horrors which fourteen centuries ago were visited on Southern Europe by the overwhelming avalanche of Northern barbarian inva-

sion?—that in that event, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of locomotion without question, freedom in any sense which makes life valuable to the man once educated into the conception of freedom, is lost?—that the whole progress of modern civilization and development, as it has been working itself out in the Northern American States, would not only be diverted from its course, but positively reversed and made to contribute all its accumulations of power to the building up, not of the temple of Freedom for the blessing of the nations, but of an infernal pantheon of Despotism and human oppression?

The North was forced, reluctantly and unwillingly, into this war: with her as yet it has hardly become a matter of earnest. She has endeavored to carry it on considerately and tenderly, for the well-being of the South as well as of the North, much in the spirit of a quiet Quaker gentleman unexpectedly set upon by a drunken rowdy, 'spoiling for a fight,' and whom in his benevolence and surprise, he is anxious indeed to restrain, but without inflicting on him serious injury. In an especial degree was this tenderness felt on the part of the Government and people of the North toward that peculiar institution of the South which is distinctively known to be, in some way, fundamentally related to this unprovoked and unreasonable attack. While the South was attributing to the whole North a rabid abolitionism; while the North itself was half suspecting that it had committed some wrong in the excess of its devotion to human rights; the simple fact on the contrary was, that the whole North had been and was still 'psychologized' into a positive respect for slavery, and for slaves as property, which we feel for no other species of property whatsoever. The existence of this sentiment of veneration for what our Abolition apostles have for some years been denominating the 'sum of all villainies,' is a curious

fact in the spiritual history of our people, which had very generally escaped critical observation.

At the South, the individual planter, owning and possessing ten slaves, of an aggregate value, it may be, of ten thousand dollars, ranks higher, socially, is regarded indeed, in some subtle way, as a richer man, than the merchant or banker who may be worth his hundred thousand or half million of dollars, provided he has no slaves. To come to be the owner of negroes, and of more and more negroes, is the social ambition, the aristocratic purpose and pretension of the whole Southern people. It is by virtue of this mystical *prestige* of the institution itself; which couples the charms of wealth with the exercise of authority, or a certain show of official supremacy on the part of the master; which begins by subjugating the imagination of the poorer classes, the whites throughout the South, whose direct interests are wholly opposed to those of the slaveholding class, and ends by subjecting them, morally and spiritually, and binding them in the bonds of the most abject allegiance to the oligarchy of slaveholders. It is in this way that the South is made a unit out of elements seemingly the most incongruous and radically opposed. For a series of years past, the South has sent forth its annual caravan of wealthy planters to visit the watering places, and inhabit the great hotels of the North. Coming in intimate contact with the superior classes of our own population; floating up in the atmosphere of serene self-complacency; radiating, shedding down upon those with whom they chanced to associate, the ineffable consciousness of their own unquestionable superiority; they have communicated without effort on their part, and without suspicion on the part of those who were inoculated by their presence, the exact mould and pressure of their own slaveholding opinion. To this extent, and in this subtle and ethereal way, the North had imposed upon

it, unconsciously, a certain respect, amounting to veneration, for what may be called the sanctity of slavery, as it rests in and constitutes the aural emanation from every Southern mind. Hence not only did we begin this war with the feeling of tenderness toward the Southern man and the Southern woman as brother and sister in the common heritage of patriotism, but, superadded to this, with a *special* sentiment of tenderness toward that *special* institution for which it is known that they, our brethren, entertain such *special* regard.

Now all this is rapidly changing; the outrages inflicted on citizens of the North residing at the South at the opening of the war—hardly paralleled in the most barbarous ages in any other land;—their reckless and bloodthirsty methods of war; their bullying arrogance and presumption; the true exposition, in fine, of the Southern character as it is, in the place of a high-toned chivalry which they have claimed for themselves, and which the people of the North have been tacitly inclined to accord—are all awakening the Government and the people to some growing sense of the real state of the case. Still, however, we are so far dominated by these influences of the past, that we are not fighting the South upon anything like a fair approximation to equal terms. They have no other thought than to inflict on us of the North the greatest amount of evil; the *animus* of deadly war. We, on the other hand, fight an unwilling fight, with a constant *arrière pensée* to the best interests of the people whom we oppose—not even as *we* might construe those interests, but, by a curious tenderness and refinement of delicacy, for those interests as *they*, from their point of view, conceive them to be. We forbear from striking the South in their most vital and defenceless point, while they forbear *in nothing*, and have no purpose of forbearance.

Who doubts for a moment that a

thousand mounted men, acting with the freedom which characterized the movements of the detachment of Garibaldi in the Italian war, acting with the authorization of the Government, actuated by the spirit of a John Brown or a Nat Turner, sent, or rather let go, into the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, or Georgia, with the authority to assemble and arm the slaves, retreating whenever assailed to the fastnesses of the mountains, would cause more terror in those States; would do more, in a word, toward the actual conquest in three months' time of those rebel commonwealths, than fifty or a hundred times their number organized in the regular forms of modern warfare, operating against the whites only, and half-committed to the coöperative protection of the institution of slavery, would accomplish in a year? Who doubts for a moment that, if the South could find a like vulnerable point in the openings of our armor, she would make, with no hesitation, the most fearful and tremendous use of her advantage? The whole North is aware of its possession, in its own hands, of this immense engine of destructive power over its enemy. The whole civilized world stands by, beholding us possessed of it, and expecting, as a simple matter of course, that we shall not fail to employ it—standing by indeed, perplexed and confused at the seeming lack of any significance in the war itself, unless we make use of the power at our command in this fortuitous struggle, not only to inflict the greatest injury upon our enemy, but to extinguish forever the cause of the whole strife. Still we forbear to make the most efficient use of our advantage. We for a long time embarrassed and partially crippled ourselves in all our movements by an almost unconscious sense of responsibility for the protection of this very institution of slavery from the disastrous consequences which were liable to fall upon it as the results of the war.

True, we are slowly and gradually

recovering from this perversion of opinion. The Emancipation Proclamation was probably issued as soon, or nearly as soon, as the Northern sentiment was prepared to give it even a moral support. Another term had to expire to accustom the same public mind to appropriate the spirit of that document as matter of earnest; to come to regard it as anything more than a mere *brutum fulmen*, a Pope's bull, as President Lincoln once called it himself, against the comet. Up to this hour, its effect on the war has been far more as a moral influence preparing for a great change of opinion and of conduct, than as a charter of efficient operations. General Thomas's action at the South, just previous to the capture of Vicksburg, began experimentally to inaugurate, on something like an adequate scale, the new programme of practical work in the conduct of the war. Even a month earlier his movement would hardly have been tolerated by the same army, which, just then beginning to appreciate the tremendous difficulty of the enterprise of conquering the South, were ready to accept anything new which promised to augment their own strength and to weaken that of the enemy. Still another term of waiting and suffering is requisite to change the habit of mind which has so long despised and maltreated the negro, before he will be put, in all respects, upon the footing of his own merit as a patriot and a soldier; and before all of his uses as the severest goad in the sides of the hostile South will be fairly appreciated.

Thus in all ways we are only now in the midst of a revolution of opinion, which, when it is accomplished, will be seen to be the greatest triumph of the war. Though we have spoken of this change as slowly and gradually occurring, yet, viewed with reference to the long periods of a nation's life, it is an immense revolution almost instantly effected. We are perhaps already one half prepared adequately to use our tremendous advantage. New disasters

may be providentially requisite to quicken our education in the right direction; more punishment for our complicity in the crimes of the South; new incentives to a more perfect love of justice as a people; but every indication points to the early achievement of these substantial victories over ourselves, while, at the same time, we conquer the powerful array of Southern intrepidity and desperation, in behalf of their bad cause, upon the external battle field.

To resume the question of causes. Why is there, and why has there always been at the South this unfortunate prevalence of certain political heresies, as Nullification, Secession, and the exaggerated theory of State Rights?

The answer is still, slavery. The cause of causes, lying back of the whole wide gulf of difference in Northern and Southern politics is still, slavery. From the date of our Constitution, opinion has divided into two great currents, North and South, in behalf of paramount allegiance to the General Government at the North, and paramount allegiance to the several State Governments at the South. The resolutions of '98 and '99 began the public expression of a political heresy, which has gone on augmenting at the South from that day to this. At the North, the Government of the United States was never feared as likely to become injurious in any sense to the inhabitants of the States. Each State fell quietly and harmoniously into its true subordinate orbit, acknowledging gladly and without question the supremacy of the new Government, representative of the whole of the people, in simple accord with the spirit and intention of the Constitution and the Government which the people had formed. At the South, on the contrary, the United States Government was, from the first, looked upon with a suspicion plainly expressed in the speech, for example, of Patrick Henry, in the Virginia convention, which consented reluctantly that the State should

come into the Union, lest the National Government might, in some unforeseen contingency, interfere with the interests of the institution of slavery. That fear, the determination to have it otherwise, to make the General Government, on the contrary, the engine and supporter of slavery, the propagandist of slavery, in fine; has been always, since, the animating spirit of Southern political doctrine. A doctrine so inaugurated and developed has endeavored to engraft itself by partisan alliance upon the Democratic party of the North, but always hitherto with an imperfect success. State Rights, as affirmed at the North, has never been a dogma of any considerable power, because it has rested on no substratum of suspicion against the General Government, nor of conspiracy to employ its enginery for special or local designs. At the South it has been vital and significant from the first, and it has grown more mischievous to the last. President Lincoln, in his first message, discussed, ably enough, the right of secession as a mere constitutional or legal right. Others have done the same before and since. The opinion of the lawyer is all very well, but it has no special potency to restrain the nocturnal activities of the burglar. All such discussions are, for the present behalf, utterly puerile. Secession, revolution, the bloody destruction and extinction of the whole nation, were for years before the war foregone determinations in the Southern mind, to be resorted to at any instant at which such extreme measures might become necessary; not merely to prevent any interference with the holy institution; but equally to secure that absolute predominance of the slaveholding interest over the whole political concerns of the country which should protect it from interference, and give to it all the expansion and potency which it might see fit to claim. So long as that absolute domination could be maintained within the administration of the Government, slavery and

slaveholders were content to remain nominally republican and democratic — actually despots and unlimited rulers. But a contingency threatened them in the future. The numerical growth of population at the North, the moral convictions of the North—both of these united, or some other unforeseen circumstance, might withdraw the operations of the General Government from their exclusive control. To provide for that possible contingency, the doctrine of paramount allegiance to the individual States, and secondary allegiance merely to the General Government—a perpetual indoctrination of incipient treason—was invented, and has been sedulously taught at the South from the very inception of the Government. Hardly a child in attendance upon his lessons in an ‘old-field’ schoolhouse throughout that region but has been imbued with this primary devotion to the interests of his State; certainly, not a young lawyer commencing to acquire his profession, and riding the circuit from county court-house to court-house, but has had the doctrine drummed into his ears, of allegiance to his State; and when the meaning and importance of that teaching was inquired for, he was impressively and confidentially informed that the occasion might arise of collision between the South and the General Government on the subject of slavery; and that then it would be of the last importance that every Southern man should be true to his section. Thus the way has been prepared through three generations of instruction, for the precise event which is now upon us, flaunting its pretensions as a new and accidental occurrence.

Meantime, the North has suspected nothing of all this. Her own devotion and loyalty to the General Government have been constantly on the increase, and she has taken it for granted that the same sentiments prevailed throughout the South. Hence the utter surprise felt at the enormous dimensions which the revolt so suddenly took on,

and at the unaccountable defection of such numbers of Southern men from the army and the navy at the first call upon sectional loyalty. The question is not one of legal or constitutional rights in accordance with the literal understanding of any parchment or document whatsoever. The most triumphant arguments of President Lincoln or of anybody else have had in the past, and have now, no actual relevancy to the question at the South, and might as well be totally spared. It is purely and simply that the South are in dead earnest to have their own way, unchecked by any considerations of justice or right, or any other considerations of any kind whatsoever—less than the positive demonstration of their physical inability to accomplish their most cherished designs. Even in a technical way, the question is not most intelligibly stated as one of the right of secession; it is the bald question of Paramount Allegiance; it is so understood at the South. The whole action of the South is based upon a thorough indoctrination into a political dogma never so much as fairly conceived of at the North as existing anywhere, until events now developing themselves have revealed it, and which is not now even well understood among us. Back of this indoctrination again, and the sole cause of it, is the existence of the institution of slavery; its own instinct from the first that it had no other ground of defence or hope of perpetuation but physical force; its fears of invasion and its obstinate determination to invade.

The supposition has, until quite recently, extensively prevailed in the Northern mind that slavery is or was regarded at the South as a necessary evil, borne because it was inherited from the past and because its removal had become now next to impossible. A certain school of Northern philanthropists, headed, we believe, by Elihu Burritt, had gone so far, previous to the war, as to form a society and appeal to the Northern people for aid so

enable their Southern brethren, through such aid, and finally, perhaps, through the interposition of the General Government, to rid themselves of this monster evil. This handful of kindly individuals must soon have discovered; had they come into actual contact with the prevailing sentiment of the South; that their whole movement was based upon a misapprehension of that sentiment. Thirty-five years ago, and before the Northern abolition movement had taken root in the land, it was a pleasant fiction for the Southern mind to speak deprecatingly of the blame which they otherwise might seem to incur in the mind of mankind for adhering to their barbarous institution; to plead their own conviction of its entire wrongfulness, and to commiserate themselves for their utter inability to free themselves from its weight. A certain considerable freedom of discussion in relation to its abstract merits was allowed, with the tacit condition imposed, however, just as really though not as consciously as now, that slavery itself must not be disturbed. Talk which had in it any touch of genuine feeling in favor of active exertion to rid the country of the institution as an evil, was then as effectually tabooed as it is to-day, with some minor exceptions on the borders of the slaveholding region, in Baltimore, North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, etc., and with the further exception when Virginia was terrified for a few weeks or months by the results of a desperate insurrection. On the strength of these few exceptions, it has been claimed at the South, and still more persistently by Southern sympathizers at the North, that the whole drift and tendency of things at the South prior to the commencement of the abolition agitation at the North were toward gradual emancipation, and that they would have culminated at an early day in that result. This, too, is a pleasant fiction with the least possible percentage of truth at the bottom of it.

The institution of slavery, under the stimulus given to it by the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, and the consequent development of the cotton-growing industry—aided, curiously enough, in a certain sense, by the prohibition of the African slave trade, giving rise to the slave-rearing business in Virginia and Maryland—has all along been exhibiting a steady, sturdy, and rapid growth. By the alliance, accidentally as it were, resulting from the prohibition of the slave trade, between the Southern and the Northern slaveholding States, a robustness and consistency were given to the whole slaveholding interest which possibly it might never have had under a different policy. If the foreign importation of slaves had continued, that species of population would gradually have overrun the cotton-raising border of States—would have overrun them to an extent threatening the safety of the institution there by its own plethora—while from the southern line of North Carolina and Tennessee northward, where this extra-profitable industry could not readily be extended, the temptation to the importation of slaves would have been slight, no market existing for the home increase. The hold of the institution would have been constantly weakened there in the affections of the white population; and, in those States, there is a seeming probability that white labor and free labor would have taken the place of the present system, as it did in the States farther north. This would have deprived the Southern belt of cotton-raising and negro-holding States of that sympathy which, under existing circumstances, they have steadily had from their more northern sisters, and favored an early extinction of the system. However this might have been, as things are and have been actually, it is certain that at no period has the growth of the slaveholding institution exhibited any weakness or defect of vitality. Like an infant giant, it has steadily waxed stronger and

stronger, and more and more arrogant and aggressive.

When the anti-slavery agitation commenced at the North, the parties who engaged in it had no consciousness of the immense magnitude and potent vitality of the institution against which they proposed to carry on a moral warfare. They supposed that, as a matter of course, they would find a universal sympathy throughout the North with doctrines in behalf of freedom, where freedom was the basis of all our institutions, and where, apparently, there was no alliance of interest, no possible reason for a sympathy with slavery or the denial of freedom to man. They were met unexpectedly by a powerful current of semi-slaveholding opinion pervading the whole area of the Free States, and ready to deny to them free speech or the rightfulness of any effort to arouse the people to a consideration of the subject. When, after some years of contest, this current of prejudgment was partially reversed, and their new thought began to find audience by the Northern ear; when, strengthened by numbers and the better comprehension of the subject by themselves; the increased determination and enthusiasm which arose from the *esprit du corps*; and the assurance—satisfactory to themselves at least—that they were engaged in a good cause; they began to grapple more directly with intensified and genuine pro-slavery sentiment at the South itself, they were astonished to find that, instead of battling with a weak thing, they had engaged in moral strife with one of the most mighty institutions of the earth.

Pro-slavery sentiment at the South, inherently arrogant and aggressive, as already said, was, at the same time and from the same causes, aroused to the consciousness of its own strength. Called on to answer for the unseemly fact of its existence in the midst of these modern centuries, when the world boasts of human freedom and progression, it began by blushing for its hid-

eous aspect and uttering feeble and deprecatory apologies. Not that it was at bottom ashamed of its existence, for slavery, like despotism of all sorts, is characteristically self-confident and proud; but because it had been allowed to grow up under protest in the midst of free institutions, and among a people conscious of the incongruity of the relationship existing between them and it; and had so contracted the habit of apology, and the hypocritical profession of regret for its own inherent wrongfulness. Provoked, however, to try its strength against the feeble assaults of the new friends of freedom, finding all its demands readily yielded to, and itself victorious in every conflict, it soon threw off its false professions of modesty, pronounced itself free from every taint of wrong-doing, claimed to be the very corner stone and basis of free institutions themselves, the condition *sine qua non* of all successful experiment in republican and democratic organizations, and became boldly and openly the assailant and propagandist, instead of occupying any longer the position of defence. Then followed the various attempts to overthrow and extinguish free speech in the capital of the nation by the use of the bludgeon, to extend slavery by illegal and bloodthirsty means over the soil of Kansas, to strengthen the enactments of the fugitive slave law by new and more offensive provisions, and to cause the authority of the Slave Power to be openly and confessedly recognized throughout the whole land, as it had been for years secretly and warily predominant. The opposition to these measures of aggression ceased to be wholly confined to the mere handful of technical abolitionists, and to spread and to take possession of the minds of the whole people, exciting surprise and alarm, and arousing them to some slight efforts at resistance. With this rising tendency to resist arose in like measure the tendency of the slaveholding power to invade. The alternative was quietly

but resolutely chosen in the minds of the leading politicians of the South to 'rule or ruin.' Preparation was made for retaining the absolute control of the General Government at Washington, and for extending the influence of the peculiar institution over the whole North and all adjacent countries, so long as that policy should prove practicable; and, if by any contingency defeated in it, to break up the Union as it existed, and reconstruct it upon terms which should place the slaveholding aristocracy in that front rank of authority without question, to which, as a settled conviction, ever present and dominant in their minds, they alone, of all men, are preëminently entitled.

Accordingly they imposed their weight more and more heavily upon the successive administrations from Van Buren down to Buchanan, and were encouraged to find that, in proportion as they pressed harder in their demands, proportionate concessions seldom failed to be made. The reaction at the North was nevertheless steadily progressing. Wisely perceiving that the first part of their *programme* of action had nearly served its day; that preparation must be made for entering on the second and more desperate part of their conspiracy against free government; they forced on the crisis at the Democratic Convention in Charleston, by demanding terms which, with the fire in the rear now regularly organized and steadily operative at the North, that party could not accede to, without consenting to its own death. A disruption ensued of the unnatural alliance between the Southern oligarchy and the Northern Democracy, and the Southern leaders from that hour availed themselves of their sole remaining lease of power under the administration of Mr. Buchanan to strengthen their position by all means, honorable and dishonorable, for the coming conflict, which by them had been long planned or at least looked forward to, as the probable contingency. Having

virtually the entire control of the General Government, they used their power for sending South the arms of the common country, for disposing the army and navy in such ways as to leave them in the least degree effective for opposing their designs; and with all the quietness and deliberation of a dying millionaire making his will, they prepared to begin the conflict which the lazy and confiding North had not even begun to suspect as among the possibilities of the future; and to begin it absolutely upon their own terms.

Enough has now been said, perhaps, in relation to the causes of the present war. The present stage of its development is such as might have been fairly anticipated from such a commencement. The South has had the advantage of earnestness and concentration of purpose; of a warlike and aggressive spirit; of prior preparation, and of a full knowledge from the first of the desperate nature of the enterprise upon which they were about to enter, with a readiness to meet all its contingencies, and, since the great uprising, with no anticipation of easy work. The North was hurried into a war for which it had no preparation, to which it had never looked as a serious probability, and for which it had been stripped in a great measure, through the pilfering policy of the South, of the ordinary means at its command. A peaceable and highly civilized people, among whom actual war upon its own soil had been unknown for nearly fifty years, and among whom the spirit of war, always so rife at the South, was opposed and neutralized by a thousand industrial and peaceful propensities, was suddenly called into the field. Uninstructed at first in the real nature of the conflict, regarding it as an unreasonable disaffection, and therefore necessarily limited in extent, not aroused even yet to a full consciousness of the momentous consequences involved in the struggle and its gigantic proportions, they have come to the work, in

a great measure, unprepared. Their condition at its commencement was even less favorable than that of the British nation at the commencement of the Russian war. Both of these great industrial peoples, with whom war had fallen among the traditions of the past, had to begin new struggles by learning anew the theory and practice of war. The Northern people rose, after the assault on Fort Sumter demonstrated to them that the South was in earnest, with the unanimity and power as of a single man, but bewildered and uncertain which way to turn, or how to grapple with the strange and unaccountable monster of rebellion which had suddenly precipitated himself among them. The whole habits of the nation had to undergo a violent and rapid change. A new educational experience had to be hurried through its successive courses of instruction. The gristle on the bone of the new military organization had to have time to harden. Sharp experiences had to be un-

dergone, and will still have to be endured, as part of the price of tuition in the novel career to which we have been so unexpectedly called. Still, we have great power in reserve; no feeling of discouragement, no thought of abandoning the purpose of maintaining our integrity as a people, no sense of weakness possesses our minds. Great and triumphant successes are attending our arms. State after State, swept at first wholly or in part into the vortex of revolt, is again included within our military lines and brought back to a partial allegiance. New questions are rising into importance. We pass from the consideration of causes to that of results. It is a different and a difficult work to forecast the future. It is a perilous experiment to enact the prophet or seer, but in another paper we shall venture at least upon some suggestions which may have their uses in modulating that national destiny which none of us have the power actually to create or even to foretell.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S Dictionary.

Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and

CHAPTER XI.

MISS ARABELLA THORNE was the daughter of an old citizen of New York, a worthy man, a plumber by trade, who, by means of plenty of work, small competition, and high prices, managed to scrape together fifty or sixty thousand dollars, which from time to time he judiciously invested in real estate. Late in life he married a tall, lean, sour-visaged spinster, considerably past thirty, with nothing whatever to recommend her except that she belonged to one of the first fami-

lies. The fact is, she was a poor relation, and had all her life been passed around from cousin to cousin, each endeavoring to shift the burden as quick as possible. As she grew older she became more fretful and ill tempered, until it was a serious question with all interested how to dispose of her. Of late years she had taken to novel reading, and when engaged with a favorite romance, she was so peevish and irritable, that, to use a common expression, there was no living with her.

Things were at this pass when Thorn

(he spelled his name without an *e*) was called to do some work at the house of Mr. de Silver, an uncle of the 'poor relation,' with whom she was then staying. This gentleman, who for years had been at his wits' end to know what to do with his niece, conceived the design of marrying her to Thorn, who was in good circumstances, and could give her a comfortable home. It so happened that she was at that time absorbed with a novel (she always fancied herself the heroine) where the principal character was called on to make a sacrifice, and by so doing married a nobleman in disguise. She therefore was ready; but it was not without some difficulty that Thorn was brought into the arrangement. However, the distinction of marrying so much above him, and the advantage which might avail to his children, overcame his natural good sense, and the 'poor relation' became Mrs. Thorn.

It is very certain that Mrs. Thorn would have been the death of her husband in a reasonably short period, had she not herself been suddenly cut off the second year of her married life, leaving an infant a few hours old, whom she named Arabella, after her last heroine, just as the breath was leaving her body.

Mr. Thorn buried his wife, and was comforted. He never married again. His eighteen months' experience was sufficient. He even consented to give up the direction of the infant, who would *not* be a poor relation like her mother, to Mrs. de Silver, who proceeded to look after it quite as she would one of her own children.

[And this was all because old Thorn was getting rich, and would probably not marry again, and Arabella would have his money.]

When Arabella was ten years old, her father died. By his will he made Mr. de Silver his executor, but prudently forbade any sale of his real estate till his daughter should be twenty-one, when she was to enter into possession. The

personal property was ample for her meantime. Arabella grew up quite as the adopted child of the De Silvers. They had no daughter, but were blessed with three sons. The youngest was but ten years older than Arabella, for whom Mrs. de Silver had destined him. Miss Thorne (to whose name an *e* had been mysteriously added) bore a strong resemblance to her deceased mother, but there was one striking, I may say overwhelming difference between them. Mrs. Thorn had all her life been poor and dependent, and treated as such while thrown about from house to house for a precarious home. She was crossed and snubbed, and a naturally unamiable temper made a thousand times worse by the treatment she received. Arabella was rich and independent, and spoiled by over indulgence to her idle whims and caprices. For Mrs. de Silver, intent on making the match, did not dare cross her dear Arabella in the least thing. She was shrewd, and soon perceived that she controlled the situation, and did not hesitate to take advantage of it. In fact, she kept everybody dancing attendance on her. Fond of admiration to an absurd degree, she still had a constant suspicion that she was courted for her money. As I have said, in person she resembled her mother, but here wealth came in to do away with the resemblance. True, she was tall and angular, but she made up superbly, so that on looking at her one would exclaim: 'What a stylish woman!' True, her features were homely, and her complexion without freshness, but over these were spread the magic atmosphere of fashion and assured position. She had a consciousness which repelled any idea that *she* could be otherwise than handsome, fascinating, intelligent, and everything else desirable. and this consciousness actually produced, in a large majority, the pleasing illusion that she was really all these. But she was not. On the contrary, stripped of the gloss, she was censorious, supercilious, and selfish. Deprived

of her dressmaker, she was gaunt and unsightly. Separated from her position, she would have been unbearable. Arabella had many offers, of course, but she was too fond of her power and too suspicious of an attempt on her purse to yield easily. She was enough of a coquette not absolutely to destroy the hopes of an admirer, but managed to keep him dangling in her train. She had never absolutely discouraged young De Silver, but she would not commit herself even to Mrs. de S., who still fondly hoped that the money of the industrious plumber would come into her family. So matters ran on till Miss Thorne was of age. Mr. de Silver evidently did not suppose there was to be any change in the management of his ward's affairs. He was soon undeceived. The young lady, about two weeks after the event, asked for a private interview with her guardian, and very quietly, after a series of polite phrases, announced that from that time she should herself take charge of her own property. There was nothing in this to which Mr. de Silver could object. Beyond some advantages which he derived from its management, without injury to his ward, it was of no importance; but he was not a little mortified nevertheless. It looked as if there was a lack of confidence in his management, but he could only assent, and say his accounts were ready for her inspection. The truth is that Arabella had made some acquaintances who ranked a grade higher in the fashionable world even than the De Silvers. They had impressed her with an idea that it would add to her importance to have her own 'solicitor' and take on herself the management of her affairs. To this end she had consulted Mr. Farrar, a well-known and experienced lawyer, who had been recommended to her by one of her friends. Just then speculation in real estate was rife, and prices had reached an extravagant point. The first thing which Miss Thorne did under the advice

of Mr. Farrar, was to sell from time to time, as opportunity offered, all the real estate which her father had left her, and invest it in personal securities. In this way a very large sum was realized, and Miss Thorne's labors soon reduced to the simple task of receiving her semi-annual dividends. Mr. Bennett had not overrated the value of her property when he pronounced her worth two hundred thousand dollars. On the contrary, it is probable one might add fifty thousand to the computation and be nearer the mark.

When Mrs. de Silver saw the independent course Miss Thorne was pursuing, she became still more assiduous in her efforts to please her dear Arabella. The latter, since it was still convenient to live with the De Silvers, was sufficiently amiable, but she never omitted an opportunity to show that she was her own mistress and intended to continue so. The De Silvers were Episcopalians, but they did not attend the most fashionable church. Miss Thorne very soon purchased an expensive pew in St. Jude's, and although Mrs. de Silver kept a carriage which was always at Miss Thorne's disposal, the latter set up a handsome brougham of her own. The young lady, after joining her new church, had determined to distinguish herself. She was not content with moderate performances. She aspired to lead. She kept at the very height of fashion. Yet St. Jude's had no more zealous member. She was an inveterate party goer, and nothing pleased her better than to have double engagements through the whole season; but the period of Lent found her utterly *dévotée*—a most zealous attendant on all the ordinances of the Church. She was very intimate with Mr. Myrtle, and it is probable no one had half so much influence with her as the Rev. Charles Myrtle himself. She had her *protégés* also—generally some handsome young fellow about taking orders, whose devotion to Miss Thorne was perfectly excruciating. Time went on

and Miss Arabella Thorne was carried along in the train of the tyrant. With the passing years she became more intensely fashionable, more bigoted, more fond of admiration, more difficult to please. She had refused so many offers, while she had coquetted so much, that young men began to avoid her. This greatly increased her natural irritability; made her jealous of the success of every rising belle, censorious, ill-natured in remark, and generally disagreeable. When Hiram Meeker first saw Miss Arabella Thorne in her pew at St. Jude's, the interesting young woman was (dare I mention it?) already twenty-eight. In respect to appearance, she had altered very little since she was eighteen. So much depended on her milliner, her dressmaker, her costumer, and her maid, and to their credit be it spoken, they performed their duty so well, that the 'ravages' of the fashionable seasons she had passed through were not at all visible. There were times when Miss Arabella Thorne would confess to herself that she ought to marry. But with every succeeding birthday came increased suspicion that she was sought only for her fortune.

Such was the position of affairs when the shrewd wholesale drygoods merchant, satisfied that all his cousin cared for in matrimony was money, conceived the idea of making a match between Hiram and the fashionable Arabella. It did not take the former long, after Mr. Bennett once explained just how things stood, to comprehend exactly the situation, and to form and mature his plans accordingly. He had committed a blunder, as Mr. Bennett termed it, in giving up Miss Tenant, but that was a conventional mistake, if, which it is very doubtful, Hiram ever admitted that it was a mistake. Here, however, he could bring his keen knowledge of human nature to play, and once understanding the character of Miss Thorne, he felt fully equal to the enterprise. In fact, Hiram was once more on his old ground, and

he enjoyed the idea of the contest he was about to engage in.

Mr. Myrtle was fully enlisted on Hiram's side. He was much pleased with the addition of a wealthy, rising young man—and a proselyte besides—to his church. He feared that Miss Thorne might in time be lost to it by her marrying outside of his congregation. Here was a capital chance to secure *her* and add to his own influence and popularity.

He was too astute to approach the subject directly. Miss Thorne might be suspicious even of him. He would give her no opportunity. Mr. Myrtle was too polished and too refined a man, too dignified indeed, to even *appear* in the light of a match maker. But assurance was conveyed by Mrs. Myrtle to Mrs. Bennett, and thence *via* Mr. Bennett confidentially to Hiram, that Mr. Myrtle might be relied on to do everything in his power in the delicate business.

Thus fortified, and conscious of the aid of the Bennett family, which was a very strong point, our hero entered on the fall and winter campaign, resolved before it was over to secure the two hundred thousand dollars of the fashionable Arabella, and, as it must needs be, that inestimable person along with it.

I have mentioned their first sight of each other in church, and the curiosity of Miss Thorne to know who the young man in the next pew could be. And here Hiram's generalship must be specially noticed. Mrs. Bennett proposed to bring about an immediate introduction by arranging an *accidental* meeting at her house. This Hiram peremptorily objected to; and in speaking on the subject with Mr. Bennett, with whom all his conversations were held, he displayed such a subtle insight into the character, habits, and peculiarities of Miss Thorne, that Mr. Bennett was amazed. He afterward told his wife she must let Hiram have his own way, as the fellow knew more than all of them.

Two parties came off the following

week, to both of which Hiram was invited through the influence of the Bennetts. Miss Thorne was of course present. Hiram, now perfectly at his ease, and fashionably attired, made no insignificant display. He was introduced to a great many young ladies, and saluting two or three of the most attractive, he paid at different stages of the evening assiduous court to them. His waltzing was really superb [O Hiram, what a change!], and not a few inquired, 'Who is he?' Mrs. Bennett was really proud to answer, 'A cousin of ours. A very fine young man, indeed—very rich.'

Miss Thorne did not ask any questions—not she; but she quickly recognized in the waltzer the occupant of the pew who had already attracted her notice. She waited complacently for the moment when Hiram should be led up to her for presentation, and she had already decided just how she should receive him. She was resolved to ruffle his complacency, and thus punish him for not paying his first tribute to her charms; then, so she settled it, she would relax, and permit him to waltz with her.

When the evening passed, and the fashionable young man had made no demonstration, she was amazed. Such a thing had never happened before. To think he should not ask *her*, while he devoted half the evening to Miss Innis, who waltzed shockingly (every one knew that), and who had no money either!

She went home in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

The following Wednesday there was a repetition of this very scene. The party was even more brilliant than the last, Miss Thorne more exquisitely dressed, but Hiram kept aloof. Miss Thorne had never been slighted before—never. This evening she was tempted to waive her pride, and inquire of her dear friend Mrs. Bennett, with whom she saw Hiram conversing—but the thought was too humiliating, and she forbore.

How she hated the wretch!—that is, as women hate, and as men like to be hated. What should she do? Could she endure to attend another party, and be so treated? Why, the creature never even looked toward her! What right had he to dress so fashionably and to waltz with such ease, and in fact appear so well every way? To occupy quite by himself the very best pew in St. Jude's, directly in front of her! What audacity! Then his provoking *nonchalance*. Oh, what was she to do? She should go crazy. Not quite that. She would first inquire of Mr. Myrtle, in a very careless manner. So she ran in that same morning on the accomplished clergyman, and was speedily in a full gallop of conversation.

'By the way,' she exclaimed, at length, as if a new thought had suddenly struck her, 'pray, tell me, who is my new neighbor? I intended asking the last time I saw you, but forgot it.'

The Rev. Charles Myrtle looked completely mystified, and asked with his eyes, plainly as eyes could ask, 'Pray, what do you mean?'

'I see you don't take. I mean the new occupant of the Winslows' pew; some relation, I suppose.'

'Oh, no. He is a cousin of the Bennetts, a young merchant, who has purchased the pew.'

'Indeed? A good churchman, I hope, if he is to sit so near me.'

'I should judge so. I am but slightly acquainted with him. Mrs. Bennett, however, speaks of him in the most enthusiastic terms. She says he has but one fault (I mention it to save you young people from disappointment), which is, that he is not fond of ladies' society.'

'I know better,' interrupted Miss Thorne, betraying herself; for she was thinking of what she had witnessed at the two parties. Too much a woman of the world to blush or betray any embarrassment, she as quickly recovered, and added, laughingly, 'No one

can make me believe he takes all that pains with his dress for nothing.'

'Now I think of it, he does dress in very good taste,' said Mr. Myrtle carelessly. 'I think, however, what Mrs. Bennett meant to convey is that Mr. Meeker is not a marrying man. She says he is very rich, and has a horror of being caught, as it is called.'

'So then his name is Meeker,' replied Miss Thorne, with an absent air, as if she had paid no attention to Mr. Myrtle's concluding observation, though she had drunk in every word with eager interest.

'Yes. You will probably meet him at the Bennetts', though I do not think he would please you, Miss Arabella. [Mr. Myrtle knew the weakness of spinsters after reaching a certain age for being called by their first name.] You are too *excegeante*, my dear young lady, and Mr. Meeker is devoted to affairs.'

'I wonder Mrs. Myrtle does not return; she told me she would not be gone two minutes,' said Miss Thorne, with the air of complete indifference to what Mr. Myrtle was saying, which a fashionable thorough-bred knows so well how to assume.

'Here she is,' said Mr. Myrtle. 'I will leave you together, and go back to my labors. Good morning.'

Miss Thorne by this time was really very much excited; so much so that she could not resist speaking of Hiram to Mrs. Myrtle, though of course in the same accidental way in which she had inquired of her husband.

Mrs. Myrtle of course had much more to say in reply. All about Hiram's joining their church—what a good young man he was, how conscientious, how devoted to business, and how rich, and getting richer every day.

Miss Thorne drew herself up slightly, as if that could be of no consequence to her. Still she unbent directly, and said with an amiable smile, as if simply to continue the conversation, 'But Mr. Myrtle says he is a woman hater.'

'Oh, I think not so bad as that; but Mrs. Bennett says the ladies are all crazy about him, and he has a ridiculous suspicion that they are after his money.'

'The wretch!' exclaimed Miss Arabella, laughing.

'So I say,' rejoined Mrs. Myrtle. 'But the fact is, Mrs. Bennett says that Mr. Meeker thinks too much about business, and if he goes on in this way he will never get married, and she tells him she is determined he shall marry.'

'A very proper resolve!' exclaimed Miss Thorne in the same vein.

The conversation now turned on other topics, and after a few minutes Miss Thorne took leave in no very enviable state of mind. Here was a young man about to become one of the stars of fashion, rich, accomplished, quite in her own set, too; yet not a step had he taken toward securing her favor. Why, he might even outstrip her at St. Jude's! Then what *would* become of her? 'I wonder if he keeps Lent?' she muttered between her clenched teeth, as she walked along.

At that very moment, who should she encounter but Miss Innis, a charming, bewitching, and very fashionable young creature (so all the gentlemen said), to whom at the late parties, as I have already mentioned, Hiram had been devoted the larger part of the evening.

The ladies rushed toward each other and embraced in the most affectionate manner. The usual rapid chitchat ensued.

'What do you think of our new beau?' asked Miss Innis.

Now Miss Thorne was burning with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness toward the young and rising belle, which was greatly increased by witnessing Hiram's extraordinary devotion to her. After the conversation with Mrs. Myrtle, she could no longer doubt the fact that he was soon to become of decided importance in the fashionable world. The moment

she saw Miss Innis approaching, she anticipated some such question as was now put to her, and knowing that through her dear friend Mrs. Bennett she could make Hiram's acquaintance at any time, she had decided how to treat it.

She replied therefore with considerable animation, and as if she knew at once to whom Miss Innis alluded: 'Oh, I think we shall make something of him before the season is over. I tell Mrs. Bennett she must cure him of some little provincialisms, however.'

'Provincialisms!' exclaimed Miss Innis, who prided herself on her family and aristocratic breeding, though she had not wealth to boast of; 'provincialisms! I confess I discovered none, and I certainly had a pretty good opportunity for judging. He waltzes divinely, doesn't he?'

The tantalizing minx knew very well that Miss Thorne could only judge by observation.

'He waltzes with much perfection, certainly,' replied Miss Thorne, with the air of a connoisseur, 'but I think a little stiffly.'

'Quite the reverse, I assure you. I never had a partner with whom it was so easy to waltz. He supports one so perfectly. I declare I am in love with him already. Arabella dear, I give you warning I shall try my best to engross his attention the entire season.'

She laughed as she said this, and Miss Thorne laughed; then these young women of fashion again embraced, and with smiles and amiable expressions went their way.

How suddenly the countenance of each then changed! That of Miss Innis gave unmistakable tokens of contempt and disgust, while Miss Thorne's face expressed a concentrated venom, which, if I had not myself often witnessed, I would not believe is in the power of woman to display.

The rencontre with Miss Innis was so unendurable that Miss Thorne resolved to proceed at once to Mrs. Bennett's,

where she could get definite information. Her pride was beginning to give way before her jealousy of a rival.

Mrs. Bennett was at home, and welcomed her dear 'Arabella' with more than usual cordiality. A long conversation ensued before Miss Thorne could bring herself to broach the delicate subject. At last, and it had to be apropos of nothing, she said:

'Oh, I declare, I forgot. Do you know I am angry with you? Yes, very, very angry.'

Mrs. Bennett immediately put on the proper expression.

'Tell me, quick, all about it,' she said. 'I will do penance if I have given you cause.'

'Indeed, you have given great cause. You have undertaken to bring out a gentleman, and your own cousin, too, without presenting him to me, and I made up my mind never to speak to you again; but you see how I keep my resolution.'

'Poor Mr. Meeker!' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett. 'He little thinks in what trouble he has involved me.'

'But what have you to say for yourself?' persisted Miss Thorne.

'I declare, Arabella, I don't know what to say. Cousin Hiram is so odd and so obstinate on some points, although in most respects the best creature in the world.'

'Why, what can you mean?'

'I can hardly explain what I do mean. In short, while Cousin Hiram asks my advice in many matters, and, indeed, follows it; yet, where ladies are concerned, he is as obstinate as a mule.'

'But what has that to do with your not presenting him?'

'Well, since you must know,' hesitated Mrs. Bennett, 'he declined being introduced to you.'

'Declined!'

'Yes.'

'It is all through that hateful Mary Innis!' exclaimed Miss Thorne, reddening with rage. 'I know it. I am sure of it. Yes, I see through it all—all.'

'I dare say,' returned Mrs. Bennett. 'I can't believe it either,' she continued. 'He is not so easily influenced. But, Arabella, my dear, think no more of the matter. You will like Mr. Meeker, I know, when you do meet, and all the more for any little obstacle at the beginning. I was just thinking how I could bring you together. What do you say to dropping in at—no, that won't do. I have it; come round this very evening and take tea with us. Mr. Meeker is almost sure to come in. He has not been here this week.'

'Arabella' had her little objections.

'Nonsense, my darling. I am determined you two shall become acquainted before Mrs. Jones's party, and that is next Thursday. Don't forget how fond you are of waltzing, and there Cousin Hiram is superb.'

'I know it,' said Miss Thorne, with a sigh. 'But won't it look strange?'

'Look strange to do what you have done so often, my darling! Now, Arabella, I won't take 'no' from you.'

'I consent,' said Miss Thorne, languidly. 'He won't be rude to me, will he?'

'Rude! why, Arabella, what do you take him for?'

The ladies separated in great good humor.

Miss Thorne, with a view to be revenged on Miss Innis, was determined to secure our hero on any terms. She was at Mrs. Bennett's at the appointed hour. On this occasion her toilette was elaborately simple. She always exhibited, not only great taste, but great propriety, in dress. On this occasion one might readily suppose that, running in for a brief call, she had been induced to prolong her stay.

About eight o'clock, who should arrive but Hiram! What a singular coincidence!

An introduction followed.

Miss Thorne was very natural. She appeared entirely at ease, receiving Hiram with quiet cordiality, as if he were a member of the family.

Hiram, on his part, did not exhibit any of those disagreeable qualities for which he received credit, but was apparently quite disarmed by the domesticity of the scene.

The conversation became general, and all joined in it. After a while Mr. Bennett withdrew to 'spend a half hour at the club,' assuring Miss Thorne he would return in ample time to hand her to her carriage. Presently the servant called Mrs. Bennett, and hero and heroine were left alone together.

There was an awkward pause, which was first broken by Arabella, when the conversation ran on much in this way:

'We are to have a very gay season, I believe.'

'Indeed!'

'I suppose you take a great interest in it?'

'Quite the contrary. I take very little.'

'Still, you seem to enjoy parties.'

'Why, yes. When I go, the best thing I can do is to enjoy them.'

'But you like to go, don't you?'

'I can scarcely say I do—sometimes, perhaps.'

'A person who waltzes as well as you do ought to like parties, I am sure.'

'I feel very much flattered to have you praise my waltzing.'

There was another pause. It was again broken by Miss Thorne.

'Do you know I think you so droll?'

'Me! pray, what is there droll about me?'

'Oh, I don't know. I can't tell. But you are droll—very droll.'

'Really, I was not conscious of it.'

'Were you aware that you occupy a seat directly in front of me in church?'

'Certainly; that's not droll, is it?'

'Well, yes; I think it is, rather. But that is not what I was going to say. Will you answer me one question truly? It will seem strange for me to ask it,' simpered Arabella; 'but you must know your cousin Mrs. Bennett and I are the dearest friends—the very

dearest friends; and meeting you here, it seems different, and I am not so much afraid of you.'

Hiram sat with eyes wide open, in affected ignorance of what could possibly come next.

'Now you put me out, indeed you do; I can never say what I was going to, in the world.'

'Do,' said Hiram, gently.

'Well, will you tell me why you refused to be introduced to me, and who it is that has so prejudiced you against me?'

'No one, I assure you,' replied Hiram.

'Then why did you decline the introduction? It is of no use to deny it; I know you *did* decline it.'

'I heard you were an heiress,' replied Hiram naively, 'and I don't like heiresses.'

'Why not, pray?'

'Oh, for various reasons. They are always such vain, stuck-up creatures. Then they are excessively requiring, and generally disagreeable.'

'You saucy thing, you,' exclaimed Miss Thorne, but by no means in a displeased tone.

'Then why did you ask me? I must tell the truth. I confess I did not want to make your acquaintance. Everybody was talking about Miss Thorne—Miss Thorne—Miss Thorne. For my part, it made me detest you.'

'Oh, you horrible creature,' said Arabella, now quite appeased.

'I don't deny it,' continued Hiram, pleasantly. 'I repeat, I can't bear an heiress. I wouldn't marry one for the whole world.'

'Why, pray?'

'Because she would want her separate purse and separate property, and it would be *her* house, and *her* horses and carriage, *her* coachman, and so on. Oh no—nothing of that for me. I will be master of my own establishment.'

'What a savage you are! I declare it is as refreshing to hear you talk as it would be to visit a tribe of Indians.'

'You are complimentary.'

'You see I do you justice, though we are enemies. But tell me now that you have been introduced to me, do I seem at all dangerous?'

Hiram Meeker's countenance changed from an expression of pleasant badinage to one of sentimental interest, while he gazed abstractedly in the young lady's face, without making any reply.

Arabella's heart beat violently, she scarce knew why.

'You do not answer,' she said.

'I cannot tell,' said Hiram, dreamily; then starting, as if from a reverie, he said, in his former tone, 'Oh, your sex are all dangerous; only there are degrees.'

'I see you are not disposed to commit yourself. I will not urge you. But do you think you will be afraid to waltz with me at the next party?'

'It was the introduction I objected to, not the waltz.'

'Then you consent?'

'With your permission, gladly.'

'The first waltz at the next party?'

'The first waltz at the next party.'

It is not necessary to detail the conversation which ensued, and which was of a more general nature, referring to New York society, life *à la mode*, the reigning belles, then by an easy transition to Mr. Myrtle, and topics connected with St. Jude's. Soon they fell into quite a confidential tone, as church subjects of mutual interest were discussed, so that, when Mrs. Bennett returned to the room, it seemed almost like an interruption.

'I knew you two would like each other if you ever became acquainted,' said Mrs. Bennett, with animation.

'Pray, how do you arrive at any such conclusion?' replied Miss Thorne, in a reserved tone, while she gave Hiram a glance which was intended to assure him she was merely assuming it.'

'Oh, never mind, my dear; it is not of so much consequence about your lik-

ing Hiram. You may detest him, if you please, but I am resolved he shall like you, for you are my pet, you know.'

Arabella looked affectionate, and Hiram laughed.

'Oh, you may laugh as much as you please; men cannot understand our attachments for each other, can they, Arabella?'

'No, indeed.'

'That is true enough,' quoth Hiram.

After Mr. Bennett came in, a handsome little supper was served. That concluded, Hiram waited on Miss Thorne to her carriage.

'I shall expect you to take back all the naughty things you have said about me to your cousin,' she said, very sweetly, after she was seated.

'About you, yes; but not about the heiress. But—but if you were not one, I do think I should like you pretty well. As it is, the objection is insuperable; good night.'

Away went carriage and horses and Arabella Thorne. Hiram stepped back into the house.

'My wife says you have made a splendid hit to-night, Hiram,' remarked Mr. Bennett.

'Does she?' replied the other, in an absent tone.

* * * * *

Hiram went late to Mrs. Jones's party.

So did Miss Thorne.

In a pleasant mood, Mrs. Bennett walked with her cousin to where the heiress was standing, and said, 'Miss Thorne, this is Mr. Meeker. I believe, however, you have met before.'

The waltzing had already commenced, and Hiram led his not unwilling partner to the floor, where they were soon giddily whirling, to the intense admiration of the lookers on.

It was now Hiram felt grateful to the unknown young lady who taught him how to waltz *close*. He practised it on this occasion to perfection. Arabella, by degrees, leaned more and more

heavily. One arm resting fondly on his shoulder, she was drawn into immediate contact with Hiram's *calculating* heart. Round and round she sped—round and round sped Hiram, until the two were so blended that it was difficult to decide who or what were revolving.

At last Arabella was forced to yield. Faintly she sighed, 'I must stop,' and Hiram, coming to a graceful termination, seated her in triumph—the master of the situation!

Miss Innis looked on and smiled. Others expressed their admiration of the performance. None could deny it was very perfect.

Soon they were on the floor again, and again Arabella struggled hard for the mastery. It was in vain. After repeated attempts to hold the field, she was obliged to yield.

Hiram was too familiar with the sex to attempt to pursue his advantage. Indeed, Miss Arabella, having accomplished her object in showing Miss Innis that she *could* monopolize Hiram if she chose, would have been quite ready to play the coquette and assume the dignified.

Hiram was prepared for this, and further was resolved not to expose himself to any manifestation of her caprice. He perceived Miss Thorne was disinclined to converse, and fancied she was preparing to be reserved. So he passed quietly into the next room, where he found Miss Innis quite ready to welcome him, though surrounded by a number of gentlemen. He claimed her for the next waltz by virtue of an engagement entered into at Mrs. Jones's. Soon the music commenced, and away they went, responsive to its fascinating strains. Both waltzed admirably. They entered with zest into the spirit of the scene and with that sympathy of motion which makes every step so easy and so enjoyable. There was no rivalry, no holding out against the other. The pauses were natural, not by either, but, as it were, by mutual understand-

ing. Miss Thorne was also on the floor with a very showy partner, doing her best to attract attention. She managed, as she swept by her rival, *accidentally* to step on her dress in a very damaging manner. But Miss Innis was one of those natural creatures who are never discomfited by such an occurrence. She very quietly withdrew, and in about two minutes was on the floor again.

'It is well,' said Hiram to her in a low tone, 'that this happened to you instead of Miss Thorne.'

'Why?'

'Because she never could have appeared again the same evening.'

Miss Innis smiled, and spoke of something else. The little hit did not seem in the least to gratify her.

Hiram noted this. 'Youth and beauty can well afford to be amiable, but it does not always happen that they are so,' he whispered.

Miss Innis looked at him seriously, but made no reply; and the two took seats within the recess of a window.

At this moment Miss Thorne, having stopped waltzing, passed across the room to the same vicinity, and stood talking with a gentleman, in a position to command a view of the couple just seated. As Hiram raised his eyes he encountered hers, for she was looking intently toward him. He saw enough to be satisfied that his plans were working to perfection.

Without appearing to notice her presence, he continued the conversation with his partner, and so engrossing did it become on both sides that neither seemed aware of the rapid flight of the hours. And it was only when Miss Innis perceived that the rooms were becoming thinned that she started up with an exclamation of surprise that it was so late.

Hiram Meeker walked slowly homeward. He could not resist a certain influence from stealing over him.

'Why is it,' he muttered to himself, 'that all the handsome girls are with-

out money, and all the rich ones are ugly?'

He drew a long sigh, as if it were hard for him to give up such a lovely creature. He soon reached his lodgings, and going to his room, he seated himself before the fire, which burned cheerfully in the grate, and remained for a time completely lost in thought.

* * * * *

O Hiram Meeker, is it even now too late to obey some natural instincts? You are well embarked in affairs, have already made money enough to support a wife pleasantly. Your business is daily increasing, your mercantile position for a young man remarkably well assured. Here is a really lovely young girl—a little spoiled, it may be, by fashionable associations, but amiable, intelligent, and true hearted. Probably you might win her, for she seems to like you. The connection would give you position, for you would marry into an old and most respectable family. True, you have conducted yourself shamefully toward Emma Tenant—to say nothing of Miss Burna. Let that pass. There is still opportunity to retrace. Attempt to win Miss Innis. If you do win her, what a happy home will be yours! As for Miss Thorne—Hiram, you *know* what she is. You despise her in your heart. Besides, she is almost twenty-nine—you but twenty-seven. Will her money compensate? O Hiram, stop—stop now, and think!

This may have been the reverie of Hiram Meeker.

* * * * *

At last he rose and prepared to retire. Doubtless he had made a final and irrevocable decision.

What was it?

CHAPTER XII.

There is good news for the Tenant family! The large commercial house in London whose failure dragged down Tenant & Co., had a branch at Rio. This branch had been heavily drawn

on, and suspended because the firm in London stopped. When affairs were investigated, it turned out that the Rio branch was well aboveboard. The result was that the London house was enabled to pay a composition of fifteen and sixpence in the pound. This not only enabled Tenant & Co. to settle with their creditors, but placed that old and respectable firm in a position to go on with their business, though in a manner somewhat limited when compared with their former operations. The whole commercial community rejoiced at this. The house had been so long established, and was conducted with so much integrity, that to have it go down seemed a blow struck at the fair name and prosperity of the city. A committee appointed by the creditors had investigated everything connected with the failure, prior to hearing of the news from Rio. This committee utterly refused to permit Mr. Tenant to put his house into the list of assets from which to pay the company's debts. He insisted, but they were inexorable. This was highly gratifying to him, but he was not content. Now he could meet all on equal terms.

We must forgive Mrs. Tenant if she felt a very great degree of exultation at this result. The affair between Hiram Meeker and her daughter had touched her so deeply (until Emma was away she did not feel how deeply), that she could not but indulge her triumph that now, when she encountered him, she was able to pass him with complete indifference. While her husband was crippled, she continued to feel scorn and contempt. Having regained her old position, she enjoyed a repose of spirits and was no longer tantalized by recollection of the scenes of the last few months.

Emma Tenant had a most charming European tour. She was absent a year. Two or three months before her return, and while spending a few weeks among the Bernese Alps (I think Emma once told me it was at the Hotel Reichen-

bach, near Meyringen), she encountered an old acquaintance, that is, an acquaintance of her childhood, in the person of young Lawrence—Henry Lawrence—who was taking advantage of a business trip abroad to view the glory and the majesty of nature in the Oberland Bernois.

However much it may seem contrary to the theory of romantic young men and women, I am forced to state that notwithstanding her former love for Hiram Meeker, Emma Tenant had not been six months in Europe before the wound might be considered healed. As her mind became enlarged by taking in the variety of scenes which were presented, scenes ever fresh and changing, she was better enabled to judge how far such a person as Hiram Meeker could ultimately make her happy. Day by day she saw his character more clearly and in a truer light, and could thus fully appreciate the narrow escape she had from a life of wretchedness.

Before she encountered young Lawrence, she had become entirely disenchanted. The former illusion was fully dispelled, and her heart left quite free to be engrossed by a new interest.

Young ladies and gentlemen! Am I giving currency to theories which you are accustomed to consider heretical? I am but recording the simple truth.

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By the time Emma Tenant had reached New York the affianced of Henry Lawrence (subject, of course, to her parents' approbation), Hiram Meeker was engaged to—Miss Thorne.

Once decided on his course, Hiram pursued his object with the tenacity of a slow hound.

He took advantage of every weakness. He operated on her jealous nature so as to subject her to all the tortures which that spirit begets. By turns he flattered and browbeat her. He was sunny and amiable, or crabbed and austere, as suited his purpose. In

fact, he so played on the poor girl, whose vanity and suspicion and jealous fear of a rival were intense, that he made her life miserable. She was even thwarted in the quarter where her strength principally lay. For Hiram treated her fortune as a mere nothing at all. If she, as had been her custom, headed a subscription for some charity at St. Jude's, Hiram was sure to put down his name for double the amount in close proximity to hers.

At last her spirit was completely broken by the persevering, unsparing, flattering, cajoling, remorseless Hiram. So she stopped quarrelling, and yielded. Then, how charming was our hero! Amiable, kind, desirous to please, yet despotic to an extent: never yielding the power and ascendancy he had gained over her.

The great point now was to prevent any marriage settlement. Being married, since Miss Thorne's property was all 'personal,' he could at once possess himself of it. Prior to the engagement, Hiram had often repeated that he would marry no woman who maintained a separate estate. And so much did he dwell on this that Miss Thorne was actually afraid to speak to her solicitor on the subject.

In the summer succeeding the gay season we have spoken of, Hiram Meeker and Arabella Thorne were united at St. Jude's by the Rev. Charles Myrtle, in presence of 'the most aristocratic and fashionable course ever assembled on such an occa-

sion.' The Bennetts were present in great profusion. Mrs. Myrtle, all smiles and tears, stood approvingly by. Mr. Myrtle, so all declared, never performed the ceremony so well before. Miss Innis had a conspicuous place in the proceedings, she being the first of the four bridesmaids who attended Arabella to the altar.

I have never been able to explain her selection of one she had so feared and hated as a rival, nor Miss Innis's acceptance. But there she stood, very beautiful, and apparently much interested in what was going on.

* * * * *

After they had returned from their wedding tour, Hiram took possession of his wife's securities. His heart throbbed with excitement and his eyes glistened as he looked them over.

Mr. Bennett had fallen considerably short of the mark. Here were more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Just then real estate had fallen to the extreme lowest point after the collapse of the former high speculative prices. Hiram took immediate advantage of this state of things. During the next three months he had sold out his wife's securities, and invested two hundred thousand dollars in vacant lots admirably situated in the upper part of the city. The balance he put into his business.

From that period it did not require a heavy discounting of the future to write Hiram Meeker a **MILLIONAIRE**.

END OF PART II.

D E A D !

DEAD—dead—no matter, the skies are blue,
In their fathomless depths above,
And the glad Earth's robes are as bright in hue,
And worn with as regal a grace, and true,
As they were on the day they were woven new
By the hand of Infinite Love.

Hush ! hush !—there is music out in the street,
A popular martial strain ;
While the constant patter of countless feet
Keeps time to the strokes of the drum's quick beat,
And the echoing voices that mix and meet
Swell out in a glad refrain.

Lost—lost ! Oh, why, when the earth is bright,
And soft is the zephyr's breath,
Oh ! why, when the world is so full of light,
Should the wild heart, robed in a cloak of night,
Send up from frozen lips and white
A desolate cry of death ?

Dead—dead ! How wearily drag the days ;
And wearily life runs on !
The skies look cold, through a misty haze,
That curdles the gold of the bright sun's rays,
And the dead leaves cover the banks and braes,
A shroud of the summer gone.

Last year—nay ! nay ! I do not complain ;
There are graves in the heart of all ;
So I do not murmur ; 'twere weak and vain ;
I accept in silence my share of pain,
And the clouds, with their fringes of crimson stain,
That over my young life fall.

There were beautiful days last year, I mind,
When the maple trees turned red,
They flew away like the sportive wind,
But I gathered the joys they left behind,
As I gather the leaves, but to-day I find
That the joys, like the leaves, *are dead*.

One year! It is past, and I stand *alone*,
 Where I stood with another then;
 'Tis well—I had scorned to have held *my own*
 From the bloody strife, though my soul had known
 That *his* life would ebb ere the day was gone,
 Amid thousands of nameless men.

Nameless, yet never a one less dear
 Than the *dearest* of all the dead;
 I weep—but, Father, my bitter tear
 Falleth not down o'er a *single* bier—
 I mourn not the joys of the lost last year,
 But the rivers of bright blood shed.

R E C O N S T R U C T I O N .

RECONSTRUCTION sounds the key note of American politics to-day. It is as true now as when Webster first said it, that 'the people of this country, by a vast and countless majority, are attached to the Union.' Reconstruction is the hope of the Union; and the hope of the Union is the controlling energy of the war. Hence, naturally, the theories that prevail in regard to reconstruction begin to define the political parties of the immediate future. United on the war, which they hold to be not simply inevitable, but also a war in the combined interests of liberty and order, and, therefore, just, the people seem likely about to be divided on questions suggested by the probably speedy termination of the war. The Union one and indivisible is the fundamental maxim on which all such questions must be based. So long as the name of Washington is revered among them, the American people will accept no other basis of settlement. The Union is to them the security and hope of all political blessings—liberty, justice, political order—which blessings it insures. Disunion is revolution, and

puts them in peril. Therefore, no theory of reconstruction is practicable which countenances disunion, or in anywise assails the principle of the eternal oneness and indivisibility of the Union.

THEORIES OF RECONSTRUCTION.

There are three prominent theories of reconstruction now before the people. The first, as being in the natural and constitutional order of things, has shaped the policy of the Administration in its whole conduct of affairs. It supposes the rebellion to be an armed insurrection against the authority of the United States, usurping the functions and powers of various State Governments, and seeking to overthrow the Nation. So considering it, the whole power of the Nation has been brought to bear to subdue it, in accordance with the just authority conferred by the Constitution, which is the organic law of the Nation. The steadfast prosecution of this policy, upheld and supported by the people with a unanimity and patient faith that have strengthened the cause of democratic government all

over the earth, has rescued from the rebellion and restored to their undisputed position in the Union, the States of Kentucky, Missouri, and now, at last, Tennessee, with a portion of Virginia. Such are the results to the Union of the natural and constitutional policy that aims at reconstruction through restoration.

The two other theories spoken of may be best considered together, as they originated in a common purpose, namely, the abolition of slavery, which it is supposed cannot be attained by the ordinary processes of war under the Constitution. Their advocates, however, contend that they are strictly constitutional.

The first of these theories supposes that the States included in the rebellion have, by the fact of rebellion, forfeited all rights as States. It is argued that States, like individuals, forfeit their rights by rebellion.

The other theory supposes that the States having rebelled, may be dealt with as foreign States; so that, according to the laws of war, the nation may treat them altogether as alien enemies, and in the event of the Nation's triumph, the States will be in all respects like conquered provinces.

It will be observed that each of these theories ignores the principle of the indivisibility of the Union, and presupposes a dismemberment of it on the part of every rebellious State.

I. THEORY OF STATE SUICIDE.

Probably no one will deny that rebellion works a forfeiture of all political rights to those engaged in it. The subject who renounces his allegiance can claim no protection: just as the Government that should fail to protect its subjects, could not claim their allegiance. Allegiance and protection are reciprocal and interdependent duties, and the failure of one involves and works the failure of the other. So that it might be quite correct to declare, in reference to the Southern rebellion,

that a rebel has no rights which the United States is bound to respect. It will be perceived that the question of *right* is here spoken of, and not the question of *policy*. No feeling of sympathy with a defeated people, not the thousand-fold natural ties that bind the North and the South, should blind our eyes to the main question of right. Any policy toward repentant rebels that is not magnanimous and honorably befitting our complete triumph, can never find favor with the American people, nor ought to; but the incalculably precious interests of the Nation will not admit of any uncertain precedents in regard to secession. The precedent must be perfectly clear. It must be established unqualifiedly and unalterably that secession is treason, and that whoever is concerned in it is a traitor and must expect a traitor's punishment. It has been common to call secession a political heresy. The rebellion, the fruit of secession, stamps it as more and worse than simply a heresy. It is inchoate treason, and only awaits the favorable conditions to become open and flagrant. The patriotism, therefore, of any man may fairly be suspected, who, refusing to be taught by the experience of this war, revealing these things as in the clear light of midday, can speak softly and with 'bated breath' of secession. His country's baptism of fire has not regenerated such a man.

The attempt, as the legitimate and inevitable result of secession, to overthrow a Government whose burdens rested so lightly on its citizens as to have given rise to a current phrase that they were unfelt; and yet whose magnificent power gave it rank among the first of nations, securing full protection to the humblest of its citizens, and causing the name of American to be as proud a boast as Roman in the day of Rome's power; and withal being the recognized refuge and hope of liberty and humanity all over the globe, as vindicating the right royalty of man;—the

attempt to overthrow such a Government must stand forever as the blackest of crimes. For the Confederate treason is more than treason against the United States: it is a crime against humanity, and a conspiracy in the interest of despotism, denying the royalty of man.

But, to return to our argument, a distinction is carefully to be noted between the consequences of rebellion to the individuals who engage in it and to the State which it assumes to control. It needs no argument to show that rebellion against the supreme power of a State does not necessarily affect the permanence of that power. If the rebellion fails, the rightful authority resumes its functions. If the rebellion succeeds, the movers of it assume the powers of the State, and succeed to all its functions. The civil wars of England furnish abundant illustration of this principle. However the course of Government may for the time have been checked, and its whole machinery disarranged, the subsidence of the tumult left the state, in every case, as an organic whole, the same. The consequences of unsuccessful rebellion fell only upon the persons engaged in it. So, in the successive changes that befell France after the Revolution, the state, as the body politic, remained unchanged. In dealing with the question of rebellion in our country the same principle applies, only another element enters into the calculation. That element results from the peculiar character of our Government in its twofold relation to the people of State and Nation. The Government springs directly from the people, who have ordained separate functions for the two separate organisms, or bodies politic, the State and the Nation. Strictly considered, there are not two Governments, there is only one Government. Certain functions of it are ordained to be executed by the State, and certain other functions by the Nation. How, then, can the State, as such, assume to set aside the ordained functions of the Nation?

How, on the other hand, might the Nation assume to control the ordained functions of the State? Each to its own master standeth or falleth, and that master is the people. Hence, the absurdity of the doctrine which claims the right of a State to resume powers once delegated to the Nation. For the State, as such, never delegated those powers. Hence, the absurdity of secession as a dogma in American politics. And hence, also, it equally appears how absurd is any claim on the part of the Nation to visit upon the State organism the penalties of the treason of individuals against itself.

Let it be remembered that the State derives none of its rights from the Nation. How, then, can it be said to forfeit its rights to the Nation? The State is a separate and distinct organism, deriving its rights directly from the people within its territorial limit. They established it, and to them alone it is responsible. In the same manner, the people of the whole country, without regard to the territorial limits of States, established the Nation. The people of the whole country, therefore, have a permanent interest in the Nation, and no one portion of them may rightfully assume to set aside its supreme obligations, in disregard and violation of the organic law. If certain of the people of any State have rebelled against the National Government, attempting thus to set aside its paramount obligations, undoubtedly their lives and property are forfeit to the Nation. But how can their individual treason work a forfeiture of the State powers and functions? These have been usurped, indeed, by the armed combinations of the rebellion, but they are still complete, only awaiting the overthrow of the armed combinations to be resumed and controlled by those persons within the same territorial limit who have not rebelled.

It is objected to this view that it assumes a substratum of loyal people still existing in the rebel States. The

assumption is certainly warrantable when we read of the scenes—witnesses against the Southern Confederacy whose eloquence surpasses speech—that have attended the overthrow of the rebellion in Tennessee; and when we remember that even in South Carolina there are such names as Judge Pettigrew and Governor Aiken; and when in New York city alone there is to-day a large body of Georgians, whose loyalty has made them exiles, and who only await the day of their State's deliverance to return and restore their State's loyalty; and when the signs in North Carolina are so positive that a Union element yet survives there; and when even far-off Texas has her loyal exiles in our midst. Considering these 'signs of the times,' the assumption that there are loyal men in the rebellious States seems certainly a valid and proper one, and one on which fairly to rest an argument. But it is believed that the argument is good without this assumption. Suppose that, the rebellion being overthrown, not even one man remains loyal to the Nation within the territorial limits of any single State, has the State ceased to exist? A State is called, in the language of publicists, a body politic. It is, in effect, a sort of corporation, administered for the benefit of its inhabitants by trustees whom they appoint. One of the maxims of law is that a trust shall not fail for lack of a person to execute it. It might, therefore, in such a case as the one supposed, be competent for the United States to designate persons who should take charge of the State Government, and administer it in trust for the children of its former recreant inhabitants, and as their legal and political successors. Reverting to the settled principles of the law, we find that the essential idea of a corporation is its immortality, or individuality, or the perpetual succession of persons under it, notwithstanding the changes of the individual persons who compose it. The State, like a corporation, has an individuality

of its own, which is not affected by the changes of the individual persons composing it. It has an immortality, not affected by their entire extinction. Its own organic existence is not thereby extinguished. In other words, the State cannot be merged, or swallowed up, in the Nation.

It seems, then, that the doctrine of State suicide, as propounded in so many words, by its author, in the original resolutions offered in Congress, is equally repugnant to the Constitution and good sense. It is, in effect, revolutionary; for it would dismember the Union, by striking out of existence States as purely and completely sovereign within the sphere of their functions as the Nation itself. It is idle to deny that it thus recognizes and gives support to the doctrine of secession; for it accepts the results of secession, and supposes that accomplished by the rebellion which the war is meant to thwart and prevent, to wit, the disruption of the ties that bind the States and the Nation together in one harmonious whole.

What are we fighting for? To restore constitutional order; to vindicate 'the sacredness of nationality.' In other words, to combat the principle of secession, by force and arms, in its last appeal, just as we have always combated and opposed it hitherto on the platform and in the senate. But what right have we to oppose secession by coercion? The right of self-preservation. For secession loosens the very corner-stone of our Government, so that the whole arch falls, breaking the Union into an infinity of wretched States. Admitting secession, our Constitution is, indeed, no stronger than 'a rope of sand.' We fight to maintain the Constitution as an Ordinance of Sovereignty (as it has been forcibly styled) over the whole Nation. We must so maintain it, or surrender our national existence. This being so, we cannot admit any such right as secession; for that would be to sanction the revolutionary

doctrine that a body of men, usurping a State Government, and calling themselves the State, can absolve their fellow citizens from their allegiance to the Constitution, the supreme law of the land. The rebel States are, then, still members of the Union. Otherwise, we are waging an unjust war. Otherwise we falsify and contradict the record of our Revolution, and are striving to reduce to dependence a people who are equally striving to maintain their independence. There is no justification for this war save in the plea for the National Union; no warrant for it save in the preservation of the Constitution, which is the palladium and safeguard of the Nation. The Southern rebellion has usurped the functions and powers of various State Governments: when it is overthrown, the victims of its usurpation will be restored to their former rights. *Their* allegiance is still perfect. Nothing but their own act can absolve them from it.

II. THEORY OF THE STATES AS ALIEN ENEMIES.

The advocates of the theory that the rebel States are foreign enemies, and may be treated according to all the laws of war with foreign nations, seek support for their views in the decision of the Supreme Court rendered last March in the *Hiawatha* and other prize cases. The question was raised in those cases whether we had the right to confiscate the property of persons resident in the rebel States who might be non-combatants or loyal men. The Court decided that 'all persons residing within this territory (the rebellious region) whose property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power, are in this contest liable to be treated as enemies, though not foreigners.' This decision defines the *status* of persons in the rebellious region *bello flagranti*, or while the war lasts. It calls all persons within that region enemies, because their 'property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power.' Could their property be so

used after the defeat of the rebellious power? The decision does not assume to determine that question. Nor could it come within the province of the Court to decide what might at some future time be the condition and *status* of loyal men at the South.

It is said that in accordance with this decision all persons in the rebellious States are to be treated as alien enemies, and the deduction is hastily made that as to them all the Constitution, like any treaty, or compact, with foreign States, is, by the fact of rebellion, annulled. Aside from the fact that the Constitution is not a compact, and when rightly understood cannot be confounded with a compact, such a conclusion is at war with that essential principle of our Government, which denies to any body of men the right to absolve their unwilling fellow citizens from their allegiance, that is, denies the right of secession. Such citizens, whose will is overpowered by force, have never proved false to their fealty. The Constitution is still theirs; they are still parties to it; and their rights are still sacred under it.

That no such conclusion is warranted by the decision above referred to, will still further appear from the following considerations:—Our dealings with foreign nations are regulated by the principles of international law, and, according to that law, war abrogates all treaties between belligerents, as of course. But international law supposes the belligerents to be of equal and independent sovereignty. This is the very point in dispute in our contest with the rebellion. We deny to the rebellion the attribute of independent sovereignty, as we deny it to every one of the States included in the rebellion. Our Constitution is, in no sense, a treaty between sovereign States. It is an organic law, establishing a nation, ordained by the people of the whole country. Therefore, only such persons under it as voluntarily wage war upon it, can be

strictly called enemies : only such persons, on the defeat of the rebellion, will be liable to be treated as enemies. As to all men who have not participated in the rebellion, it is not easy to see how war, rebellion, usurpation, or any power on earth can destroy their rights under the Constitution.

XII. THEORY OF THE CONSTITUTION AND COMMON SENSE.

Reconstruction, then, must come, as the Union came, by the action of the people within the territorial limits of each recreant State. That it will so come is, in a manner, assured and made certain by the action of Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Tennessee. Surely, we cannot expect the political action of an oppressed minority, in any one of the rebel States, to anticipate the National forces sent for their deliverance. The armed combinations in those States have overborne all opposition, and, during the past two years, have wielded the complete powers of a military despotism. The Southern confederacy is a monstrous usurpation in each and every rebel State. The United States is intent on dethroning that usurpation, for the purpose of restoring, to every man who asks it, the rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution of his fathers; and for the equal purpose of asserting its rightful powers as the National Government under the Constitution. The present Administration, then, has taken the only course possible to be taken without open and flagrant violation of the Constitution, which is the sole and sufficient warrant for the war. For this course Abraham Lincoln is entitled to the gratitude of the people. His conscientious policy has been the salvation of the Republic, maintaining its integrity against armed rebellion, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, saving it from destructives whose zeal

in a noble cause has often blinded their minds to the higher claims of the Nation : in whose existence, nevertheless, that cause alone has promise of success.

But, it is asked, does not rebellion affect the institution of slavery? Not as a State institution, so far as the municipal law of any State is concerned. That the slaves of rebels may properly be confiscated, as other property, seems not only reasonable and right, but also in accordance with well-settled decisions of the Supreme Court. Moreover, the Constitution gives to Congress the power to prescribe the punishment of treason, and undoubtedly the Supreme Court will hold the Confiscation Act under that power to be constitutional and valid.

But does not the Emancipation Proclamation operate to confer freedom on all slaves within the rebel States? This question must likewise be brought to the Supreme Court for adjudication. If the Proclamation can be shown to have the qualities of a legislative act, doubtless it will operate as a statute of freedom to all slaves within the districts named in it. But it must be remembered that the Executive cannot make law. The Proclamation, as an edict of the military commander, can only operate upon the condition of such slaves as are in a position to take advantage of its terms. As such military edict, therefore, it might be of no force outside of the actual military lines of the United States armies.

But the fact of freedom to many thousands of slaves by reason of this war, and the inevitable speedy breaking down of the institution of slavery as one of the consequences to slaveholders of their mad folly, are beyond dispute, and assure us of the wise Providence of Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain.

VIRGINIA.

ONE of the most curious and interesting results of that eclectic spirit which has brought into suggestive relations the different spheres of human knowledge and inquiry, is the application of geographical facts to historical interpretation. The comprehensive researches of Ritter and the scientific expositions of Humboldt enable us to recognize the vast influence of local conditions upon social development, and to account for the peculiar traits of special civilization by the distribution of land and water, and the agency of climate and position. In the calm retrospect of the present crisis of our national history, when the philosopher takes the place of the partisan and the exciting incidents of the present are viewed in the chastened light of the past, it will be seen and felt that a kind of poetical justice and moral necessity made Virginia the scene of civil and physical strife. Of all the States, she represents, both in her annals and her resources, her scenery, and her social character, the average national characteristics: natives of each section of the land find within her limits congenial facts of life and nature, of manners and industry: like her Southern sisters, she has known all the consequences of slavery—but at certain times and places, free labor has thriven; commerce and agriculture, the miner, the mariner, the tradesman, not less than the planter, found therein scope for their respective vocations; the life of the sea coast, of the mountains, and of the interior valleys—the life of the East, West, and Middle States was there reproduced in juxtaposition with that of the South. Nowhere in the land could the economist more distinctly trace the influence of free and slave labor upon local prosperity: nowhere has the aristocratic element been more intimately in contact with the democratic. Her

colonial record indicates a greater variety in the original population than any other province: she has given birth to more eminent statesmen, has been the arena of more fierce conflicts of opinion, and is associated most directly with problems of government, of society, and of industrial experiment. On her soil were first landed African captives; and when the curse thus entailed was dying out, it was renewed and aggravated by the inducement to breed slaves for the cotton and sugar plantations. From Virginia flowed the earliest stream of immigration to the West, whereby a new and mighty political element was added to the Republic: there are some of the oldest local memorials of American civilization: for a long period she chiefly represented Southern life and manners to the North: placed between the extremes of climate—producing the staples of all the States, except those bordering on the Gulf—earlier colonized, prominent in legislation, fruitful in eminent men, she was more visited by travellers, more written about, better known, and therefore gathered to and grafted upon herself more of the rich and the reckless tendencies and traits of the country; and became thus a central point and a representative State—which destiny seems foreshadowed by her physical resources and her local situation. Except New England, no portion of our country has been more fully and faithfully illustrated as to its scenery, domestic life, and social traits, by popular literature, than Virginia. The original affinity of her colonial life with the ancestral traditions of England, found apt expression in Spenser's dedication of his peerless allegory to Elizabeth, wherein the baptism of her remote territory, in honor of her virginal fame, was recognized. The first purely literary work achieved

within her borders was that of a classical scholar, foreshadowing the long dependence of her educated men upon the university culture of Great Britain; and those once admired sketches of scenery and character which gave to William Wirt, in his youth, the prestige of an elegant writer, found there both subjects and inspiration; while the American school of eloquence traces its early germs to the bar and legislature of the Old Dominion, where the Revolutionary appeals of Patrick Henry gave it a classic fame. The most prolific and kindhearted of English novelists, when he had made himself a home among us and looked round for a desirable theme on which to exercise his facile art, chose the Southampton Massacre as the nucleus for a graphic story of family life and negro character. The 'Swallow Barn' of Kennedy is a genuine and genial picture of that life in its peaceful and prosperous phase, which will conserve the salient traits thereof for posterity, and already has acquired a fresh significance from the contrast its pleasing and naive details afford to the tragic and troublous times which have since almost obliterated the traces of all that is characteristic, secure, and serene. The physical resources and amenities of the State were recorded with zest and intelligence by Jefferson before Clinton had performed a like service for New York, or Flint for the West, or any of the numerous scholars and writers of the Eastern States for New England. The very fallacy whereon treason based her machinations and the process whereby the poison of Secession was introduced into the nation's life-blood, found exposition in the insidious fiction of a Virginian—Mr. George Tucker—secretly printed years ago, and lately brought into renewed prominence by the rebellion. 'Our Cousin Veronica,' a graceful and authentic family history, from the pen of an accomplished lady akin to the people and familiar with their life, adds another vivid and suggestive de-

lineation thereof to the memorable illustrations by Wirt, Kennedy, and James; while a score of young writers have, in verse and prose, made the early colonial and the modern plantation and waterplace life of the Old Dominion, its historical romance and social and scenic features, familiar and endeared; so that the annals and the aspects of no State in the Union are better known—even to the local peculiarities of life and language—to the general reader, than those of Virginia, from negro melody to picturesque landscape, from old manorial estates to field sports, and from improvident households to heroic beauties; and among the freshest touches to the historical and social picture are those bestowed by Irving in some of the most charming episodes of his 'Life of Washington.'

When the river on whose banks was destined to rise the capital of the State received the name of the English monarch in whose reign and under whose auspices the first settlers emigrated, and the Capes of the Chesapeake were baptized by Newport for his sons Charles and Henry, the storm that washed him beyond his proposed goal revealed a land of promise, which thenceforth beguiled adventure and misfortune to its shores. Captain John Smith magnified the scene of his romantic escape from the savages: 'Heaven and earth,' he wrote, 'seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation.' To the wonderful reports of majestic forests, rare wild flowers, and strange creatures, such as the opossum, the hummingbird, the flying squirrel, and the rattlesnake—to the pleasures of the chase, and the curious traits of aboriginal life—were soon added the attractions of civic immunities and possibilities—free trade, popular legislative rule, and opportunities of profitable labor and social advancement. Ere long, George Sandys, a highly educated employee of the Gov-

ernment, was translating Ovid on the banks of the James river; industry changed the face of the land; a choice breed of horses, the tobacco culture, hunting, local politics, hospitality—churches after the old English model, manor houses with lawns, bricks, and portraits significant of ancestral models, justified the pioneer's declaration that Virginia 'was the poor man's best country in the world.' Beautiful, indeed, were the natural features of the country as described by the early travellers; auspicious of the future of the people as it expanded to the eye of hope, when the colony became part of a great and free nation. Connected at the north and east, by thoroughfare and watercourse, with the industrial and educated States of New England, the fertile and commercial resources of New York, and the rich coal lands and agricultural wealth of Pennsylvania; Maryland and the Atlantic providing every facility to foreign trade, and the vast and then partially explored domains of Kentucky and Ohio inviting the already swelling tide of immigration, and their prolific valleys destined to be the granary of the two hemispheres—all that surrounded Virginia seemed prophetic of growth and security: within, the economist and the lover of nature found the most varied materials: with three hundred and fifty-five miles of extent, a breadth of one hundred and eighty-five, and a horizontal area of sixty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-four square miles—one district embracing the sea coast to the head of tidewater, another thence to the Blue Ridge, a third the valley region between the latter range and that of the Alleghanies, and a fourth the counties beyond them—every kind of soil and site, from ocean margin to river slope, from mountain to plain, are included within her limits: here, the roads stained with oxides, indicative of mineral wealth; there, the valleys plumed with grain and maize; the bays white with sails; the forest alive

with game; lofty ridges, serene nooks, winding rivers, pine barrens, alluvial levels, sterile tracts, primeval woods—every phase and form of natural resource and beauty to invite productive labor, win domestic prosperity, and gratify the senses and the soul. Rivers, whose names were already historical—the James, the York, the Rappahannock, the Potomac, and the peaceful Shenandoah, flowing through its beautiful valley and connecting the base of the Blue Ridge with the Potomac; Chesapeake bay, a hundred and ninety miles from its entrance through Maryland and Virginia, on the one side, and the Roanoke, finding an outlet in Albemarle sound, while the Kanawha and Monongahela, as tributaries of the Ohio, on the other, keep up that communication and natural highway which links, in a vast silver chain, the separate political unities of the land. The hills ribbed with fine marble and pierced by salubrious springs; picturesque natural bridges, cliffs, and caves, described with graphic zeal by Jefferson, and the wild and mysterious Dismal Swamp, sung by Moore; the tobacco of the eastern counties, the hemp of lands above tidewater, the Indian corn, wheat, rye, red clover, barley, and oats, of the interior, and the fine breeds of cattle and horses raised beyond the Alleghany—are noted by foreign and native writers, before and immediately after the Revolution, as characteristic local attractions and permanent economical resources; and with them glimpses of manorial elegance, hospitality, and culture—which long made the life and manners of the State one of the most congenial social traditions of the New World.

Yet, as if prophetic of the long political issues of which she was destined to be the scene of conflict, the colonial star of Virginia was early obscured by misfortune. When John Smith left her shores for the last time in 1609, discontent and disaster had already marred the prospects of the new settlement;

and, in half a year, Gates, Somers, Newport arrived to find but sixty colonists remaining, and they resolved to abandon the enterprise; but on encountering Delaware, they were induced to return, and Jamestown was again the scene of life and labor. Ten years of comparative success ensued; and then one hundred and sixty poor women were imported for wives, at a cost of about the same number of pounds of tobacco; but simultaneously with this requisite provision for domestic growth and comfort, the germ of Virginia's ruin came: a Dutch vessel entered the James river, bringing twenty African captives, which were purchased by the colonists. Two years later the Indians made a destructive foray upon the thriving village; the king became alarmed at the freedom of political discussion, dissolved the Virginia company, and appointed a governor and twelve councillors to rule the province;—the father's policy was followed by Charles the First, many of whose zealous partisans found a refuge from Cromwell in the province. At last came the Revolution and the Union. Meantime slavery was dying out; its abolition was desired; and had free labor then and there superseded it, far different would have been the destiny of the fair State; whose western portion affords such a contrast to that wherein this blight induced improvidence and deterioration, the tokens whereof were noted by every visitor in the spare and desultory culture of the soil, the neglected resources, the dilapidated fences and dwellings, and the absence of that order and comfort which inevitably attaches to legitimate industry and self-reliance. This melancholy perversion of great natural advantages was the result of slave breeding for the Southern market. Otherwise Virginia would have continued the prosperous development initiated in her colonial days. The exigencies of the cotton culture, rendered immensely profitable by a mechanical in-

vention which infinitely lessened the cost of preparing the staple for the market, had thus renewed and prolonged the original and fast-decaying social and political bane of a region associated with the noblest names and most benign prospects. Chief-Justice Marshall aptly described to an English traveller this sad and fatal transition:

'He said he had seen Virginia the leading State for half his life; he had seen her become the second, and sink to be the fifth. Worse than this, there was no arresting her decline if her citizens did not put an end to slavery; and he saw no signs of any intention to do so, east of the mountains at least. He had seen whole groups of estates, populous in his time, lapse into waste. He had seen agriculture exchanged for human stock breeding; and he keenly felt the degradation. The forest was returning over the fine old estates, and the wild creatures which had not been seen for generations were reappearing; numbers and wealth were declining, and education and manners were degenerating. It would not have surprised him to be told that on that soil would the main battles be fought when the critical day should come which he foresaw.'

That day it is our lot to behold. Forced at the point of the bayonet to arrogate to herself the illegal claims she had vainly sought to establish by popular suffrage, as reserved rights, in 1787, and the resolutions of 1798, the Secession Ordinance was nominally passed and summarily enforced, despite the protests of the citizens and the withdrawal of the western counties; and thus the traitors of the Cotton States made Virginia the battle field between slaveocracy and constitutional government. As early as 1832 a fierce controversy for territorial rights occurred on the Chesapeake, when that portion of Virginia, now Maryland, was brought into dispute by Claiborne, who began to trade, notwithstanding the grant which Lord Baltimore had secured: this, the first conflict between the whites, and two Indian massacres, made desolate the region so lately devastated by the civil

war. Nor was the original enjoyment of remarkable political rights coincident with American independence; for, while Charles the Second was an exile, and Parliament demoralized, the fugitive king still held nominal sway in Virginia; and when the flight of Richard Cromwell left the kingdom without a head, that distant colony was ruled by its own assembly, and enjoyed free suffrage and free trade: then came what is called Bacon's rebellion—an effective protest against oppressive prohibitions. Nor did these civil discords end with the Restoration; many old soldiers of Cromwell emigrated to Virginia, and, under their auspices, an insurrection 'against the tobacco plot' was organized; and this was followed by numerous difficulties in home legislation, by violent controversies with royal governors; deputies continually were sent to England to remonstrate with the king against 'intolerable grants' and the exportation of jail-birds. Their despotic master over the sea appropriated the lands of the colonists, while their own representatives monopolized the profits; cruel or obstinate was the sway of Berkeley, Spottwood, Dinwiddie, and Dunmore; and after the people had succumbed as regards military opposition, they continued to maintain their rights by legislative action. Under James the Second, Lord Howard repealed many of these conservative acts and prorogued the House of Burgesses. A respite, attested by glad acclaim, marked the accession of William and Mary, and the recall of Howard. Andros was sent over in 1692. The skirmish with Junonville initiated the French war and introduced upon the scene its most hallowed name and character, when Colonel Washington appeared first as a soldier, strove in vain against the ignorance and self-will of Dinwiddie, and shared Braddock's defeat, to be signally preserved for the grandest career in history.

And when the war of the Revolution

gave birth to the nation, not only was Virginia the native State of its peerless chief, but some of its memorable scenes and heroes there found scope; Steuben and Lafayette there carried on military operations, there the traitor Arnold was wounded, Hamilton and Rochambeau gained historic celebrity, and there the great drama was closed by the surrender of Cornwallis. In the debates incident to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there was manifested in Virginia that jealousy of a strong central government, which thwarted the wise advocacy and ignored the prophetic warnings of the best statesmen, thereby confirming the fundamental error destined, years after, to give facility to treasonable usurpation: the Constitution was only ratified, at last, by a majority of ten. In the war of 1812, Hampton, Craney Island, White House, and various places on and near the Potomac, since identified with fierce encounters and forays in the war of the rebellion, witnessed gallant deeds in behalf of the Republic. In 1829 a convention assembled in Virginia to modify the Constitution. Long having the most extensive territory and largest slaveholders, the aristocratic element disturbed and overmastered democratic principles. During Cromwell's rule, when virtually independent, Virginia proffered a fleet to the fugitive monarch; who, when restored, in gratitude ordered her arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland; in exile even accepted her invitation to migrate thither and assume the privileges of royalty: coins of the Old Dominion yet testify this projected despotism. Instead of Dissenters as in New England, Quakers as in Pennsylvania, or Romanists as in Maryland, Virginia, from her earliest colonization, was identified with the Church of England. It was regarded, says one of her historians, as an 'unrighteous compulsion to maintain teachers; and what they called religious errors were deeply felt during

the regal government:’ the children of the more prosperous colonists were sent to England to be educated; their pursuits and habits, on returning, were unfavorable to study; and, therefore, the advantage thus gained was, for the most part, confined to ‘superficial good manners,’ and the ideal standard attained that of ‘true Britons and true churchmen;’ the former was a more cherished distinction there than elsewhere in America. In 1837 was copied from a tombstone in an old-settled part of the State, this inscription: ‘Here lyes the body of Lieut. William Harris, who died May ye 16, 1608—a good soldier, husband, and neighbor: *by birth a Briton.*’ In these facts of the past and normal tendencies we find ample means and motives to account for the anomalous political elements involved in the history—social and civic—of Virginia. While boasting the oldest university where four Presidents of the United States were educated, she sustained a slave code which was a bitter satire on civilized society: the law of entail long prevailed in a community ostensibly democratic, and only by the strenuous labors of Jefferson was church monopoly abolished. It is not surprising, in the retrospect, that her roll of famous citizens includes the noblest and the basest names which illustrate the political transitions of the land; the architects and subverters of free polity, the magnanimous and the perfidious. When the ameliorating influence of time and truth had, in a degree, harmonized the incongruous elements of opinion and developed the economical resources, while they liberalized the sentiments and habits of the people; when, says Caines, ‘slavery, by exhausting the soil, had eaten away its own profits, and the recolonization by free settlers had actually begun, came suddenly the prohibition of the African slave trade, and nearly at the same time, the vast enlargement of the field for slavery, by the purchase of Louisiana; and these two events

made Virginia again profitable as a means of breeding for exportation and sale at the South.

The future geographer who elaborately applies the philosophy of that science, as interpreted by its modern professors, to our own history, will find in the events of the last few years in Virginia the richest and most impressive illustrations of local and physical causes in determining political and social destinies. Between the eastern and western portion of that State it will be demonstrated that nature placed irreconcilable barriers to the supremacy of slave labor and slave property; and the economical value of each will be shown thus and there tested with emphatic truth; so that by the laws of physical geography the first effect of an appeal to arms to maintain the one, was to alienate, as a civic element, the other, and give birth to a new State, by virtue of the self-assertion incident to the violation of a normal instinct and necessity of civilization.

What a change came over the scene when the grave civic interests so long and recklessly involved in the conflict of opinion were submitted to the arbitrament of battle! Along the river on whose shores the ashes of Washington had slept for more than half a century in honored security, batteries thundered upon each passing craft that bore the flag of the nation: every wood became a slaughter pen, every bluff a shrine of patriotic martyrdom; bridges were destroyed and rebuilt with alacrity; the sentinel’s challenge broke the stillness of midnight; the earth was honeycombed with rifle-pits; campfires glowed on the hills; thousands perished in the marshes; creeks were stained with human blood; here sank the trench; there rose a grave mound or a fortress; pickets challenged the wanderer; every ford and mountain pass witnessed the clash of arms and echoed with the roar of artillery; the raid, the skirmish, the bivouac, the march, and the battery successively spread des-

olation and death; Arlington House, full of peaceful trophies, once dear to national pride, was the headquarters of an army; balloons hung in the sky, whence the movements of the foe were watched. Gaps and junctions were contested unto death; obscure towns gained historic names and bloody memories; and each familiar courthouse and village came to be identified with valorous achievements or sanguinary disaster.

And this land of promise, this region which so long witnessed the extremes of political magnanimity and turpitude, this arena where the vital question of labor, as modified by involuntary servitude, and free activity, found its most practical solution—was, and is, legitimately, appropriately, and naturally, the scene of the fiercest strife for national existence—where the claims and the climax of freedom and faith culminated in all the desolation of civil war. A more difficult country for military operations can scarcely be imagined. Early in the struggle it was truly said:

‘Virginia is the Switzerland of the continent—a battle field every three miles—a range of hills streaming where Hill may retire five miles by five miles till he reaches Richmond—a conquest, undoubtedly, if the North perseveres, but won at such a cost and with such time as to prolong unnecessarily the struggle. The Richmond of the South lies in the two millions of blacks that are within the reach of cannon of our gunboats in the rivers that empty into the Gulf.’

How wearisome the delays and how constant the privations of the army of occupation in such a region, wrote an experienced observer:

‘Dwelling in huts, surrounded by a sea of mud, may appear to be very romantic—on paper—to some folks, but the romance of this kind of existence with the soldiers soon wears away, and to them any change must necessarily be for the better; they therefore hail with delight, as a positive relief, the opportunity once more to practise their drill which the recent change of weath-

er has afforded them. For the last three months, the time of the soldier has passed heavily enough, with the long winter nights, and little else to relieve the monotony of his life but stereotyped guard duty.’

It would require volumes to describe the ravages of war in Virginia: let a few pictures, selected from sketches made on the spot, indicate the melancholy aspect of a domain, a few weeks or months before smiling in peace and productiveness. The following facetious but faithful statement, though confined to a special, applies to many districts:

‘The once neat courthouse stands by the roadside a monument to treason and rebellion, deprived of its white picket fence, stripped of window blinds, cases, and dome, walls defaced by various hieroglyphics, the judge’s bench a target for the ‘expectorating Yankee;’ the circular enclosure occupied by the jury was besmeared with mud, and valuable documents, of every description, scattered about the floor and yard—it is, indeed, a sad picture of what an infatuated people will bring upon themselves. In one corner of the yard stands a house of records, in which were deposited all the important deeds and papers pertaining to this section for a generation past. When our advance entered the building, they were found lying about the floor to the depth of fifteen inches or more around the doorsteps and in the dooryard. It is impossible to estimate the inconvenience and losses which will be incurred by this wholesale destruction of deeds, claims, mortgages, etc. I learned that a squadron of exasperated cavalry, who passed this way not long since, committed the mischief. The jail across the way, where many a poor fugitive has doubtless been imprisoned for striking out for freedom, is now used as a guardhouse. As I write, the bilious countenance of a culprit is peeping through the iron grates of a window, who, may be, is atoning for having invaded a henroost or bagged an unsuspecting pig. Our soldiers have rendered animal life almost extinct in this part of the Old Dominion. Indeed, wherever the army goes, there can be heard on every side the piercing wail of expiring pork, the plaintive

lowing of a stricken bovine, or suppressed cry of an unfortunate gallinaceous.'

Here is a scene familiar to many a Union soldier who gazed at sunset upon the vast encampment :

'Along the horizon a broad belt of richest amber spread far away toward north and south ; and above, the spent, ragged rain clouds of deep purple, suffused with crimson, were woven and braided with pure gold. Slowly from the face of the heavens they melted and passed away as darkness came on, leaving the clear sky studded with stars, and the crescent moon shedding a soft radiance below. I climbed to the top of a hill not far off, and looked across the country. On every eminence, in every little hollow almost, were innumerable lights shining, some thick and countless as stars, indicating an encampment ; others isolated upon the outskirts ; here and there the glowing furnace of a bakery ; the whole land as far as the eye could see looking like another heaven wherein some ambitious archangel, covetous of creative power, had attempted to rival the celestial splendors of the one above us. There was no sound of drum or fife or bugle ; the sweet notes of the 'good-night' call had floated into space and silence a half hour before ; only on the still air were heard the voices of a band of negroes chanting solemnly and slowly, to a familiar sacred tune, the words of some pious psalm.'

We may realize the effect of the armed occupation upon economical and social life by a few facts noted after a successful raid :

'In the counties visited there were but few rebels found at home, except the very old and the very young. In nine days' travel I did not see fifty able-bodied men who were not in some way connected with the army. Nearly every branch of business is at a standstill. The shelves in stores are almost everywhere empty ; the shop of the artisan is abandoned and in ruins. The people who are to be seen passively submit to all that emanates from Richmond without a murmur ; they are for the most part simple minded, and ignorant of all that is transpiring in the great theatre about them. An intelligent-looking man in Columbia laughed heartily

when told that Union troops occupied New Orleans—Jefferson Davis would let them know it were such the fact ; and I could not find a man who would admit that the Confederates had ever been beaten in a single engagement. These people do not even read the Richmond papers, and about all the information they do obtain is what is passed about in the primitive style, from mouth to mouth. Before this raid they believed that the Union soldiers were anything but civilized beings, and were stricken with terror when their approach was heralded. Of six churches seen in one day, in only one had there been religious services held within six months. One half at least of the dwelling houses are unoccupied, and fast going to decay.'

Not all the land is ill adapted to cool actions and strategy ; there are sections naturally fortified, and these have been the scenes of military vicissitudes memorable, extreme, picturesque, and fatal. Here is an instance :

'There is no town in the United States which exhibits more deplorably the ravages of war than Harper's Ferry. More than half the buildings are in ruins, and those now inhabited are occupied by small dealers and peddlers, who follow troops, and sell at exorbitant prices, tarts and tinware, cakes and crockery, pipes and poultry, shoes and shirts, soap and sardines. The location is one of peculiar beauty. The Potomac receives the Shenandoah at this point ; each stream flowing through its own deep, wild, winding valley, until it washes the base of the promontory, on the sides and summit of which are scattered the houses and ruins of the town. The rapids of the rivers prevent navigation, and make the fords hazardous. The piers of an iron bridge and a single section still remaining, indicate a once beautiful structure ; and a pontoon substitute shows the presence of troops. An occasional canal boat suggests a still continued effort at traffic, and transport railcars prove action in the quartermaster's department. The mountains are 'high and hard to climb.' The jagged sides of slate rock rise vertically, in many places to lofty heights, inducing the sensation of fear lest they should fall, while riding along the road which winds under the threatening cliffs. The mountains are crown-

ed with batteries, 'like diadems across the brow,' and the Hottentoty-Sibley tents dot the ridges like miniature ant-hills.'

But within and around the capital of Virginia cluster the extreme associations of her history: these memories and memorials of patriotism hallow the soil whereon the chief traitors inaugurated their infamous rule; the trial of Burr and the burning of the theatre are social traditions which make Richmond a name fraught with tragic and political interest; her social and forensic annals are illustrious; and, hereafter, among the many anomalies of the nation's history, few will more impress the thoughtful reminiscent than that a city eminent for social refinement and long the honored resort of the most eminent American statesmen and jurists, the seat of elegant hospitality and the shrine of national fame, was, for years, desecrated by the foulest prisons, filled with brave American citizens, who were subjected to insults and privations such as only barbarians could inflict, for no cause but the gallant defence of the national honor and authority against a slaveholders' rebellion.

But perhaps no coincidence is more impressive in the late experience of a Union soldier in Virginia than the associations then and there awakened by the recurrence of the anniversary of the birth of her noblest son and our matchless patriot:

'The 22d of February, 1863—the anniversary of Washington's birthday—will long be remembered,' writes one, 'by the Army of the Potomac. Encamped, as it is, on the very spot where he—'whom God made childless that a nation might call him father'—passed most of his youthful days, the thoughts of all naturally revert to the history of that great man, and particularly to that part of his early life, when, within the sacred precincts of home, a mother's care laid the foundation of that high moral character which in after life gave tone to both his civil and military career. Within one mile

of the spot where I am now writing these lines, George Washington lived from the fourth to the sixteenth year of his age. The river, the hills, and dales, now so familiar to the soldiers composing this army, were the same then as to-day, and were the scene of his early gambols, his youthful joys and sorrows. Over these hills he wandered in the manly pursuits for which he was at that early period distinguished above his fellows, and which prepared him for enduring the hardships of the position he was destined to fill; here, too, is where tradition says he accomplished the feat of throwing a stone across the Rappahannock, and here, too, stood the traditional cherry tree, about the destruction of which with his little hatchet he would not utter a falsehood. Yonder, just across the Rappahannock, in a small, unostentatious burying ground, the immortal remains of 'Mary, mother of Washington,' were buried—sacred spot, now desecrated by the presence of the enemies of those principles which her honored son spent the energies of his life to establish for the benefit of all mankind. When we think for what Washington took up arms against the mother country, and what, by his example and teachings, he sought to perpetuate forever, and see the fratricidal hand raised to destroy the fair fabric he helped to rear, we feel something as though an omnipotent power would here intervene, and here on this sacred spot overthrow the enemies of this land without the further sacrifice of blood.'

Quite a different and more recent local association is thus recorded:

'The second time that I stood here was nigh three years ago, when I spoke to you in relation to John Brown, then in a Virginia jail. How great the result of that idea which he pressed upon the country! Do you know with what poetic justice Providence treats that very town where he lay in jail when I spoke to you before? The very man who went down from Philadelphia to bring his body back to his sad relatives—insulted every mile of the road, his life threatened, the bullets whistling around his head—that very man, for eight or ten months, is brigadier-general in command of the town of Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. By order of his superior officers, he had

the satisfaction of finding it his duty, with his own right hand, to put the torch to that very hotel into which he had been followed with insult and contumely, as the friend of John Brown; and when his brigade was under orders to destroy all the buildings of that neighborhood, with reverential care he bade the soldiers stop to spare that engine house that once sheltered the old hero. I do not know any history more perfectly poetic than of that single local instance given us in three short years. Hector Tindale, the friend of John Brown, who went there almost with his life in his right hand, commands, and his will is law, his sword is the guarantee of peace, and by his order the town is destroyed, with the single exception of that hall which John Brown's presence has rendered immortal.'

The graphic details furnished by the army correspondents to the daily press of the North, reveal to us in vivid and authentic terms the change which war has wrought in Virginia. The condition of one 'fine old mansion' is that of hundreds. On the banks of the Rappahannock and in the vicinity of Fredericksburg is, for instance, an estate, now called the Lacy House, the royal grant whereof is dated 1690. The bricks and the mason work of the main edifice are English; the situation is beautiful; the furniture, conservatories, musical instruments, every trait and resource suggest luxury. After the battle of Fredericksburg, the Lacy House became a hospital: and a spectator of the scene thus describes it:

'The parlors, where so often had the fairest and brightest of Virginia's daughters, and her bravest and most chivalric sons, met to enjoy the hospitalities of the liberal host, and to join in the mazy dance 'from eve till rosy morn'—the dining room, where so many lordly feasts had been served—the drawing room, wherein the smiling host and hostess had received so many a welcome guest—the bed rooms, from the bridal chamber where the eldest scion of the house had first clasped in his arms the wife of his bosom, to the low attic where the black cook retired after her greasy labors of the day, all

were closely crowded with the low iron hospital beds. These halls, which had so often reëchoed the sound of music, and of gayest voices, and also of those lower but more sacred tones that belong to lovers, now resounded with shrieks of pain, and with the lower, weaker groans of dying men.

'The splendid furniture was put to strange uses—the sideboard of solid rosewood, made in those honest days before cabinet makers had learned the rogue's trick of veneering, instead of being crowded with generous wines, or with good spirits that had mellowed for years in the cellars, was now crowded in every shelf with forbidding-looking bottles of black draughts, with packages of salt and senna, and with ill-omened piles of raking pills, perhaps not less destructive in their way than shot and shell of a more explosive sort. The butler's pantry and store rooms had their shelves and drawers and boxes filled, not with jellies and marmalades and preserves, and boxes of lemons and preserved ginger and drums of figs, and all sorts of original packages of all sorts of things toothsome and satisfying to the palate—but even her scammony and gamboge, and aloes and Epsom salts, and other dire weapons, only wielded by the medical profession, had obtained exclusive sway.

'On many a retired shelf, and in many an odd corner, too, I saw neglected cartridge boxes, cast-off belts, discarded caps, etc., which told, not of the careless and heedless soldier, who had lost his accoutrements, but of the *dead* soldier, who had gone to a land where it is to be hoped he will have no further use for Minié rifle balls or pipe-clayed crossbelts. I saw, too, with these other laid-aside trappings, dozens and hundreds of Minié and other cartridges, never now to be fired at an enemy by the hand that had placed them in the now discarded cartridge box.

'The walls of the various rooms of the Lacy House, like those of most of the old houses in Virginia, are ceiled up to the top with wood, which is painted white. There is a heavy cornice in each room; there are the huge old-fashioned fireplaces, the marble mantelpieces over the same, and in the main dining room, where it was the custom for the men to remain after dinner, and after the ladies had retired,

was a curious feature to be observed, that I have never seen but once or twice. Over the marble mantel, but quite within reach, runs a mahogany framework intended for the reception of the toddy glasses, after the various guests shall have finished the generous liquor therein contained.

There are still some vestiges of the family furniture remaining—some rose-wood and mahogany sideboards, tables, bedsteads, etc., which the family have not been able to remove, and which the occupying soldiers have found no use for. The most notable of these articles is a musical instrument, which may be described as a compound harp-organ. It is, in fact, an upright harp, played by keys which strike the wires by a pianoforte action, which has an ordinary piano keyboard. This is, in fact, the earliest form of the modern pianoforte. Then, in the same instrument is an organ bellows and pipes, the music from which is evoked by means of a separate keyboard, the bellows is worked by a foot treadle, like that most detestable abomination known to moderns as a melodeon. Thus, in the same instrument, the performer is supposed to get the powers and effect both of an upright piano and a small organ. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this instrument (which, doubtless, originally cost at least \$3,000) is now utterly useless, the wires, many of them, being broken, and the whole machine being every way out of order. The maker's name is set down as 'Longman & Broderup, 23 Cheapside, No. 13 Haymarket, London.' The poor old thing has doubtless been in the Lacy House for more than a hundred years. It has been rudely dragged from its former place of honor, and now stands in the middle of the floor. The spot it formerly occupied has been lately filled by a hospital bed, on which a capital operation was performed. The spouting blood from the bleeding arteries of some poor patient has covered the wall with crimson marks. In fact, everywhere all over the house, every wall and floor is saturated with blood, and the whole house, from an elegant gentleman's residence, seems to have been suddenly transformed into a butcher's shamble. The old clock has stopped; the child's rocking horse is rotting away in a dis-used balcony; the costly exotics in the garden are destroyed, or perhaps the

hadiest are now used for horse posts. All that was elegant is wretched; all that was noble is shabby; all that once told of civilized elegance now speaks of ruthless barbarism.

Take another illustration—that of the incongruous juxtaposition of old family sepulchres and fresh soldiers' graves—the associations of the past and the sad memorials of recent strife even among the dead:

'Yesterday,' writes a thoughtful observer, from near Stafford Court House, in December, 1862, 'for the first time since leaving Harper's Ferry, I met with an evidence of the old-time aristocracy, of which the present race of Virginians boast so much and possess so little. About four miles from here, standing remote and alone in the centre of a dense wood, I found an antiquated house of worship, reminding one of the old heathen temples hidden in the recesses of some deep forest, whither the followers after unknown gods were wont to repair for worship or to consult the oracles. On every side are seen venerable trees overtopping its not unpretentious steeple. The structure is built of brick (probably brought from England), in the form of a cross, semi-gothic, with entrances on three sides, and was erected in the year 1794. On entering, the first object which attracted my attention was the variously carved pulpit, about twenty-five feet from the floor, with a winding staircase leading to it. Beneath were the seats for the attendants, who, in accordance with the customs of the old English Episcopacy, waited upon the dominie. The floor is of stone, a large cross of granite lying in the centre, where the broad aisles intersect. To the left of this is a square enclosure for the vestrymen, whose names are written on the north side of the building. The reader, if acquainted with Virginia pedigrees, will recognize in them some of the oldest and most honorable names of the State—Thomas Fitzhugh, John Lee, Peter Hedgman, Moot Doniphan, John Mercer, Henry Tyler, William Mountjoy, John Fitzhugh, John Peyton. On the north hall are four large tablets containing Scriptural quotations. Directly beneath is a broad flagstone, on which is engraved with letters of gold, 'In memory of the House of Moncure.' This

smacks of royalty. Parallel to it lies a tombstone with the following inscription :

'Sacred to the memory of William Robison, the fourth son of H. and E. Moncure, of Windsor Forest, born the 27th of January, 1806, and died 13th of April, 1828, of a pulmonary disease, brought on by exposure to the cold climate of Philadelphia, where he had gone to prepare himself for the practice of medicine. Possessed of a mind strong and vigorous, and of a firmness of spirit a stranger to fear, he died manifesting that nobleness of soul which characterized him while living, the brightest promise of his parents, and the fondest hopes of their afflicted family.

'Led, doubtless, by the expectation of discovering buried valuables, some one has removed the stone from its original position, and excavated the earth beneath. Close by the entrance on the north side are three enclosed graves, where sleep those of another generation. The brown, moss-covered tombstones appear in strong contrast to a plain pine board at the head of a fresh-made grave alongside, and bearing the following inscription : 'Henry Basler, Company H, One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.'

Loyal during the civil war of England, virtually an independent State under Cromwell, it is the remarkable destiny of Virginia, so called in honor of Queen Elizabeth's unmarried state, to have given birth to the spotless chief who conducted to a triumphant issue the American Revolution—to the orator who, more than any individual, by speech alone kindled the patriotic flame thereof—to the jurist whose clear and candid mind and sagacious integrity gave dignity and permanence to constitutional law—and to the statesman who advocated and established the democratic principle and sentiment which essentially modified and moulded the political character and career of the Republic, and he was the author of that memorable Declaration of Independence which became the charter of free nationality. From 1606, when three small vessels, with a hundred or more men, sailed for the shores of Virginia under the command of Christopher Newport, and Smith planned Jamestown, to the last pronunciamiento

of the rebel congress of Richmond, the documentary history of Virginia includes in charter, code, report, chronicle, plea, and protest, almost every possible element and form of political speculation, civic justice, and seditious arrogance : and therein the philosopher may find all that endears and hallows and all that disintegrates and degrades the State as a social experiment and a moral fact : so that of all the States of the Union her antecedents, both noble and infamous, indicate Virginia as the most appropriate arena for the last bitter conflict between the great antagonistic forces of civil order with those of social peace and progress. There where Washington, a young surveyor, became familiar with toil, exposure, and responsibility, he passed the crowning years of his spotless career ; where he was born, he died and is buried ; where Patrick Henry roamed and mused until the hour struck for him to rouse, with invincible eloquence, the instinct of free citizenship ; where Marshall drilled his yeoman for battle, and disciplined his judicial mind by study ; where Jefferson wrote his political philosophy and notes of a naturalist ; where Burr was tried, Clay was born, Wirt pleaded, Nat Turner instigated the Southampton massacre, Lord Fairfax hunted, and John Brown was hung, Randolph bitterly jested, and Pocahontas won a holy fame—there treason reared its hydra head and profaned the consecrated soil with vulgar insults and savage cruelty ; there was the last battle scene of the Revolution and the first of the Civil War ; there is Mount Vernon, Monticello, and Yorktown, and there also are Manassas, Bull Run, and Fredericksburg ; there is the old graveyard of Jamestown and the modern Golgotha of Fair Oaks ; there is the noblest tribute art has reared to Washington, and the most loathsome prisons wherein despotism wreaked vengeance on patriotism ; and on that soil countless martyrs have offered up their lives for the national exist-

ence, whose birth-pangs Virginia's peer-
 less son shared, and over whose nascent
 being he kept such holy and intrepid
 vigil, bequeathing it as the most solemn
 of human trusts to those nearest to his
 local fame, by whom, with factious and
 fierce scorn, it has been infamously be-
 trayed on its own hallowed ground ;
 whose best renown shall yet be that it
 is the scene, not only of Freedom's sacri-
 fice, but of her most pure and perman-
 ent triumph.

SHE DEFINES HER POSITION.

LINGERING late in garden talk,
 My friend and I, in the prime of June.
 The long tree-shadows across the walk
 Hinted the waning afternoon ;
 The bird-songs died in twitterings brief ;
 The clover was folding, leaf on leaf.

Fairest season of all the year,
 And fairest of years in all my time ;
 Earth is so sweet, and heaven so near,
 Sure life itself must be just at prime.
 Soft flower-faces that crowd our way,
 Have you no word for us to-day ?

Each in its nature stands arrayed :
 Heliotropes to drink the sun ;
 Violet-shadows to haunt the shade ;
 Poppies, by every wind undone ;
 Lilies, just over-proud for grace ;
 Pansies, that laugh in every face.

Great bloused Peonies, half adoze ;
 Mimulus, wild in change and freak ;
 Dainty flesh of the China Rose,
 Tender and fine as a fairy's cheek ;
 (I watched him finger the folds apart
 To get at the blush in its inmost heart.)

Lo, at our feet what small blue eyes !
 And still, as we looked, their numbers came
 Like shy stars out of the evening skies,
 When the east is gray, and the west is flame.
 —' Gather yourself, and give to me,
 Those Forget-me-nots,' said he.

Word of command I take not ill ;
 When love commands, love likes to obey.
 But, while my words my thoughts fulfil,
 ' Forget me not,' I will not say.
 Vows for the false ; an honest mind
 Will not be bound, and will not bind.

In your need of me I put my trust,
And your lack of need shall be my ban ;
'Tis time to remember, when you must ;
Time to forget me, when you can.
Yet cannot the wildest thought of mine
Fancy a life distuned from thine.

. . . . Small reserve is between us two ;
'Tis heart to heart, and brain to brain :
Bare as an arrow, straight and true,
Struck his thought to my thought again.
'Not distuned ; one song of praise,
First and third, our lives shall raise.'

Close we stood in the rosy glow,
Watching the cloudland tower and town ;
Watching the double Castor grow
Out of the east as the sun rolled down.
'Yonder, how star drinks star !' said he ;
'Yield thou so ; live thou in me.'

Nay, we are close—we are not one,
More than those stars that seem to shine
In the self-same place, yet each a sun,
Each distinct in its sphere divine.
Like to Himself art thou, we know ;
Like to Himself am I also.

What did He mean, when He sent us forth,
Soul and soul, to this lower life ?
Each with a purpose, each a worth,
Each an arm for the human strife.
Armor of thine is not for me ;
Neither is mine adjudged by thee.

Now in the lower life we stand,
Weapons donned, and the strife begun ;
Higher nor lower ; hand to hand ;
Each helps each with the glad 'Well done !'
Each girds each to nobler ends ;
None less lovers because such friends.

So in the peace of the closing day,
Resting, as striving side by side,
What does He mean ? again we say ;
For what new lot are our souls allied ?
Comes to my ken, in Death's advance,
Life in its next significance.

See yon tortoise ; he crossed the path
At noon, to hide where the grass is tall ;
In a slow half sense of the sun-king's wrath,
Burrowing close to the garden wall.
—Think, could we pour into that dull brain
A man's whole life, joy, thought, and pain !

So, methinks, is the life we lead,
 To the larger life that next shall be :
 Narrow in thought, uncouth in deed ;
 Crawling, who yet shall walk so free ;
 Walking, who yet on wings shall soar ;
 Flying, who shall need wings no more.

Lo, in the larger life we stand ;
 We drop the weapons, we take the tools :
 We serve with mind who served with hand :
 We live by laws who lived by rules.
 And our old earth-love, with its mortal bliss,
 Was the fancy of babe for babe, to this.

. . . . Visions begone ! Above us rise
 The worlds, on His work majestic sent.
 Floating below, the small fireflies
 Make up a tremulous firmament.
 Stars in the grass, and roses dear,
 Earth is full sweet, though heaven is near.



WHIFFS FROM MY MEERSCHAUM.

I HAVE that same old meerschaum yet—the same that I clasped to my lips in the days that are gone, and through whose fragrant, wavy clouds, as they floated round my head, I saw—sometimes clear and bright, sometimes dimmed by a mist of rising tears—visions of childhood's joyous hours, of schoolboy's days, of youth, with its vague dreams and longings, of early manhood, and its high hopes and proud anticipations.

I smoke it still, though the tobacco be not always the choicest—for one cannot be fastidious in the army, and sutlers do not keep much of an assortment—and still it brings me sweet dreams, though of a different color.

Yea, old and tried friend, times have greatly changed in the few years that we have been together. Sons have been torn from fond parents ; brothers have snatched hasty kisses from tearful sisters, and marched off to the tap of

the drum with firm step and flashing eyes, while, beneath, the heart beat low and mournfully ; young men and maidens, in the rosy flush of dawning love, have parted in sadness, but proudly facing the duty and bravely trusting the future and the eternal Right. Over many a noble fellow, on the bloody fields of Shiloh and Antietam and Stone River, the wings of the death-angel have fallen ; at many a hearthstone there is mourning for the brave that are dead on the field of honor—though it is a royal sorrow, and a proud light gleams through the fast-falling tears.

But you and I, my faithful comrade, are together still. Next to my heart I have carried you many a weary league ; many a dreary and, but for you, comfortless night we have bivouacked together. Time and roughing it have made their marks on both of us. Scars mar your polished face, now changed from spotless white to rich autumnal

russet; and mine, too, the sun, and wind, and other smoke than that of Orinoko have darkened. You have lost your ornamental silver cap, and amber-mouthed stem, and I my polished two-storied 'tile' and the tail of my coat. But never mind; if we are battered and bruised, and scratched and scarred, and knocked around till the end of time, we will never lose our identity; and if we live till I am as bald as you are, we will always be good friends. Won't we, old boy, eh?

And the old boy murmurs an unqualified assent.

Puff! puff! Your face lights up as brightly, and your fragrant breath comes as freely here by the campfire, as when we were at home, and had our slippered feet upon the mantelpiece before the old-fashioned 'Franklin,' and were surrounded by our books and our pictures, and the numerous *little things*, souvenirs, perhaps valueless in themselves, but highly prized, and reluctantly left to the tender mercies of the thoughtless and unappreciating.

And it is these *little things* that the soldier misses most and most frequently longs for. It is not the feather bed or the warm biscuits that he thinks of, but that dainty little penwiper, with his initials worked in it, and those embroidered slippers, that *she* gave him. He would not give a contractor's conscience for sweet milk; but he would like to have his smoking cap.

I once seriously thought of sending home for a certain *terra cotta* vase for holding cigars—a mantelpiece ornament; but I happened to remember

that I had cigars very seldom, and a mantelpiece not at all, and concluded not to send.

Many of these little things the young soldier will bring from home with him, in spite of the pooh-poohs of practical parents, and carry with him, in spite of the sneers of thoughtless comrades. I know a fellow who carries in his breast pocket the withered, odorless skeleton of a bouquet, that was given him on the day he left home, and who will carry it till he returns, or till it is reddened with his blood. And when I see a man, in the face of ridicule and brutal scoffing, through long marches and weary days of dispiriting labor, clinging with fond tenacity to some little memento of the past, I set him down as a man with his heart in the right place, who will do his country and God good service when there is need. And—it is well to practise what one admires in others—I confess that I have a smoking cap that I have often packed into my knapsack, at the expense of a pair of socks; and I would rather have left out my only shirt that was off duty than that it should have failed to go with me. Yes, dear girls, your little presents, perhaps forgotten by you, by us are fondly cherished; and around them all hover, like the perfume of fresh flowers, fragrant memories of the merry days gone by, and dreams of starry eyes and laughing lips, of floating drapery and flashing jewels, and moonlit summer nights in the dear Northland.

May your eyes ne'er grow dim, nor your smiles fade away!

LITERARY NOTICES.

LEVANA; or, The Doctrine of Education.

Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, Author of 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces,' 'Titan,' 'Walt and Vult,' etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE mere annunciation of a book, as yet unknown to the American public, from the pen of Jean Paul Richter, will be sufficient to awaken the attention of all cultivated readers. He who has read and loved one book of this marvellous writer, will not easily rest until he has read them all. He is known in Germany as Jean Paul der Einzige, —Jean Paul, the Only—and it is true that he is the unimitated and the inimitable. He is utterly unlike Shakspeare, and yet more like him in his grand charities and breadth of range than like any other author. He is the 'Only,' the genial, the humorous, the pathetic, the tender, the satiric, the original, the erudite, the creative—the poet, sage, and scholar. But we might exhaust ourselves in expletives, and yet fail to give any idea of his rich imagery, his wonderful power, his natural and tender pathos. Besides, who does not already know him as a really great writer, through the appreciative criticisms of Thomas Carlyle?

'Levana' is a work on Education, written as Jean Paul alone could write it. In order to give our readers some idea of the nature of the subjects treated therein, we place before them a part of the table of contents: Importance of Education; Proof that Education Effects Little; Spirit and Principle of Education; To Discover and Appreciate the Individuality of the Ideal Man; On the Spirit of the Age; Religious Education; The Beginning of Education; The Joyousness of Children; Games of Children; Children's Dances; Music; Commands, Prohibitions, Punishments, and Crying; Screaming and Crying of Children; On the Trust-

fulness of Children; On Physical Education; On the Destination of Women; Nature of Women; Education of Girls; Education of the Affections; On the Development of the Desire for Intellectual Progress; Speech and Writing; Attention and the Power of Adaptive Combination; Development of Wit; Development of Reflection, Abstraction, and Self-Knowledge; On the Education of the Recollection—not of the Memory; Development of the Sense of Beauty; Classical Education, etc., etc.

We have often wondered why this book was not given to American readers; it was published in England, in its English dress, at least ten years ago. It addresses itself to parents, treating neither of national nor congregational education; it elevates neither state nor priest into educator; but it devolves that duty where the interest ought ever to be, on the parents, and particularly on the mother. In closing the preface to this book, Baireuth, May 2, 1806, Jean Paul says: 'It would be my greatest reward if, at the end of twenty years, some reader, as many years old, should return thanks to me, that the book which he is then reading was read by his parents.'

May this work find many readers, and true, appreciative admiration.

FLOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES; or, The Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD HENRY NOEL. With a Memoir of the Author by THOMAS CARLYLE. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SCARCELY had we finished our few remarks on the 'Levana' of Jean Paul, when we were called upon to welcome another work from the same loved hand. We have long known and prized 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.' The writings of Richter have humanity for

their text, and it has always been a matter of astonishment to us that they were not more widely known in this country. His style is peculiar, it is true, but it is the peculiarity of originality, never of affectation. His illustrations are drawn from every source, from science, art, history, biography, national manners, customs, civilized and savage; his imagery is varied, exquisite, and natural, and his religion embraces all creeds and sects. He is the preacher of immortal hopes, of love to God, and all-embracing human charities. His plots are merely threads to string his pearls, opals, and diamonds upon. We prefer him greatly to the cold, worldly, and classic Goethe. His works always have a meaning, for he was a lofty and original thinker. He was colossal and magnanimous both as man and writer. Carlyle says of him: 'His intellect is keen, impetuous, far-grasping, fit to rend in pieces the stubbornest materials, and extort from them their most hidden and refractory truth. In his Humor he sports with the highest and lowest; he can play at bowls with the Sun and Moon. His Imagination opens for us the Land of Dreams; we sail with him through the boundless Abyss; and the secrets of Space, and Time, and Life, and Annihilation hover round us in dim, cloudy forms; and darkness, and immensity, and dread encompass and overshadow us. Nay, in handling the smallest matter, he works it with the tools of a giant. A common truth is wrenched from its old combinations, and presented to us in new, impassable, abysmal contrast with its opposite error. A trifle, some slender character, some jest, quip, or spiritual toy, is shaped into the most quaint, yet often truly living form; but shaped somehow as with the hammer of Vulcan, with three strokes that might have helped to forge an *Ægis*. The treasures of his mind are of a similar description with the mind itself; his knowledge is gathered from all the kingdoms of Art, and Science, and Nature, and lies round him in huge unyielding heaps. His very language is Titanian; deep, strong, tumultuous; shining with a thousand hues, fused from a thousand elements, and winding in labyrinthine masses.' We recommend Jean Paul to universal study; he will, in spite of all his grotesque and broken arabesques, amply repay it.

BROKEN COLUMNS. Sheldon & Co., 335 Broadway, New York.

AN anonymous novel, by one who says: 'I shall not say I have not aforetime walked openly in the highway of literature, but on this occasion the public must indulge me with the use of a thick veil; a veil, albeit, which will allow me to observe whether smiles or frowns mark the public countenance.'

The author will without doubt find both smiles and frowns on the faces he would regard. His characters are novel, the situations eccentric, the denouements unexpected. Love is made the solvent and reformer of vice. The sinner seems not actually depraved, but ever ready to return to the path of virtue. Forgiveness is the elixir of reformation and regeneration. Charity controls the inner life. The work contains passages of great beauty, though the style is often broken and rugged. It is philanthropic, and full of pity for the erring. We fail to understand the characters, because we have never seen coarse vice associated with tenderness and refinement. It is true, as our author says, that 'in seeking the reclamation of our fellow creatures, we are nothing less than co-workers with God.' But it is a solemn task, and charity itself is subject to the laws of eternal justice.

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY.
By WALTER BARRETT, Clerk. Second Series. Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

THE first series of this book had a circulation so extensive that its author gives to the world another volume. The motto of the work seems to be, 'The crowning city—whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the *honorable* of the earth.' It is not a series of biographies, but light, gossiping sketches of persons, things, manners, the eccentricities of noted men, the transfers of well-known pieces of property, the changes in firms, the improvements in streets and buildings, the gradual extension of old and the introduction of new branches of trade and business, the intermarriages of families, etc., etc. To those familiar with the business habits of New York, acquainted with its localities, interested in the origin and early history of its mercantile families, of whom

the book contains many personal anecdotes, we presume it will prove amusing and entertaining.

VINCENZO; or, *Sunken Rocks*. A Novel, by JOHN RUFFINI, Author of 'Doctor Antonio,' 'Lavinia,' etc. Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

'DR. ANTONIO' had many admirers both here and in England, and is already in the second edition. The scene of Vincenzo is laid in Italy, during the progress of the Italian Revolution. The 'Sunken Rocks' are the widely differing religious and political views of husband and wife; and our author closes his tale in saying: 'Would to God, at least, that the case of the Candias was an isolated one! But no; there is scarcely any corner in Europe that does not exhibit plenty of such, and worse. God alone knows the number of families whose domestic peace has been, of late years, seriously damaged, or has gone to wreck altogether on those very rocks so fatal to Vincenzo.' Alas! that the present civil war should have given birth to much of the same domestic alienation and bitterness in our own midst as we find portrayed in the novel before us. Suffering of this kind, real and severe, exists among ourselves, saddening the heart of many a woman, and paralyzing the exertions of many a man who would else be patriotic and loyal.

PIQUE. A Novel. Loring, publisher, 319 Washington street, Boston. For sale by Oliver S. Fell, 36 Walker street, New York.

We have no doubt that this book will excite considerable attention in the novel-reading world. It is in all probability destined to become as popular as the one of which, without being any imitation, it frequently reminds us—we mean 'The Initials.' The characters portrayed in 'Pique' develop themselves through the means of spirited conversations, arising from the surrounding circumstances—conversations always natural and without exaggeration. The pages are never dull, the story being varied and full of interest. It is a tale of the affections, of the home circle, of jealousies, misconceptions, perversions, feelings, the incidents growing naturally out of the defects and excellences of the individuals depicted. The scene is laid in England; the local coloring and characters being thoroughly English. Modern life and modern

traits are portrayed with considerable skill and cleverness. The moral tone is throughout is unexceptionable. We commend 'Pique' to all lovers of refined, spirited, and detailed home novels.

MEDITATIONS ON LIFE AND ITS RELIGIOUS DUTIES. Translated from the German of Zschokke. By FREDERICA ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1863. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE tendency of these 'Meditations' is eminently practical, and the subjects treated are of universal application and interest. The translation is dedicated to Princess Alice, of England, now of Hesse, and is well executed, preserving the beauty and simplicity of the original, and supplying a need frequently felt in current religious literature, where vague reveries too often usurp the place of sensible counsel and life-improving suggestions.

PETER CARRADINE; or, *The Martindale Pastoral*. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. Sheldon & Company, 335 Broadway. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

WE have not yet had time to read this 'Pastoral' for ourselves, but it is highly commended by Marion Harland, author of 'Alone.' 'The story is confined within the limits of a country neighborhood, but there is variety of character, motive, and action. You are reminded that the authoress writes with a purpose, as well as a power, that the earnest, God-fearing soul of the philanthropist has travailed here for the good of her kind, not the mere 'sensation' romancist writer for the entertainment of an idle hour.' We quote from Marion Harland.

EXCURSIONS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, Author of 'Walden,' and 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.' Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was a man of decided genius, and an ardent lover of nature. His eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He was sincerity itself, and no cant or affectation is to be found in his writings. He was religious in his own way; incapable of any profanation, by act or thought, although his original living and thinking detached him from the social religious forms. He thought

that without religion no great deed had ever been accomplished. He was disgusted with crime, and no worldly success could cover it. He loved nature so well, and was so happy in her solitude, that he became very jealous of cities and the sad work which their refinements and artifices made with man and his dwelling. The axe was always destroying his forest. 'Thank God,' he said, 'they cannot cut down the clouds.'

We have taken the above traits from the exceedingly interesting biographical sketch introducing this book, from the masterly hand of R. W. Emerson. The writings of Thoreau are the result of his character, modelled from and colored by the tastes and habits of his daily life. Nature lives in his pages. We know of no more delightful reading. He says: 'A truly good book is something as natural, and as unexpectedly and unaccountably fair and perfect, as a wild flower discovered on the prairies of the West or in the jungles of the East. Where is the literature which gives expression to nature? He would be a poet who could impress the winds and streams into his service, to speak for him; who nailed words to their primitive senses, as farmers drive down stakes in the spring, which the frost has heaved; who derived his words as often as he used them—transplanted them to his page with earth adhering to their roots; whose words were so true, and fresh, and natural that they would appear to expand like buds at the approach of spring, though they lay half-smothered between two musty leaves in a library—aye to bloom and bear fruit there, after their kind, annually, for the faithful reader, in sympathy with surrounding nature.'

Such a poet is Thoreau, and fair and perfect as the wild flowers of the prairies are his 'good books.' In the above extract he has himself described them. Who knows not his 'Autumnal Tints,' and 'Wild Apples,' and who has ever read them without loving them? Theodore Winthrop's 'Life in the Open Air,' 'Out-door Papers,' by T. W. Higginson, and 'Excursions,' by H. D. Thoreau, are books which could only have been written in America, and of which an American may justly feel proud. They are in themselves a library for the country, and we heartily commend them to all who love nature and the fresh breath of the forest.

THE GREAT STONE BOOK OF NATURE. By DAVID THOMAS ANSTED, M. A., F. R. S., F. G. S., etc. Late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; Honorary Fellow of King's College, London. Published by George W. Childs, 628 and 680 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 1863. Received per favor of C. T. Evans, 448 Broadway, New York.

To popularize scientific knowledge is one of the most difficult of tasks. Men of real science are rarely willing to spare the necessary time, and the work is ordinarily undertaken by a class of pseudo savans, who have just acquired that little learning which is so dangerous a thing. Deductions and results are all that can be set before the people, who are unable to follow scientific processes, and who are hence liable to receive impressions, the truth or error of which must depend upon the fairness and logical acumen of the individual mind addressing them. The work before us is evidently written by one thoroughly conversant with the subject under consideration, and the author seems careful to assert no fact or affirm no conclusion not strictly warranted by actual research. Solid works of this kind ought to be warmly welcomed, and as such we recommend the above to our reading community.

REMAINS IN VERSE AND PROSE, OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. With a Preface and Memoir. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM possessed the friendship of one who ranks high among the living poets of England—Tennyson. How bitterly the poet felt his death, he has himself testified in his 'In Memoriam,' a book which has many admirers both in England and America. The image of young Hallam hovers like a lovely shadow over these yearning poems devoted to the memory of the regretted friend; his 'Remains,' will enable us to understand why he excited a love so tender and respectful, and left so deep a grief for his loss when he passed away. 'From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man, his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper that distinguished his childhood, became, with the advance of manhood, an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened

into that exalted principle of love toward God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which his compositions bear such emphatic testimony.'

The 'Remains' of such a spirit cannot fail to be interesting. We were especially pleased with the 'Oration on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination on the same class of compositions in England.' The great Italians seldom receive their full meed of praise, either from the English or ourselves. Some very mature remarks are also made upon the influence of German mind upon English literature.

THE REJECTED WIFE. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, Author of 'Fashion and Fame,' 'The Old Homestead,' 'Mary Derwent,' &c. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A NOVEL in which are depicted the early days of Benedict Arnold. The characters are well drawn and sustained, and the tale one of considerable interest. The fright and agony of the fair, young, deserted wife are delicately and skilfully drawn; most of the scenes in which she is introduced are full of nature and simple pathos. The pictures of Puritan manners, lives, and thoughts, are graphic and truthful. We commend the book to all lovers of a good, pure, domestic novel.

PINNEO'S ANALYTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: Designed for Schools. By T. S. PINNEO, M. A., M. D., Author of 'Primary Grammar,' 'Hemans Reader,' &c. Revised and enlarged. New York: Clark, Austin & Smith; Cincinnati: W. B. Smith & Co.

THIS work is intended to succeed the author's 'Primary Grammar,' being, however, complete in itself. It presents a full view

of the well-established principles of the English language, in their practical bearing on *analysis* and *construction*. No space is wasted on the discussion of curious or unimportant points, which, however interesting to the critical student, always encumbers an elementary work. Simplicity in definitions, examples, exercises, and arrangement, has been carefully studied. The exercises are full and numerous; a large portion of them designed to teach, at the same time, the *nature*, *properties*, and *relations* of words, and the *analysis* and *construction* of sentences.

'Model Class-Books on the English Language have been produced by Professor Pinneo, and they should be adopted as standard text-books in the schools of the United States.'—*Educational Reports*.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN. No. 6. October, 1863. A Monthly Magazine devoted to Literature, Science, and Art. Toronto: Rollo & Adams, publishers.

CONTENTS: A Further Plea for British American Nationality, by Thomas D'Arcy McGee; The Maple; A Tale of the Bay of Quinte; Longfellow and his Poetry; The Cited Curate; The Labradorians; Margaret; The Settler's Daughter; Song; Historical Notes on the Extinct Tribes of North America—The Mascoutens—The Neuters—The Eastern Range of the Buffalo; Sonnet to the Humming Bird; Reviews; The British Quarterlies; The British Monthlies; American Periodicals, &c., &c.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER: A Journal of School and Home Education. Resident Editors: Charles Anson, Dorchester; Wm. T. Adams, Boston; W. E. Sheldon, West Newton. New Series, October, 1863. Boston: Published by the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, No. 119 Washington street, Boston.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LAW OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

In the articles contributed to our pages, we do not always exact a precise conformity to our own views. If we are satisfied with the general scope and tendency of thought presented by respectable writers who appear in their own names, we do not care to make known any minor differences of opinion, or to criticise what we consider the errors of their productions. Nevertheless, we suppose that a calm and friendly expression of our own thoughts, on any subject discussed in our pages, will not be out of place or unkindly received in any quarter.

In the very able and interesting article in our last number, by Mr. Freeland, that writer announced the doctrine that 'the social, political, religious, and scientific development of the world proceeds under the operation of two grand antagonistic principles,' which he calls respectively, 'Unity,' and 'Individuality.' 'The first of these,' he says, 'tends to bring about coöperation, consolidation, convergence, dependence; the second to produce separation, isolation, divergence, and independence. Unity is the principle which tends to order; Individuality to freedom.'

We are prepared to admit the existence and operation of these principles as stated. They constitute the active tendencies of society, and they perform in the social world precisely what the antagonistic forces of attraction and repulsion do in the physical. They are the principles of aggregation and organization, as well as of agitation, conflict, and all revolutionary or progressive activity. In a more perfect state of development, they will exhibit themselves as the centripetal and centrifugal forces of a beautiful system arrived at that stage of regulated motion which constitutes a stable equilibrium.

But while we admit the universal operation

of these two principles, we think Mr. Freeland has made a serious mistake in the application of them,—a mistake which seems to run through his entire essay, and to pervade the whole system of his philosophy. We shall venture upon a brief criticism, solely with the view of eliminating truth. The question, though somewhat abstract in its nature, is to us of the highest interest; and we shall ever be ready to yield our position, when convinced that it is erroneous and untenable.

We find what we consider the exceptionable doctrine in the following passage: 'Unity is allied to the affections, which are synthetic in their character; Individuality, to the intellect, which is mainly analytical and disruptive in its tendency. Unity is predominant in religion, which is static in its nature; Individuality to science, which is primarily disturbing. In the distribution of the mental faculties, Unity relates to the moral powers, and Individuality to the intellectual; the former being, as both Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper have shown, more stationary in their character than the latter. As in this paragraph the 'affections' are placed in contrast with the 'intellect,' we suppose that by the former the writer intends to designate the emotions or passions, thus making that most obvious analysis of the mind into halves—the active impulses and moral principles on the one hand, and the perceptive and reflective faculties on the other. There is some little confusion of statement, in afterward contrasting the 'moral powers' with the 'intellectual;' but we imagine that the same general classification is intended, although not quite defined with philosophical accuracy.

If we are correct in this interpretation of the language quoted, we do not see how the emotional part of human nature can, in any

general sense, be said to be allied to unity. The passions are the basis of all human agitation and conflict, and have been the cause of all the wars which have engaged mankind during the past ages of the world. In the early periods of history the selfish emotions have preponderated over the benevolent. Hatred, ambition, avarice, have been superior to love, humility, and charity. It is more than doubtful whether, even now, the selfish passions of the human race are not still in the ascendant.

It may be said that, in the long run, the emotions tend to harmony, and that the coöperative and benevolent feelings are continually approaching their final and complete triumph. This is undoubtedly true; but it is wholly attributable to the progress of the human intellect, which, day by day, is demonstrating that man's emotional and moral nature can find its highest enjoyment and its most perfect development only in the complete subordination of the selfish and unsocial passions, to those which promote universal toleration and brotherhood.

But if Mr. Freeland is wrong in the position that the primary tendency of the passions is to unity, he seems to us equally far from scientific truth when he asserts that intellect is 'disrupting' in its tendency, and that science is primarily 'disturbing.' It is true the intellect has the analytical faculty; but it is equally true that the opposite faculty of generalization is that which most strongly characterizes it and distinguishes reason from instinct. So far from analysis being the earliest predominant tendency of the intellect, almost all its most familiar and ordinary acts are those of synthesis. In all the phenomena of perception, the separate sensations are combined by an act of the judgment into the concrete ideas of form and substance, while the highest and most permanent characteristic of science is in the comprehensive attainment of general laws.

The simple truth of the whole case is, that the affections or passions of men are the motive powers which impel them to action in every field of human affairs. The intellect, on the contrary, dominates these motive powers by its faculty of unfolding truth, foreseeing consequences, exploring the path of practicable progress, and illuminating the objects of rational desire to humanity. In the passions of men we have the two antago-

nistic forces—the attraction and repulsion—the centripetal and centrifugal tendencies—which ever antagonize each other, and through all the conflicts and agitations of mankind, are tending to eventual harmony. The moral faculty is a mere standard of right and wrong, which, of course, remains comparatively fixed and permanent through all the ages. The changes of opinion and action, in the sense of morality, are due wholly to the difference of knowledge at successive periods. Just as the intellect is capable of determining the bearing and consequences of human action, and of fixing the intention with reference to such consequences, will the moral character of such action be pronounced, more or less correctly, according to the degree of enlightenment of the parties concerned.

From this analysis it will be plainly seen, that all the force is in the passions or desires of men. These are enlightened, and therefore regulated by the intellect, and judged by the moral faculty according to the consequences foreseen and intended. Ideas alone have the power of organization. The passions attend upon ideas as their ministers and servants. Beliefs, which represent the ideas or knowledge prevalent at successive periods in history, have controlled the destiny of men and nations, and all human passions have been marshalled and arrayed in conformity with them.

The error of Mr. Freeland, we respectfully submit, is in placing the intellect and the passions in antagonism with each other, while, in truth, it is one passion, or one class of passions, which antagonizes another. The direction given to society by the predominating force of all the individual propensities is retrogressive, stationary, or progressive, revolutionary and destructive, or moderate and safe, according to the knowledge of facts and the prevision of consequences which may inform the judgments and enlighten the consciences of the masses.

At periods of general ignorance and superstition, the announcement of a great scientific or philosophic truth may produce commotion, persecution, and discord. But it is evident that these are the results of ignorance and not of knowledge—of unenlightened passion, and not of the awakened intellect. Truth is attractive to all minds, and its tendency is to invite universal assent. In so far, there-

fore, as the intellect is capable of discovering truth, its tendency is to unify and harmonize, and by no means to separate into disorder. In an age of inquiry, the emancipation of thought may be attended with much disturbance. The right of individual judgment will necessarily produce conflict in the very act of emerging from the preceding state of ignorance and restraint. The state of transition cannot be one of tranquillity, although it is the inevitable path to a higher and more complete harmony. But it is inaccurate and philosophically untrue, as we think, to characterize the intellect as 'disturbing,' or 'disrupting.' It is disturbing only to ignorance, and disrupting only to the systems and organizations based upon falsehood.

We think these positions and brief discriminations are accurate, and not to be overthrown by argument; and as they are fundamental, we have thought it not improper to state them here, as the basis upon which we accept the general reasoning of Mr. Freeland as to the law of human development. Buckle and Draper are right as to the fixed character of moral standards; but the progressive development of knowledge gives new applications to moral principles, and requires their perpetual operation and control. In this sense, morality keeps pace with knowledge, and though dependent upon new truths for its own advancement, is indispensable to the progress of mankind in the social benefits to be derived from every intellectual acquisition.

A MUSICAL example of a rhythm rare and difficult of treatment in English—the dactylic.—Ed.

GONE!

BY EARL MARBLE.

Gone from the earth, in her innocence, purity,
Gone, 'mong her bright sister angels to dwell;

Gone, to explore the dark shades of Futurity,
Gone to her final home! Sweet one, farewell!

On this cold, freezing earth, sensitive, shivering,

Standing but feebly before its chill blast;—
Into the Future, her face with joy quivering,
Into its warmth, its morn genial, at last!

Gone from her earth-home, where all were but
blessing her

In the cold, heart-chilling language of earth;

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Now, in her heaven-home, all are caressing
her,

Not as the Clay, but the soul of New Birth!

Slowly, the days which once fled so cheerily,
Floated as though we could never know pain,
Drag their dull length along, sadly and
drearly,

Wearily praying for Lethe in vain!

Yet, though 'tis hard that the young and the
beautiful,

From loving hearts should be torn thus
away,

Still will we try to be patient and dutiful,
Knowing that after the night comes the day.

AERONAUTICS.

RECENT British papers and correspondents bring very pleasing accounts of a balloon ascension, which took place in London on the 9th of October. This adventure is the more interesting to us, from the fact that the well-known and experienced aeronauts, Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, were accompanied in their celestial excursion by several private individuals of distinction, and among the rest by the Hon. Robert J. Walker, of this country, whose able contributions have done so much to enhance the value of THE CONTINENT. Some years ago, this gentleman had the scientific curiosity to descend to the bottom of the sea, in a new diving apparatus, just then invented; and recently he has been driven through a tunnel on a railway, by the pneumatic process, which in certain locations and conditions, will probably hereafter be substituted for the ordinary power of the locomotive engine. He seems to be not only ready to welcome all valuable improvements in science and mechanics, but is ready himself to take the risks of dangerous exploration in the pursuit of knowledge and for the promotion of progress.

But of all such adventures, that into the regions of the atmosphere is by far the most interesting. Living immersed in this great ocean of air and moisture which surrounds the earth, and is the theatre of all the grand, beautiful, benignant, and often terrific phenomena of meteorology, it is no more than a very natural curiosity which induces us to seek by aerial exploration to understand its physical peculiarities, and to make use of the vast resources which it will doubtless soon

afford to the genius and enterprise of the human race.

Until recently, we believe, it has been considered a settled fact, that the atmosphere was limited to the height of about forty-five miles, that being estimated as the limit at which the earth's attraction would be balanced by the expansive force of the particles of air. But in this problem there is an element of complication in the rotation of the atmosphere with the earth on its axis. Near the surface, and for a great distance upward, the air is but a part of the solid globe, or rather an appendage to it, moving with it in all respects like the denser fluid which constitutes the mighty ocean. But there must be a point in the ascent upward, where the centrifugal force of the particles of air, in the diurnal rotation, must overbalance the power of gravitation; and from that limit, the motions of the atmosphere must be subject to a law of a wholly different character—partaking of the nature of planetary revolution, rather than of axial rotation. The latest speculations as to the height of the atmosphere, seem to have reached only this degree of certainty. viz., that it does not extend so far as the orbit of the moon. Otherwise, it is argued, the superior attraction of that body, in its immediate vicinity, would aggregate a considerable quantity of the air about it, which would tend to retard the motions of the satellite in its orbit, and of the earth on its axis; whereas, the revolutions and rotations of both are known to have been uniform for a period as far back as authentic observation extends.

But these speculations, however curious and interesting, are of no practical importance. We shall never be able to traverse the air to any great distance above the earth's surface. Independent of mechanical difficulties, two great impediments will forever prevent the realization of any such ambitious aspirations. These are the increase of cold and decrease of pressure in the upper regions of the air, and the deficiency of oxygen in the rarefied element for the support of animal life. It is well known that at the earth's surface, the pressure on all parts of the body, internal and external, by the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, is no less than $14\frac{1}{2}$ pounds to every square inch. The structure of the human body is physiologically conformed by nature

to this pressure, and it cannot survive with any very great change of this amount, either by increase or diminution. When one descends into the water, the pressure is doubled at about 32 feet of depth. In ascending in the atmosphere, the pressure is diminished much less rapidly, of course, but quite sensibly when the altitude becomes very great.

Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher are said to have ascended in 1862 to a height of seven and a half miles. One of these gentlemen became entirely insensible from cold and want of oxygen, and the other very nearly so, being obliged to open the valve of the balloon with his teeth for want of the use of his hands.

Nature provides a partial remedy for the difficulty of breathing in the upper regions of the atmosphere. In the effort to breathe, the lungs are found to expand and to develop air cells not ordinarily used, so as to bring a larger quantity of the rarefied air into contact with the blood. It has been proposed to assist this effort of nature, and, in order to enable the aeronaut to reach a greater altitude with safety, to carry up in bags a supply of oxygen for breathing. As air is carried or forced down into the water to enable the diver to breathe, so it may be conveyed upward for the benefit of the aerial adventurer.

But with all possible expedients, it is not probable that man will ever be able to get far away from the surface of the earth which is his natural place of abode. If he can explore the lower strata immediately adjoining his own theatre of action—the strata in which all the great and important phenomena of meteorology take place—and if he can succeed in traversing it at his pleasure with safety and some degree of celerity, as we doubt not he will eventually, this great achievement will subserve all the useful purposes possible to be derived from such skill and knowledge.

The atmosphere will still be the vast reservoir of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon, from which all living things in the air, on the earth, or in the depths of the boundless ocean, whether animal or vegetable, draw far the greater part of their nutriment. We can never reach the surface of this atmospheric ocean, for that would be for us a region of inanity and death; but there is scarcely a doubt that we shall freely use it

in the future for purposes of locomotion, at the same time that we breathe and assimilate it as the very pabulum and substance of our mortal bodies.

IN MEMORIAM!

FAR in the wood he lieth,
 Sleeping alone
 Where the wind of autumn sigheth,
 Making its moan,
 Where the golden beams are leaping
 Bright overhead,
 And the autumn leaves lie sleeping
 Over the dead,
 By the stream that runs forever,
 Hurrying past,
 'Neath the trees that bend and quiver
 Wild in the blast;—
 Deep in the wood he lieth,
 Under the sod,
 Where the wind of autumn sigheth,
 Alone—with his God.

E. W. C.

THE great question of the hour is, that of rebuilding the edifice of the Republic, which has been rudely shaken and partly thrown down by the rebellion. All patriotic hearts, in anticipation of the speedy close of the war, are turned with intense interest to this important work. Opinions divide upon this as upon all other great subjects, and we have two antagonistic ideas, organizing their respective parties with reference to it. One party maintains that the rebellious States have forfeited all their rights, and can under no circumstances claim to be recognized in their former relations, except on a re-admission into the Union upon the terms prescribed by the Constitution for the admission of new States. The other party denies that any of the States, as such, have forfeited, or can forfeit any of their rights, and maintains the duty of the Federal Government to protect all the States in their constitutional integrity, to put down the rebellion within them, and to restore to them the republican forms which have been violently overthrown.

In each of these positions, there seems to be a combination of truth and error. So long as any State is in a belligerent and treasonable attitude, disclaiming and repudiating her obligations under the Constitution, she is obviously not entitled to the benefits of the system which she thus assails and defies. The State being sustained in rebel-

lion by its whole people, it is vain to say the Government can only regard the people as individuals, for these are the State, and must be treated accordingly. But if, laying down her arms, or even after being conquered, a State returns to her allegiance, to reject her demands would be to admit that secession had been effectual. It would be a recognition of the validity, if not of the rightfulness of the movement which assumed to carry the State out of the Union.

On the other hand, to maintain that the State is still legally in the Union, even at the moment of violent treason, and is still entitled to claim her position and rights as such, would be equally, if not more absurd and injurious to the nation. It is argued, that if there be any true and loyal citizens in the State, however few, they are entitled to the protection of the Federal Government, and the recognition of their State as a member of the Union. This doctrine is unreasonable and impracticable. Any theory which would carry us to the absurd extreme of constituting a State of an inconsiderable number of men,—the paltry minority of a large population—would not be more objectionable to the good sense of the people, than irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of our complex government. Such a minority, however small, would be entitled to the protection and to the highest favor of the Government; and if they could be built up into a power sufficiently strong to maintain themselves in the State, then they would fairly be entitled to claim full recognition. If, by the legitimate exercise of its war powers, by the just restraint and punishment of treason, the Federal Government can establish the real political ascendancy of the loyal part of the population, and thus actually restore the State Government on a fair and substantial basis, even though it be placed in the hands of a present minority, it would be fully justified in recognizing this organization as a member of the old Union. But to set up a mere sham, and pretend to rebuild a State on the basis of inconsiderable numbers, against even the disloyal sentiments of the great body of the people, would be unwise and unavailing. Such a reconstruction would be hollow and deceptive, a danger and a snare, forever threatening the tranquillity of the country.

The question is one of practical statesman-

ship; and the Government must deal with it upon the principles of common sense, without embarrassing itself by any mere theories which would be troublesome and inapplicable in any emergency. How long after subjugation the Government will wait for the return of any State to its allegiance, and what indications of sincere loyalty will be accepted, as well as what fair and honorable inducements will be held out to lure the erring population back into the fold of the Union, are matters for the gravest consideration, and can only be determined when the occasion for decision shall arise. To thrust a State back into the Union, and clothe it with all its former constitutional privileges, while the masses of its people are still hostile to the Federal authority, would evince a degree of recklessness, and even insanity, which, it is to be hoped, the Government will never exhibit. But when a State is fit to return, and may properly and safely be received, let her be welcomed cordially and heartily, without the least reminiscence of her sad and disastrous error.

The true difficulty is not in the principle which is to control our action in any given circumstances. That is sufficiently plain in itself; it is only the application which is difficult. We cannot acknowledge the equality and sisterhood of a State, which, though subdued, is still hostile and not to be trusted in the Union: but we can and will receive all those which truly accept the result of the war and honestly return to their

allegiance. We cannot create a State in the midst of a hostile population, and maintain the sovereign right of an inconsiderable few against the voice of the vast majority; but we can favor, encourage, and build up the loyal minority when that is sufficiently important, so as to make it the majority, and clothe it with the power of the resuscitated State.

So long as there is no loyal State authority fairly representing the people, the State must be considered as disabled, and its rights in *abeyance*. There is no necessity of considering the State as extinguished, while there is hope of a favorable change. To reduce the States to the condition of territories would be an act of extreme hostility, and could only be the ultimate result of incorrigible treason, holding out against subjugation and against all the reasonable inducements which can be offered to a rebellious people by a magnanimous Government. We can never receive into the bosom of the Union a hostile people, full of treason, and always ready for renewed mischief. Though they be conquered in arms, we cannot compel their thoughts and affections. Unless they yield these, force cannot win them; and we must therefore hold the rein of control for our own security. The act of recognition will be always determined by the will of the Federal authorities. This right of decision necessarily places in their hands the supreme control of those conditions which are necessary to our future security

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